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## LAKE AND MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. I.

### THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY IN GRASMERE.

The Hutchinsons have appeared in the *Journal* before. We all remember the singing group, and the Memoir which Mrs. Howitt gave us. It is pleasant to me now to connect them with our lake scenery to think that our valleys have resounded with their harmonies. Mrs. Howitt wrote to me that the Hutchinsons were coming to Kendal; and I forthwith settled in my own mind that they must sing to us at Ambleside. Everybody about me wished to hear them; and they wished to come, so the whole affair arranged itself easily enough. The large room at the White Lion was engaged, and filled with benches, so as to hold the greatest possible number - 200. As the time drew near, however, I met a shake of the head whichever way I turned. Everybody was sure that many more than 200 people would want admission. People were coming from Bowness, Grasmere, Hawkshead, and even Kendal; and if they should be turned back from the door, how could they be expected to bear it patiently? And then the heat was excessive. Everybody was afraid of it. But what could be done? Here was the largest room that could be had; and the Hutchinsons could not stay to give a second concert. Such was the state of things the tickets almost all sold—everybody waiting to go, and everybody dreading the heat when the Hutchinsons were to arrive—on Tuesday evening, June 16th. I had advised their coming by Newby Bridge from Lancaster, so as to finish their day's journey from Liverpool by the Windermere steamer. A trip by steamer from end to end of Windermere is the prettiest finish of a summer day's journey that can be imagined.

It was as lovely an evening as any during this glorious June of 1846. As I stood on the shore at Waterhead, waiting for the steamer, I endeavoured to look upon the landscape with the eyes of a stranger, and thought that if I were then seeing it for the first time, it would appear to me the true paradise of this world. The soft ruddy evening light on Wansfell, the purple hollows of Loughrigg, the deep shadows on the western side of the lake, pierced by lines of silver light—the white gables of the houses at Clappersgate, peeping from the woods which skirt Loughrigg—and the little grey church on its knoll in the centre of the Brathay valley—these made up such a vision of delicious colouring that I imagined my friends on the deck of the steamer saying that never, in any lustrous evening of a New England autumn, had they enjoyed a richer feast to eye and mind. Then came the steamer, rounding the point from Low-wood. There seemed to be but few passengers on deck—no sign of any band of brothers, with a sister in the midst. They were not there; and I had only to hasten home, lest they should arrive some other way. Before I had been at home many minutes, I saw from my terrace a barouche coming rapidly along the winding road, with one bonnet and several grey caps in it; it entered my gate, drove up to the porch; and I found myself among hearty American friends once more.

The first business to be done was to go down to the White Lion, and see the room. When there, we could only agree, like other people, that the room could hold only 200 and that it would be dreadfully hot. Then the brothers and sister stepped on the platform, and tried the fitness of the place for music. What those few notes were to others I know not. I saw afterwards that a number of people had on the instant gathered in the street; and a little friend of mine observed that he had now heard music that he thought beautiful. As for me, long years of solitary sickness had passed since I last heard harmony, or anything that I could call music, except one song in my sick room from Adelaide Kemble: and this was almost too much for me now, in full health. It thrilled through me, as if I were a harp, played on by the wind. It seems to me that I never before heard such harmony, such perfect accord, as between those four voices. I believe the echo never sleeps in the ear of those who have once heard it.

The next day, Wednesday, was reserved for a glorious country holiday; and it turned out a day of pleasuring without alloy. Rare as is the event of a pleasure day without alloy, for once it was so. A party of seventeen persons, aged somewhere between seventy-six and twelve years, met on the shore of Grasmere—about three miles from my house. We had three boats, and in them—rowed by ladies, children, young men or servants, as the fit took us—we crossed to a shady, shingly spot, before the greatest heat of the day came on. There, on the shingle, some lay down, and talked, or played duck and drake, while others dabbled in the cool ripple, or dipped their heads, and let the water stream from their locks. Abby Hutchinson, the youngest of her parents' sixteen children, and therefore called "the baby," dropped asleep for a few minutes, with her head upon a stone—her sweet face looking as calm and innocent as any baby's. Other young ladies pushed off in a boat, to practise rowing, and came back relieved of the toil by a spirited little fellow of twelve who wielded their oars manfully. Then off went one or another of the Hutchinsons, rowing away suddenly, as if for his life, and coming back no less vehemently. It was a gay little party, on the margin of a clear lake at the bottom of a basin of mountains—mountains all green to the summit—dappled with woods

and [illegible] gay [illegible] deep shade. In the midst [illegible] lake [illegible] island, green and bare, [illegible] on the [illegible] a pine-grove casts its [illegible] on the [illegible] the opposite margin was [illegible], with its old church— its low [illegible] showing itself from among the trees. [illegible] behind it arose Helm Crag, the most beautiful summit in all the neighbourhood for form, light, and shadow. To the left branched off the mountains, now grey and purple, which encompass Easedale. To the right ascended, winding round the skirts of Helvellyn, the road to Keswick. Scattered nearer at hand, among the nooks and on the slopes of the hills around the lake, were dwellings whose aspect might tempt wandering spirits of earth or air to stay and rest amidst Nature's peace. In this scene was our morning passed.

Then came the merry dining; the spreading of the table-cloths on the grass; the finding rocky seats to eat on conveniently; and the grouping (as if they could not help it) of the Hutchinsons to sing, their breath of song stirring up the quietest spirits of the party, like a breeze breaking the glassy calm of the lake; and then the lazy rest after dinner; broken by the arrival of a fourth brother of the Hutchinsons', bringing letters and newspapers from Liverpool, by the last packet. When each on his separate stone had read his letters and dispensed his public news, all who were ready for enterprise, and not afraid of the heat, began to climb in the direction ef High Close. What a scramble was the first part! Tempted by the shade of a wall, we went straight up the face of the hill, where the grass was as glossy and slippery with the dry weather as so much satin, and for almost every step forward, we slipt one back. After a few laughs, some sensations of despair, many slides, and universal vows to return another way, we all reached the road, half-way up the ascent; and from thence all was easy. Cool airs soon came to us over the ridge before us: we got some water at a farm-house, and then attained our object. We stood in a field whence we commanded the finest view in Westmoreland. Far to the left stretched away Windermere among the lessening hills. Nearer to us lay Loughrigg-tarn, a round little lake, on higher ground, though beneath us. There it lay, blue and clear, under the dark slopes of Loughrigg. Immediately below us spread Elter Water—looking like a group of ponds amidst green meadows. To the right stretched Langdale, the winding, narrow valley which is overhung at the further end by the glorious Langdale Pikes; our landmarks amidst the billowy hill region in which we live. Last of all, arose Bowfell,—the mountain mass which closes in the whole. Such is the mere outline of the scene which, sprinkled over with dwellings of every kind, from the great castle on a promontory of Windermere, to the grey hut on the mountain side—with farm-steads, hamlets, mills, cottages—a chapel here, a bridge there, a sheep-fold below—such is the scene which is rightly called the finest view in Westmoreland. The Hutchinsons will never forget it. They noted down the names in their tablets, and the features of the scene in their minds. In the midst of it all, however, sweet Abby, looking herself as fresh as a daisy, had in her hand a basin of clear cold water for the benefit of the thirsty.

After returning to the boats, the next thing was to row across to Grasmere, as we were to go a mile beyond the village, to a friend's house in Easedale, to tea. That was an evening to be remembered. Our venerable hostess sat, in her beauty, under a shady tree, happy among her happy guests. The tea-tables in the shade looked cool and tempting. We were in a garden, in front of a white cottage—an elegant, rambling cottage, all covered with roses, whose porch was almost one mass of blossom and spray. The sun let us alone under our trees, while it shone every where else, making the wild and sometimes dreary Easedale, one scene of light and greenness. Soon, the Hutchinsons grouped themselves, as if by some irresistible attraction, and sang piece after piece, to the rapture of their hearers. Those who have heard them sing *The Cot where we were Born*, the *Ohio Bo[illegible]n*, and the *Excelsior*, may conceive some[illegible] of our delight. And—of all things to be [illegible]—they were next teaching us to play *Fox a[illegible]se* on the green below. They themselves pl[illegible] with great humour; and in the midst of our [illegible] saw that all the servants of the house were lo[illegible] on from a corner of the terrace, and no [illegible] few labourers from outside the gate. It was [illegible]light when we arrived at home, after ou[illegible] drive of five miles; but Asa Hutchinson [illegible] so tired—nor Abby neither, but that they [illegible] help me to water my parched dahlias and [illegible] fruit-trees. They worked with me at the [illegible] and in carrying water; and I shall think of [illegible] as my dahlias bloom and my fruit-trees g[illegible]. Next morning at breakfast, too, the farmer-sp[illegible] awoke in Asa as he saw the mower enter my fie[illegible]. He sprang up, wishing he "could get a chance to mow a bit:"—a wish easily gratified. My own little scythe was brought out; and he and his brothers—and again Abby—trimmed the grass round my young pear-trees. They reminded me that they were farmers, as if to account for the prank, in which however they had my entire sympathy.

This was the day of the concert. The evening before, a neighbouring gentleman had kindly and beneficently offered that his lawn should be the scene. His servants should move the benches, put up the platform, attend at the gates, and save all trouble. In the morning, the hot weather melted away all doubts. It seemed clear that all parties—those who could not be consulted and those who could—would be best pleased to be sent to a shady spot in the open air, where any number of people might hear without any crowding. The Hutchinsons themselves begged that all the towns-people who liked might hear them, those who could not pay, as well as those who could. That concert will never be forgotten by any who were so happy as to be present. The Hutchinsons enjoyed it more than any they have given in this country. Abby left her bonnet in a rhododendron bush out of sight; and the family group came up a green slope from a thicket below. The little platform was erected under the deep shade of spreading sycamores. In front and on either hand were collected a larger audience than any house in Ambleside could have contained; and among them were some who could not have enjoyed the pleasure elsewhere; an invalid lady, who lay on the grass; and an infirm old gentleman, whose chair was wheeled into the circle. There was row behind row of the tradespeople, servants and labourers of the neighbourhood; and in the centre, behind all, the parish clerk—zealous in the psalmody and all the other good objects of the place, and most active in promoting our concert. He deserved the enjoyment which I am sure he had.

And now, when I am most anxious to convey

some impression of this festival, I am least able to do so. How is it possible to give an idea of the soul-breathing music of the Hutchinsons to those who have not heard it? One might as well attempt to convey in words the colours of the sky or the strain of the nightingale as such utterance of the heart as theirs. One can only observe the effects. There was now hearty laughter, and now many tears. Nothing can be said of the interior emotions which found no expression. Everybody congratulated everybody else on having come. A young servant of mine, who went all in high spirits at the prospect of an evening's pleasure, cried the whole time—as did others. At the end, when every heart was beating in response to the brotherly greeting and farewell offered in the closing piece—*The Granite State*—the parish clerk sprang up and called for three cheers for the Hutchinsons, which were given by as many as had unchoked voices. I think no one could have come away without a strong impression, consciously or unconsciously entertained, of the good and beauty of a free nurture and exercise of our human powers. There must be many among us with powers, of one sort or another, equal to those of the Hutchinsons. If we could be wise, and take courage to follow the lead of our natures, it cannot be but that many of us might be as free, as simple, as happy, as beneficent as they—as able as they to speak to hearts, and to awaken souls.

As for me—I crossed the road to my own gate in a mood which the Hutchinsons described to me as theirs when I entered the room where we met for the last time:—"We are happy and sad," said they. I was happy and sad: and, I dare say, so was everybody who was at that moment returning home from that green spot under the trees. The most moving thing however was yet to come. When they had dressed themselves for a night stage to Patterdale, and had supped, and said farewell, and seated themselves in the carriage, they stopped the horses on my terrace for yet another minute, and sent forth a sweet and most mournful chorus of farewell to me, in notes swelling and dying away in the still night air. I was "happy and sad" as I turned in to my solitary lamp. I could not let the glass-door be closed, late as it was; but again and again I went out on the terrace to look for more stars to light my friends' way over the mountain pass, and to watch the summer lightning—not without some impression that their sweet strain of farewell was still floating over the valley. To me it can never die away into silence.

*The Knoll, Ambleside, June 20th*, 1846.

*Postscript.* Mr. Hartley Coleridge was present at the concert; and the effect on him of Abby Hutchinson's singing of the *May Queen* may be judged of by the following sonnet, which he permits me to append to this paper.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

I would, my friend, indeed, thou hadst been here,
Last night, beneath the shadowy sycamore
To hear the lines to me well-known before
Embalmed in music, so translucent, clear,
Each word of thine came singly to the ear,
Yet all was blended in a flowing stream.
It had the rich repose of summer dream,
The light distinct of frosty atmosphere.
Still have I loved thy lines, yet never knew
How sweet they were—till woman's voice invested
The pencill'd outline with the living hue,
And every note of feeling proved and tested.
What might old Pindar be—if once again
The harp and voice were trembling with his strain!

## A VISIT TO A SUGAR CAMP.

By Georgina C. Munro.

It was that season when approaching spring is already recognised by nature in her secret preparations for remedying the devastations of winter, and clothing the earth anew with verdure, although as yet no token of the outward change be visible. The snow still lay upon the ground, deep, white, and dazzling, and the trees still stretched their leafless branches to the winter wind, while from their roots the sap was rising, to carry life and vigour throughout the exhausted frame, and, arousing the long dormant energies, bid fresh leaves shoot forth to cover them anew with foliage. But the ingenuity of man has found means to turn aside from its original destination, and convert to his own use, a large portion of the revivifying juice intended for the support and invigoration of one species of the many splendid trees crowding the transatlantic forests, and thus of rendering it the most valuable of all to the half-civilised Indian, as well as to the settler on or near the wilder lands.

At that particular period, however, we were surrounded rather by the former than the latter mentioned class, and when called on to join a party of friends bound on a visit to a Sugar Camp, it was to the temporary dwelling of a half Indian female, well known to most of us, that our course was to be directed. The sun was bright, the air was calm, the snow crisp enough to permit our horses with the light vehicles they drew, to speed swiftly onward; so wrapping ourselves in our winter mufflings, and welcoming as additional barriers against cold, the large warm buffalo-robes belonging to the carrioles, (as it was the custom in that part of the world to call such sleighs as answered the purposes of carriages for personal conveyance,) we resigned ourselves to agreeable anticipations. On, on we went, the bells usually affixed to the harness, to give notice of that approach which no sound of horses' tread, or rattling of carriage-wheels announces, and which afford much room for selection as to sweetness and harmony of tone, ringing merrily and musically as we proceeded, awaking the echoes of the wilderness with that far-spreading warning, to which, for many a mile, there were none save its furred and feathered denizens to hearken. On, on we went, gliding spirit-like through the dark woods, and over deeply-frozen bays, and across fairy islets, in their winter garb, scarce distinguishable from the thickly-iced sections of one of America's most mighty lakes, which offered an equally safe passage to our party. Swiftly sped we over all; in our progress owing much to the rude road cut through the forest to permit the transit of wood-sleighs, without which our purpose would have proved impracticable, for, as we have already intimated, the axe or spade of the emigrant had been but little employed on the dense woods and fertile soil of that portion of our Canadian possessions, where immense tracts of unoccupied land, and capabilities, such as few countries can compete with, offer a new and pleasant home to those who seek one. The hare often started from her form as we passed by, and fled deeper into the wilderness, and occasionally a deer bounded across the track, braving more nearly the danger he sought to shun. But none of our own species met our view, from the beginning of our journey to the end, save one solitary being whom we espied at a distance, ex-

amining his fishing-lines, which, as is customary, were set through a hole broken for such purpose in the ice.

At length, after a few hours' rapid travelling, we reached the vicinity of the Sugar Camp, and leaving the carrioles, which could not advance nigher, we threaded our way on foot some one or two hundred yards through the primeval forest, to a partial clearing, where three large lodges were erected, each inhabited by a family, or by more than one, when the individuals composing it were unable without assistance to undertake the business of sugar making, that occupation which engrosses for the period, not merely the time and labour, but also the energies and thoughts of all engaged in it, as much as the harvest in other countries or seasons. And with good reason, too, for to most of the number, the amount of produce during this short period of arduous exertion, is of vital importance, and in a great measure determines the degree of their prosperity for the year. In speaking thus, we of course allude, not to the British or Irish emigrant, who has, or should have, other sources of gain to rival this in amount, though they can scarcely equal it in facility or certainty of acquisition; but to the Indians, half-Indians, frontier-French-Canadians, &c., who pay but little attention to farming. As the hunter of those regions depends on the success of his rifle, so do those unfitted by sex, age, or other circumstances, depend on the product of their Sugar Camp, for paying their yearly debt to the traders, from whom all parties are generally improvident enough to receive goods in advance, at the dealer's own valuation, (which, as may be supposed, is not trifling,) to be paid for with the fruit of their labours, taken likewise at the same person's valuation, in this case low enough, and thus depriving them of all freedom of action or power, either to dispose of the produce of their exertions to any other trader, or endeavour to obtain a better price, since almost the entire quantity, whether of furs or sugar, unless they have indeed been fortunate, has been bespoken, and in fact paid for, long before. We mention this merely to show that the advantages which nature bountifully offers to her children, are not improved by them to the extent to which they might be, and if it is of such infinite service to them, the settler, who to equal opportunities should unite more prudence, might easily realise a double profit—we mean not with reference to the quantity, but the net produce of the sugar manufactured by his family, at a season of the year when all of farm business relative to the cultivation of the earth must of necessity be at a stand-still, and time be consequently to spare.

Our hostess for the time being, met us at some distance from her lodge, and before accompanying her thither, we wandered awhile over the partial clearing already mentioned, where almost every tree, excepting the valuable sugar-maple, had been cut down for fuel, on this and former occasions; the neighbourhood of a "sugar-bush" always tending greatly to the thinning of the surrounding woods; but not one of the stately maples had fallen beneath the axe, though each bore tokens of the hand of man—or possibly of the hand of woman—in the perforation of its trunk, and abstraction of the sap designed for the nourishment of its branches; and far into the forest their brethren displayed similar signs of the busy work proceeding at the camp. The trees are tapped by an incision being made a few feet above the ground, whence, by means of a small spout of wood or thick bark, the sap falls, under the name of sugar-water, into a vessel formed of the smooth imporous birchen bark, which answers so many useful purposes in the land where it is plentiful. As a matter of curiosity, we drank some of the sugar-water, a sweet, pleasant-tasted liquid, which, if procurable in summer, would indeed be coveted, and as it is, many of our friends have gladly welcomed it for mixing with the contents of their hunting-flasks, whenever, while shooting in the forest, accident has brought them near enough a Sugar Camp for such robbery of its occupants.

We then proceeded to the lodge, whither, sooth to say, *we* were impatient to bend our steps, having a greater attraction, it must be confessed, (so little utilitarian were our then ideas), in the companion with whom our old acquaintance shared her dwelling and her labours, than in the sugar preparation. She was of pure Indian lineage, but we had often heard how, in days gone by, her unusual beauty had attracted numerous suitors, not only among her own race, but other nations. Europeans, with the birth and fortune of gentlemen, had sought her hand; chiefs of fame and influence had wooed her in the soft accents of more than one Indian dialect; and rich traders had cast their thousands of dollars at the feet of the hard-hearted and scornful maiden, who, rejecting all prouder offers, united herself to a young French-Canadian hunter, with no more wealth than his canoe and rifle, and a few coins left over the purchase of powder and shot for the next season's hunting. However, they braved the storms, and enjoyed the sunshine of the world together for some years, very contentedly and happily, and might have continued so to do until the very time then present, but for the revengeful jealousy of a chieftain, whose addresses had been declined by the young Indian beauty—we have forgotten her name in her native tongue, but the signification was Summer-Morn. The slave of his vindictive passions, the fierce chief selected a few of his bravest warriors, and proceeded on the sanguinary path of vengeance. Many a long mile of forest-land they traversed, many a watery league did their fleet canoes glide over, till at last they reached the spot where the Canadian had fixed his abode during the bright summer of that year, on an island of Lake Huron, and of this the chief had gained intelligence from a wandering hunter of his tribe, whom chance directed thither. Night came, the solitary cabin was invaded, and Summer-Morn awoke to behold herself surrounded by armed and painted warriors and to see her husband struck down dead at her side. An infant of a few months lay swathed in an Indian cradle; the unwonted noise aroused the helpless little creature, but the blow of a tomahawk silenced its cries for ever. The horror-struck mother instinctively caught an elder child to her bosom—the hand of her rejected lover sought to tear it from her embrace, but in vain; and the knife which he then aimed at its heart, merely grazed its shoulder, and passed through her arm. Summer-Morn now made a rush from the cabin, and though many a dark hand was stretched forth to stay her passage, the rapidity of her flight, and possibly their anxiety not to injure her, insured her success. Still with the child in her arms, she gained the lake, and plunging in, holding it with one hand, she swam to a neighbouring island. The darkness of the night, contrasting with the flames in which her late home was enveloped, favoured her escape, and having concealed herself with Indian skill and caution, she eluded disco-

very. After three days of almost starvation, she swam back to her ruined dwelling, mended with bark and gum the canoe which her enemies had damaged, and paddled it many miles to where a small village was formed by whites and Indians, near a detachment of British troops, supporting herself and her child on a few fish caught during the journey.

With this story in our mind, we entered the lodge. What a contrast to the cold and wintry atmosphere without! here, though there was little more than bark and matting to exclude it, one might fancy such rude breath would never venture; for the air was warm as that circulating through the fire and stove-heated abodes of comparative luxury, perhaps warmer; the only wonder was that no feeling of suffocation or unpleasantness was occasioned by the process of sugar-boiling which was so rapidly progressing, but no disagreeable sensation was perceptible. The lodge itself was of great length, but narrow, and a fire was burning right along the centre, nearly the whole extent; a stake formed of the trunk of a small tree being driven firmly into the ground at each extremity, supporting a third, placed transversely upon them. To this were suspended, at the least, seven or eight kettles, or boilers, of various sizes, from the huge cauldron, which might have taken a couple of sheep in whole, down to a mere preserving-pan, containing from four to five gallons—all of brass, and all boiling and steaming away with the sap in its several stages of preparation. We viewed the entire process, and nothing could be more simple, or more easily conducted.

The sugar-water is first poured into the largest of these brass receptacles, and boiled down to a smaller quantity, when it is transferred to a vessel of less dimensions, to be yet further reduced, and again placed in a smaller pan, demanding, as the syrup thickens, more attention, and frequent stirring with a large wooden ladle, as well as greater caution in the application of heat, until in one of the smallest pans, sometimes on, sometimes off, an extremity of the fire, where it is burning very low, the transformed maple-sap undergoes its concluding process, by being rubbed into a lightish powder, with a wooden implement much resembling a very small paddle. And thus within the space of a few hours, with no greater intricacy or trouble, the seemingly useless liquid is converted into what has become, we may say, a necessary of civilised life—the community at large being benefitted by its production in greater quantity, and the individual, not merely by the saving all outlay for as much as may be required for his own family's consumption, but being enabled to turn to his own profit the general demand for the article.

In this last, which is the most arduous part of the whole proceeding, an Indian woman was busily engaged when we entered, and intent on her employment, she merely glanced now and then at the strangers, and still went on with her work—rub, rub, rubbing most indefatigably, for the faster she rubbed the more heat the sugar would bear, and the sooner the pan be emptied, and ready for the reception of a fresh supply. We peered, as far as we could, into all the steaming boilers, stirred the frothing syrup, asked all possible questions, in short made ourselves as troublesome as visitors on similar occasions commonly do, when there is no fear of their being led to understand they are troublesome, and finally brought ourselves up for a time beside the stranger squaw, to watch her labours, and observe how rapidly the brownish mass was converted into dry pale-coloured sugar beneath their influence. The sugar-maker answered our remarks in a lively good-humoured tone, and told us that, but for the heat, she could rub on nearly all day without inconvenience, but it was warm remaining so long near the fire. She did, indeed, appear of frame well calculated for such exertion, for though of but medium height, her breadth was more than proportionate, and indicated a considerable extent of muscular power; otherwise she was common-place enough in appearance—a middle-aged, hard-featured squaw, with a tanned and weather-beaten countenance, such as may be seen in one half of the Indian wigwams. And there was no other stranger in the lodge. What could have become of Summer-Morn?—We were impatient to see her, and whispered the inquiry to our hostess.

With a smile, she pointed to her industrious companion. Impossible! We gazed on the laughing, chattering squaw, as she looked up merrily, with an answer to some question from our friends. Could *she*, the very antidote to all romance, be the heroine of that romantic tale, whom we had so often pictured to ourselves, we need not say how differently? Could it be *she*, whose willow-like form and lovely face had won the admiration of so many hearts? whose affection had proved so fatal to its possessor? We would not believe it; and yet 'twas but too true. Alas! for beauty, romance, and sentiment! all seemed to have departed. The loveliness and the sorrows of Summer-Morn appeared alike to have passed away, as a dream of bygone hours, and the heroine of former years was now the bustling, cheerful, every-day creature of this world. Was this other than it should be? ought we to regret the change? Assuredly not; and yet we did regret it. We were disappointed, and had not found the being we sought, but another. Had she been pale, attenuated, and melancholy, we might have pardoned her vanished beauty; but lively, happy, talkative, even fat—it was a crime against all sentiment. And while regarding her with certain sceptical ideas as to her having ever possessed the charms ascribed to her, the thought passed through our mind, that could the unfortunate Canadian and revengeful chief have looked forward but a few years, and beheld her as we then did, one might have saved his life, and the other been spared the commission of a crime.

Yet such is but too frequently the fate of Indian beauty, which, sometimes brilliant as the wild flowers which gem the sunny glades of western forests, is often nearly as evanescent—a gift of early youth, fleeting by even with the years of girlhood. And there had been much in the latter years of Summer-Morn to work that change, as well as to sweep from her mind the deadening influence of grief, as we acknowledged when, her task being for the present ended, she sat down on the matting spread along the sides of the lodge, where an agreeable temperature prevails, and with a little encouragement from our hostess, related the story of her life. Tears stood in her dark eyes as she spoke of her husband's and infant's fate, but disappeared as she went on to tell how she had afterwards maintained herself and child, solely by her skill in the fabrication of the various articles formed of ornamented deer-skin and birchen-bark, of which there is so great a demand on the Canadian frontier, both for use and as curiosities, and by her exertions in sugar-making. But the last had been her principal means of support, and she

told us that some years she had gone alone to the sugar-bush, and toiled through the entire season, with none to assist save her little daughter, who could then do no more than collect the sap from the trees—a part of the work well fitted for children, as it requires merely activity. Indeed, the labours of a sugar-camp are admirably adapted for a family, since there is not one of its members, from infancy to helpless old age, who cannot be made of use.

It is in this manner the Indians and Canadians set about the business. The entire family desert their usual habitation, and moving in a body to the sugar-bush, build a lodge much larger frequently than that we visited, permitting the manufacture to be conducted on a scale proportioned to the number of persons engaged. None are idle, all work, according to their years and strength, and still, as in the harvest time, to which we have already likened the sugar season, all is happiness and merriment; and at its conclusion they return enriched or freed from debt, as the case may be, by the result of their labours, and, despite their recent exertions, looking healthier and better than at their departure—both children and dogs growing quite fat with eating sugar.

Though aware that they contribute to the quantity brought into the market, we know not exactly to what extent the settlers in Canada are engaged in the preparation of maple-sugar, which is an article of general consumption throughout its provinces, as well as in the more northern states of the American Union; but this we will say, that by no one who is afforded the opportunity should it be neglected. Many years must elapse before it can be otherwise than that a great number of those emigrating to that country must be located on land which requires the axe of the woodsman. We must not here be understood to refer to parts as nigh to the colonial frontier as that where we were then sojourning, but to those in the more immediate vicinity of towns and cities, near many of which the land retains much of its original appearance and condition. Within two or three days' journey even of Toronto, there lie vast tracts of country as wild, as richly wooded, as unpenetrated by the foot of white man, as any beyond the borders of civilisation; and yet where the Indian rarely wanders, having long since moved away, and left them open for the occupation of his European successors. Under these circumstances, it is very unlikely but that the neighbouring forest will contain a sufficient quantity of maple to render the vicinity of consequence.

What then can be easier than at a period when little or nothing else can be done, to select a spot a few miles deep into the forest, where the requisite number of trees are to be found within a small circumference; then let the adventurer transport his family and most indispensable possessions thither on sleighs. A lodge may be as speedily constructed by them as by the Indians and French-Canadians, and of the same materials, and this in the shelter of the woods affords all that is demanded for comfort and protection against the elements. No hardships greater than in their own homes need be undergone. We knew of one old Chippewa who used to have his temporary dwelling arranged so comfortably that it had even glazed windows. But the very cold is an advantage, since it prevents inconvenience from the fires which are obliged to be so continually kept burning, and renders the whole process less fatiguing than it would be felt at any other season. The entire of this simple process we have described, and every one must, we think, admit that nothing could be easier; at the most, a few hours spent in a sugar camp should be sufficient to render any person of moderate intelligence fully competent to manage one of his own. When made, the sugar is inclosed in mokoks (deep vessels, or boxes, of oblong shape, narrowing as they approach the top, on which a lid is fastened), formed of birchen bark, and universally used for the purpose all over the colony, from the tiny porcupine-quill-wrought mokok of two or three inches long, holding a few ounces of maple-sugar, and designed merely for ornament or curiosity, to that containing thirty or forty pounds weight; and *their* construction also is a branch of the business quite within the province of any women or half-grown children that we can fancy making the attempt. On the whole, we say confidently, that he who being placed in circumstances permitting of so large an addition to his resources, and yet neglects to take advantage of it, is not only most unjust towards himself, but guilty of an offence against that principle of reason which teaches us not to cast aside the bounties of nature, or fail to improve to the utmost of our power those which she beneficently confers upon mankind.

Some such train of thought followed the relation of Summer-Morn, which she concluded by telling us proudly, that now she was free as the pigeon which flies where it will, that she cared not an inch of wampum for any trader, could sell her sugar to whom she pleased, and what was yet better, need not make a single mokok-full more than she chose. But it was evident the spirit of industry or gain possessed the lively Indian, and that she *chose* still to make as much as she could. Just then her daughter entered, having made the circuit of the more distant sugar-trees, and brought in a supply of sap. She was fifteen; a bright-cheeked, black-haired maiden, with the step of a fawn, and eyes like southern stars. Though much fairer than her mother, they who could judge, said she possessed not half the beauty of Summer-Morn's youth. It seemed difficult to believe it then! However, we contented ourselves with hoping, that, with less loveliness, less calamity might be her portion. At a whisper from her mother, Annette gathered some snow in a small bark vessel, and having poured on it some boiling syrup, placed it outside the lodge, whence it was soon brought back, and presented to the guests under the name of sugar-gum (than which none could be more appropriate), answering the purpose of a confection in this woodland retreat. Another ladleful of syrup, more nearly approaching the finished state, was poured simply on a flat piece of bark, and after exposure to the outer air, made its appearance in a firm, crisp form, under the denomination of sugar-cake, also sufficiently descriptive; and both are agreeable varieties in the use of maple sap, particularly attractive to children. For our own part, we own to having been in that respect a child.

## COMPETITION.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

Many are the reflective minds that have asked when are the principles of Christianity to be carried out? When is the spirit it inculcates to form the binding tie and pervading influence of association? Many have answered NEVER. This reply may

in some instances have sprung from self-inspection. The broad or narrow gauge of judgment upon others having often, if not always, its source in self-knowledge. These disbelievers in the principle of moral progress may be forgiven when we contemplate the extent to which Christianity has been preached, and the paucity of practice which has hitherto been the result. The opinion now recognised in even the House of Lords, that "the interests of all classes are identical," was at no very remote period unknown or unacknowledged. The wealthy man of leisure was the careless consumer, deeming that he did enough when he paid the current price for everything; and that the lavish luxury in which he wasted his fortune and vitiated his nature was (upon the principle that "private vices are public benefits") acting *his* part in the theatre of the world. On the other hand, the toiling man was content when his wages would supply his mere animal wants; he thought little of those above him, still less of those around him. A change has come upon the spirit of humanity. It is now felt that whether in robes or in rags

A man's a man for a' that;

that the gross inequalities which mark the social soil are moral enormities at which the mind revolts. In the very mid-day of civilisation we behold two glaring anomalies—immense wealth, and unutterable misery: they are portents of increasing calamity; and we see the privileged classes looking round them with perplexity, and the poor with dismay. Thus some concurrent efforts have sprung into action; the opulent feel the necessity to consider some change, the people to co-operate to effect one. The wealthy orders perceive that the disease in the body-politic is of an infectious character, as likely to rise into the upper regions as spread in the lower ranks, and that if some means be not found to arrest the malady, it may subvert the family of the castle as well as the cottage.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

And this has become the sad experience of England. With rapid strides she has increased in riches and in wretchedness. In the midst of a scientific progress that is startling—a power of creating wealth that is astounding—whole masses of her population are sunk into mere machines, subservient to those of iron which they are appointed to aid and to tend. The teeming mother and the tender child are bound to this iron bondage; while the strong man, flung upon the waste of ignorant leisure, becomes embruted amid all these vast resources, degraded from his place of protector and purveyor, into a dependant upon his family—he steps further down, and is often (alas! how often) the assailer or destroyer of the defenceless and toil-spent being bound to him for life. The extent of this social degradation, spreading in proportion to the power of creating wealth—the number of these instances of brutal violence, increasing in proportion to the hopeless state of the people—present a picture, especially when placed in juxtaposition with what Christianity teaches and might realise, that leaves all that is enormous and incredible in fabulous history far in the shade.

Aroused by the spectacle, many are awakening to their dormant duties; many are coming forward in the spirit of active beneficence; feeling that the neglects of justice cannot be too soon overtaken by the energies of generosity, nor the errors of judgment too speedily repaired by the exertions of sagacity. A beacon-light is beaming from the House of Lords. On the bench of bishops has arisen one who has an hereditary right to advocate and to be heard in the cause of humanity. Enlightened minds decry coercive power; but it *will be force*, such as the Bishop of Oxford's, that will convince the territorial lords that they are responsible for the condition of their labourers, and that the abasement which denies the poor man the decencies of life debars him from its moral and religious privileges. The eloquent prelate warned the landlords that they could not sit in their curule chairs and defy the rising waters, and adjured them not to place themselves in the position of mere representatives of the hereditary wealth, not the hereditary justice, wisdom, and virtue of a mighty people. Amid this noble outburst of a great and glowing mind, there was one cloud—the advocacy of the principle of Competition. The son of the author of *Practical Views of Christianity* is found supporting a principle which has been chiefly instrumental in producing the anomalous misery we here remark upon.

Competition is the friction of the social machinery, and vain are all the efforts at oiling the wheels while that principle is at work. It engenders "hatred, malice, envy, and all uncharitableness," and is as unnecessary in society as emulation has been proved to be in education. It is the error of the quack to trust to stimulants which, in their action and re-action, aggravate and produce disease; the physician studies the nature of his patient, and subjects him to no laws but such as are in accordance with it. If competition was ever necessary, it is so no longer: improvement has reached a point from which it will proceed on its own momentum.

Competition *appears* to assist advancement, but in reality creates obstructions; for while inflicting the goad on the competitors, it bars the goal to them by a thousand impediments, before which hundreds fall heart-sick, the disappointed victims of vain endeavour, and undeserved discomfiture, success often owing all to interest and nothing to merit. The history of invention would exhibit how frightful are the struggles of competition, how continually in this moral, or rather immoral, warfare, the originator is trampled down, his discovery, perhaps lost, at least delayed, and the injury extended from him to society. Behold the throngs of students in every walk of science, instead of proceeding in the dignity of harmony to take their places in the appropriate temples, they rush, in the spirit of Ishmael, with a hand against every man, and every man's hand against them! Instead of science or society calling the worthiest, saying, "This is our beloved son in whom we are well pleased," the cry is, or might be, "This is the appointed person because he has power and patronage on his side." St. Paul, in enumerating the vices that deform society, names "emulation;" he tells us that the law is, that we shall love our neighbour as ourselves, and adds, "if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." His Epistle to the Galatians is all redolent with the spirit that would banish Competition and establish Co-operation; which, instead of leaving the world an arid desert, dotted here and there with an oasis of wealth and luxury, would say of the universal family, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."

## The People's Portfolio.



THE CARRIER, BY W. HUNT.

*2nd Carrier.*—Lend me thy lantern, quotha? marry, I'll see thee hanged first!
*Shakspeare's Henry IV., Part I.*

## DREADFUL CHANGES.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

By William Howitt.

Oh! these are dreadful changes, Sam;
Men talked of change of yore,
But there never were such changes, Sam,
In any days before.
The world is cracked, depend upon 't,
Old things are all upset;
We 'd best bespeak our coffins, Sam,—
Why are we living yet?

All in this sultry weather, Sam,
As I was broiled in town,
The country came across my brain
So cool—I hastened down:
Down, helter-skelter, by the train,
Two hundred miles and more;
A long coach-run of twenty hours—
We did it just in—four!

"That's no such bad invention, Sam,"
Thought I, as there I stood,
Looking round for my native place
Beneath the well-known wood.
"That's not so *very* bad," thought I,
Dismissing nervous fear,
"All in a crack to whirl me back
To Tottinoddum here."

But where was I? and where the place?
Oh! listen, listen, Sam!
I gazed about—'twas very queer—
It seemed a horrid sham!
Sure as I live the world's turned round,
Old places are upset;
We 'd best bespeak our coffins, Sam—
Why are we living yet?

These men, they're not our sort of men—
This world is all new cast—
They live in steams, their ways are dreams,
The staid old times are past.
Their telegraphs, their knowing laughs,
Oh, Sam! they make me groan;
There's not a single man or thing
That they can let alone.

You've not forgot that valley, Sam,
Where we were wont to play;
And that old brook that turned about
As if it had lost its way?
How there with crooked pin and twine
We fished for miller's-thumbs,—
I turned down there—Lord! what a fright!
Slap-bang an engine comes!

It came slap-bang,—it thundered past!
I could but stand and stare;
It might have cut me quite in two—
It missed me by a hair!
Ay, there they've made a railway, Sam,
Right up that little vale;
There's neither brook nor bush nor tree,
Nor cow with whisking tail.

Oh! where are all the miller's-thumbs?
I can't at all divine:
The fishing fun with twine is done—
*There* runs a different line.
But where can Tottinoddum be?
I hurried on and on,
But I could see man, house, nor tree,—
No, not a single one!

You must that gate remember, Sam,
In Tottinoddum lane;
Where Simon Biddle used to stand
In sunshine or in rain.
Old Simon always watched that gate
'Gainst rambling cow or ass;
But there now stands a rail-police—
He wouldn't let me pass!

"I must to Tottinoddum, sir!"
He looked erect and grim;
I hastened on, for not a word
Could I extract from him
I hastened on—I met a man—
I looked him in the face,
And cried, "Where's Tottinoddum, sir?"
He said—"There's no such place!"

"There's no such place! There *is* such place
For there, sir, I was born.'
The old man paused and smiled at me,—
'Twas half a smile of scorn.
"Why look you now—we've got a line,-
It runs to Numskull town;
And Tottinoddum stood i' th' way
And so they—pulled it down."

"What! pulled it down, both house and hut,
And church where I was married?"
"Ay, pulled them down, and levelled all,
There's not a bone has tarried.
The dead lay down to wait the trump
At the last Judgment-day;
The railway whistle roused them up—
They're shovelled all away"

"But then the school beside the pool,
I'd there my eddication?"—
"Oh! there's no school beside the pool,—
It's now the railway station."
"I choke!—Good man, where's that old well,
Beloved by every toiler?"
"Oh! that's closed up; its now the pump
That feeds the engine boiler!"

"Good gracious me! all gone! all gone!
I've seen when all this ground
Stood thick with primroses in spring
And blue-bells nodding round.
I've seen"——"Well, what's the use of talking
Of flowers that once were blowing;
We've here no bells but that which tells
You when the train's a-going.

"There's Mr. Hudson in his glory,
And Austin in his wig,
And Sharpe and Roberts, Manchester,
And Irishmen that dig;
They've made a pretty piece of work,—
Your Tottinoddum's down." [where—
"The folks?" "They're gone, the Lord knows
But I reckon to the town.

"They've shortened Scriptures into Scrip;
They've pulled down church and hall.
The parson's got his living still,
And we've got none at all.
The blacksmith has turned engineer,
And grown a famous man;
The squire was chief director made
When first the line began.

"The lawyer-steward's sold his gig,
And got a coach and four;
And for the rest, they found it best
To cut and come—no more.

It's up with Tottinoddum, sir;
But I've no time to stay"—
The old man nodded short and dry,
And drily strode away.

Oh, these are dreadful changes, Sam!
Men talked of change of yore,
But there never were such changes, Sam,
In any days before.
Sweet Tottinoddum's swept away;
Old things are all upset;
We'd best bespeak our coffins, Sam,—
Why are we living yet?

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## Our Library.

### PHILIP MUSGRAVE;

OR,

### MEMOIRS OF A CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MISSIONARY IN THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.*

*Edited by the Rev. J. Abbott, A.M.*

These memoirs of five and twenty years' missionary labour in Canada are very interesting. They are written in a simple, life-like style, which carries with it the conviction of their entire truth. The Missionary was a zealous, hard-working man, and one admirably fitted for his duties, especially in the service of the Church of England—that one, sole true church, according to his notions, and which he reverences with almost idolatrous worship. With the church-party this book cannot fail of being very popular; not so with dissenters, from its intolerant spirit of bigotry and clerical pride, which forms, in fact, a serious blemish on this otherwise beautiful history of a devoted life.

From the very day on which the Missionary enters on his labours, he is met by the nuisance of those pestilent dissenters for whom he entertains such unmitigated contempt—nay, even he is mistaken for a Mr. Johnstone, the new dissenting missionary, at that moment expected by the dissenting portion of the district, and receives a few hospitalities in that mistaken character—a character utterly abhorrent to him, and one which must have galled his pride no little.

Spite of all this, there is a pleasant Robinson Crusoe spirit about the book, and the reader, be he dissenter or not, gets fairly interested about building the new parsonage and the church, although, like the good parishioners, he may be half inclined to think the tower and the cross are not absolutely essential parts of a building in which the true Christian may worship God. However, as we should think more of the picturesque effect of a church-tower than of its supposed holiness, we sympathise with the reverend gentleman, and are well pleased, in process of time, to find the church finished—tower, and cross, and all—and considering all the trouble and anxiety it had cost him, we can well believe that the sight of its "glorious spire, with its metal covering glistening like burnished gold in the bright sunshine," must have warmed his heart. In this church he preaches, and blesses his soul that he is not like a dissenter. We had marked many passages of illiberality and bigotry for quotation, in proof of our charge against him, but after thus putting in our protest, we prefer extracting one or two of those really interesting and singular passages of the book which we have read with pleasure, and some of which smack of the good old religious times when faith in an overruling and protecting Providence was more common than it is now. Here is a pious widow who considers herself under the special protection of Him who cares for the widow and fatherless.

And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half-a-mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children and a maid-servant were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard in the pauses of the tempest some strange and unusual noises, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house, immediately beneath the bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, from whence she thought the noises she first heard had proceeded. She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation, when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident from the occasional yelpings of the noble animal that he sometimes had the worst of it. The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs M could only hear now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could. They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his brushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk at full length beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied, after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he gallopped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

Chapter XIV. of this work is headed "A Fatal Accident—Superstition—an Infidel—an Earthquake—a Thunder-storm." There is something quite grandly terrific in all this. Let us have the "Fatal Accident" and the "Superstition."

Poor Captain M—— was one of the most respectable inhabitants in the settlement, and was consequently made captain of the militia, hence the title by which he was invariably designated. He had a large family, and held an extensive farm. He went out one day, with one of his sons, to get a load of wood for fuel. They cut through a tree, which fell into the top of another, and got so entangled among its branches that they could not get it down. While trying to do so they were called home to dinner. They immediately ceased their labour, and were walking away; the father, unfortunately, passed directly under the tree, which just at that very moment, without the slightest noise from the breaking of a branch, or otherwise, to warn him of his danger, fell with a fearful crash right upon his head, and struck him senseless, and apparently lifeless, to the ground. His son thought he was killed, and ran home to alarm the family. They all hurried to the fatal spot, accompanied by one or two of their neighbours.

He is not dead, but his skull is fractured, and he is become a maniac; the clergyman is sent for, and the next day he dies. Now comes the Superstition.

Late one night, about a week before Captain M——'s death, sometime after he and all the family had retired to rest, a loud knocking was heard at the front door, so loud as to waken every

* Murray's Colonial Library.

one in the house. The eldest son, a full-grown young man, immediately got up, and went down stairs, to ask who was there. No answer was returned. He then opened the door, and looked out into the bright moonlight, all over the little flower-garden in front of the house, as well as beyond it into the road, but could see nothing. He therefore shut the door again, bolted it, and returned to his bed. He had no sooner done so than the knocking was repeated, or rather the shaking; for this time it was as if a person had lifted the latch, and then with the handle had shaken the door violently against the bolt, which was very loose in the wall. This was done so violently as to make all the windows in that side of the house clatter again. It could not be the wind; there was not a breath of air stirring. The young man again got up and ran down stairs, accompanied this time by another young man, his cousin. Again nothing was to be seen. They now began to suspect that some idle fellow or other was attempting to play off some foolish trick upon them. In order, therefore, to detect and punish him, the two young men got up and dressed themselves, and again went down to the door. One stood behind it, with the bolt in his hand ready to draw it in an instant should the noise be again repeated, while the other took up a position at the window, commanding a fine view of the only approach to the house on that side. All their arrangements, however, were of no avail; for on the noise being repeated, which it was shortly afterwards, although they opened the door at the instant, they could discover no one. At last, after watching a long time, and hearing nothing more, they went back to their beds.

The impression of this strange occurrence was greatly increased next morning by a dream which their mother had the same night.

She dreamed that a dreadful-looking man called at the house when she was all alone. He was dressed in deep mourning, and his aspect was grave and serious. Two men were with him, who bore a newly made coffin in their hands. This he directed them to place on two chairs, and then dismissed them. As soon as they were gone, he told her in a cold, stern manner, that her husband or one of her sons must go with him to assist him in some arduous labour. He told her what it was, but she had forgotten it. "Go with you!" she exclaimed, in fear and astonishment; "where? and in God's name, for what?" In her fright she awoke before he could reply to her question.

Such was the "Superstition." The "Infidel" was a sort of spectral horseman, by belief, one Tom Broadman, who had sold his soul to the devil, and who rode in storm and thunder, on his wild horse, past the house a night or two after the fearful dream, and who again hurried past the door, like an evil spirit, whilst they were watching and praying by the death-bed of the poor unfortunate Captain M——. The book abounds in strange and wild passages like these, and is in this way well worth reading.

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## The Poems of Thomas Hood and Charles Mackay.

For many years Thomas Hood was merely the punster and the comic annualist, whose wit and satire were as regularly expected at Christmas as its mince-pies and merry-makings. But these, clever and original as they were, were not the true characteristics of the real man. There was a higher and a nobler nature within him, which only revealed itself occasionally until towards the close of his career, when it burst forth with all the earnestness and intensity of a living principle. Whilst Hood, however, had been making the world laugh at his puns and his clever humour, and had been showing up the follies, and knaveries, and weaknesses of social life and artificial society, all the senses of his soul were open to the wants, and miseries, and sorrows, of struggling humanity. Returning to England after a residence of some years in Germany, where, if life be somewhat sluggish, the existence of none is a mere living-death, a struggle and a combat with suffering, as it is with us, he became all at once conscious of the enormous misery by which he was surrounded, and which had hitherto scarcely found a tongue to utter its cruel agony. The poet saw this, and leaving, all at once, his quips and cranks, and throwing off his motley, he stood forth their bold and eloquent advocate. The whole world of luxurious sleepers was startled by his *Song of the Shirt*, which, like an electric shock, went through the whole frame of society. All at once, "seam, and gusset, and band" became words of awful meaning — health, and youth, and life, had all been sacrificed to those hitherto insignificant things, "seams, and gussets, and bands."

Hood was now in his true vocation. The poor and the friendless had found an advocate who had both the will and the power to utter, in their behalf, words as mighty as their own wrongs. There was something quite new in the downright, simple, and almost homely language in which these outcries of suffering humanity were clothed. The poet had taken upon himself, like a prophet divinely inspired of old, "the burden of a great iniquity," and it was not he who spoke, but that mortal misery, which eat into the very vitals of the poor, which spoke through him. *The Song of the Shirt*, *The Lady's Dream*, *The Lay of the Labourer*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, and the *Workhouse Clock*, were the groans and cries of a great living anguish appealing to God and humanity. They were full of heart-rending truths, like those short but terrible orations of the starving women, at Bremhill and Goatacre, and therefore they could not be heard unmoved.

*The Lay of the Labourer* was the last of Hood's poems in behalf of the unhappy and the oppressed, and was written but a few months before his death. The history of this poem is singular and interesting. It was originally included in a prose sketch, descriptive of one of those assemblings of ill-paid and famishing agricultural labourers which every now and then startle society with the knowledge of suffering and woe which it would fain disbelieve. A certain Gifford White, a youth of nineteen, one of these slaves of the soil, was sentenced to transportation for life, for having written a threatening letter to the farmers of Bluntisham. Hood, haunted by the vision of this unfortunate young man, and by the oppressive sense of the general sufferings of his class, addressed an appeal to Sir James Graham, which, besides containing the *Lay of the Labourer*, contains also this remarkable picture of his own state of feeling. "For months past," says he, "amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pains, perchance, even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests and affairs, that sorrowful vision has recurred to me more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering, cruelty, and injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation which originated with its birth. It is in your power, Sir James Graham, to lay the ghost that is haunting me. By due intercession with the earthly fountain of mercy, you may convert that melancholy shadow into a happier reality—a righted man." "And this picture of his feelings," says one who knew him, "was true to the letter. The description of the 'melancholy shadow' was given to his friends just as he described it to the Home Secretary; for the thought of a lad of nineteen being driven for life from his native land had actually severely injured his failing health."

These labours of love wound up the life of the poet. A month or two afterwards he died in the forty-sixth year of his age, like a true soldier in the midst of a glorious struggle, with his banner in his hand, and the words of freedom and universal brotherhood on his lips.

The world is better because Hood has written; and that alone must have been a rich repayment for the aching brain and aching heart which belong to the literary man's career. Whatever his worldly disappointments and anxieties might be, he has won three glorious prizes—the enduring fame of a poet, the love of the good, and the blessings of the poor and the oppressed.

Hood died, we said—using a metaphor of war for one of the noblest sons of peace—like a true soldier, with his banner in his hand. He died, but others rose up in his place; and Charles Mackay, to continue our metaphor, snatching the banner from the hand of the dead warrior, stood forth ready to combat likewise to the death, and with a glorious, encouraging cry of liberty and love on his tongue.

Mackay is a poet of some years standing, but has distinguished himself principally by his *Voices from the Crowd*, in which he has at once caught the spirit and wants of the age. Let him go on in the same strain, and with all the noble strength and fearless energy of youth he cannot fail of becoming all that Hood would have been, had life been spared to him.

This is high praise; but there are ample evidences of its truth in the volumes before us in the *Salamandrine* and the *Legend of the Isles*. We can but avail ourselves of one illustration—the *Legend of the Isles*. The Sea King's Burial is full of the stern old primeval spirit that should animate one of the early Norsemen.

"'My strength is failing fast,
Said the Sea King to his men,
I shall never sail the seas
Like a mariner again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;—
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand;—
And so lead me to the strand
Where my ship at anchor rides,
Steadily;
If I cannot end my life
In the bloody battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea.'"

He is accordingly armed and crowned, and borne to the ship; where he is left alone.

"Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand,
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips
Darted forth from out the ships."

for thus the old king means to die.

The storm comes on—the thick curling smoke rises—the flames burst forth—

"And Balder moved no limb,
And no sound escaped his lip;—
And he look'd, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship;
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;—
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timbers crash;—
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flame mounting o'er him
Speedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain in his triumph
On the sea.

"Once alone a cry arose
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
'I am coming!' said the King,
'Where the swords and bucklers ring;—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men;—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows;—
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto thee.
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong true hearts of yore,
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

* * *

"Red and fierce upon the sky
Until midnight shone the glare,
And the burning ship drove on
Like a meteor of the air.
She was driven and hurried past
'Mid the roaring of the blast,
And of Balder, warrior-born,
Nought remained at break of morn
On the charr'd and black'ning hull
But the ashes of a skull,
And still the vessel drifted
Heavily,
With a pale and hazy light,
Until far into the night,
When the storm had spent its rage
On the sea."

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### Temperance Rhymes.*

In 1839 a little book was published, a very little book, stitched in a paper cover, with the title of "Temperance Rhymes;" these same Rhymes being inscribed to the working men of Manchester, in the hope that they might act as another small weight on the right end of that lever which is to raise men in the scale of humanity. Good they must have done, for the true spirit was in them; but from some cause or other they never became as popular as they ought to have been, for the working men—and even women—of England, as well as Manchester, should have known them by heart. We would now revive the memory of this good little book; and as a sample of its quality, present to our readers two short poems from its pages.

Song.

Reeling and rolling
Up and down the streets;
Scoffed at and mocked at
By every one he meets—
Or noble or simple,
Or layman or priest—
Oh! who would be a drunkard;
A drunkard—a beast?

Maudling or raving,
The madman or the fool;
Soulless and senseless,
And everybody's tool;
Blabbing out the secret
To-morrow he will rue;
Grieving of the old friend,
And fighting with the new

Noisome and loathsome,
A torment and a curse;
Sowing pains in this life
To reap hereafter worse.
Or noble or simple,
Or layman or priest—
Oh! who would be a drunkard;
A drunkard—a beast?

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* Simpkin Marshall, & Co., London.

BURIAL-SONG FOR A GOOD MAN.

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
He hath fought a noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the fadeless crown!

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past:
He was faithful to the last—
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,—
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Wealth and pomp, and courtly nod,
Might by others worshipped be;
But to man he bent his knee,
As the deathless child of God.

Meek and gentle was his soul,
Yet it had a glorious might;
Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Huts where poor men sat distressed,
Homes where death had darkly passed,
Beds where suffering breathed its last,—
There he sought, and soothed, and blessed

Hoping, trusting, lay him down!
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown!

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THE TINY LIBRARY.*

The first volume of this cheap little publication is now before us, and will be, we doubt, not a pleasing addition to the child's library, whether in drawing-room or nursery. The *Tiny Library* is possessed of the same character, and is got up in precisely the same style as *Peter Parley's* (the real Peter's) *Magazine for Children*, published in America, and continued for several years, but which is almost unknown in England. This work has all the merits of its American predecessor, and is every way deserving the support of the public. We recommend, therefore, all good-natured aunts and uncles—and who are so good-natured as they, excepting grandfathers and grandmothers—to bestow a penny a week upon their juvenile relations, and let them have the happiness of receiving their new weekly periodical as well as either papa or mamma. The money will be well laid out, we assure them.

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WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN PUBLIC AMUSEMENT AND RECREATION.

BY S. SMILES M.D.

On the outskirts of the city of Mayence, stretching along the banks of the noble Rhine, is an extensive piece of ground, beautifully laid out in walks, flower-beds, shady avenues, clumps of trees, with here and there arbours, statues, sundials, grottoes, rustic seats, lakes in miniature, and all those little tasteful devices which we find ornamenting the most beautiful pleasure-gardens of our English nobility. At the most commanding points, fine views are obtained of the noble river, studded with craft of various kinds; opposite is the mouth of the Maine, descending from the rich city of Frankfort; and near at hand are discovered the spires of the city of Mayence, and the tower of the Dom Kerche rising high above all.

This piece of ground, so laid out and ornamented, is known as the *Anlage*. It is the public park or pleasure-ground of the citizens of Mayence—provided by the corporation of the city for the recreation and enjoyment of the public. It is free and open to all classes every day in the week. There are no dogs or growling keepers at the gate—no surrounding walls coped with broken glass; the only notice which is exhibited being that seen near the entrance, to the effect that "this garden is created for the advantage of the public, and it is committed to the public for protection." This is a fine instance of generous trustfulness in the people; and it is most gratifying to state that it is rarely, if ever, abused. The roses bloom unplucked; the flowers shed their perfume on the air undisturbed; the trees remain uninjured in trunk and branch; undefaced by the ill-cut initials of the obscure destructive. All is regarded as if sacred—the public protecting what is committed to them with the most scrupulous carefulness. Yet large numbers of people frequent the gardens: on Friday evenings, when one or other of the military bands of the garrison regularly give a concert in the open air at the upper end of the gardens, not fewer than from 6000 to 8000 persons are generally present. And everything passes off delightfully, innocently, and joyously.

These public pleasure-grounds are common all over Germany. Almost every large city can boast of them. At Frankfort, the old fortifications have been levelled and converted into public gardens and promenades—beautiful exemplification of the progress of public opinion in the direction of peace. The Frankfort promenades surround the city on all sides, except that next the Maine. The walks are charmingly laid out, and are as trimly and neatly kept as if they were the private property of a lord. The most precious flowers and shrubs are there, and remain sacred and untouched. It is a beautiful feature in these public gardens, that the most lovely and valuable things are openly exposed in them, without the slightest word of caution as to their injury or destruction. It shows how much trusting to the goodness that is in human nature will do. For, doubtless, the fact of being freely admitted to these places of public resort without prohibition, or insulting placards of "Caution" and "Beware," produces much of this respectful conduct and demeanour. The "Charity that thinketh no evil" never yet provoked a crime; but can we say as much of the Suspicion which is never done telling us of its "Man-traps and spring-guns?" It is not improbable, indeed, that the threat is very often the first stimulus or provocation to the crime.

We, in England, might well take a lesson from the Germans in their efforts to bring recreation and innocent amusement within the reach of all classes. Whether the instrument that does it be Government or Society, the thing *ought* to be done. There is a profound philosophy in amusement, could man but see it. The harder a man works, the more does he require the provision of a healthy and innocent recreation. It is so much a necessity among men, that if innocent recreations are not provided for them, they will provide vicious ones for themselves. Deprive them of the higher kinds of social enjoyment, and you leave them to those

* C. Wood and Co., Poppin's-court, Fleet-street.

which are degrading, and perhaps destructive. Who knows not that the heart of man is influenced by the moral as well as the physical atmosphere which he breathes, and that he is disposed to an affinity with the good very much in proportion as his spirits are kept in that genial tone which their due relaxation promotes? Make a man happy, and his actions will be happy too: doom him to dismal, monotonous thoughts, and miserable circumstances, and you make him gloomy, discontented, morose, and vicious. Hence, coarseness and crime are generally found among those who have never been accustomed to be cheerful, and whose hearts have been kept shut against the purifying influences of a happy communion with nature, or an enlightened intercourse with man. Why should not greater care be taken, then, to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in art and nature, among all ranks of the community? Why should not the treasures of both—galleries of art, and the fields and gardens—be thrown open to the classes who now spend their long hours in consuming toil, cut off from all the higher pleasures, and impelled too often, by the strong love of excitement, to seek a deceitful solace in sensual excess, after escaping from the burden of their daily toil and labour.

Our temperance reformers have been slow to recognise the importance of these truths; but they are now beginning to act upon them. They begin to find that there is no other way for it, but to outrival the attractions of a higher kind—such as music, cheap railway excursions, cheap concerts, and cheap rural galas, and their success hitherto affords them the strongest encouragement to persevere.

The way in which numerous exhibitions and Mechanics' Institutes, which have recently been held throughout the country, have been thronged by the working men, with their wives and families—the interest which they have taken in the delicate machinery of models, the costly works of art, the specimens of natural history and other objects of interest which have been collected there; the thronging and increasing crowds which visit the British Museum, the Greenwich and Dulwich Picture Galleries, Hampton Court, and the other objects of attraction about the metropolis; show that the intelligence, the manners, and the conduct of the English people, are quite equal to those of the continent, provided only that generous opportunities are offered for their exercise.

The movement which has recently commenced in this country in favour of providing Parks and Pleasure-grounds for the people is one of very great promise. Mr. Strutt, of Derby, has the honour of setting the example, having munificently presented a public park and arboretum for the recreation and enjoyment of the inhabitants of that town. The public-spirited men of Manchester, aided by the operatives, have also raised upwards of 50,000*l.* for providing public parks for the recreation of the people; and a gentleman of Liverpool, Mr. Yates, has done much to provide a public park for the use of the inhabitants. What noble examples are these for the towns and cities of other districts? And how pleasing to think that the time is now about to come when the operative and mechanic, after their hard day's labour, may go out into parks and gardens provided for him, and there inhale the pure air of heaven, traverse a leafy path, look down upon a flower, and bring his spirit into harmony with the beautiful aspect of nature.

It becomes us also to notice a humbler but not less interesting experiment. The woolcombers of Bradford, a poor and hardworking class of operatives, have just opened within the last two weeks a pleasure-ground of their own, in the neighbourhood of that populous town. They have taken a lease of a small farm, part of which they intend to cultivate for the benefit of the society, and the remainder they have laid out in gardens, walks, and flower parterres, for the pleasure of the members and the public. In one of the fields is a spring of pure water, out of which they have formed an excellent swimming bath, as well as baths of other kinds. The gardens were publicly opened, with a festival, on the 20th of May, when above one thousand persons were present. Tea was taken in a large marquee on the grounds, the excellent Vicar of Bradford, Dr. Scoresby, presiding on the occasion. Music and dancing followed; and good feeling everywhere prevailed.

These are truly delightful symptoms of progress, even in enjoyment; and those who regard amusement and recreation as not the least important parts of education will not undervalue them. We certainly seem now in a fair way of getting rid of the reproach, to which we were formerly obnoxious, that the only public recreation provided in England was a public execution!

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## Poetry for the People.

### A ROYAL EPITAPH.

By Barry Cornwall.

*Hic Jacet!*—Here he lies; in tranquil earth;
A sleeper never to be awakened, till
Fate's trumpet shall blow forth his final birth,—
Heaven or Eternal Pain!—How cold, how still
The body which late held a fiery will;
In whose white cheek the raging passions glowed,
In whose now stagnant veins the red blood flowed,
Running its ceaseless round of good and ill.

O God! that this pale thing—this lump of clay,
Which the ass's hoof may trample now or spurn,
Rained scorn on millions.—But his race is run.
Toss high thy rags, O Beggar!—in the sun
Behold! how Power and Pride must pass away,
And Kings must leave their thrones, and ne'er return

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### SERVICES.—5. Faith.

By W. J. Linton.

Look to the Future;
Credit God's Power;
Fearlessly root your
Feet in the hour
God hath appointed.

The seed which man soweth
Depends on man's breath;
The seed of God groweth
In the quick womb of Death—
Death, God's Anointed.

Night's starry portal
Swarmeth with glee;
Worth is immortal;
Work cannot be
E'er disappointed.

## The Picture Exhibitions.

### No. 5.



THE LESSON. BY F. STONE.

FROM THE OLD WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

# PENNY WISDOM;

## IN LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS.

By a Man of No Party.

### No. II.—THOSE FOREIGNERS.

Perhaps there are not many cries so sure of their echo as "*Those Foreigners*"—"Locusts" (so runs the rhyme with one) "who come in and make a prey of the industry of this country, and the lawful food of its inhabitants"—"Loose characters" (thus goes the reproof with another) "whose example is to destroy every sound principle of morality, and with whom no intercourse can take place clear of certain infectious influences"—"Merry Andrews" thinks some better-natured old soul by her own fire-side, who has an idea that every Gaul is a born dancing-master, and every German a manufacturer of *sauer kraut*, and partly fearing the Pope, and partly the Opera, has her apprehensions about Italy, and imagines that Vesuvius is not flaming away there for nothing. I shall never forget the inquiry of an excellent creature of this species, who had never stirred five miles beyond her own provincial town, on being told of the return from foreign parts of a youth in whom she had been much interested. He was described as much changed, looking older;—"Please, sir, asked the anxious creature, folding her hands civilly across, and dropping a curtsey, "has Master —— got *a pigtail like the French?*"

Now, so long as some vague notions prevailed that all such people could be packed off home again—pigtails and all—by the Sovereign and the Magistracy, whensoever they showed their dangerous faces—so long as the slightest hope survived of penning Young England, body or soul, safe at home, under lock and key—it might have been useless to beg for a less obnoxious pronoun than "*Those:*"—a word, as all the world is aware, meaning something conspicuous—to be suspected, if not sentenced in advance. But the days of our insulation are over. The thread is literally spinning—if we are to believe Professor Wheatstone's promises with regard to his Electrical Telegraph—which is to tie England and France together. Ere a twelvemonth is out, we Londoners are to be brought within twelve hours' reach of Paris—half the distance, that is, that we used to be from Liverpool. "*Those* foreigners" must (there's no help for it!) become "*These* neighbours.". It will be one of the lessons which every Englishwoman will have to teach her child at no distant period, how he is to live peaceably in this Europe of ours, preserving the while his uprightness and his individuality.

"Peaceably" must mean "intelligently." There is no keeping down the bad passions of rivalry, insolence, jealousy, desire for conquest, by "rule of thumb." Religion is required—the religion which includes understanding:—a plain confrontment of such difficulties and singularities as may hit us in the teeth; a close study of these, in no Pharisaical spirit of self-assertion, but as we would have "*these* neighbours" study our faults—that is, fairly, kindly, and with a view to mutual progress "Stand off!" can no longer be the World's motto; and since "Come near!" has taken its place, a few large truths, illustrated in small details, may help you—be you traveller or tarrier at home—to that charity, active and passive, which (let the bigots say what they please) if rightly comprehended and thoroughly acted up to, excludes rather than enforces license.

First and foremost, we English are apt in our own persons to confound observation and offence. I remember, when a boy, hearing a celebrated artist say, by way of pleasantry, that it was impossible for him to look after a girl carrying a pitcher to the well, or a pair of gossips tranquilly chatting across a gate in the cool of the evening, without, in nine cases out of ten, provoking an affronted "*Well, I'm sure!*"—or from the men a more directly uncivil self-defence. This may arise from that intrinsic shyness which often accompanies deliberate courage. "To be made a show of!" is the last thing which any true man or woman can bear the thoughts of. To have our kneading-troughs and chambers pryed into by strangers, who have never learned the grace of privacy, is a plague well nigh as abominable as the inroads of frogs or flies. We can't bear being watched while we feed or play with our children. We are apt, I have heard it said, to be uneasy over our prayers, if "people are looking;" and hence pews (?). But I am afraid that we forget ourselves strangely in the case of other people. When I am abroad, I hardly ever enter a church without encountering some English man or woman striding about, with the everlasting *Murray* in hand, not much caring in their search after curiosities whether or not they disturb a kneeling congregation, or if their "*Look here!*" be heard at the most solemn moment of Roman Catholic worship. If there be a marriage or a christening, there is of course an universal rush. I will not speak of the brutalities which the young and audacious of all countries commit too hastily—such as that of the English travellers who, out of sheer *bravado*, took bottled porter with them into the mosque of Santa Sophia: but I have heard English ladies boast of what they had "*got to see*" with a triumph which has made me shiver. Mr. Dickens will tell you of one who forced her way to the front row in the Pope's Chapel, on the occasion of some tempting ceremony, by aid of a stout corking pin; and yet I will bet any wager that the woman using this feminine battering ram would have cried in her own parish "*Those* foreigners!" as loudly as the best of the criers; and have been thrown into fits if some Transatlantic Willis or Miss Sedgwick, coming from a land where inquiry is not only accidental, but essential as a means of progress, had opened her garden-gate to peep whether indeed that was a window-curtain bleaching on her sunny lawn, or how they kept flower-beds in the Old Country. So, too, I am by no means satisfied in my mind that the crowd at the Custom-House Wharf, who some seven years ago received a boat-load of German chorus-singers—sick and weary after a harassing and stormy voyage, and, doubtless, queer and hairy enough to see—with a shower of stones (!), would bear much foreign inquisition into their tavern jollities or household arrangements. We are far as yet from having learned that strength and superiority are shown by concession yet more than self-assertion.

Yes! let all those who lay to heart the maintenance of Peace on Earth (and are not WE of the number?) recollect that it is not merely an affair of meetings and medals—of demonstrations in favour of an excellent Elihu Burritt—of listening to speeches from the famous, or of speaking ourselves—but of patient, daily good-humour and civility to all neighbours and strangers: of studying not what we are sure they ought to like, but what they have been accustomed to—not of hiding a

laugh at their mistakes or uncouthnesses, but of considering what our own might be in like circumstances, and exterminating the disposition to laugh. If you would not travel through a strange land with your arms *a-kimbo* in war time, you must not be perpetually treading upon the tender feet of the stranger within your gates, when you profess to desire the maintenance of good understanding. The character of the English ought not to fall among the nations as intercourse increases. Yet, sad to say, it has done so. It is not merely common prudence, it is common Christianity also, to consider how far it is wise that this should be. And the matter is one which each man can aid in settling for himself. Our magistrates may, indeed, struggle with the exactions of a set of Dover boatmen—or protect the timid, shivering Oriental from having his queer garments pawed to bits as he creeps down our streets—or take the part of unhappy vagabond women, outraged in some lonely country place ;—but the spirit of Courtesy, as compared with that of exclusiveness—the Hospitality of our country, which surely means something more general than "blazing fire, and beef and ale" for our own personal acquaintances—demand something more from every one of us; from the gentleman in his travelling carriage, from the workman in his cottage, from the household servant in his daily service, from the errand-boy in the streets. Let none of us add to the accumulation of a reckoning of bitterness or misunderstanding!

As for the old cry about the People being demoralised, and the like, by the introduction of foreign ways, that, it is needless to say, can no longer be maintained. The stable-door is open—the steed is stolen! They *will* come in; ours must go out to them. Why deprive English sense of half its authority, by inextricably mixing it up, in the eyes of our brethren abroad, with English rudeness? Why weaken ourselves by standing perversely in the wrong? in the attitude of those for whom apologies must needs be made? There are a hundred points of detail open to discussion; a hundred points of morals and manners in which the superiority of a people, on the whole well-governed (and, thank God, so long spared from the devastation of foreign invasions as we), can hardly fail to make itself obvious. To some of these I may refer more closely, that by analysis and comparison we may attempt to determine what it were good to naturalise—what can never take root. But this will be in a spirit of brotherly kindness, and not in the vain-glorious humour of the *Bobabil* who swaggers through the crowd flourishing his cudgel, and crying—"Who dare meddle with me?" Let me hope meanwhile that this preamble to a few pictures, remembrances, and speculations, may be received as it is penned.

## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE SEQUENTIAL SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATON.

By its Author.

The Sequential system of Musical Notation was first submitted to the public in 1843, in a small pamphlet containing the outlines of the new method. A subsequent enlarged edition, a course of lectures, and the very general notice of the metropolitan and provincial press, have since rendered the subject more familiar. It is hoped that a brief statement of the proposed reform will interest the readers of the *People's Journal.*

The basis of the system is the division of the entire scale of sounds into *sevens*. This striking fact of nature, though duly recognised in the present *naming* of the notes by the letters of the alphabet, and by the colouring and position of the keys on the key-boards of instruments, is utterly overlooked in the existing *notation*. The notes ascend *on paper* without being divided into *sevens* at all; so that it appears as if, instead of beginning again at A when we reach G, we should *go on*, and call the notes ascending H, I, J, K, L, M, N, &c. On the Sequential System, the notes appear grouped into sevens *on paper*, exactly as they appear on the present key-board, and as they are now named by the letters of the alphabet. A staff of *three lines* exactly contains these seven notes; and when they ascend or descend from the staff, part, or the whole, of an *additional* staff is drawn, thus showing accurately their relative pitch, without imposing (as in the present leger-line method) any necessity for learning more than seven names and seven places. The notes thus written in a *three-line* staff do not express *fixed sounds*—as do the notes in the present *five-line* staff—but *the seven sounds of the gamut*.

The scale of fixed sounds is divided into *twelves*, and named by *numbers*. One of these numbers is set at the commencement of the staff, and—by a simple rule derived from the *odd* and *even* succession—points out the exact pitch, in the fixed scale, of all the seven sounds. The particular *octave* intended is shown by the *form* of the notes in the staff. If the *minor* scale be meant, a *curve over the numeral* indicates that the *third* and *sixth* notes in the staff are to be read *flat*.

Thus, by the Sequential notation, all *leger-lines* are avoided; the *clefs* are entirely swept away; the *minor* mode is considered merely to be a *fixed alteration of the major*; and keys *constructed with flats and sharps*—except the twelve minor *flattened* from the twelve major—are rendered all equally *natural*.

The reader is now acquainted with the heart of the system; for though in the department of *duration* the same simplifying process is carried out; though all *times* are reduced to *two*—double and triple; though it is imposed, as a necessity, that the *velocity* of the piece shall be rigidly shown by the metronome; though semibreves, minims, crotchets, quavers, and the rest, are replaced by more correct and available characters;—still it is by the peculiarities in the department of *pitch* which I have stated, that the *Sequential* comes into direct collision with the *Guidonian* notation. The division of the entire scale into *sevens*, by the three-line staff, and the indication in the staff of *the seven notes of the gamut*, are the striking points which utterly separate the new method from the old.

Now comes the important question—whether, granting Sequentialism to be a great improvement, it is possible to introduce it into general use, the Guidonian system of notation being so firmly established. I think it *is* possible, and I think I can see how it must be accomplished. It is all very well, and very necessary, to publish, at the present time instruction books for the pianaforte, or other instruments, but the institution of *popular classes for choral singers*, in the Sequential notation, is probably the real basis from which other operations must proceed. It is acknowledged, amongst musical professors who have attempted to teach choral singing popularly, that the present notation is an insuperable bar to the satisfactory pro-

gress of the pupils. As, according to this, music is written by *fixed sounds*, of course all scales appear differently to the eye, and the difficulty of teaching the classes to sing in the various keys is consequently so great, that most manuals for popular choral singing limit themselves to a very few keys. On the Sequential System, however, as the *gamut of seven notes* appears always on paper in the same manner, the difficulty would be felt no longer, and the master, by merely sounding the required key-note, might exercise the classes in all the four-and-twenty major and minor keys successively.

The facility thus offered for training the millions to a knowledge of vocal music presents so feasible and wide a basis for a radical reform in the established method that every thing may be hoped for. Once let the system be firmly fixed in this manner, and measures may then be taken for casting a fount of Sequential type, and for issuing, at a cheap rate, such pieces as the gradually increasing demand may require.

The transition from choral-singing to solo-singing is easy. Supposing large choral classes to be formed on the proposed system, some members of them would soon begin practising music *individually*. They would then wish to accompany themselves on the pianoforte in the Sequential notation. Let us see how this can be done.

It is rather curious that, since the Sequential System was first published in 1843, *two* important innovations in the construction of pianofortes have been brought before the public, both of which materially aid that system, and, in combination with it, would totally revolutionise pianoforte playing. These are Mercier's *Royal Albert Transposing Pianoforte*, and De Folly's *Geometrical Pianoforte*. The first of them can be so used by Sequentialists that the white keys in front of the key-board shall always represent *the seven notes of the gamut*, whatever that may be, whilst the black keys at the back shall represent the *accidental sharps and flats* that may occur. Thus the student of singing in the Sequential notation would find this pianoforte exactly adapted to his purpose. The perfect natural facility in transposition of the voice, and the great mechanical facility of transposition on the instrument, given by the transposing-handle of Mercier's pianoforte—both indicated on paper by a notation in complete agreement—would go as far as possible to annihilate all difficulties, both in reading and execution, of vocal music with a pianoforte accompaniment.

Mercier's transposing action is now applied also to the *organ;* so that all just stated of the pianoforte may be stated with equal truth of the nobler instrument. Mercier's invention is no doubt applicable to every description of instrument with a key-board.

There is one objection only to the use, in *all* cases, of the Transposing Pianoforte. When a *rapid change of the signature* occurs in the course of a musical piece, it will be impossible to set the transposing action with sufficient quickness. To adjust it correctly there must be some slight degree of pause. The *Geometrical Pianoforte*, however, is suited for the use of the Sequential student under every contingency. But on this instrument he must *form his own keys*—for there is no *transposing handle* to relieve him of this duty. The method of so forming the keys is beautifully simple and symmetrical. The key-board of the Geometrical Pianoforte is *chromatically* arranged; that is to say, the keys follow each other front and back alternately, and are not grouped at the back in *twos* and *threes*, as on the key-board of the common pianoforte, and of the Transposing Pianoforte. They do not—as (to Sequentialists) do the keys of the Transposing Pianoforte—represent the seven notes of the gamut, with its five sharps and flats, but the twelve chromatic sounds of the octave, disposed according to no particular *signature*. These, in the Sequential system, being named by *numbers*, the various scales are easily and uniformly constructed—as the reader has already been made aware—by a rule derived from the *odd* and *even* succession of the numerical names; all the *front* keys on the key-board representing *odd* numbers, and all the *back* keys representing *even* numbers. The *fingering* is reduced to the least possible amount of difficulty, being of *two* kinds only; the first, when the key-note is situated in the front of the key-board, and the second when it is situated at the back. In consequence, also, of the chromatic arrangement of the key-board, the *octave* is comprised in less space than on any other pianoforte, and thus each of these, as well as the entire compass of the instrument, brought much more under the command of the performer.

The "Geometrical" principle is of course applicable to the organ, and all other instruments with key-boards.

But cannot the Sequential notation be allied with the ordinary construction of pianoforte? Certainly it can. Persons conversant with the present method of forming keys by *sharps and flats* may very readily play from sequentially noted music; whilst those who are altogether ignorant of the established method may learn, with no great difficulty, the proper selection of numbers from the diatonic succession of front and back keys. The common, everywhere-diffused description of pianoforte, organ, &c. must of necessity be chiefly relied upon at first; and Sequentialists who avail themselves of these will, at least, have the comfort of knowing that they perform from a rational musical notation, though on an irrational musical instrument.

If choral-singers thus become solo-singers, and solo-singers become performers on keyed instruments, *orchestral* instruments will then, no doubt, be generally worthy of our consideration. The recently invented *clavic attachment* for the violin, viola, violoncello, and contra-basso will, I think, prove a valuable aid. Like all musical improvements of the last two or three years, it plays directly into the hands of the Sequentialists. Besides rendering this order of instruments very much more available for popular use, by removing the present enormous difficulty of *stopping in tune*, the apparatus divides the octave into *twelve* parts only, like the pianoforte; thus neglecting altogether the fantastic notion of an *enharmonic scale*, which is the key-stone of the Guidonian system, and the point in which it is most opposed to the Sequential. Indeed, the clavic attachment is so thoroughly in consonance with the new notation, that possibly large classes of violinists, &c., provided with this invention, may commence at once to study on the Sequential method, and so run a race with the choral classes.

Here let me conclude. To The People a proposition like the Sequential System must be addressed, and by them it must be judged, and either rejected or worked out. No *individual*—not even one with the enthusiasm and obstinacy of an inventor—can do much; and to the musical profession, *as a body*, it would be absurd to look. For such an innovation to take any permanent hold, *a public of Sequentialists* must be formed; and this

object can be effected only by the establishment, all over Great Britain, of large popular classes for simultaneous practice. The *millions*—who would constitute these classes—must determine whether they shall come into existence.

ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE.

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## Poetry for the People.

### THE WRECK.

BY R. H. HORNE.

(*Written for Franz Bosen, and set to music by him, for Staudigl.*)

RECITATIVE.

I scaled the cliff, and saw a darkness
Gathering like a dread decree!
And, yet more fast, a widening shadow
Sped across the affrighted sea!
I saw the rocking Ship prepare
To meet her oldest foe—the raging Air!

The tempest burst above her crowded deck!—
Her mast fell all to ruins!—her steep sides
Groaned—yawned asunder—down she sunk!—the winds
Lash'd high the waves—the God of Storm laughed wild,
And cried, "Disorder rules!—destruction—death—
Rejoice! rejoice!"

Then came a silence—and through one clear space
In the black, heaving clouds, a solemn voice
Breathed these deep words:—

ARIA.

The devastation and the wrecks
That mortal sense beholds,
Are but the whirling atom-specks
Which Moving Power enfolds.

Rejoice not, then, thou poor blind Storm,
Thy wrecks are for large gains;
That which disorder seems to thee,
Is order—Wisdom reigns!

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## SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

### No. III.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I. Among the May and June meetings in London—meetings of religious and philanthropic bodies—I am glad to see an increase of such as relate to home objects. There are still Missionary Meetings—plannings to extend the blessings of Christianity over distant regions of the globe; but there are also signs that we are becoming aware how far we are from being entitled to the apostolic office which we have, somewhat presumptuously, assumed. To me it is clear that before we may go and preach the gospel to all nations, we must ourselves be established in its belief and practice: yet it would be difficult to find in any part of the world more desperate heathens than we have about our own doors. When I was young, my imagination was so fascinated with the idea of a missionary life, I so revered the devotedness which led men and women to choose a life of hardship in burning India and among savage Polynesian isles, humbly satisfied if they could save one soul after years of suffering and toil, that no one can, even now, perhaps sympathise more strongly with missionary zeal. I do not now honour less the zeal and devotedness; but I mourn that they are not more dutifully applied: and I cannot help thinking that if some facts which ought to be made known to all were brought home to the understandings of the right parties, the same force of conscience and benevolence which leads missionaries to tropical sands and polar snows would guide them instead to the alleys of our towns and the damp sheds in which labourers live on the skirts of our noblemen's estates. It is a good thing to induce naked pagans to wear clothing and to breed in them some sense of decency: but I think we have something of the sort to do at home first, while it is the fact that many thousands of English people live in such crowded dwellings, amidst such misery and filth, that women lose all shame, men turn away to the public house, and children pilfer or dabble in the streets. No idolatrous rites can be more offensive to religious feelings than the blasphemy and debauchery which are common in such sties as these. But, if we had nothing as bad as this at home—if every family had a decent dwelling—if there were few children brought to trial for crime—little creatures brutish and stupid, or bold and vicious, not the fed lambs of its fold, but wolfish cubs out of a moral wilderness;—if there were fewer of these, I doubt whether we yet might conclude ourselves such enlightened Christians as to be entitled to the honour of apostleship abroad. Incidents occur every week which compel me to question whether our noblemen who subscribe to missions and colonial bishoprics, the clergy who organise the plans, and the dignitaries of the church which is to be extended, have yet learned all the morals of the religion they are bent upon teaching. On the 9th of this month of June, there was a sheep-shearing and distribution of prizes to agricultural labourers at the Duke of Richmond's park at Goodwood, in Sussex. There was a dinner, after the shearing; the duke being in the chair, and the Earl of Chichester, the Bishop of Chichester, and several other clergymen present, some M.P.'s, and landowners, and the labourers who were to have prizes. Much passed which I should like to remark upon; but my space permits me to mention only one point. The Duke of Richmond said (according to the reporters)—

> "They" (the gentlemen of the district) "knew how important it was to have honest, industrious, and meritorious men upon their property: and well they knew that one man who felt a deep interest in the welfare of his employer was worth a hundred of those who only worked for the sordid consideraion of their daily pay."

Now, before going on, I will just observe that the Duke appears to have said this foolish thing from want of knowledge and of reflection, and not from any really "sordid consideration," though he has no right to complain of any one who chooses to show what "sordid consideration" is involved in what he said. Perhaps the Duke does not know that when men first held land, it was on condition of maintaining all the people who lived on and by their land. It was, in those days, as much a matter of course for a landholder to feed and clothe and house the people on his estate, as it now is to do that for his children. In those days, the duty of labourers was to serve their master diligently from personal attachment, and to care for

all his interests as for those of the head of a family. And because the Duke has heard of that old relation between a landholder and his labourers, he takes for granted that he is entitled to the same attachment and personal zeal, forgetting that the conditions on his side are not observed—need not and cannot be observed in a state of affairs so entirely changed.

The Duke is not now—need not and cannot be—the father of the families on his estates. He does not feed them from his barns and his kitchens, clothe them from his stores, have them nursed in sickness and old age, and bury them when they die—doing everything for them in return for their labour, so that they have no need of money as long as they live. That system has passed away. The Duke is now the employer of his labourers. He hires their labour for money, and has no right to more from them, as their employer, than the labour which he pays for. He is said to be a kind employer, and to think and plan for their good; and, of course, for this he has their attachment—but it is as a friend who wins their affection, and not as a master who has a right to their service without hiring it. What would he think of anybody who should desire him not to regard the work his labourers do for him, but to pay them their wages from a simple love for them, feeling that a man who pays ten shillings a-week to a poor family from "a deep interest in" their welfare, "was worth a hundred of those who only" pay "for the sordid consideration of" the work done? He would see the absurdity of this in a moment. Then, again, the duke does not appear to know—but this leads us on to the next part of the story. Archdeacon Manning spoke next, and declared that "he considered it the highest honour, and one of the greatest blessings he could enjoy, that he had intrusted to him the spiritual care of the labouring poor of that district." This clergyman, the spiritual guardian of the labouring poor then present or around him, declared that "their noble chairman had said truly that one man who worked from affection was worth a hundred who worked merely for lucre." "Affection" for the Duke of Richmond, be it remembered. Did this Christian minister remember that men have other objects of affection, somewhat nearer and dearer than dukes or other employers? Did he forget that the "labouring poor" man has at home a wife, to whom he is to cleave that they may be one flesh? Did he forget that labourers have at home children who are subject to hunger and thirst, who shiver in the cold, and grow corrupt in nakedness? When he sees the sweat on the labourer's brow, as he ploughs or reaps in desperate exertion to win a loaf or a blanket for those at home, will he say that this hearty work is good for little because it is not done for love of the Duke of Richmond? Is it "sordid" to work for days to get a blanket for an old mother or a sick wife? Is it loving lucre to earn a loaf for a hungry child? Would it be more virtuous and noble to despise the blanket and the bread, and to toil for love of the Duke of Richmond? For the Duke's utterance of such nonsense there may be some excuse. For a clergyman's, who accepts the charge of the spiritual interests of the labouring poor, there is none. It is his business to know the history of society, so as to understand the morals which arise out of new or changed relations. It is his business to see that the employers of his charge do not claim more than they ought, while they yield less. It was his business in this case to show the Duke that the balance of the "lucre" is on the employer's side, while the utmost labour of the agricultural poor obtains for them no more than from 7*s.* to 12*s.* a-week to maintain their families with. It is his business to take care, as far as in him lies, that the domestic relations are, to every man, the noblest and most sacred that he knows on earth. The relation to benefactors—even to such benefactors as a landowner who should pay wages without thinking of the work they represent—is a weak and distant relation compared with those of home. The Duke must be in the background of the family, even if he were of that order of "superiors" of whom his "dependants" might say

> How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us that succour want!
> They for us fight, they watch and duly guard,
> And all for love, and nothing for reward!

It is the Archdeacon's business to know this; and more. It is his business to know that on the broad platform of the Christian faith there is absolutely no footing but on the firm level of justice; that the Duke of Richmond is arrogant in claiming spontaneous service; and that every landowner, be he who he may, who gives anything short of the means of domestic comfort to his labourers, in return for the toil of their lives, is the dependant of those labourers—virtually living on alms from them: and that no difference is made in the balance of this account by "money prizes, varying in amount from 10*s.* to 4*l.*, the receiver being presented at the same time with a Bible and prayer-book each, the gift being in each instance accompanied by "a suitable admonition" from the Bishop of Chichester. It is the clergyman's business to perceive that these are not the attitudes in which really Christian men could stand to each other, and that he must (using his own words) "utterly unlearn such modes of estimating men." Now, finding a bishop, an archdeacon, and many more clergy, aiding and present at a scene like this, and applauding a sentiment so immoral, can we consider such parties qualified apostles of Christianity? Have they not much to learn at home, before they undertake to teach abroad? This is yet more evident when we observe that while our towns and roads swarm with young heathens, and the relations of man to man are obscured by worldly considerations, we are not free from the very evil we send missions to cure—superstition. I need only refer to the attempts made by the Bishop of Chichester and his clergy to prevent the running of railway trains on Sundays; and of other persons in some places to stop the delivery of letters on that day. They call the Sunday the Sabbath, which is a mistake: but if it were, we knew that "the Sabbath is made for man"—that he should rest from labour and refresh himself in body and spirit. If he finds that, next to the worship of God, the works of God refresh him most, and letters from his family and friends soften and cheer his heart, in Christ's name let him freely have the solace which the Christian Sunday is appointed to yield him! While there is among us such a low kind of fear of God, and such a narrow strictness about holidays as would affect our brother's Christian liberty we are hardly qualified, it seems to me, to take upon ourselves to rebuke and extirpate the superstitions of the heathen.

II. Some instances have occurred this month of that intolerance of spirit which shows itself among men, sometimes in persecution unto death, sometimes in riot, sometimes in slander, sometimes in ill-manners. The vice is the same, however its

appearance may be determined by the occasion and the time. In one case, lately, its form was riot. At Elbœuf, a French town on the river Seine, with a prosperous woollen manufacture, some work-people, who had no excuse of adversity for their conduct, rose up against a carding-machine which had been introduced by a manufacturer. There was a terrible riot, and a great number of persons—soldiers and work-people—were wounded. Of course, carding-machines will go on to be used when wanted; and those who have not learned to value them will gain nothing, but lose much, by unlawful interference with any manufacturer's right to card wool in the way he thinks best. In another case, the spirit of intolerance took the form of extreme bad manners—in Lord George Bentinck's violent speech of the 8th inst. There is no need to say more of it here than that the vulgarity of violent language is exactly the same, whether in the House of Commons or in the lowest pothouse, because it invariably proves ignorance and conceit, which together make up vulgarity. It proves that the speaker does not know that on all disputed questions there is a great deal to be said on both sides, and that he is so taken up with his own view that he cannot do justice to any one who holds any other.

## THE LAST MOMENTS OF SCHILLER.

The most admirable feature in the character of Schiller was the pure undeviating love which he bore to his fellow-man, his never-failing and tender regard of humanity in the true yet unusual acceptation of that word. By the uniform testimony of all who knew him, he was an excellent, or in other words, a naturally good man; and in his intercourse with others he was never seen to exhibit aught of those miserable pretensions which the shallow charlatans of literature alone assume to impose upon the superficially judging mass. In the expression of his sentiments he was ever free, even to boldness; and alone evinced embarassment when he was compelled to express a somewhat unfavourable judgment of others, or when his own merits were spoken of. Open-hearted to a degree, he was alone reserved when he had reason to fear his opinions on literature and art might appear to convey a self-praise, and he spoke indeed upon such subjects but little and with few. His never-to-be-forgotten last moments, as described by Mr. Christian Niemeyer, derived from sources yet unpublished, and known to few even in Germany, cannot fail to interest every feeling heart and elevated mind; while they will awaken that sorrow for the man that all such must feel when they contemplate him, yet in the full vigour of his mental energies and high aspirations towards the noble and the good, yielding reluctantly his breath in the zenith of his hopes and fame, as though heart-broken to resign so soon the high mission which had been delegated to him, and which he deemed yet uncompletely fulfilled.

"Shortly before his last illness," says Niemeyer, "about two months previous, Schiller had been affected by a similar indisposition, which had lasted eight days. On the first night of that illness he suffered acutely, was exhausted by fasting and constipation, but rallied again almost as soon, and grew more cheerful upon the least occasion. As he once rose from the sofa to walk up and down his room, and a friend who watched by him took him under the arm to assist him, he looked with piteous sorrow in his face, and inquired of him—'Am I then really so weak?'

"The friend replied in a consolatory tone—'I do not support you exactly because you cannot walk, but rather to make it easier for you.'

"About midnight, however, he was again very restless, and requested his wife to go down stairs to her bed. She immediately gathered up her knitting-gear, but Schiller still thought she was not quick enough; he became more urgent, and even excited, in his request that she should leave, and bade her, for God's sake, to reflect upon her health and to retire to rest. Scarcely had she left the room, when Schiller rose from the sofa. His wild, anxious look denoted no good; his countenance was pale and haggard; the friend who watched him hastened to him alarmed, and Schiller fell upon him, and lay, as if death-stricken, in his arms. As his friend, however, immediately rubbed his temples and chest with some spirit which was at hand he recovered himself.

"'For God's sake,' said Schiller, 'how came you here?'

"'Dear Hofrath,' replied the latter, and smoothed him on the forehead and cheek, 'I am keeping you company to-night.'

"'And did I speak wildly?' inquired Schiller anxiously.

"'No!' replied his friend with earnest solicitude.

"'Did my wife remark anything?' inquired he with much anxiety.

"Solely to prevent his wife from being alarmed, he had overcome the fainting fit with superhuman effort until she was gone out of the room, and was now but the more violently seized by it. When he had recovered himself a little, he immediately began to smile and jest, comparing himself to Mohamed, who once, when he plunged his head into a kettle of water, imagined when he drew it out, that during the time he had immersed it he had lived through a period of fourteen years. In the same manner he imagined that during his short fainting fit a hundred different things had passed through his head. He enjoyed some hours of the sweetest slumber.

"'Ah!' said he on the following day, 'this horrible constipation steals two tragedies from me every year, which I should otherwise write.'

"In the evening his friend wished to return, to sit up with him, but he would by no means allow of it. The former could not understand the reason of his objection, until at length he was informed that it was masquerade night, and Schiller did not like to deprive the gay maskers of their amusement. This kind interest moved his friend to tears, and he exclaimed—'Oh! you know not what pleasure it is to me to be with you.' On this Schiller held out his hand to him affectionately, and then bade him stay with him. He soon began again to jest, and said—'you should have gone to the masquerade, I should perhaps have followed you, and then,' added he, laughing, 'you would have been frightened, wouldn't you, and have thought that I had died, and that it was my ghost come to visit you.'

"Six days after he got well again. How childishly joyous was the man! How the kind-hearted creature toyed with his children! He took the little six-months'-old Emily in his arms, kissed her and gazed at her with a look of impassioned tenderness as if he could for ever have contem-

plated his endless happiness in the possession of that tenderly-loved infant. How joyous he was when he at length drove out again for the first time! In the yet leafless trees he already looked forward to an early spring (1805).

"But that spring—and, above all, the month of May, on the ninth of which Schiller died—was, at least in the middle of Northern Germany, the coldest and most dreary which had been known in the memory of man. With the spring he associated various projects of travel, with travel resumed health, and with his health works which he yet thought to publish. Poor man! his recovery this time was the last flicker of the lamp of life, the last sunshine of autumn; and the heavy sleep of winter was soon to follow.

"Among the bright plans which Schiller then projected was that of a journey to the sea-side, for which he had long entertained a strong desire. 'A journey to the Adriatic Sea,' said he, 'will be too expensive for me, and would cost me 1,500 rix-dollars, and that I cannot afford.' A journey to Cuxhaven was therefore determined upon.

"About eight weeks after the first-mentioned illness succeeded the last. Twelve days before his death, Schiller went to court. The same friend who was always about his person assisted him to dress, and was delighted at his healthy appearance, and his fine figure habited in his green gala-suit. Two days after Schiller went to the play for the last time. When that friend came at the end of the play into the poet's box, to accompany him home, he found him seized with so violent a fever that his teeth chattered. On his arrival home, punch was made, which always had the effect of recovering him. Upon the following morning his trusty friend found him stretched upon the sofa in an exhausted condition, between sleeping and waking. His children came and kissed him, but, contrary to his usual custom, he evinced but little interest in them. His condition grew daily more alarming, and four days previous to his death it already appeared hopeless. His eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and every muscle shook spasmodically. A servant-girl entered the room with some lemons. He snatched one with avidity, as though he would have devoured it, but set it down again almost immediately with an exhausted hand. In the evening he fell into a feverish delirium, and remained in that state for four and twenty hours. When his senses returned, he desired his youngest child to be brought to him. On the child being brought, he turned his head towards her, took her tiny hand in his, and gazed with inexpressible sorrow on her countenance. He then burst into a flood of tears, buried his head in the pillow, and made a sign for the child to be taken away. He felt in that moment how soon he was to separate from the angel—and in four and twenty hours his noble spirit fled.

"On the last night of his sufferings, even, he sat up in his bed, and spoke with the greatest self-possession and strength of mind. Towards morning he fell asleep. At ten o'clock he awoke, was again delirious, but again recovered his senses, but from that time his strength visibly failed him. At four in the afternoon he called for some naptha, but the last syllable of the word died upon his lips. He endeavoured to write, but could trace only three letters—they were the last remains of his life's strength, and in a few minutes he lay extended in death's placid slumber, his countenance still expressive of the last impress of the noble, the great soul that had just for ever abandoned its mortal tenement. Who shall describe the agony, the despair of the bereaved wife and of the eldest children! Charles, the oldest, the very picture of his father, lay extended upon the floor, and cried aloud in the agony of his desolation. Ernest sat in a corner of the room, with folded hands, and wept bitterly. Caroline knew not the meaning of what had occurred. Death, of which she could form no idea, had nothing terrible for her. She said with a calm whisper—'Dear, good papa sleeps!' But when she saw her mother in tears, she also began to weep, and buried her face in her mother's lap!"

P.

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## OUR MECHANICS' INSTITUTIONS.

### No. I.—HUDDERSFIELD.

By G. S. Phillips.

When Mechanics' Institutions were first established in England, high hopes were entertained of them as seminaries of popular education. They were not only to become the national colleges of the people, but theatres of the noblest and most refined amusement. The entire man was to be unfolded there. His rude physical exterior was to be moulded by the gymnasium into true Hellenistic proportions; his mind cultivated by a regular academical course of study; his æsthetic nature—that is, his faculty for appreciating the beautiful in poetry, art, literature, the surrounding world, and the overhanging immensities—was to be developed by means of the best modern appliances.

Now, although these splendid hopes were somewhat extravagant, they were not utterly visionary. Mechanics' Institutions are capable of an almost indefinite expansion, and might be made to embrace many subjects, both educational and social, of the greatest practical importance. There is no legitimate reason, for instance, why they should not unite the advantages of the London clubs with scholastic discipline and refined amusement. The institutions themselves present no obstacles to such an arrangement which might not be very easily overcome, especially in the manufacturing districts, where so many young men are compelled to put up with the expensive and inferior refreshments of the various chop-houses.

A model establishment in Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds, which should combine these domestic comforts with higher educational aims, would give the first great moral impetus towards elevating the social character of the people. It is both possible and necessary; for why should not the working classes be surrounded with as much elegance, and partake of as much enjoyment in their daily meals, as the more wealthy portions of the community? I would have their dining and tea saloons decorated with the noble achievements of art—with statues, frescoes, and paintings; and as work is the modern gospel, and workers the divinest of modern priests, so I would have music celebrate its choruses at their banquets.

A long time must, perhaps, transpire before this dispensation of utility and beauty shall exist amongst us. All the elements of it, however, are even now in our power. By combination, the working men can accomplish anything; what is wanted is the *will* to combine. Let our joint-stock and railway companies bear testimony to the prodigious triumphs of union. Nay, let the strikes and trades' unions of the people themselves admonish them of the vast omnipotence which lies

in their united efforts, and the wisdom of directing it aright.

My chief object in the following paper is to show *how* Mechanics' Institutions may become truly serviceable to the people and the state; and I think they can only become so through the education of their members.

To secure this object we must begin at the beginning. Every member should be a student, and every institution a school. Each one should be exercised in such elemental or higher knowledge as he may, popularly speaking, be capable of receiving, and should advance step by step to the regions of the higher culture.

Of course I am here supposing that capable wise men are at the head of such Institutions, under whose guidance this progress is to be made; for in such case only can the ideal we have spoken of be realised. In the few instances where approaches are being made to it, as in Liverpool and Huddersfield, the directing minds are manifest enough.

Those societies are always the most flourishing which not only provide solid instruction for their members, but whose democratic constitutions require the services of each and all in their government. No doubt the wisest heads will have the largest influence, but that is the necessity which upholds all states and empires, for wisdom is the only thing that *should* have influence; and when each man feels his interest in the welfare of the society to be identical with that of all, no jealousy can arise on this account, and no other feelings have place but those of satisfaction and joy.

It is to be regretted that most societies of this kind are too exclusive in their government. The executive committees are often largely composed of the middle, instead of the mechanic classes, so that the latter lose their faith and interest in them. "This society," they say, "is not ours; does not minister to our wants; nor sympathise with our condition. We have no voice, no part, no lot in it. We come to the library or lecture, and go away again, as people would visit an exhibition. We and it are two separate and distinct things." In several of our large towns—Birmingham and Leeds for example, although the Institutions in those places may be well enough conducted—the artisans have established new societies from this very cause. They thought the existing institutions were too aristocratic and so they left them, and are flourishing under other names.

Now I would have a Mechanics' Institution to be such in reality—a fact, and not a *name* only. I would see it all that the most generous of its advocates could desire it; not a thing to be *patronised*, but to be worked spiritually and bodily out by the mechanics themselves. They, if true to themselves and their object, are the power, and the might, and the majesty. They do not need patronage. The indomitable energy within them shall be the creator of their own materials, and the battler of their own success, If noble-minded, wealthy men, come to them in the name of humanity, and offer them counsel and assistance, let them be welcomed in all honour and affection; but on no account must the self-reliance of the mechanic be transferred to any substitute, or intrusted, as it were, to proxies. The working man must first of all help himself with victorious heart and brain, and the world will run to clap hands over him. If he be in earnest, he will never stop for lack of funds or teachers.

Why, therefore, should we despair of realising in the end those hopes of Mechanics' Institutes which the projectors entertained of them in the beginning. They did not put the cart before the horse.

The best example, with which I am acquainted, of a real working institution is that of Huddersfield. It had its origin in the warehouse of F. Schwann, Esq., merchant. This gentleman, about five years ago, was desirous of founding a library for the use of the men in his employment, by whom he has always been regarded more in the relation of a father than of a master. The proposal was, of course, joyfully received and accepted. The library was formed; and the men intoxicated, as it were, with their new privileges, could not rest satisfied until they were shared by their townsmen. They proposed, therefore, to commence a Mutual Improvement Society, and numbering amongst themselves between twenty and thirty, they hired the British School-room, and engaged the services of the teacher there. They were soon joined by other young men anxious for improvement, and they thus continued to progress, in silence, from one branch of education to another, for about a year. At that time Mr. Schwann made another proposal to them, which was that they should merge themselves into a Mechanics' Institution. It fortunately happened, that amongst the members of the Mutual Improvement Society were men of great enthusiasm and indefatigable energy. Public attention was directed to the Society and its objects. The new proposal, coming as it did from Mr. Schwann, was sure, from his high and esteemed character, to meet with respect—indeed, it was heartily responded to by the noble public of Huddersfield. Commodious rooms were then taken in Nelson's Buildings, New-street, and the Mechanics' Institution became one of the most interesting features in this rising town.

The government of the Huddersfield Mechanics, Institution is purely democratic. The president and the executive committee are chosen by the members of the constituent body, and are all, with one or two exceptions, legitimate workers, whose hard and iron hands attest the nobility of their occupation. These exceptions, however, have no more than an individual influence in the ruling councils—an influence as men, long identified by sympathy and action with the popular cause, and not as *rich* men. All of them are faithfully devoted to the interests of the institution. A whole population, rapidly increasing, calls aloud to them from the jerry-shops and idle corners of the streets, from the cock-pits and pitch-halfpenny-hells, for instruction and guidance. They talk little, therefore, and *do* much. One of the most delightful features of this institution is that of juvenile instruction. Large numbers of boys employed in the factories, warehouses, and shops all day—who, were it not for these juvenile classes, would get no educational training, but be wandering about the streets, or engaged in vicious games—are by them absorbed and well provided for. There are eight READING CLASSES in all; seven of them meet on Monday, and one on the Tuesday evening of each week; and they are arranged according to progress. Some of the teachers are engaged by the institution at stated salaries; and others, by far the larger proportion, render their services gratuitously: amongst these are two or three gentlemen, masters in their several departments, at the college and collegiate school. In these classes, history, geography, and grammar are incidentally taught; and the pupils are required, by question and otherwise, to *reflect* each lesson—at the conclusion of it—in their answers.

Before entering any of these classes, or being

removed from one to another, they have to attend a probationary class, where their attainments and capacities being tested, they are afterwards placed in the class for which they are best fitted by the advancement they have made. A record is here kept of the acquirements of each pupil on entering, so that his future progress may be watched and noted. This class is under the superintendance of the secretary.

There are now upwards of four hundred juvenile pupils on the books; all of them are members, and entitled to the full privileges of the institution. In order to facilitate their membership, they are required to pay, *fortnightly*, the sum of sixpence (three-pence per week); and for this insignificant amount they can pass through *fourteen* other classes, and learn German, French, Chemistry, Architectural and Ornamental Drawing, Mathematics, &c. &c. So long as they *retain* their cards of admission they are held responsible for arrears—even though they leave the institution. If they *give in* their cards, previously to leaving, they are exempt from further payment until such time as they re-enter the classes, when their subscription of sixpence every two weeks commences as before. Altogether, I think education was never made so available and cheap to the people before. The very same instruction given here for threepence a week, or three shillings and threepence per quarter, would in the various branches—taken separately—cost at the least 10*l.* a quarter in any private school.

Owing to the fluctuation of attendance consequent upon the peculiarity of student membership, it is difficult to declare the amount of paying members to the institution. The roll of members, according to the last report, subscribing one guinea and upwards per annum, now numbers 106—being an increase of forty-five during the past year. Each of this class of members has, in addition to his own privileges as a member, the right of presenting one youth under eighteen years of age to the benefits of the institution; and there are now sixty presentees on the books; and it is deeply to be regretted that the privileges of the annual subscribers have not, in this respect, been more largely exercised.

At least one third of the fortnightly subscribers, on an average, though continuing to maintain their connection with the institution, enjoy, in consequence of absence, a dispensation from payment. Of course, it is not always the same individuals who are in this position; some are absent for a fortnight, some for a month; as these return, others again leave for a season: so that only about two-thirds of their number can be reckoned as regular contributors to the funds. It will readily be seen that this plan has its pecuniary and other disadvantages—but they are almost infinitely overbalanced by the practical and moral benefits received.

The following table may be taken rather as an under than an over estimate of the strength of the institution:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Annual subscribers of 1*l.* 1*s.*, and upwards | 106 |
| 2. Half-yearly subscribers of 6*s.* 6*d.* | 2 |
| 3. Quarterly subscribers of 3*s.* 3*d.* | 35 |
| 4. Fortnightly subscribers of 6*d.* | 389 |
| 5. Presentees of members | 60 |
| | 592 |

This shows an increase of ninety-six on the gross number of members of all kinds for last year, which was estimated at 495, and is an evidence of the steady progress of the institution.

The fortnightly subscribers may be classified as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Cloth-finishers and others employed in woollen and cotton manufactories | 101 |
| Warehousemen | 35 |
| Carpenters and joiners | 21 |
| Grocers, tea-dealers, &c. | 16 |
| Weavers, designers, &c. | 18 |
| Drapers | 14 |
| Printers | 8 |
| Masons | 7 |
| Clerks | 10 |
| Machine-makers | 10 |
| Painters | 6 |
| Carvers and gilders | 4 |
| Dyers | 6 |
| Tailors | 6 |
| Cordwainers | 8 |
| Plumbers and glaziers | 4 |
| Bookbinders | 8 |
| Schoolmasters | 3 |
| Tinners | 3 |
| Whitesmiths | 4 |
| Hat and cap manufacturers | 3 |
| Trades, various | 56 |
| Boys not yet employed in any business | 34 |

I have great hope of those juvenile classes. They seem to me, of all others, to be most needed in societies of this nature, more especially in large manufacturing towns, where there are so many poor boys, over whom their parents have little or no control, and who are therefore frequently abandoned to lawless pursuits and profligate associates. If, indeed, Mechanics' Institutions are to accomplish anything of worth and durability, the example of that of Huddersfield cannot be too speedily followed with respect to such classes. The boys of this generation are to become men in the next; and every instruction they receive now will not only mould *them*—so to speak—but make plastic with their thoughts all with whom they come in contact. For there is no end to the influence of the human mind; and the progression of man may be retarded or advanced in proportion as we neglect or cultivate the young

It is a fine sight to see the various classes of this institution. In some instances, lads not more than ten or eleven years of age are studying with young men of from twenty to twenty-five years old—all of them endeavouring to learn. Many young men, however, whose education has been entirely neglected, even in the matter of reading, and whose feelings might be wounded by a more promiscuous association, are classed by themselves. There are eight rooms in the institution, including that of the secretary and the reading-room. Each class has its hours marked upon the *attendance list*, and is visited by the secretary, who notes the number of pupils and teachers present, and enters the result afterwards into a ledger provided for the purpose—which, by the way, is a curious statistical document. There are, besides the eight classes denominated reading-classes, fifteen others for adults, which are upon an average well, and in some instances numerously attended. They are as follows:—class for adult beginners; probationary class; grammar classes (Nos. 1 and 2); writing and arithmetic class; school of design—many of the pupils of which have made considerable advances in art; ornamental drawing class—numbering seventy-two pupils (prizes—one of 5*l.*, and another of 2*l.*,—are to be awarded to the best efforts in this department, at the next examination, by two members of the association); architectural drawing class; mechanical drawing class; chemical class—(the lecturer to this class proceeds by practical methods, and each student has his own apparatus, and conducts his own experiments; the materials are

sold to the class at cost price); elocution class; vocal and instrumental music classes; phonographic class; class for the French language, and another for the German language.

It will be seen by the above catalogue that every care has been taken to provide for the instruction of all the members. Neither is there any limit to the education which may be obtained here, except that which is offered by the rooms of the institution. If a given number of members wished to be taught in any department not at present embraced by the institution—whether it were language, art, or physical science—a teacher would be instantly procured. The building now in use, however, is too small for *present* purposes; and the British School-room is in requisition *two nights* every week for certain classes of the institution, attended by 100 pupils each. It is hoped that, before long, subscriptions will be raised large enough to erect a noble and commodious building, capable of holding in the saloon alone 3000 persons. To this object F. Schwann, Esq. has generously contributed 200*l.*; and other gentlemen, with whose names I am not at present acquainted, have increased that sum to 450*l.*

The last Saturday in every month is devoted to a sort of *soiree*, at which all the members and their friends meet as at a festival. Instruction and amusement are beautifully united here. The brass band of the institution, and various other instrumental performances, interspersed with glees, addresses, songs, and recitations, enliven the evening.

The library contains only 900 volumes. Every effort is making, however, to increase it; and the proceeds of the *soiree* of the Mechanics' Institution of the Yorks Union (held on the 3d of June last, Lord Morpeth in the chair) are to be devoted to this object.

In consequence of the strictly educational character of the institution, there are not many lectures delivered here; they interfere too much with the classes. At the monthly meetings, however, lectures upon science, art, morals, and literature, are occasionally given, and have proved of much value to the members

I must here draw my lengthened sketch to a close. Of course it is to be regarded only as a sketch; the real embodiment of it are the members themselves, from whom I hope much. It seems to me, however, that this institution has seized hold of the only true method of elevating the people—and that is, by educating the young and the adult. So brave an example has not been without its imitators; and there is scarcely a hamlet within five miles of Huddersfield—whether upon the mountain tops or in the valleys—which has not its Mechanics' Institution. One of them, the name of which I cannot now call to mind, advertised a little time ago for a secretary, who was likewise to fulfil the office of a day-school teacher, at a salary of *eighty guineas per annum!*

## Our Library.

### MEMOIRS AND ESSAYS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIAL MORALS.*

By Mrs. Jameson.

Whatever Mrs. Jameson writes is characteristic of her mind—at once graceful, pure, and true, and essentially womanly. This is peculiarly the case with respect to the volume before us, which, with its memoirs and essays illustrative of art, literature, and social morals, might be taken as a specimen of the author's mode of thought and feeling. There is here all her love of art, her sense of the picturesque and beautiful, and all her deep sympathies with woman in the anomalies of her social position. On this latter subject, Mrs. Jameson, in this volume, writes wisely and opportunely, with a thorough knowledge of the question, and without any of that antagonistic spirit by which the zealous and fervent advocates of truth too often rather impede than advance its progress. Pity only, that while seeing and feeling the evils and difficulties of woman's social position, she has satisfied herself rather by placing them strongly and temperately before us, than suggesting any remedy. And what, indeed, can the remedy be but an entire reorganisation of social life in many respects, the most difficult part being that so much of this must be in man himself? Whilst man is self-indulgent, and sacrifices all to himself and for himself, woman must be the victim; whether as the heiress who to-day is mistress of a hundred thousand pounds, and to-morrow, as the wife, cannot command five shillings beyond her settlement, down to the poor wretch who, unable to live by her needle, betakes herself to sin, and dies in the river—all must be victims.

The question of woman's true position and mission in social life is not a difficult question, as defined either by nature or religion, but in practice we are all wrong, and laws being made by man, are made for man, and woman, as the weakest, must yield and suffer.

Passing over the artistical part of this interesting volume, we will confine ourselves to the last two essays — *Woman's Mission and Position*, and *Mothers and Governesses*—as being more immediately important at this moment.

There is a great deal of sterling truth in these opening remarks:—

There was once a Spanish lady, a certain Donna Maria d'Escobar, living at Lima, who had a few grains of wheat, which she had brought from Estremadura. She planted them in her garden, and of the slender harvest she distributed to others. until that which had been counted in grains was counted in sheaves; and that which had been counted in sheaves was counted in fields; and thence came all the corn which is found in Peru.

This anecdote—it is told, I think, by Southey—made a strong impression on my fancy many years ago, and it recurs to me often when I feel discouraged at the slow dissemination of the most precious, the most obvious truths. The hope that one so powerless as myself could ever assist in popularising any great truth, or help to convert the unfamiliar, the unpalatable, into the common food of daily life, *that* has seemed like vanity; but then I have thought—"No! that word 'vanity' shall not frighten me." Wisely said the famous Thinker of old, that there is sometimes as great vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits from the world as in publishing them; and extreme vanity does sometimes borrow the garb of ultra-modesty. When I see people haunted by the idea of self, afraid to speak lest they should not be listened to, spreading their hands before their faces, lest they meet the reflection of it in every other face—as if the wide world were to them only a French drawing-room panelled with looking-glasses; always fussily putting this obtrusive self behind them, or dragging over it a scanty drapery of consciousness, miscalled modesty; always on the defence against compliment, or mistaking sympathy for compliment which is as great an error, and a far more vulgar error than that of mistaking flattery for sympathy: when I have seen this—and how often I have seen it allied with power and talent!—I have been inclined to attribute it to immaturity of character—to a sort of childishness, or to, what is worse, a want of innate integrity and simplicity. To some minds fame is like an intoxicating cup put to their lips he does well to turn away from it who fears it will turn his head; but to others it is "love disguised"—the love that answers love in its widest, most exalted sense. It seems to me that, instead of stopping to calculate the little or the much we can do, we should all, according to the diversity of the gifts which God has bestowed, bring the best that is in us, and lay it a reverend offering on the altar of humanity, to burn and enlighten; or, if that may not be, at least to rise in incense to heaven. So taught

* Richard Bentley, 1 vol.

the GREAT TEACHER—so will the pure in heart and the unselfish do, and will not heed, though they who can bring nothing, or *will* bring nothing, unless they can blaze like a beacon—call out "vanity."

But now let us turn to the more immediate subject of the first essay; she says:—

To legislate for women as a part of the labouring community, our legislators must first understand what it is in our nature to desire; what it is in our power to perform; what it is in our duty to fulfil. Before you can do us right you must do away with the wrong. And what is the source of this wrong? It lies in the singular, unaccountable, and, as it should seem, irreconcileable antagonism between the moral law and the law of opinion. * * * Opinion tells us that the chief distinction between Heathenism and Christianity lies in the treatment and condition of the women; that by the position of woman in the scale of society we estimate the degree of civilisation of that society; that on her power to exercise her faculties and duties aright depends the moral culture of the rising generation—in other words the progress of the species. All books, all arguments, all legislation, of which woman is the subject, declare as a first principle, and assume it as an admitted fact, that in every class of Christian society there is what is called *domestic life;* that this domestic life supposes as its primary element the presence, the cares, the devotion of woman. Her sphere is home, her vocation the nourishing, cherishing, and teaching of the young. In all the relations between the sexes, she is the refiner and comforter of man. It is hers to keep alive all those purer, gentler, and more genial sympathies—those refinements in morals, in sentiments, in manners, without which men, exposed to the rougher influences of every-day life, and in the struggle with this selfish world, might degenerate—*do* degenerate, for the case is not hypothetical—into mere brutes. Such is the beautiful theory of the woman's existence, preached to her by moralists, sung to her by poets, till it has become the world's creed, and her own faith, even in the teeth of fact and experience! Let man, the bread-winner, go abroad; let woman stay at *home*. Let her not be seen in the haunts of rude labour, any more than in those of vicious pleasure; for is she not *the mother?* highest, holiest, dearest title to the respect and the tenderness of her protector, *man!*

Mrs. Jameson gives them a sketch of the real state of the mothers and daughters of the so-called lower classes, with all their hardships and degradations, from their cradle upwards; and then proceeds:—

But leaving these classes—in which a deficient education, habitual endurance, or an hereditary low organisation, may be supposed to deaden the sense of suffering—let us go a step higher, to the classes immediately above them—attorneys and apothecaries, tradesmen and shopkeepers, bankers and merchants' clerks, &c. In this class more than two-thirds of the women are obliged to earn their bread. This is an obligation which the advance of civilisation, no less than the pressure of the times, has forced upon them; an obligation of which womankind, in the long run, will not have reason to complain. Meanwhile, it is not of her just share of hardship in hard times that the woman complains at present; but she may well think it a peculiar hardship, a cruel mockery, that while an obligation is laid upon her, and the necessity and the severity of the labour increases every day, her capabilities are limited by law—or custom strong as law, or prejudice stronger than either—to one or two departments, while in every other the door is shut against her. She is educated for one destiny, and another is inevitably before her. Her education instructs her to love and adorn her home—"the woman's proper sphere"—cultivates her affections, refines her sensibilities, gives her no higher aim but to please man, "her protector;" and allows her no other ambition than to become a good wife and mother. Thus prepared, or rather unprepared, her destiny sends her forth into the world to toil and endure as though she had nerves of iron; she must learn to protect herself, or she is more likely to be the victim and prey of her "protector, man," than his helpmate and companion. She cannot soothe his toils; for, like him she must toil; to live she must work—but by working can she live? It ought to be no question whether those who are able and willing to work can live by their work; but here it is a question. In these middle classes, the opportunities afforded to men to gain a living are, compared with those of the women, as ten to one; yet the men tell us that the competition is so great, that they find it difficult to maintain themselves—and to maintain a wife and children next to impossible. The increasing number of unmarried men, with their reading clubs, mechanics' institutes—we will say nothing of taverns, theatres, and other places of social resort—argues, of course, an increasing number of unmarried females, who not only have no opportunity of mutual improvement and social recreation, but, if they be "respectable" women, cannot even walk through the streets without being subjected to the insults of men also called and esteemed "respectable" and who are destined never to be either wives or mothers, though they have heard from their infancy that such, by the appointment of God, is their vocation in this world, and no other. Such may be their vocation, but such is not their destiny; no, they must go forth to labour; to encounter on every side strange, iron prejudices, adverse institutions, formed and framed in a social state quite different from that which exists at present.

Speaking of the seamstresses, she says—

A poor young woman has but little chance of earning her bread as one of them; so long as the great "houses" can procure girls to work for eighteen hours out of the four and twenty, or "to sit up three nights in the week through the season," they can do without more hands. No room for her here! * * * What shall she do? She can write a good hand, and is a quick, ready accountant. She might be a clerk, or a cashier, or an assistant in a mercantile house. Such a thing is common in France, but here in England who would employ her? Who would countenance such an innovation on all our English ideas of feminine propriety? And as such it must be regarded as long as the woman is the licensed prey of the man, unprotected by opinion, or custom, or christian charity.

Again, pursuing the subject still farther, she says:—

It is now about four years since the government opened a female school of design at Somerset House. In a state of things such as I have here ventured to touch upon, it seemed no mighty effort of generosity that the advantages already given to about 200 boys should be extended to twenty or thirty girls—that a poor young woman should be enabled to obtain, at a small cost, the power of using a pencil, drawing ornaments, inventing patterns; thus adding one more to their limited means of existence; and one particularly calculated for the quick fancy, the elegant taste, and the neat, ready hand of a woman. The first expression of opinion which this just and benevolent project elicited was a petition drawn up by the artists employed in wood-engraving, praying that, the women might not be taught, at the expense of government arts which would "interfere with the employment of men, and take the bread out of their mouths;" and further, "tempt the women to forego those household employments more befitting their sex." (No petitions were presented on the part of the men against young women let out in gangs to break stones and dig potatoes.)

Nothing can be more admirable than the whole of this excellent essay, to which we would call the serious attention of every thinking man and woman; for woman, difficult as her path is, and trammelled as she is on all sides, may yet, and will, do a great deal towards the true emancipation of herself. Not less deserving of regard is the last essay in the volume, on the *Relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses*, and from which it was also our intention to have made some extracts —but we have exceeded already our brief space, and can now only cordially recommend this work to public notice.

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TALES FROM SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEEN.*

This little book is one of Felix Summerley's charming series, and consists of four of the most famous of Spenser's Legends done into prose for the better understanding of the young. We can speak from experience of the delight with which it is perused by children, nor could any prettier illustration of the book have been given than that of a fine manly little fellow of nine reading these legends to his little sister of seven, who sate full of enthusiasm for a whole summer-day, listening till the last page was reached, and then nothing being done or thought of but playing at knights and ladies, combating with dragons, and overcoming wicked enchanters. There wanted nothing farther to prove that Felix Summerley had hit the taste of this loving pair, and we will venture to say that these are not the only ones who have already been made happy, and will be so again, by the reading of this pretty book.

* Cundall, Bond-street.

## TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF THE POPULAR CAUSE.

By William Howitt.

It is not our business to deal with the mere facts of party politics, but it is our highest and most animating business to recount the prominent facts of popular progress, and to congratulate the people on them. There has been no single point of time during the last half century which included such splendid causes of national rejoicing as that measured out by the speech of Sir Robert Peel on Monday evening. The Prime Minister of England resigned his office amid a blaze of glory such as never yet crowned the brows of any minister of any country. The conclusion of the war was a grand event. It was brought about by the mad ambition of Napoleon, and the valour of British troops. But there had been bloody madness put a stop to before; there had been immense displays of valour before. The Reform Bill was a grand event, a much greater event than the termination of the war, because the war died only the natural death of wars, incalculable as was the blessing of the peace which it gave. The Reform Bill was the product of popular power made manifest through opinion. But it was an imperfect work. It showed that popular opinion was still weak; had still to contend with a powerful faction—the aristocracy, and a vast strength of old conceit in the government. The retiring speech of Sir Robert Peel on Monday evening displayed the full-grown fact that this faction had thoroughly succumbed to public opinion, this old conceit had been completely beaten down by it. If we listen to the *tone* of Sir Robert's speech, or to the facts proclaimed in it, and turn back and reflect what was the ministerial tone twenty years ago, what were the facts then proclaimed by ministers, our astonishment must be equally great and agreeable. Then the tone was that of dictators: of men who possessed power by a right divine; every atom of which attempted to be reduced by the people, they regarded as a daring, unwarrantable, and unholy work. Every man who called for the restoration of popular rights was branded as a discontented jacobin, as a firebrand in the republic, as one who would introduce anarchy, and the most frightful series of sacrileges and social atrocities. They who were not satisfied with the country as it was were told that they might leave it. What is the tone now? It is that of entire deference to public opinion, and of entire sympathy with it. "Two great nations impelled, I believe, by public opinion, *which ought to guide all countries*, have by a feeling of moderation, and a spirit of mutual compromise, avoided that dreadful calamity of war between two nations of kindred race and common language, which would have been productive of the most disastrous results."

Thus public opinion is discovered, at length, by the prime minister of England, to be "that which ought to guide all countries." It is discovered, that not only is the opinion of the people the real governing power, but so far from being pregnant —as we used to hear out of the same quarter—with anarchy, with revolution, with destruction of everything sacred and valuable, it is this power, under this very guidance, which has displayed a wise moderation, a beautiful spirit of human compromise, and instead of provoking, has averted the dreadful calamity of war. Glorious concession, pregnant with a thousand future popular triumphs!

Thus, after the emancipation of the Catholics, —after the privilege of marrying granted to dissenters— after the admission of members of the Society of Friends to places in Parliament and the magistracy without the safeguard of an oath— after the liberation of the slaves—after the passing of the Reform Bill—after municipal reform (every one of which changes was pronounced to be a work of ruin to the constitution)—the prime minister of England justifies in his place every movement of the popular mind for the last half century, every act resulting from that movement. Nay, he goes still further, and glorying in the greatest change of all—the abolition of the corn-law—so far from accusing the most active and successful agitator of that change as a turbulent or mischievous fellow, he pronounces on him a high eulogium, for the zeal and ability, the eloquence and able strategy of that agitation. His motives are pronounced to be pure and disinterested, his energy untiring, his appeals as made to reason, his eloquence simple and therefore admirable, his object great; and finally, and for these causes, his name —the name of Richard Cobden—to be pronounced with profound respect!

Hear that, ye people of England. Hear from the lips of the ablest and most experienced minister which England for the last forty years has seen— that your maxims of policy and your principles of reform are the true maxims of government, and that it is your opinion and its force that are to be reverenced and obeyed. Hear that, ye people of England, and go on—strong, wise, and invincible—to the conquest of all that your heart desires!

But there lies a still prouder compliment to the collective wisdom of the British popular mind in this most remarkable speech of Sir Robert Peel. You have saved two great nations from war. It is duly and truly admitted that this is not owing so much to government as to you. Ministers have been "impelled by public opinion, which ought to guide all countries," to this conclusion. It is the people, and not the government, which has long been undermining the trade of war, sapping the old bulwarks of man-slaughter, building up on the cleared ground the celestial palace of eternal peace. It is the people who have in simplicity and love received the divine message "of peace on earth and goodwill towards men." They have by books, by lectures, by peace societies, been showing things in their true shapes, and calling things by their right names, till the spirit of peace, like the breath of an angel, has gone over the multitude, and they have become glorious in the spirit of this wisdom. Before this great and sublime change the very heart of the old ruling powers has stood abashed, has trembled, and become humanised. The very ministry which used to deal in the common delusion of martial glory, has looked on and seen that the day of dupery was over. The people have conquered their masters and retaught their teachers. Sir Robert comes forth at once with the language of common sense. "And I will add, that not one year could pass, not one month of such a war would expire, without being accompanied with an amount of expense which would exceed the value of the whole territory about which the dispute arose." This has long been the language of the people, thank God that they have at length taught it to the government. But it is not merely imprudent to go to war, it is unchristian. Sir

Robert assumes a just merit in the government for its desire to promote peace, and compliments the foreign minister on his zealous exertions to this end. "He has dared," he says, "to avow that he thinks, that in a Christian country, there is a moral obligation in a Christian minister to exhaust every effort before incurring a war." A sound and undeniable truth, by no means new, except in the mouth of a minister, and there of the most eminent moment, for it is the guarantee against carnage and the misery of nations!

Still further, however, this schooling of the people extends. The people have called on government for whole generations to give to Ireland equal laws and privileges with England; to make it a real portion of the empire; but it has been the infatuation of the government, that Ireland was meant only to be fed on stones and caressed with cudgels. It was but lately that we declared that it was now time that this rueful farce should end: but lo! it is much nearer the end than any man dreamed of! The Coercion Bill rudely knocked out of his hand, Sir Robert seems to awake from a trance, and declares to the astonished ears of parliament—"There is a strong desire in the minds of many that the people of Ireland should be placed in possession of the same political and religious rights as those of England and Scotland, and I admit the correctness of the principle. Not only do I admit the justice of the principle, but I am of opinion that a complete assimilation of Ireland to England and Scotland should not be defeated by any jealousy and suspicion on our part. With regard to every question involving the rights and privileges of the people of Ireland, I say distinctly, that I think there ought not to be a different rule applied to Ireland to that which is applied to the people of this country."

Brave words, they can never be recalled! There is no backing out of them: they are pronounced by a prime minister of England, in the face of parliament and people, and no man who is not prepared to carry out their meaning can ever be minister again in this country. These words are the quietus of repeal. At one stroke, the old minister's "cunning of political fence," knocks down the last hope of O'Connell's great agitation, and outbids his opponent. What a magnificent assemblage of promises and achievements in that speech! War, the corn-law, the brutal and impolitic treatment of Ireland, all go together! Such a scattering to the winds of the ugly imps that have so long haunted the chamber of the government magician might make us doubt that it was no more than a piece of the magician's art to delude us; but Sir Robert has now again and again shown that what he says on such occasions he means. He is of all men wise to observe the signs of the times; and those signs are all indicative of the power before which he now bows—public opinion. It may be a question how far Sir Robert is guided by policy, and how far by the dictates of his own heart. Let every man think of that as he pleases. For our parts, we are disposed to give him every benefit of a favourable credence. We are disposed to believe that, at all times ambitious of the flattering possession of the power of the greatest kingdom in the world, in past times he saw that it was only to be secured by falling in with the maxims of the day. The day and its maxims are gone by, and the better nature of the man now feels itself able to develope itself. The wings which were concealed to avoid clipping, now burst abroad, and the spirit of a new era sweeps forth for a new and more glorious flight. That a better nature lay beneath the official has long been manifested by many acts of generous grace. Sir Robert Peel has long been almost the only minister who has displayed a genuine sympathy for the struggles of the artist and the author, and has put forth a kind hand to aid them. And if he has now, in the latter days of an active and agitated life, seen in the cool hour, as it were, of a solemn sunset, that a new power is on the earth—a power in which he may confide, and with which he may work for an unexpected glory—God speed him!—for never before did such a revelation of a sacred vision of renown dawn on mortal man in the eleventh hour. To stand at the head of a nation, itself the head of the world, ready to do that nation's will. To be prepared to show to all mankind, that every great and godlike principle which a great and Christian people has adopted as the law of heaven for the felicity of earth, can and shall be made effective. To make peace glorious, and war abhorrent—to unfetter the mother-hands of trade, that she may feed all her children as with the impartial love that a bird feeds every gaping beak in its nest; to raise the million in knowledge and comfort—to make religion necessary as a very means of expressing thankfulness for the uninterrupted blessings of heaven—to promote science, art, and a general virtue; and to live but as the organ and the representative of a people growing every day wiser, freer and happier—that were a life such as poets have conceived in their intensest visions,—and yet it is a life within his reach. And depend upon it, that such ideas do not escape Sir Robert. They glance forth in the concluding sentence of his speech. "But it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in those dwellings which are the abodes of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter, because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice."

But whatever be the fate, the consistency, or the aspiring fortitude of Sir Robert—and such a man cannot retire—the fate of the nation is certain. Public opinion is pronounced not only just in principle but safe in practice. Its advance is admitted by the rulers to be towards prosperity, dignity, and power. The tears and the blood of those who were branded as traitors, and denounced as the enemies of their country, have not watered the earth in vain. We are now reaping from that tear and blood-dyed soil power and honour. There can arise no obstacle huge enough to stop the progress of reform. Peace, and arbitration for peace, freedom in trade and in religion, justice to Ireland and justice to the labouring millions, will be but the harbingers of fresh triumphs over antique prejudices, and of fresh discoveries for the benefit of man. Never did these assurances, which have been growing from year to year, receive such brilliant confirmation as they have done within this present month. "Many have desired to see this day, and have not seen it;" but we, who live in its advancing splendour, may glorify ourselves in the work we have to do. It is simply to put shoulder to shoulder, and urge on, amid hymns of victory, the harvest-wain of a plenty, sown amid enemies, watched amid perils, but now destined to come home amid the joyful tears of the old, and the shouts of that young generation, the destined heirs of its enjoyment. Oh! how far greater is the England to come than the England that is past!

# The Week

*Ending Saturday, July 11th, 1846.*

*Strike of the Operative Shoemakers.*—Kilmarnock, June 15th, 1846 (from a correspondent on the spot). About a week since several of the shoe manufacturers came to the decision of lowering the prices of several kinds of work from those fixed on by the operative shoemakers' union. In consequence of this, all the men in their employment *struck*. No arrangement has yet been made between them, but the men express their determination to stand so long (if possible) that the masters will be obliged to submit, as they cannot long contrive to do without the labour of their workmen. From the little work the men have been receiving for some time past, they are extremely poor, and consequently unable to do long without their usual employment. Should the employers gain the victory, it will probably have the effect of making the other employers in town (whose men amount to nearly 200) adopt the same course. The number of men on strike is about forty.

*Stoppage of Footpaths.*—Well-authenticated information reaches us every day of attempts to stop up these invaluable portions of public property. In the neighbourhood of Loughborough and Sheepshead, Leicestershire, we are glad to perceive that active opposition to such encroachments is set on foot. In one case the person charged with coveting the property of the public and the poor is a clergyman! Another correspondent also complains of being stopped at a stile near Acton, on a foot-path leading from the common to the eleventh bridge of the Great Western Railway, by the servants of the proprietor of the field, who by threats extorted a shilling from him to let him pass. Why does not the West London Anti-Enclosure Association take up this case?

*The Sadlers and Harness-makers of Edinburgh*, masters and men, have agreed that from and after the 1st of June, just past, the hours of labour shall be restricted to *ten* instead of *twelve*.

*Co-operative Book Societies.*—An excellent idea has been thrown out by Mr. Ebenezer Elliott, the poet, for artisans to form *lending libraries*, as a source at once of information and *profit*.

*The Moral Influences of Tee-totalism.*—A letter from Ireland gives a cheering account of the moral improvement of the people in that country, once characterised for its drunkenness and vice. It is impossible to estimate the good accomplished by the benevolent labours of "the Great Apostle," and his worthy and zealous coadjutors. As a proof of the efficacy of Tee-totalism for the accomplishment of immense social good, Ireland stands forth as a bright and irresistible evidence. The Rev. Mr. Mathew is thus spoken of by our correspondent:—"The whole working of the reform is in Mr. Mathew's own hands, aided by a few friends of his in the middle and upper classes—but implicitly, I may say, under his direction. He has worked the cause so triumphantly; and having devoted fortune, life, and soul to the work, we all defer to his plans, which are, indeed, mostly prudent, judicious, energetic, and successful."

The secret of the apostle's power over the multitude is thus hinted at:—

"A priest—no repugnances can be successfully opposed to him; a benevolent and devoted man, of untiring industry, cheerful under trial, and unaffected kindness to every one, the heart is prepared to be influenced by his prayers and 'beseechings.' Next, the poor *feel* the advantages of the pledge in comforts and decencies. Mr. Mathew has bands of music out to collect the people. He then, half-scripturally and half-jocosely, wins their attention; their conviction follows, and hundreds take the pledge; and amidst the thousands, the few that fall away is wonderful, when we consider the temptations they undergo. Backsliders are forgiven 'seventy times seven times;' and our apostle has the best of guides for this policy."

Various means are resorted to, to render the influence of Teetotalism permanent. Innocent recreation is provided, under judicious regulations—a particular wherein, we think the English movement has been deficient, and steps are taken to cultivate the mental powers of the pledged. We give with inexpressible pleasure the following extract, which refers to the city of Cork:—

"Next to our public pledging meetings, come our tea parties. *We have one a-week*, each drawing together about 200 persons. Tea at eight o'clock, followed by temperance speeches, &c. *We have forty temperance reading-rooms in this city*, where temperance pamphlets and newspapers are taken in, and the members pay from 1*d.* to 3*d.* per week for fire and candles, &c."

This is triumphant: a sober, reading, and reflecting people cannot fail to realise political and moral advantages unknown to the ignorant and the besotted. The repeal of the union between the Irishman and his whiskey may, after all, be the true harbinger of Ireland's weal. The following may in some degree explain the cause of Mr. Mathew's late embarrasments:—

"He has often to dischatge debts for rent, &c. They are not all good managers. Bands of music are very expensive, but very useful, particularly at parties and processions."

The means employed for mental culture are thus further attended to:—

"Cork has three nights a-week occupied in public meetings:—Tuesday, the Commercial and Literary Society; Wednesday, the Temperance Institution; Thursday, the Literary and Scientific Society. At each of these papers are read and freely discussed. So that we are full of work."

We trust that this good cause may continue to prosper. Working men may become their own emancipators, by rightly applying the privileges within their reach. And we do not hesitate to pronounce the temperance movement to be, most emphatically, the hope of the working men. We shall return to the subject hereafter.

We have been requested to make it distinctly known that the *Chartist Land Company* and the *National Land and Building Association* are two quite different and unconnected institutions. To the latter, as well as to the *London Bank of Industry*, we shall at our earliest convenience devote some remarks.

*Statistics*—The principal causes of *insanity* in France, and the condition in life of the persons afflicted with this malady, may be collected from the returns of one of the principal hospitals in Paris, the *Sallpetriere*. During three years it has contained about 1,500, of whom 996 were pronounced curable, and 504 incurable. The causes of the malady have in proportion to a thousand, as

| | |
|---|---|
| Physical | 481 |
| Moral | 250 |
| Unknown | 269 |
| | 1000 |

The condition in life of the patients were—

| | |
|---|---|
| Of liberal professions and independent | 111 |
| Mechanics | 671 |
| Servants and others without any particular trade or employment | 218 |
| | 1000 |

The causes of the disease are too numerous to particularise; the most prevalent arising from hereditary complaint, age, congestion, domestic misfortunes, accouchements, love, &c.

The population of Paris, according to the last census, was about 804,398 inhabitants.

The marriages in Paris are calculated at about 6,954 annually: the parties to which are—bachelors and spinsters, 5,482; bachelors and widows, 459; widowers and spinsters, 760; widowers and widows, 225.

The average number of births in Paris is about 29,530, of which 15,116 are males, and 14,404 females. Of the above 10,378 are illegitimate, about 2,205 of whom are recognised at their birth, and 8,175 abandoned: 151 are

recognised by *actes* subsequent to their birth, and 948 at the marriage of their parents.

The deaths in Paris are about 25,996 annually; of which 15,220 take place at the parties' own homes, 8884 at the civil, 1,531 at the military hospitals, 76 in prison, and 285 are exposed at the *Morgue*.

The deaths in France amount to about 793,968 annually. The suicides in the department of the Seine alone have been calculated at 357, with 154 attempts not followed by death. Of these nearly two-thirds are by men, and about one-half by married persons. In 1840 the number of suicides in Paris was about 239, of which 83 were by women. The principal means employed for self-destruction have been drowning, suffocation by charcoal, strangulation, falling from heights, by fire-arms, sharp instruments, and by poison. The motives chiefly assigned are disgust and weariness of life, love, family differences, gaming, pecuniary embarrassments, and insanity. For a great number of suicides no sufficient motive can be assigned.

It would appear from the above facts that suicide is very much more prevalent in France than in England. In 1840 there were 239 cases of suicide in Paris, out of a population of 804,398. In the same year, out of a population of about 16,000,000 in England and Wales, there were only 1,058 cases of suicide. Of course, in Paris as in London, these cases greatly exceed the national average; but at the Paris rate, it would give in a population equal to that of England and Wales about 4,000.

PEACE WITH AMERICA.

The following resolution was unanimously agreed to on Tuesday last, at the usual weekly meeting of the National Association, Holborn:—"That the members of the National Association have heard with unfeigned delight that the disputed question respecting Oregon has been amicably settled, in a manner satisfactory to the people of both countries. At the same time they express their earnest desire that means will be speedily taken by the different countries of Europe and America, to appoint a *Congress of Nations*, in order that such national disputes may be settled in future without incurring the risk of war—one of the most demoralising scourges that can afflict our race.—Signed on their behalf, W. LOVETT, Secretary."

Let us hasten to add on this subject, that *Elihu Burritt has arrived in England.*

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

A LEAGUE OF INDUSTRY.

Among the different plans proposed for improving the condition of the working classes, permit me to suggest the following as a means for enabling them to become their own masters and employers, and thus create a union of interest between capital and labour in place of the separate and opposing interests which now exist. For as long as the capitalist has an interest in obtaining labour at the cheapest rate, and the labourers in securing the highest remuneration for it, so long I fear shall we witness endless disputes and strikes respecting wages and profits, and so long will the mass of the people, subject to all the fluctuations of trade, and commerce, with their growing and competing numbers, be kept down to what the political economists call "the subsistence point." There seems, however, little hopes of the working classes ever being able to achieve much in their *individual* capacity towards raising sufficient capital to become their own employers; and even if they could, it is questionable whether, amid the active competition that would be thus created among so many, their condition would be much improved. But what they cannot effect individually they may *united*, upon the Good Samaritan principle of "each helping every man his brother," as may be seen by the following proposal and calculation.

That a GENERAL LEAGUE OF INDUSTRY be formed, composed of all those who are desirous of promoting the employment, education, and happiness of themselves and their countrymen. That a general fund be raised, *by sixpence weekly* from each member, the same to be distributed annually, by lot, in sums of 2000*l.* *between every hundred persons*; to be applied in establishing them in trade or business, in the renting or purchasing of land, the building of houses, the forming of a colony at home or abroad, or in any other manner of conjoint employment or benefit they may desire, excepting the individual appropriation or division of the money.

That the organisation for effecting this object consist *first* of *local societies*, 'each numbering 100 persons, carefully chosen and balloted for amongst themselves; sobriety, industry and good conduct being necessary essentials for membership; and, *secondly*, of *district societies*, composed of two persons sent from each local body.

That the League be governed by a *general code of rules*, approved of by the district societies of the kingdom.

That the united weekly subscription of each local society be paid into such banking house as the society of the district may appoint, and in the names of such *trustees* as the district societies may unitedly appoint.

That two representatives from each district society be sent to the *annual meeting* of the League, for the purpose of apportioning the subscriptions raised, and seeing the lots fairly drawn and appropriated.

That the district societies superintend the local bodies of their own district, and see that the money raised is applied and secured for the benefit of the members according to the rules.

The following calculation is made to show what a portion only of the working classes could *annually* effect if united in such a League.

If 2,000,000 people paid *sixpence* weekly, they could annually raise the sum of £2,600,000.

This sum, if divided into £2000 portions, would give lots to 1300 local societies *every year*, and thus enable 130,000 persons to become their own employers.

This rough outline is thrown out for the consideration of the working classes by

A FRIEND TO THEIR ORDER.

## Notices.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready. Cases for binding the Volume, price One Shilling each, are in preparation, and may be obtained from our Agents.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall answer *all* next week.

We can inform a correspondent at Plymouth that Mr. Howitt would be glad to issue his works in a very cheap and periodical form, but at present several trade obstacles exist to prevent it.

## Contents.



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## The People's Portrait Gallery.



RICHARD COBDEN, M.P.

By H. Anelay.

## MEN OF THE PEOPLE.

### I.—RICHARD COBDEN.

Never, at any period in history, have so many earnest and zealous labourers been found working for the advancement of the People, in political, commercial, religious, and social liberty, as we find at the present day. Not in one country, but in all countries—in Great Britain, in America, in France, in Germany, and even in Spain and Russia. In our own country, not one class only, but all classes, can furnish distinguished examples of able and honest labourers for the public good.

What Milton said of the City of London during the throes of the Commonwealth, may be said of all England now.—

> Behold this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion-house of Liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection! The shop of war hath not more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?

Wise and faithful labourers we have in plenty in these modern days; and they have to aid them—what previous labourers have generally wanted—a free, an active, a cheap, and an ever-diffusing Press.

We now propose, in a short series of articles, to point out for admiration and encouragement, the more prominent living workers on the people's side; selecting and dealing with them in no narrow or sectarian spirit, but solely with regard to the influence of their labours on the well-being and advancement of the great body of the people. And with whom should we commence but with Richard Cobden?—the man whose name is in the mouths of all the friends of popular progress, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the civilised world; and who has been mainly instrumental in the achievement of one of the greatest and most eventful revolutions which has ever been recorded in the pages of history.

Strange, that Richard Cobden, the leader of the Commercial Revolution of England, should be the son of a poor farmer! But it is not the first time that farmers' sons have directed the destinies of England. In the time of the Commonwealth, it was Cromwell, the farmer's son, who, at the head of his army of Ironsides, themselves the sons of peasants and farmers, rode down the bravest chivalry of England; and it was Blake, the peasant's son, who, with the Commonwealth's ships under his command, scattered the Dutch fleets like chaff, and for the first time gave England that proud title of "mistress of the seas," which she has ever since retained. But our great popular leaders, nowadays, fight their battles with more potent weapons than sword and cannon. The war they wage is one of reason and argument; and the power which they wield is that of Public Opinion and the Press. *Our* Cobden is a greater and a more successful leader than perhaps any warrior or general that has ever lived.

Richard Cobden was born a few hundred yards from the little town of Midhurst, in Sussex. "Maltster Cobden," as his grandfather was familiarly called, was a substantial yeoman of the old school, famous for the good beer that he brewed, and of which some of the older inhabitants of the neighbourhood to this day entertain savoury recollections. "Cobden's-lane," and "Cobden's-farmstead," are still remembered there: but the old house has been pulled down, and the old family has left the neighbourhood; for "Protection" ruined Maltster Cobden's son, and the grandchildren, of whom Richard was one, sought for industrial occupation in the great commercial towns—whose active and energetic population the farmer's son was yet destined to lead in the assault and final overthrow of that very system of Monopoly by which his own family had been victimised.*

Richard Cobden commenced his industrial life at an early age as clerk in a London merchant's counting-house, where he commended himself to his employers by his industry and devoted attention to business. By and bye he removed to Manchester, where he became the commercial traveller for a house extensively engaged in the cotton trade; and gradually rose in the estimation of all who knew him. In Manchester, the progress of men of business, who are up to their work, is generally rapid; and we soon find Cobden, with an elder brother, engaged in a manufacturing enterprise of his own, to which he brought to bear the fruits of much experience, and a judgment as apt and skilful as that which he has since displayed in public affairs.

The beautiful prints of the Cobdens soon commanded the very highest price in the market. An instance of their attractiveness has been publicly mentioned, which we may here repeat. A gentleman was some time ago in Mr. Cobden's warehouse in Manchester, and was there favoured with the sight of some new printed muslins of a peculiar pattern, about three days before they were issued to the public. In less than a week from the day these dresses were despatched from the warehouse, the same gentleman was at Chichester, and, walking in the direction of Goodwood, he met some ladies of the Duke of Richmond's family wearing the identical prints; and, in a few days after, the same gentleman was at Windsor, and saw the Queen walking on the slopes wearing a dress of the same kind—so instantly did the "Cobden prints" take the lead in the fashionable world. For Mr. Cobden studied public taste, as he has since studied public opinion; and rarely, if ever, made a speculation (and this branch of trade is always exceedingly precarious and hazardous) in which he was not completely successful. It may be added, that the print-works of the firm, at Chorley, are now amongst the most extensive and liberally-conducted in Lancashire; and give regular employment to a large population. But we pass from this part of the subject to Cobden as a public man and a leader of the people.

Mr. Cobden first attracted public notice beyond his own district by the admirable pamphlets published by Mr. Tait of Edinburgh, on *England, Ireland, and America*, and afterwards on *Russia*—such were their titles—"by a Manchester Manufacturer." These pamphlets were filled with information; they were brilliant in style, and cogent in argument, and they immediately riveted the public attention. Though the subjects were such as do not usually excite general interest, the works rapidly ran through a number of editions, and obtained a very extensive circulation. As a proof of the earnest way in which Cobden went to work in

this matter, it may be mentioned that, in order to inform himself correctly of the state of our relations with Russia and Turkey, he made a voyage expressly to the East in the year 1837; and the result of his observations and reflections made during that visit is given in one of the pamphlets above mentioned. He completely sifted the "Russian question;" satisfied himself that the fear of that overgrown empire by England was a bugbear; and vehemently urged that England should abolish the corn laws, stick to trade and commerce, and not meddle in foreign questions; where we could do no good to others, but only inflict on ourselves a great deal of mischief.

The idea of a great Free-Trade Association—such as was afterwards embodied in the Anti-Corn-law League—seems even at this early period, to have struck the mind of Mr. Cobden. In the first edition of *England, Ireland, and America*, which was published, we believe, in 1835, he says—

Here let us observe, that it is worthy of surprise how little progress has been made in the study of that science of which Adam Smith was, more than half a century ago, the great luminary.

We regret that no society has been formed for the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the just principles of trade. Whilst agriculture can boast almost as many associations as there are British counties, whilst every city in the kingdom contains its botanical, phrenological, or mechanical institutions, and these again possess their periodical journals (and not merely these, for even *war* sends forth its *United Service Magazine*), we possess no association of traders, united together for the common object of enlightening the world upon a question so little understood, and so loaded with obloquy, as free trade.

We have our Banksian, our Linnean, our Hunterian Societies; and why should not, at least our greatest commercial and manufacturing towns, possess their Smithian societies, devoted to the purposes of promulgating the beneficent truths of the *Wealth of Nations*. Such institutions, by promoting a correspondence with similar societies that would probably be organised abroad, (for it is our example in questions affecting commerce that strangers follow), might contribute to the spread of liberal and just views of political science, and thus tend to ameliorate the restrictive policy of foreign governments, through the legitimate influence of the opinions of its people.

Nor would such societies be fruitless at home. *Prizes might be offered for the best essays on the corn question; or lecturers might be sent to enlighten the agriculturists, and to invite discussion upon a subject so difficult, and of such paramount interest to all.*

This hint was soon after adopted and acted upon with a success which even its author never anticipated. But we proceed with the Free Trader's career.

Mr. Cobden soon became a leading public man in Manchester. His judgment became valued; his business talent in all departments attracted public notice; and he was called upon to take a prominent part in most of the public movements of his district. Yet he never thrust himself upon the attention of his fellow-townsmen; but on all occasions he rather shunned than courted the general applause. Modesty, and an entire absence of all vanity and jealousy, have always been characteristic of him from his first entrance upon public life.

In 1837, Mr. Cobden was invited to stand as a candidate for the borough of Stockport, but on a contest was defeated by fifty-five votes. It was perhaps more fortunate for the public cause that he was not then successful; for, in the following year, 1838, the Anti-Corn-law League was formed—one of the most formidable political movements that has ever been known in the history of this country; and from its commencement, Mr. Cobden was its very life and soul. There are comparatively few who know the immense labours of Mr. Cobden in connection with this body—labours which bring no fame with them, because they are done in secret, and are never brought into the light of day: correspondence with the leaders of public opinion everywhere—encouragement to the desponding—help to the weak—stimulus to the wavering; everywhere was the pen and voice of Cobden at work. At the public meetings of the League he was always prominent—the first and foremost man there. At committee-meetings, at *soirees*, at public demonstrations, who was to be compared with him for clear-headedness, for zeal, for clenching argument, for rousing eloquence? From the first, indeed, he has been the rallying point of the movement, and the centre of all its organisation.

The writer of the present notice has had numerous personal opportunities of knowing the vast labours of Mr. Cobden in influencing and directing public opinion, during the last eight years, especially through the medium of the press. While conducting an extensively circulated newspaper in one of the manufacturing districts, he has received from that gentleman almost weekly letters respecting the progress of the agitation—urging certain important lines of policy—cautioning against being entrapped into snares laid by the enemy—cheering on every effort in the right direction—stimulating enthusiasm—combatting fallacies—hoping even against hope, and resolute even in despair. And, even Mr. Cobden himself, confident though he ever has been in the triumph of the right—has not been without his moments of doubt and fear. Writing in November, 1841, he says:—

Should some practical measures not be speedily carried, they will come too late—and what rational man can say that we are in a fair way for doing anything very soon? Still, what more *can* we do, than what we are doing? At least, we are not standing in the way of a more hopeful movement; for of the three questions that now agitate the people—Repeal of Corn-law, Repeal of Union, and Charter—I can't help thinking that our question stands in the place of the favourite in the public mind. *Bad is the prospect even of the best;* but so long as there is no better to which to resign the course, we must work away with whip and spur, keeping our head steadily towards the far distant winning-post.

Usually, however, Mr. Cobden was much more sanguine in his anticipations, and never allowed any exertions to flag for want of encouragement and stimulus on his part.

We now come to say a few words of Mr. Cobden's career as a member of Parliament. In 1840, he was invited to stand for the borough of Manchester. But he declined, on the ground that he was not to be allowed to enter Parliament as a free man; the committee who waited on him having represented the expediency of letting principle remain subservient to party arrangements—a thing to which Cobden firmly declared that his conscience would never allow him to give his assent. But at length the Whig government fell to pieces, Peel was made minister, and Cobden was returned to Parliament for Stockport.

Many were the predictions of Mr. Cobden's enemies that his appearance in Parliament would be a failure. Cobden was now to "find his level." The farmer's son could never hold up his head among the proud lords of the soil, and dare to measure his strength with them! Nor would *his* have been the first promising political reputation of which St. Stephen's had been the death. But Cobden was made of stouter stuff. He took the earliest opportunity of addressing the house upon the subject the nearest to his heart. And here, let us say, that he possessed the first great requisites of success as a speaker—moral courage, earnestness, and the consciousness of right. In his first parliamentary speech, as in all his other speeches, Cobden went direct to his point—he la-

boured to convince his hearers, though knowing them to be hostile to him—he spoke warmly from his heart—in short, he spoke and acted as a man does who is thoroughly in earnest. The opposition he encountered was great. The "white waistcoats" hooted: Cobden minded them not one jot. The man had in him severe truths that *must* be heard. He rode fearlessly the whirlwind of noise and stormy opposition that he raised, and at length lashed it into quiet. Ferrand was let loose upon him, and at first the thing took amazingly; the reckless daring in assertion, which characterised the oratory of the Knaresborough representative, convulsed with delight the abettors of monopoly. But as the truth gradually oozed out, Ferrand's flights ceased to charm, and they were voted bores. On the other hand, Mr. Cobden made good his position, and became listened to with increased attention. He soon commanded the ear of the house, and even measured strength with the Premier himself. Night after night was he in his place, pursuing the same steady and resolute course; exposing fallacy, rebuking ignorance, denouncing wrong, and pleading earnestly for freedom and liberty in all things. His speeches rapidly improved in all respects—in arrangement, in style, in manner, and in matter—until now he may be cited as one of the most powerful and effective speakers of the House of Commons.

Mr. Cobden has none of the striking physical characteristics of the orator. When his name is announced at a great League meeting, those who are unacquainted with his person expect to see some robust, burly, O'Connell-like agitator rise to his feet. Instead of which we have a pale, lean, wiry man, of melancholic features, of middle stature, and of no very marked peculiarities of face, such as are supposed to distinguish the man of action and intellect. His manner is easy and unartificial. He has no gestures of any remarkable grace. His voice is thin, and sounds rather nasal. And yet what a powerful influence does Cobden almost invariably exercise over the minds of his auditors—often causing them to burst out in the wildest enthusiasm! How is this? Because the man is thoroughly in earnest, and because out of the fulness of his heart his mouth speaketh. Mr. Cobden has always a wonderful store of *facts* at his command, which he never fails to bring in pat to the point. He emphatically "hits the nail on the head, clinching it at both sides." But he has other important requisites of the great practical orator; he has an immense fund of common sense, great practical sagacity and shrewdness, an evident honesty of purpose, earnest straightforwardness, and, at the same time, a clearness and simplicity of speech which enables him to bring his reasonings and his facts completely home to the judgment, and appeal powerfully to the silent judge in every man's bosom. It matters not what description of audience he addresses—be they members of Parliament, Manchester manufacturers, Stockport operatives, or Sussex ploughmen—he invariably secures and rivets their attention. He thoroughly knows the men he addresses; he adapts himself to them; he enters into their very minds and hearts; he carries them along with him entirely; and thus achieves triumphs as great as if he were the most accomplished of orators.

In his speeches, as in his general career, Richard Cobden is, perhaps, one of the best specimens of the English character that we could point out. Englishmen esteem the practical, the business-like, and the common-sense qualities, above all others; and who, in these respects, is superior to Cobden? He is a man, too, who does everything in a manly, straightforward way, without any beating about the bush. Then, how indefatigable, inflexible, calm, patient, courageous, laborious, and sincere, is Richard Cobden! Truly, a noble specimen of the English character, and in its very best forms. Would that all Englishmen strove to imitate him!

Richard Cobden is influenced by no narrow political motives in his great enterprise to secure freedom of trade for England with the nations of the world. It is not a mere money question with him, but one of ultimate human happiness and civilisation. While he has a keen eye to the actual necessities of living men, he has, also, his eye directed towards the future, and sees in the consummation of the measure for which he has so zealously laboured, the triumph of peace, and the universal prevalence of social happiness.

I believe (said he, at a late public meeting in Manchester) that the physical gain will be the smallest gain to humanity from its success. I see in free trade that which shall act on the moral world as the law of gravitation in the universe; drawing men together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race, and creed, and language, and uniting us in the bonds of eternal peace. I believe that the desire and the motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies, for those materials which are used for the destruction of life and the desolation of the rewards of labour, will die away. I believe that such things will cease to be necessary, or to be used, when man becomes one family, and freely exchanges the fruits of his labour with his brother man.

Mr. Cobden, we believe, sees as clearly as most thinking men that the struggle for free commerce is only part of a struggle for a still larger freedom; and that beyond the question of political economy there is also the great problem of social economy to be solved—how the means of happiness are to be the most equitably distributed for the well-being of those who produce them.

But Richard Cobden is not a *perfect* man. To say that he was, would be saying he was more than human. We ourselves are of opinion that he has committed a great error in opposing the progress of the Short-Time question. He has laboured zealously to obtain for the labouring people bread, for the supply of their physical necessities; and we lament that he has not discerned the equally pressing necessity for securing to the same classes time for the improvement and sustenance of their moral and intellectual nature. But such is our confidence in the honesty of heart and true philanthropic spirit of the man, that we feel assured he will yet be one of the most zealous of our public labourers in the cause of the moral and intellectual improvement of all classes.

The recent events attendant on the triumph of the free-trade question are too fresh in the minds of our readers to call for particular notice here. The graceful and generous compliment paid to Mr. Cobden by the retiring Prime Minister—that his name would for ever be associated with the triumph of free-trade measures in England—was no less honourable to Sir Robert Peel than it was deserved by Richard Cobden; and though he retire from this moment into private life, he will be followed by the gratitude and the praise of Englishmen. But we do not anticipate anything like the permanent loss of his public services. His is a mind of too ardent a temperament, and too philanthropic a bias, to be satisfied with continued seclusion from public life.

That Richard Cobden may long be spared to aid the people in their struggles toward social well-being and happiness, is our earnest wish and prayer.

## THE MISS CUSHMANS.

By Mary Howitt.

*(Concluded from page 33.)*

At this sad time her sister Susan, then hardly more than a child, was sent to Boston to visit a relation; her elder brother took a situation, and her younger brother, a boy of twelve, to whom she was tenderly attached, and with talents and character equal to her own, she sent to school at Albany, in the full belief that better days would come; and then, as soon as she was able to travel, taking her mother with her, that she might no longer be friendless and forlorn among strangers, she accepted an engagement which was offered her at Albany, and there she acted with great success for four months.

Nothing could be pleasanter than this sojourn at Albany; it was as the clear sunshine in the interval of a storm, and she greatly enjoyed it. The Legislature were at that time sitting there; and she, not being in such prosperous circumstances as to afford for herself a private lodging, met daily in the public room of the boarding-house many members of this body, intelligent and well-informed men, and music and conversation made the afternoons pass delightfully. In the midst of all this pleasure and success, again the storm gathered, which fell like a sudden blow, and at once dashed all delight out of existence. Her beloved young brother was killed by a fall from a horse, and this so sudden and violent death almost overwhelmed her. She stayed to see him buried and then left Albany, unable longer to endure a place which had cost her so dearly. After this terrible blow she travelled for several months in the country, taking temporary engagements as they offered; and then, with a mind somewhat calmed and submissive to the sorrow which God had appointed, she came again to New York, where she resolved stedfastly and with renewed energy to work upward in her profession. She accordingly accepted a humble engagement in the principal theatre of New York, determined that nothing should prevent her rising to the eminence at which she aimed. For three years she remained here acting in every play, whether tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, or vaudeville; playing old women, young women, girls, chambermaids, waiting-maids, and all eccentric characters whatever. This gave her a wonderful range of power and experience, and still she persevered onward, determined through all difficulty and trouble to reach at last the highest point. One thing, however, she had not calculated upon, that by making herself so generally useful she was in reality only impeding her own advancement in the theatre; because managers, with a selfish policy, generally keep useful people down, lest they should feel their own strength, and thus the managers be obliged to employ two or three people instead of one, or else pay them at a higher rate.

We must now, however, return to the time spent at Albany, during which her sister Susan married. The circumstances of this marriage were peculiar; and we are enabled, without violating private confidence, to make the public so far acquainted with them as is necessary for our little narrative.

At that period of Miss Cushman's theatrical life in which misfortune seemed to have overwhelmed her, a gentleman of Boston, in middle life, and a friend of the family, came forward and offered to take her sister Susan, then very young, entirely under his care, complete her education, and, if the consent of her mother could be obtained, adopt her as his daughter. Susan was delicate in health, lovely in person, and timid in character; this offer, therefore, of a permanent and comfortable home was not to be rejected. She was removed from the harassing cares which pressed on her sister, and placed in the house of a half-brother, where she lived in ease and comfort, no pains being spared to render her education complete. The arrangement seemed altogether a most satisfactory one, and no sentiment but that of gratitude was felt by all towards the man who had so generously shown himself the friend of all. When Susan, however, was just turned fourteen he was taken dangerously ill of brain fever, and lay at the point of death. At this moment he summoned her half-brother, and besought, as the prayer of a dying man, that in order to give Susan Cushman a legal claim to his property, which was believed to be very considerable, she would consent to marry him. The idea was a startling one; but he had been so long her real benefactor, and now meant so sincerely to secure independence to her at his death, when otherwise she must be unprovided for, that the idea was not to be rejected. Her brother-in-law consented; and, after some little delay, arrangements were made for the marriage. In the meantime, however, the mother, to whom this singular intelligence was sent, hurried to Boston with the firm determination, from some nameless presentiment of evil in her own mind, utterly to forbid the marriage. In Susan's mind too the greatest unwillingness existed, and she only needed her mother's countenance resolutely to refuse her consent. The mother came; but the relatives, who saw nothing but the utmost advantage to the young lady in an alliance, which even supposing the husband lived promised wealth and station, over-ruled even the mother's unwillingness. This ill-starred marriage took place and the husband recovered.

Before the young wife however was fifteen, she had occasion to deplore not having listened to those presentiments of evil which, like the whisperings of guardian angels, might have saved her from bitter woe. Her husband one day informed her that he was going to New York on business; scarcely, however, was he gone when the whole bubble of his wealth and prosperity burst. Hungry creditors rushed in from all sides, and it was then found to be too true that he had left Boston to avoid the personal annoyance which must accrue on the state of his affairs being made public. For his wife, however, young and inexperienced as she was, and to whom this came as the sudden crash of the earthquake, he had no such pity. She was left to bear it all. Nothing could be more appalling and distressing than her present state. She had married him in the first instance not from affection, but from a sense of gratitude and duty to a kind devoted friend, who as a dying request asked but her hand to provide for her through life. When he lived, however, and thus when the responsibility and duty of a wife was suddenly thrust upon her, she, like Jenny in the ballad of "Old Robin Gray," had literally vowed with herself to be a good wife to him who had been so kind, and who she sincerely believed had meant so kindly by her. Now, however, and this was perhaps the saddest part of this sad knowledge, his character appeared in an entirely new aspect; he was a selfish, cruel, and false man. Her heart almost broke under this dreadful discovery. A year or two, during which no better hope revealed itself, went on, and

she was a mother. Life was dark all around her and full of crushing realities, among which may be mentioned the loss of her husband's reason. No history of a life can be sadder than hers; yet through all she was blameless, and to the utmost endeavoured to fulfil her duty.

Her husband, who had now no means of maintaining her and the child, set off to the South, on the plea of seeking a livelihood, and left them to their fate. With her little son she then went to her mother and sister, yearning for that sympathy and kindness which with them she was sure to find, and determined also to do something to ensure independence for herself and child. The sadness of her lot, however, and the anguish of a crushed and wounded heart, had caused a deep melancholy to settle on her mind. She was not then twenty, yet existence seemed to have lost every charm for her; the bright and cheerful purposes of life were gone; yet still, for her child's sake, she was willing to exert herself.

Her sister, whose heart bled to witness the sorrows and sufferings of one so young and so dear, resolved to call forth the talent for theatrical representation which she believed her sister to possess. Her strong, energetic, and unflinching character was of the greatest benefit to her. The most beautiful feature in this narrative, perhaps, is the affection of these two noble-hearted sisters. Charlotte's was a character on which her sister, disappointed and heart-broken, could lean and from which she could derive strength. She was her teacher; they worked hard together, and, as was natural, the sick heart, if it grew not well, at least grew stronger.

Mrs. Merriman, or Miss Susan Cushman, as she was theatrically called, made her first appearance before the public in a manuscript play called *The Genoese*, written by a young American, in which, to encourage her sister, Miss Cushman took the part of the lover. And here let a few words be said on a subject which has excited some remarks, and as we think needlessly, to Miss Cushman's disadvantage—we mean on her taking male parts. We can assert it as a fact, and it is a fact full of generosity and beautiful affection, that it is solely on her sister's account that she has done so. By taking herself the male character, for which she was in many cases admirably suited, she was enabled to obtain the *first* female character for her sister; there being, as is well known, no plays written in which two prominent female characters are found. Affection for one who, if not possessed of her strong, original masculine talent, had yet beauty, grace, tenderness, and many requisites for a successful actress, made her willing to give her every support and advantage she could, even where she herself had, as it seemed, to step out of a woman's province. With regard to Miss Susan Cushman's acting, it seems to us, however, that, spite of the advantage she may derive from acting with her sister, there is also a counterbalancing disadvantage, because it forces, as it were, her acting, which is gentle, and remarkable for extreme delicacy of feeling, into comparison with her sister's, which is always so strongly marked and powerful.

But our intention here is not criticism; let us, therefore, return to the narrative. During her second season in Philadelphia, Mrs. Merriman met with some of her husband's relations, who treated her with the utmost kindness, and who, resenting his base conduct to her, advised her to obtain a divorce, for which the most abundant reasons existed. At their own charge they commenced the necessary legal proceedings. The divorce was obtained, and in less than a year afterwards the news of his death reached them from the far West. Thus terminated a history of trial and sorrow; but brighter times were beginning to dawn, and the young actress now began to find that in her professional life fortune had smiles in store for her.

The two sisters now took a high stand together, and for one season they performed in Philadelphia all the principal characters. The next year they returned to New York. During this season, and while that celebrated comedy of *London Assurance* was in vogue, in which they acted upwards of ninety nights, Miss Cushman had a newspaper controversy with Park Benjamin, an American sonnet-writer, in which great service was done to her by Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, who had ever been a thorough believer in her great and original talent, and which seemed at once to place her in her true position.

The following season she assumed the management of the Philadelphia Theatre, where she remained until Mr. Macready came to America, when he, being so much satisfied with the assistance she rendered him, solicited her to accompany him in his engagements to the North.

Soon after this a desire which had long operated upon her mind took a more determinate shape, and she resolved to carry it into effect; this was no other than the coming to England, and trying her powers before a higher tribunal than any which her native country could afford her. Throughout the whole of her career a noble ambition had ever urged her onward; she was not satisfied to come short in any way of that excellence at which she aimed. While yet young in her art she aspired to stand side by side with Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Siddons, or rather the fame which she had left behind, was the grand ideal after which she strove. But supposing she equalled, or even, were such a thing possible, surpassed Mrs. Siddons, it would have availed her very little to have fame awarded to her by America alone. To England she must come. It was an idea that haunted her night and day. To be loved and appreciated by England, that was her great ambition, and nothing short of that would satisfy her.

Like all Miss Cushman's great steps in life, this also was destined to be taken alone. It was at the commencement of winter that she set out alone, excepting for one female attendant. Many difficulties and painful circumstances conspired at the last moments to throw a gloom upon her departure. A timid, doubtful mind must have turned back even then; but with her, to resolve was to act. On the voyage, however, the full sense of the bold, uncertain venture on which she had hazarded so much, fell heavily on her mind; she was depressed and unhappy. The gloom, however, of her melancholy thoughts was greatly diverted by the kindness of an American family, her fellow-voyagers, and from them, on her first arrival in that vast world of London, where the friendless feel friendless indeed, she continued to receive the utmost attention. With them, soon after her arrival in this country, she paid a short visit to Scotland and Paris, being really and naturally anxious to see something of this wonderful old world, with its famous cities, and realms of poetry and romance, while her mind was yet untasked, and free to enjoy all things fully; for she knew, as who would not have known? that in case of failure in her great trial with the British public, she would be disheartened and depressed beyond

the power of enjoyment. To Scotland and Paris, therefore, she went; and parting from her kind country people at the latter place, she returned alone to London, to put her fortune at once to the trial.

It was the depth of winter, and a remarkably cheerless, gloomy season too; she was ill, not only with severe cold but from anxiety and uncertainty. Nothing could exceed the depression of her mind as she looked round on the vast multitudes of London, herself as yet friendless there—and yet in this very London lay her fate, and from these very multitudes she had come to win love and admiration! She had, it is true, brought some letters of introduction with her, but it so happened that they were not addressed to persons willing—or, perhaps, able—to serve her. Ill and alone, and oppressed with anxieties of various kinds, those melancholy first weeks in London will never be forgotten by her.

But she could not afford to waste time in brooding over her own sad thoughts, even if a natural impatience to know the worst, or to enjoy the best, had not urged her on to make the trial for which she had come. She received offers from the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre—then open, from St. James's, and one or two others; but here, again, a difficulty arose, which made her additionally unhappy. She knew not what was best or wisest for her to decide upon or do. She wanted at that moment a friend and counsellor; but she had none. However, the circumstance of Mr. Forrest coming to England afforded her an opportunity of performing her own peculiar characters with a better chance of success, and in the end she accepted an engagement at the Princess's, and resolved to make her *debut* before a London audience in the character of Bianca, in Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*. But here, a new difficulty presented itself in the unwillingness there existed on the part of the gentleman to take the character of Fazio, which is considered inferior to that of the lady. At length one more self-forgetting than the rest was found in the person of Mr. Graham, who admirably supported her in the part. Her success was great and unquestioned; nor must it be forgotten that at that time she was not known to a dozen persons in London, and no means had been taken to prepare the press, or dispose the public mind to her favour. All depended upon her own merit and original power; yet only one opinion prevailed regarding her.

One engagemant at the Princess's succeeded another until she had acted there eighty-four nights, during which she appeared as Emilia to Mr. Forrest's Othello, as Lady Macbeth, Julia, in the *Hunchback*, Mrs. Haller, Beatrice, Lady Teazle, Meg Merrilies, Rosalind, and Juliana, in the *Honeymoon*—a range of characters which required extraordinary ability and power.

Her success in London induced her sister to hope that the same audience which received with such distinguished favour her efforts to please them, would also receive hers with kindness. She accordingly, accompanied by her mother, joined her sister in July of last year, and made her first appearance before a London public in the following December, at the Haymarket, in the character of Juliet.

Since then they have visited together all the principal towns in the three kingdoms, and everywhere, whilst their distinguished talent is acknowledged by the public at large, their personal accomplishments, and their qualities of heart and mind, win for them the firmest friends.

## SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

### No. IV.

By Harriet Martineau.

I. It has probably happened to every thoughtful person who has stood in a crowd, whether in a ball-room, an election, or a country fair, to be crossed by the idea—"these people have all to die: where and how will each die?" And the imagination is immediately engrossed by the vast imagery which fills it of death in old age, death by surprise, death in bed, sudden and alone, or waited for and watched; death at sea, or by violence, or by crushing accident; death welcomed, or met with terror, or with unconsciousness. The modes of death will probably be almost as various as the crowd is numerous. I remember being absorbed by this speculation amidst the first ball I ever was at: and, after this long course of years, something of the same emotion comes over me in speculating, not on the deaths, but the lives of those whose birth, departure, or characterising acts are related in the newspaper paragraphs under my eye.

A Pope has died: a Princess has been born. Before the first, life lay in its common aspect in his youth. He gave up its most common and natural enjoyments and duties to become a celibate priest; and he became a potentate; the greatest potentate on the globe, as he and all with whom he had dealings believed. Before the infant princess life lies in an unusual aspect: she will never be a potentate; and we must hope that in its intermediate portions her lot will contrast as strongly with that of the pope as in its extremes. We will hope that she may have and enjoy domestic life. Her lot is, in its essential features, more favourable than that of a royal child born to sovereignty; and more favourable than that of a person bound by vows to celibacy. It is less favourable than that of most children born in a lower station: but it is by no means to be despaired of. Already the universal air is about her, and her eyes open on grass and trees and human faces. The dash of the sea will amuse her young ear: the world of ideas will hereafter lie open before her; and it is not impossible that she may be allowed to make her way freely into it. Though the chances are not good for her enjoyment of equal friendship and spontaneous love in marriage, these blessings are not out of the question: and with these her life may be far above a failure. It is rarely that that of potentates can rise above being a failure, as regards the individual. Of all potentates, a pope is the one whose life must be most eminently a success or a failure. The kind of power he holds—a despotic spiritual power—must either corrupt or elevate him. As to his own quality, he cannot be common-place; nor can his operation on the world be indifferent or trifling.

"They rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." This is true of all who live and die. The works of the royal infant who has just opened her eyes upon the world, and of the pontiff who has closed his in death, will follow the doers into either reprobation, or oblivion, or a blessed immortality. While conceiving of theirs, what imagery fills one's mind of the deeds of others whose names stand recorded with theirs in the papers under my eye! What an array of the offspring of the head and hands, preparing to follow their authors to hell, or the tomb, or the eternal heavens! What a motley array it is! Here is an asylum rising up for the shelter of women on their

leaving prison, that these weak and despised creatures may not sink into perdition for want of aid on re-entering the world which was before too hard for them. This institution is a consequence of the works of a Christian woman, Elizabeth Fry, who entered prisons as a ray of the sun or a breeze of health enters them, to cheer and warm and strengthen the captive. We see her works already following her, from strength to strength, from glory to glory. We next read that so many young men of family and high responsibilities have committed suicide after acts of gaming in certain cities of the continent, that a foreign government has ordained imprisonment with fasting and flogging as a new penalty on those who cannot pay the fine due from players at games of chance. Gambling debts and suicide *are* a contrast to years of humble and affectionate waiting on the guilty and wretched.—A Derby manufacturer of cement has by will ordained for himself a curious kind of immortality. His coffin is completely inclosed in an everlasting cement, on which his name was traced while the substance was wet. In a few minutes the letters became hardened to stone. He will have the immortality he was able to conceive of. Centuries hence his name may be spelled out: but it will be only letters. It will be no name to the readers; for there will be no idea connected with the words. It will be as true a case of oblivion of the man himself as that of the skeleton which has been found together with the bones of a horse, in an oval tomb in a chalk pit. The skull of the man, projecting a little from the side of the pit, had been a tempting place for a pied wagtail to build its nest in, and the nest had five eggs in it when found. This man has, without seeking it, as much and as good an immortality as the Derby manufacturer who has taken such precious care of his bones and dust, and the letters of his name.—A Mr. Nicholson who died, an officer of excise, at Leeds, a month since, was of a higher quality. He was born and reared among the Cumberland mountains; and there he used his mind as heartily as he exercised his limbs. When only sixteen, he constructed a correct tabular almanack, foretelling the eclipses, and other changes of the heavenly bodies, up to the year 1860. He discovered and disclosed many valuable facts about the stratification of the northern coal-fields; made telescopes, microscopes, and prisms by his own knowledge and skill; and all this in the intervals of his regular business. His works and his memory will abide together on his native mountains. The shepherd on the highest sheep-walk will be watching for the eclipse, instead of hiding his face in terror at the darkness when it comes. And when the little moss from the rock, or the tiny insect from the pool is shown in its marvellous beauty and intricacy through one of his magic glasses, or when fuel is confidently dug for and found in some bleak region where his scientific eye discerned it beneath the ground, his name will be blessed with his works.

The late dinner on occasion of presenting Rowland Hill with a national testimonial, reminds us of what a work will follow him to immortality. It may be that a future generation, and even our own, may become so accustomed to the blessing of cheap postage as that they may not bear freshly in mind the days when families were separated almost as by death when once gone out of their homes; the days when letters cost so much that the sons of poor clergymen, of small tradesmen, of the widow, left lonely in her poor abode, could not afford the luxury of correspondence. It may be that now that conversing by letter seems almost as easy and natural as conversing by speech, we may become less vividly sensible of the blessing given us by Rowland Hill: but the work is an immortal one; and his name is safely lodged in the history of the time.—Side by side with this name, I see in the papers the name of Captain Wemyss, M.P., with some account of the way in which he occupies himself. He has found a child trespassing in a field where pheasants were hatching, ridden after him to flog him, and given occasion to a pretty strong expression of the feeling of his neighbours. They assaulted him, and threatened and insulted him, telling him that he ought to be at his duties in Parliament, instead of watching pheasants' eggs and frightening children. The captain may justly plead his right to rear pheasants, and the injury of being assaulted and insulted by the neighbours: but a man thoughtful about his deeds will hardly wish to be remembered by those which, having pleasure for their object, cause children to offend, and excite the passions of indignant lookers-on. Nor would one wish to be remembered for the value one puts on mere amusement, even when more innocently indulged.—A rich Englishman who lives near Pau cannot be satisfied with the pleasures natural to the beautiful region at the foot of the Pyrenees; and he has astonished the Bordeaux people by having his thirteen horses and thirty couple of hounds landed at their quay from an English brig. The people assembled in multitudes to see the sight; and they will probably send down to posterity some tradition of the gentleman as the most devoted lover of pleasure of their day and neighbourhood.—Somewhat different was the taste in pleasure of a certain humble governess whom I have heard of, whose name was Jane Scott. She had a heart which was pained at seeing the toil and difficulty caused to the people of a certain district by want of access to water: and she had a heart which was pleased at the exertion of working hard and denying herself the expenditure of her own earnings for her own purposes. She laid by enough of her hard earnings to bequeath to the neighbourhood a pump, with a shed over it, for shelter for the women who came to draw. The grateful neighbours have added to the pump the best and greatest ornament it could have—the inscribed name of Jane Scott.—Some papers before me prove that among the worst consequences of seasons of distress among the workpeople is this; that men who are selfish discover on how little their wives and children can live, and thenceforward compel their wives to make that sum do, spending all the rest on their own indulgence. When I think of the childishness of the idle gentleman in his gambling and hunting pleasures abroad, and of the selfish working man over his pipe and can, or laying bets, or lounging away his Mondays, how sweet in comparison is the savour of the works of Jane Scott, or of the Wiltshire good-wife, who now stands immortalised in stone, on the top of a pillar, with her basket of eggs on her arm. This good-wife had to go to market by a dreadfully miry way. She worked and saved, and left money to pave this miry way, for the benefit of those who came after her. There was some money left over; and it accumulated, so that the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was a trustee, was perplexed what to do with it. He and others who honoured the woman's deed, subscribed a sufficient increase to erect the pillar and statue I have mentioned. There she stands, silently inciting the wayfarer to deeds of that virtue that they can never die.

II. The season is an extraordinary one. The heat—the amount of continuous sunshine—has been far beyond the average of our summers. This heat brings on, as a natural consequence, violent tempests, and explosions of thunder and lightning such as are seldom witnessed in this country. All the while, the crops are advancing beautifully—first, by the heat which happily succeeded the profuse rains of last year and the early spring of this; and then, by the passing rains attending the summer storms. Here and there, trees are shivered, cattle killed, stacks set on fire, men struck dead; and some people are trembling at the unusual number of accidents from this cause. But let them look at the amount of life and plenty which is maturing by the means which inflict this isolated death and loss. It is a conspicuous instance of the ordinary course of Providence—this large and silent growth of immeasurable good, attended by startling tokens which may keep our minds awake and vigilant. A multitude of human lives may be said to be growing in the fruitful fields, while but one here and there is cut off. Plenty is showering down into a nation's lap, while only a handful here and there is destroyed. Such is the proportion of God's gifts and men's privations—and who will say that the disasters themselves have not a surpassing value as keeping men's eyes open to the dealings of God with the life of man?

III. A surgeon of the University of Padua proposed to the government of Austria, a year ago, a method of strangulation of criminals, by which some of the torture of the old process is saved to people who are executed. "This new method," we are told, "chiefly consists of a mechanism which, when the criminal is fastened to the gibbet, draws him violently by the feet and the head, occasions the dislocation of the vertebral column on the level of the neck; and thus occasions instantaneous death. This method, after being tried for one year, has just been definitively adopted in the Lombardo Venetian kingdom; and the surgeon who invented it has accepted the 'honourable' office of 'director of executions,' over which he will be bound to preside, in order to superintend the application of his plan." We may leave this surgeon to his office and its rewards, only observing that here is an instance of art applied to purposes of destruction, and therefore destined to a short existence. The man and his invention will go down together to infamy or oblivion as soon as may be.—Contrasted with this—in immediate and most cheering contrast—are records of new science applied to saving purposes. The accounts are very abundant; but I will give a few instances as briefly as I can. The great chemists of our time are making researches into electricity, and other kindred subjects, and are discovering new substances and new powers which have hitherto been known only by their effects, if at all. Among these, is one which has not yet received a permanent name—a something which streams out from the magnet, from crystals, and other substances; and most certainly from the human hand. We have all heard of the electrical eel, the fish which gives an electric shock when touched. There has been discovered in the human hand, by an Italian physician, a structure resembling the apparatus by which this fish gives its electric strokes. The electricity, or whatever it be, which is given out by the human hand, and which appears to exist also in the breath, and to issue from the eye, is found to produce curious, and most beneficial effects on the human frame to which it is applied, with any knowledge or skill. The instances of relief and cure of disease by it are innumerable; but I cannot speak of them now. The papers before me detail several cases where this Vital Magnetism (as some call it) has spared the patient all pain under severe surgical operations. The influence throws the patient into a sleep, in which he feels no pain; and when he awakes, he is quite unaware of what has been done. A girl of seventeen, whose foot was diseased, had it amputated at Cherbourg, last autumn; and the medical men present declare that she slept quietly on through it all, though the operation lasted half an hour, and knew nothing about it when she awoke. A young man of the same town underwent a longer and more severe operation on the 27th of May last, without feeling anything, and only guessed by the bandages about his neck and head when he awoke, that the thing had been done. There are more such cases in our own country than I have room to mention; and Dr. Esdaile of Calcutta has published a book, relating seventy-three cases in his own practice of surgical operations performed without pain to the patient. By being spared this pain, the patients recover with extraordinary regularity and speed. What a blessing is such an application of new science! The discovery is however not new, though now becoming clearer than ever before. It explains a good many things which every body knew to be true, and nobody could account for. Every body knows how curious is the gipsy power of charming unbroken horses; and most have heard of Sullivan, the horse-charmer, who went by the name of the Whisperer, from his appearing to subdue the animal by whispering in his ear. The grandson of this man is now a horsebreaker at Sydney, in New South Wales, where he produces the most extraordinary effects on wild colts taken from the bush, making them as subject to him in twenty-four hours as any trained dog. This art was thought to be a sort of magic till a clever American found out, in the far west of that continent, how it was done. He observed that the Indians, when they had killed buffaloes, and wished to carry off the buffalo-calves, breathed in the nostrils or ears of these wild creatures; after which the very wildest would quietly follow them wherever they went. This breathing into the nostrils or ear has since been extensively tried on vicious or unbroken horses; and it succeeds so perfectly as to leave no doubt that this was Sullivan's charm. This is doubtless owing to the presence, in the breath, of the same vital magnetism which throws sufferers into a sleep under the surgeon's hands, and procures relief from pain and disease in innumerable other cases. We must hope that the saving application of this piece of new science will go on steadily now that so much is known about it, and that diligence will be used in extending the discovery. It was a great day for the world when terrestrial magnetism was discovered, and the mariners' compass, though it looked like a piece of magic, came into use; and a multitude of other extraordinary things, up to the electrical telegraph of our own day. But this discovery of vital magnetism, with its wonderful powers over the human frame, promises greater blessings still, if searched into by the wise, and used by the experienced. There is good promise that it will be so. On occasion of Prince Albert's laying the first stone of the new laboratory of the Royal College of Chemistry, last month, much was said by several speakers, of the duty and privilege of a free and

fearless research into science, and of the blessings to be hoped from the advance of scientific discovery. And, as for the medical profession, they cannot but be led by such disclosures as Dr. Esdaile's to inquire into the methods of saving pain, so successfully employed by him in such a number of cases as seventy-three. Dr. Elliotson made an appeal to them, the other day, to this effect, at the close of an address which he delivered at the Royal College of Physicians, on the subject of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood. He showed how the greatest discoveries about the human frame have been first laughed at, then wondered at, and at last found to be true; and he invited the profession to study the subject to the bottom. It is to be hoped, in the name of wisdom and humanity, that they will do so. Dr. Elliotson was listened to with the deepest attention, and long and loudly cheered when he had done. Truly, he and the surgeon at Padua appear to be at opposite ends of the profession—the one using his art to destroy, and the other his science to save.

## ART IN SPITALFIELDS.

### A TALE.

By Eliza Meteyard, Author of "Struggles for Fame."

*(Concluded from page 42.)*

Sarah wept not many tears; it would have been unnatural if she had; though the acknowledgment of her patience and her truth, even at the last, redeemed and softened the memory of past evil. And now that the mission of life seemed placed before her, all thoughts were with the earnest hope to help the knowledge-seeking; all thoughts were with the wish for ability to raise the class around her in moral feeling; and, best of all, the hope and wish, that still keeping in her own humble sphere, she might prove its hearty teacher, and not its false scorner.

The old man's funded property was found to exceed the sum he had stated. In the house were rooms filled with hoarded and unredeemed pledges; these upon being sold realised more than three hundred pounds. This sum Sarah placed in the hands of a confidential person, whom she employed to procure a sufficient number of casts from the antique, whilst at the same time she purchased a cottage and a few roods of ground in a secluded spot between Highgate and Hampstead, and had the latter prepared for a choice flower-garden, by one accustomed to horticulture and landscape-gardening. These two expenditures were kept as secret as possible. A dilapidated house that belonged to her in the rear of her own was soon after placed in repair, and opened as an infant school in the morning, and in the evening for the instruction of adults in the common rudimental portion of drawing. To find teachers was the chief difficulty in this commencement; and Sarah soon perceived, that for any higher purposes that should materially serve design, she must do the taskwork of example; for mankind willingly follow—it is only the few that have heroism to lead the way.

These schools were matter for speculation in the neighbourhood. The good they might or might not do was canvassed amongst the poor; their propriety amongst rich; some even thought remonstrance needful, on the point of too much enlightenment to popular ignorance; but Sarah was now absent from the cavil of either praise or blame, and all that could be learnt by the curious from Restieaux, who managed the business, was, that she had gone to Germany to see her sister.

Sarah travelled from Hamburgh to Berlin to find there only some of Hausen's relatives; he and Kitty having removed some years before to a town in Saxony, where he had settled as a manufacturer. She travelled onward, and arrived one evening in the town. As Hausen was now a substantial burgher, his house was easy to find, and as she stood upon its threshold her ear was greeted with vocal and instrumental music. Knocking, but unanswered, she entered and saw before her a large room, warmed by a bright English fire, and beside it she at once recognised Kitty, now grown into a comely matron, seated at a piano, whilst Hausen, now looking gray and old, stood beside her with that same violin he had so often played in Spitalfields. But more observant was Sarah of those seven little German children grouped around, singing away with happy faces, that brought back old memories and countenances of the dead. She waited till the song was over, and then stood amidst the group unrecognised till she spoke. Oh! this was a happy night to Sarah—happy because Kitty was in health and prosperity, and there lay no bar of duty to hinder her inflexible resolve. Kitty could not speak a word of English now; but the heart's emotions want not words to express them, when true contrition for past error is their prolific source, and Kitty's tears were those that asked forgiveness. Once alone round the cheerful fire with Hausen and his wife, Sarah drew from her bosom notes upon a Hamburgh bank for Kitty's transferred portion of ten thousand pounds, and from a little paper she showed memoranda of every pound expended and realised since the old man's death! Might not Hausen now comprehend a natural nobleness that had no stain or selfishness of earth upon it? All Sarah said to reiterated thanks was—"Justice, Kitty; common justice!" The triumph of right is always a sure, as it is a proud one; and the scorners of the earth should take to heart, that it is not the box, *but* the jewel within it, that shows fairest in the light of heaven!

Sarah did not stay long with the Hausens, though she visited in their company Dresden and Munich. Rich with a series of botanical drawings, which Hausen had drawn and accumulated during rambles through Saxon Switzerland and the Black Forest, she bid her relations a last farewell, and returned to Berlin, to the house of Hausen's brother, who was a lecturer upon botany and mechanical drawing in the *Gewerb Institut*. With this person she remained a year, studying with him during his leisure hours, and learning the method of tuition pursued in those branches of art that might best influence textile designs in the hand-looms of Spitalfields. In the vast iron-foundries of Berlin, in its galleries, in its botanical gardens, this earnest worker saw and observed, not so much to copy servilely, as to influence and educate the eye by new combinations of the beauty of form. So, too, in the glory of higher art, to which the lower branches but lead and are relative, she could see that the result of all perfected genius owed as much to *labour* as to ability, and was not, as genius is fancied to be, a mere thing of inspiration. Did Shakspeare write without the travail of thought? Could that immortal "Adoration of the Magi" have been accomplished without rudimental lines, and painful ones? Think of this, oh, ye workers! as

ye grow impatient to pay this necessary earnest for truth in words or works.

With an introduction to one of its most enterprising manufacturers, Sarah went to Lyons; and this visit proved, perhaps, the most beneficial one. Here she saw *design applied*, and with the result of still retaining the old opinion, that the pattern once in the loom, the superiority of the Lyonnese ended. But in design, the comparison was the pigmy to the giant. Not that in principle I am for the unconditional fostering of art by either governments municipal or provisional; as lacking the vital spirit of individual enterprise, it is apt to degenerate into lifeless mannerism. But still, to raise taste to universality and maturity from an infantile state; to give means of progress to original talent; to raise that higher class of artisans—which England eventually will do in her Coventry, her Spitalfields, her Norwich, her Manchester—who shall consider it no degradation to design a matchless pattern for the loom, and send forth a cartoon, as it were, for the world's eye, on their unrivalled fabrics, rather than paint vulgar likenesses, or daub indifferent landscapes, with no higher ambition than of being an R.A., Art-schools, free to all classes, must—for them to be at first sufficiently influencing on the public mind—be either countenanced and assisted by the state, or, which is likely and nobler still, grow forth from the mighty omnipotent Combination of the People. Here, in Lyons, because all were taught all were interested, and all assisted in the perfection of design and colour; and by that law of nature which so often reproduces the *imitative* faculties (I by no means say the mental) in a higher degree in the child than in the parent, cultivation grew from type to higher type. And yet this quick perception of combination of colour was no peculiar gift to the French weaver alone! The same thing existed in Spitalfields, though in a modified extent: for as Sarah Chapman knew, and I have seen, a weaver or the higher-classed dyer will at any time distinguish a most minute variety of shade in colour, which an unpractised eye would be unable to distinguish even with powerful lenses. As cause from effect, the recognition begets the eye's delight. The wife of a weaver of Spitalfields or Norwich in her holiday attire, however humble that may be, is sure to contrast beautifully blended hues; thus bearing out the metaphysic principle, that beauty is a source of pleasure, and *becomes a necessity in degree with the progress of the mind.*

Another source of true design was, that the Lyonnese artisan still made pursuit of taste a portion of his recreation; he gathered flowers and grouped them; his children were taught to do the same on holidays amidst the woods and fields; thus nature was never a caricature: the pansy copied from the garden, the rose from its stem, were recognisable in the woven fabric, and not garnished with a leaf or bud nature never grew. Showing that to nature we must ever look for the true source of design in every branch of labour towards which art ministers; whether it be weaving, decorating, founding in the common as well as the costlier metals, bookbinding, engraving, chasing, and so on, after the first few geometrical principles have been acquired.

Early in 1832 Sarah Chapman returned to England; disappointed, however, in one purpose, that of procuring a Lyonnese as a teacher in her school, though she soon afterwards met with and engaged a native of Belgium, who, thrown out of work by the failure of a lace-manufactory in Brussels, had come to London to seek employment as a blond-pattern drawer.

Welcome back again the close dirty streets of Spitalfields! So echoed the heart of Sarah. The bread cast upon the waters was found; indigent honesty proved its truth in the Restieauxs, and trade had prospered.

As two infant schools on a large scale had been by this time established in Bethnal Green and Spitalfields, she threw up her own and applied the funds to better advantage. The house at the rear of her own was approached by a quiet flagged court; the second floor, as now altered, consisting of but one very large and well-lighted room. This was whitewashed, and hung at intervals with large maps of common geometrical lines, interspersed with such outlines and studies from Holy Families and altar pictures as seemed suitable to the place. At distances were fixed brackets of antique carved oak (of which old Chapman had been a great collector and fancier), holding tall vases of common red earth, shaped after the Etruscan, to hold flowers. Across the matted floor were stools and long tables covered with green baize; the latter fitted with inkstands brought from Berlin, cast in the commonest iron, but elegant in form. This room was appropriated to the morning instruction of children above seven years of age; whilst the one in the upper story was for the use of the adult classes, to be superintended and taught by Sarah herself. This was reached by a side staircase leading from the court; and, as it was lofty, it was lighted by an extensive skylight, from the middle of which hung pendent on an iron beam a powerful reflecting lamp lighted by gas. Its walls were surrounded by the purchased casts, its tables supplied with bound folios of Sarah's and Hausen's copies from the antique, books of dried flowers, and, upon the master's and mistress's desks, translations, in Sarah's clear manuscript, of such German works on artistic design as had been issued at the expense of the government of Prussia, or published in Munich and Berlin. In a raised recess at one end of the room were a few stuffed birds, a few good coins, some rarer specimens of wood-carving, and some hundreds of choice illustrated books upon anatomy, botany, mineralogy, ornithology, antique vases, colour as applied to design, chemistry, architecture, and the fine arts in general. The use of these costly books was restricted to the room.

The garden at the Highgate cottage was by this time most flourishing. Situated within undulating swells, and open to the south, it nursed plants of the tenderest kind into a luxuriant beauty rarely seen in England, except in the sheltered nooks of Devonshire. The plants were selected with a view to colour and form, and arranged in graceful combination. The orange lily drooped beneath the Siberian larkspur; the damask rose beneath the trumpet honeysuckle. And by and by kindly weaver-hands brought, as gifts, rare plants of carnations and pansies, from their little plots of ground in Saunderson's gardens, and cages of singing-birds to hang abroad in summer beneath the dipping thatched cottage-eaves.

The two schools were opened early in 1838, amidst much clamour and parish hubbub: many going so far as to declare that Miss Chapman, as she was now called, was a mad woman; the rich considering that it was a libel upon their old ways—good ways; and the poor grumbling that admission to the lower school, at least, was not wholly gratuitous, as twopence was the weekly morning fee, fourpence the evening. Sarah Chapman knew

enough of English character to have considered that that which John Bull doesn't pay for, that John Bull doesn't care for; though all but the wilfully blind soon saw that these fees were merely nominal, and were collected together for the monthly purchase of books.

By degrees, however, a kindlier spirit prevailed, more particularly amongst the poorer classes. Pupils increased; "those that came to scoff remained to pray," and influential manufacturers soon co-operated in Sarah's views; for, as she often said when they came to consult her, "Why should rudimental art be made such a thing of difficulty, gentlemen, when the eye is first to open, the hand to move, before either the mind reasons or speech comes; and why should not art be the basis of literature, when the knowledge of how to express a few geometrical lines would be such assistance to the artisan of every trade."

This adult school, in which Sarah and the Belgian were sole teachers, included one for young women through the afternoon, and before the opening of the night school for youths and artisans. In this last, chief attention was given to the higher branches of art, as most of the adults possessed some taste for, or had a knowledge of, drawing. Sketching from the round or from a plane surface, from the casts, from geometrical figures, from living botanical specimens, from weeds and hedge-flowers indigenous to the fields and lanes round London; these were the subjects of study, as tending to grace and originality in textile design. As the more diligent returned home to practice during their leisure hours, many were soon found capable of original design, and procured high remunerative employment, after instruction under Restieaux, of reading these patterns into the loom, or the *mise en carte*. Such females as displayed taste were instructed in the more fancy styles of drawing and grouping. In this necessary demand for flowers, the Highgate garden proved of incalculable service, as it was open to students every morning and evening, and on Sundays to those of all ages who had attended school regularly through the week.

By and by, as the benefit of all these things began to be seen, the fame of the Spitalfields' school "got wind about." Manufacturers and their artisans, from Manchester, Coventry, Leeds, came with something like doubting curiosity to see a room spread round with works of art, and more than forty youths and men busy under the superintendence of one plain, mean-looking woman, who had thus chosen to spend her money and her time.

I come to the end of my tale. In the summer of 1839 the typhus fever raged in this part of London, and amongst others attacked was Restieaux's eldest daughter. Sarah Chapman loved this worthy, faithful girl, and for two days and nights, during the worst symptoms of the fever, never left her bed. On the third night, pressing business called Sarah into Southwark. Her thoughts and heart were with the girl, and as soon as possible she hastened back, lightly clad, and forgetful of the damp and chilling dew of the night air. The result of this imprudence may be imagined; shivering, sickness, and all the worst symptoms of the fever seized her upon her return. She was carried to bed, and the best medical aid procured. But mind and body had been overwrought; at twelve that night she was delirious, and never again regaining speech or reason, died next evening, leaving desolation and despair behind; it seemed as if the heart of Spitalfields lay cold and senseless with her.

As no will was found, and the application made to Hausen was answered by the authorities of the town in Saxony, stating he was dead, and his wife and family removed; the school struggled on but for a few months; as the heir-at-law might any hour appear, and parties in this case were unwilling to give credit, or become in any way responsible. The only honourable course, therefore, left for Restieaux, was to sell the houses and furniture, and invest the proceeds for the benefit of such heirs as might appear. This was done; and only reserving a few of poor Sarah's drawings and translations, Restieaux returned back to his loom, a wiser man, if a sadder one.

And yet the good has died not. The best epitaph that man could write is in that name: a household-whispered word in pauper rooms, and treasured in the heart of many an artisan, who raises English textile art by skilful hand and unerring eye: and as the fruits of all virtue and endeavour live beyond poor human perishable dust, so humble hands deck with pansies and carnations, and humble hearts weep redeeming tears, beside a narrow grave-yard stone, on which is is simply cut, "Sarah Chapman of Spitalfields."

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## AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—AUGUST.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

*Astronomical Phenomena*:—

Sun rises at 25 min. past 4 on the 1st, and sets at 47 min. past 7; and on the 31st rises at 12 min. past 5, and sets at 48 min. past 6.

Moon rises at 14 min. past 2 on the 1st, and sets at 26 min. past 11; and on the 31st rises at 5 min. past 3, and sets at 56 min. past 11.

——'s Changes.—Full on the 7th, at 6 in the morn. Last quarter on the 13th, at 51 min. past 10 in the afternoon. New moon on the 21st, at 25 min. past 11 in the afternoon. First quarter on the 29th, at 19 min. past 10 in the afternoon.

Mercury, which is an evening star at the beginning, becomes invisible towards the end of the month.

Venus a morning star throughout the month.

Mars an evening star till near the end of the month.

About the 10th the periodical phenomena of meteors and falling stars may be looked for.

*Weather.*—Mean temperature, 61 deg. 6 min; highest, 82 deg.; lowest, 41 deg.

1, Saturday.—*Lammas Day.* We find from ancient authority that Lammas Day was the usual nominal one on which harvest commences. The same groups of sunburnt peasants who made the hay-fields picturesque last month, are busy in the corn-fields this. The scythe cuts down the yellow barley; the graceful oats, with their light and rustling heads, shortly follow; and the important wheat-crop, is commenced. The whole hamlet pours forth to the harvest-field. In Kent woman follow the steps of the reapers, and bind the sheafs into their bosoms, while decrepit age and child-

hood glean the strewed ears, that from the earliest times have been left to the widow and the stranger. It is to be regretted that the selfishness of man should break in upon this time-hallowed privilege, but since the scythe has superseded the sickle (in Essex), it has become the custom to go over the field again, and rake it before the gleaners are admitted.

*Biography.*—Savage, the poet, buried by charity in the church-yard of St. Peter's. It is the first gravestone you step on in passing from the church to the graveyard; and I was informed by the sexton in the summer of last year, that but a short time previously, a gentleman had obtained permission to have the stone (which is without inscription) raised, in order to assure himself of its identity, when the name appeared on the breast-plate of the coffin.

*Events.*—Columbus lands upon the continent of the two Americas, at the Point Arenal, Wednesday, 1498.

Annual licence to be taken out by hawkers and pedlars.

2, Sunday.—8th after Trinity. Proper Lessons for the morning service—1 Kings xiii., John xxi.; evening service, 1 Kings xvii., Heb. v. Tiger-lily, *Lilium tigrinum* (St. Alfridas' flower), blows. Immense flocks of young starlings are now on the wing.

*Biography.*—Gainsborough, the painter, and pupil of nature, died, 1788. He was born in Suffolk, at Sudbury, of humble parents, and used to pass his mornings in the woods, sketching old trees, groups of cattle, shepherds with sheep, streams, &c.

*Events.*—On this day and on the 9th (the two first Sundays), borough and county lists to be affixed to church doors.

3, Monday.—The alleged discovery of St. Stephen's relics, A. D. 415. This primal martyr sealed his mission with his blood, in the year of the crucifixion, at Jerusalem.

*Biography.*—Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of spinning jennies, died, 1792.

*Fair.*—Daventry; horses, cattle, and sheep.

4, Tuesday.—The beautiful little blue butterfly is now full of life and activity, and disports himself most on sunburnt downs, and in warm lanes in chalky places, where the delicate harebell and sweet-scented, pink-flowering convolvulus abound.

*Biography.*—Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, born, 1792; drowned, by the oversetting of a boat, August 8th, 1822. It has been the fate of this great genius to be much maligned and little understood. Cast out while yet a youth from friends, fortune, and society—the errors of the boy relentlessly visited on the man—he suffered wrongs that would have warped a less noble nature into misanthropy; but the generosity of his great mind prevailed over every narrower sentiment, and enabled him to exclaim—"Let scorn be not repaid with scorn!"

*Events.*—1843, a society formed to suppress duelling.

*Fair.*—Brunswick; manufactured goods.

5, Wednesday.—*Old St. James's day* legalises the eating of oysters.

Egyptian water-lily, dedicated to St. Mary ad Nives, blows. The large white convolvulus still twines its dark green leaves and snowy flowers in the hedges in moist places.

6, Thursday.—Transfiguration of our Lord. Meadow-saffron begins to flower.

*Biography.*—The anniversary of Ben Jonson's death, 1637. His tomb in Westminster Abbey bears the quaint inscription—"O! Rare Ben Jonson!"

*Events.*—Imprisonment for debt abolished in 1844.—The Burns' Festival, at which the sons of the poet were present, celebrated at Ayr, 1844.

7, Friday,—*St. Cajetan.* Common amaranth dedicated in old calendars to this worthy.—Thunder-storms are of frequent occurrence. The ancients regarded lightning as a manifest sign of divine wrath, and whatever was struck by it as separated from human uses—where the corpse of a person so slain fell, there it remained, and with everything pertaining to it was covered with earth and circled by a rail or mound.

*Fair.*—Barnard Castle; wool.

8, Saturday, being the anniversary of *St. Hormisdas* and others, martyrs of the Catholic church—in those days when "each flower was like a written book," Love lies bleeding, became appropriately sacred to them.

*Biography.*—George Canning, the celebrated orator and statesman, died, 1827.

9, Sunday.—9th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—1 Kings, xiii., Acts xvii.; evening service—1 Kings, xix., Heb. 12.—*St. Romanus.*—Ragweed and *zinnia multiflora* fully blown.

*Event.*—Accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, 1830.

10, Monday.—*St. Lawrence* suffered martyrdom under the Roman emperor Valerian, being broiled to death on a gridiron. Common balsam dedicated to him. Sunflower, *helianthus annuus*, flowers abundantly.

*Events*—Greenwich Observatory founded. 1675.

*Fair.*—Doncaster; wool.

11, Tuesday.—Dog-days end. The Royal Victoria Yacht Club opens at Ryde, and will be continued on the two following days. The country already assumes an autumnal aspect; stubble fields appear where the yellow barley so lately waved, and in early seasons oats are by this time carried—an undergrowth of clover (which is generally sown with them for a future crop) usurping their place, and pleasingly contrasting its fresh greenness with the ploughed land, and the blackened bean haulm, which is not yet harvested.

12, Wednesday.—*St. Clare.* Great sow-thistle dedicated to her. Shooting commences on the moors.

*Events.*—Domestic slavery abolished in Ceylon, 1816. Till near the end of the 14th century, male and female slaves were commonly sold at English fairs; and one could fancy the statute fairs of our own time, as at Romford and elsewhere, where servants of both sexes offer themselves to hire, a remnant of this practice.

13, Thursday.—*St. Radigundes.* Marsh and mountain groundsel fully blown, and in the garden nearly all the æstival plants in flower.

*Event.*—The new poor law passed, 1834.

14, Friday.—*St. Eusebii.* Ragweed and hoary fleabane in full flower.

*Event.*—The art of printing discovered at

Haerlem, 1437, by Laurentius Coster, keeper of the cathedral. "And God said, let there be light, and there was light!"

15, SATURDAY.—*Assumption of the Virgin.* The festival instituted 813. Virgin's-bower, *clematis vitalba;* our lady's traces, *ophrys spiralis;* and purple virgin's-bower, *clematis integrifolia,* in full blossom.

16, SUNDAY.—10th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—1 Kings, xxi., Acts xiv.; evening service — 1 Kings, xxii.. 1 Peter i.

*Fair.*—That of Falaise, which lasts fifteen days, established by William the Conqueror, commences.

17, MONDAY. — *St. Mamas.* Toad-flax fully blown, and square-stalked winter cherry, *physalis angulata;* the heavy dews and occasional showers renew the sunburnt grass lands, and produce new leaves on the oak and elm; here and there a solitary bunch of honeysuckle still remains in the hedges; and when the leaves of the briony are all, or nearly, gone, its beautiful scarlet berries, regularly set in clusters of three or four, continue to adorn the slender stem, and festoon the branches which supported it.

*Fair.*—Cassel; manufactured goods.

18, TUESDAY.—*St. Helen, Empress.* Everlasting dedicated to her. These flowers, dried, will keep their form and colour a length of time; it is customary in Catholic countries, and in some places in our own, to make wreaths of them and lay them on the graves of the loved, at once a type of the soul's immortality and the endurance of earthly affection.

*Biography.*—Dryden made poet-laureate, 1671; born August 9, 1631, in Northamptonshire; died May 1, 1701. Few writers have exhibited a greater command of language; but though his plays abound with sonorous verse and splendid declamation, wanting true passion they fail to touch the heart: his mastery of expression is the secret of his strength.

19, WEDNESDAY.—*St. Timothy.* Herb Timothy and golden rod, *Solidago virgaurea,* in full flower. Limes and weeping willow begin to shed their leaves.

*Biography.*—The poet Bloomfield died, 1823, at Shefford, Bedfordshire, the victim of hypochondria, brought on by disappointment and want.

20, THURSDAY.—*St. Bernard.* Autumnal dandelion blows; several varieties of *agaricus integer,* the red kind of which is one of the handsomest fungusses we have, are now found.

*Event.*—Last day for leaving with overseers objections to county electors.

21, FRIDAY.—In early seasons hops are gathered towards the end of the month,—an operation as important with us as vine gathering on the continent, and almost as picturesque, both from the situations of the hop gardens and the groups of men, women, and children employed in them. The appearance of the poles covered with dark green bind, and bunches of scaly flowers of a silver hue, is very beautiful.

*Fairs.*—Horncastle and Rugby; horses, and sheep and cattle.

22, SATURDAY.—Green-gage and Orleans plums ripe. Large dragon-flies numerous.

*Event.*—1826, a chancery suit in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, which had lasted 50 years, ended with consent of both parties!

23, SUNDAY.—11th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—2 Kings v., Acts xxi.; evening service—2 Kings ix., 2 Peter, iii. Tansey and sea star-wort, *aster trifolium,* dedicated to St. Ebba.

*Event.*—American War declared, 1775

24, MONDAY.—*St. Bartholomew.* Sunflowers, or star of Bartholomew, numerous. The festival so called instituted, 1130.

*Fair.* — Frankfort-on-the-Maine; government securities of all countries, manufactured goods, &c.

25, TUESDAY.—*St. Louis* of France. Perennial sunflower in full blow.

*Biography.*—James Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, died, 1819. It was finely said of him, by Lord Brougham, that he needed no monument to become immortal, since his name would last as long as the power which he has subjected to the use of man.

*Events.*—Last day for service of objections on electors in counties on their tenants, and for service on overseers of objections to borough electors; also the last day to claim as borough elector.

26, WEDNESDAY.—Banded amarythis, sacred to St. Zephrinus, in full flower.

27, THURSDAY.—*St. Sabina.*

*Biography.*—The anniversary of the death of James Thomson, the author of the *Seasons.* The companionship of this beautiful pastoral gives a new charm to our acquaintance with nature, and exhibits a hundred beauties unseen by any but a poet's eye. He died in 1748, and was buried in Richmond church.

28, FRIDAY.—*St. Augustine.* Golden rod sacred to him. Blackberries, *rubus fruticosus,* begin to ripen.

*Event.*—Robespierre, the French revolutionist, born 1759—guillotined 1794.

29, SATURDAY.—*Decollation of St. John,* the festival instituted, 488: yellow holyhock dedicated to him. Towards evening, in the bottoms of valleys and in marshy places, the white fog is seen rising and rolling like a sudden inundation; barns, trees, and cattle appear as if surrounded with grey water, and a stranger to the phenomenon would have difficulty in conceiving it otherwise.

*Event.*—Overseers of parishes and townships to send lists of electors and lists of objections to the clerk of the peace for the county, or to the town-clerk in cities or boroughs.

30, SUNDAY.—12th Sunday after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service—2 Kings, x., Acts xxviii.; evening service—2 Kings, xviii., Jude. Guernsey lily, sacred to St. Rosa, fully flowers.

*Fair.*—Spalding; horses.

31, MONDAY.—*St. Isabel.*—Autumnal pheasant's eye, *adonis autumnalus,* flowers again in our gardens.

*Biography.*—John Bunyan born at Elstow in Bedfordshire, 1628; died in London, 1688.

*Event.*—All taxes and rates, payable on the 1st of March, must be paid on or before this day by persons claiming to be enrolled as burgesses under the new municipal corporation acts.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, July 25, 1846.*

*The Temperance Movement.*—The Tee-total Festivals usual at this season of the year are passing off with unexampled success, and afford undeniable proof that the abstinence cause contributes largely to the rational pleasures of the working classes. We select a few instances from among many others of a similar character. The Temperance Society of Leeds celebrated its sixth annual gala on Whit-Tuesday, in the Zoological Gardens, Headingley. About 30,000 persons were admitted into the gardens, from whom was received 421*l.* 6*s.* About 1,500 persons took tea, from whom was received about 50*l.*, and the amount received for the various provisions was 90*l.* Various recreations were provided. Balloons ascended during the evening, and the whole concluded with a display of fireworks. The weather was delightful, and the whole of the proceedings passed off well. These details are interesting and important, as showing the improved popular taste in contrast with that of but a few years ago.—On Whit-Tuesday, the annual festival of the Bristol Total Abstinence Society was celebrated in the Zoological Gardens, Durdham Down, and was attended by about 16,000 persons. Tents for refreshment, and various gymnastic exercises, were provided. At three o'clock a public meeting was held in a part of the garden where a temporary hustings had been erected. The company afterwards retired for tea, and at six o'clock another meeting was held. We have learned from good authority, that, but for the large support afforded to the British Zoological Gardens by the Tee-total annual festivals, those delightful grounds would ere this have been closed—the receipts upon ordinary occasions not covering the expenses. Upon this occasion the Zoological Society received about 200*l.*—The Temperance Gala took place at Bradford, Yorkshire, on Whit-Monday and Tuesday, in Maningham Park. It is computed that about 15,000 persons were present during the two days, though threepence each person was charged for admission. The receipts on the first day were 92*l.*, on the second 83*l.*; for refreshments 66*l.* It is said that the funds of the society will be benefited to the amount of 150*l.* At each of these festivals the greatest order prevailed; not the slightest riot or confusion occurred to mar the pleasures of the people who had gathered in such immense numbers—such are the advantages of true sobriety. —The celebrated Dr Grindrod, after recruiting his health in the Channel Islands, resumed his arduous labours at Southampton, on Monday the 15th July. This lecture excited great interest, and was productive of much good. —All matters of minor import are now absorbed in anticipation of the World's Temperance Convention, which is to assemble in London on the 4th of August, and will continue its sittings during the week. 500 or 600 delegates are expected to attend—many of them from distant parts of the world. Such an interchange of thought and communion of soul must be productive of vast benefit—and intemperance may expect to receive a vital blow from this assembling of the great and good, each of whom will return to their homes with hearts burning with an increased fervour—infusing new life into the movement, and crowning its onward march with the trophies of glorious victory.—Robert Kemp Philp.

*Leeds Redemption Society.*—This society held its third quarterly meeting at its rooms, Austin's Temperance Coffee-house, Briggate, Leeds, on the 6th. A great amount of business was gone through, and it was found that the society was making good progress, not only in Leeds, but in many parts of the kingdom. A vote of thanks to Mr. William Howitt was passed, for his able letters to the working men of England, published in the *People's Journal.* After that the following address to the people was determined upon, which it is hoped will be read by all with interest:—

"Brethren—We informed you in our last address that we had started the Redemption Society for co-operative purposes, that we collected every week from our members and donors their small contributions, that we had from three to four hundred subscribers, that this money was invested in the savings'-bank, that when it was sufficient we intended to purchase an estate near Leeds, and on this estate to commence such manufactures as seemed best to the society, that the labourers should be selected by election from the members and donors, that the society was enrolled, and that it was so organised that fraud with impunity was impossible, that many respectable men of various classes and creeds had joined and encouraged us. We are glad, after another quarter's exertions, further to inform you that since that time we have made many important converts; that we have now members and donors in various parts of the kingdom, and that we have found that the middle classes are willing to join their brethren of the labouring classes in this great cause. The last quarter has added much strength to our position, and we begin to feel the inert mass of apathy and prejudice giving way. We cannot here pass over in silence the eminent services that William Howitt has rendered to this good work; the *eclat* of success furnishes thousands of eager supporters to a cause, and yet to how few of these thousands is due the glory of having proclaimed it in its nonage.

"The success of our experiment is a mere matter of time, and that depends upon the people. Had all done as our members and donors have done since we began, two millions of money would have been in our coffers; and yet there is not one of our subscribers who has complained of the burthen—the sums are not felt; and what vast sums have been spent in the meantime in frivolities, and nothing gained, nothing to see left—sums recklessly thrown away. There is no hesitation when our passions are to be gratified; pain and penury are purchased with a willing hand. Men of England! when will you thus purchase happiness and virtue? You fear that your money will be lost or misspent—an idle fear in respect of enrolled societies—but is it not so already, or worse than so? How many of you purchase strife and misery at four or five shillings per week? and do you think two or three pence is too much to give for peace, happiness, and independence? You doubt of getting all these blessings for these sums, and you doubt also of getting your wretchedness for the shillings; but it comes, and so certainly will you achieve happiness by your pence. You are laborious for others; be so for yourselves. You have put confidence in many parties; for once have confidence in yourselves. Your toil has enriched your country; let it now enrich yourselves. The Redemption Society calls upon you to exert yourselves to make it early successful. It is determined to succeed; it will never take up a position until it has means to command it; it will wait until there are sufficient funds to carry out with vigour whatever it may undertake; it will not sacrifice its independence by a system of credit; it will be beholden to none but the people. This will cause it to be respected; and it will arm its commands with power, and will be the great bond of union in all its operation. We call upon you to aid this good work, not by great pecuniary sacrifices, but by your *myriads* of small contributions; and when you behold the pyramid of your emancipation becoming mighty before you, your pence will become shillings, and your power will become manifest. We call upon you to forward this cause, not with an expectation of reaping salaries as secretaries, &c., but for the noble purpose of raising your class. All officers of this society not only labour gratuitously, but pay their quota as well: that man is greatest amongst us who labours hardest and pays the most (we had almost said, 'and says the least'). We call upon all classes of men to aid us, as all must gain by the success of our scheme What man is there amongst the wealthy who can say that he delights to see his fellow-creatures in poverty and ignorance? Do not the thousand benevolent institutions proclaim the ardent desire of the rich to alleviate or remove poverty out of the world. Man loves his fellow-man; and his charities prove the amiable desire for a just and reasonable social equality—as we are all happiest in the society of our equals. To extend this equality is but to extend the general happiness. The varieties of mental and physical endowment which God has given us can never be obliterated—nor should they; talent will ever command the applause of man, and virtue his esteem. When we tell you, working men of England,

that the success of this cause will free you not only from poverty and all its consequences, but from the very fear of it—that its success shall surround you with a reasonable abundance of all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, which you cannot hope for under any other system—that your children shall be educated in a very superior manner to anything you can aspire to now—that knowledge, which is power, shall clothe your myriads with its might, that it shall make you reasonable, just, and omnipotent: when we promise you all this by the success of our scheme, is there not sufficient motive to induce you to use your utmost exertions. We show you that you can accomplish this with means far short of what you now waste in follies; that you have the power, and that you do even now use it to your disadvantage. Can it be creditable that you will refuse to purchase this glorious redemption with the pence that now brings you naught but social atrophy. Men of England! the way is open; will you walk in it? The high and the wealthy of the land will hail your approach to the ranks of refinement; you will everywhere find help, when you show a disposition to help yourselves. We have promised nothing that shall not be fulfilled, if you are true to one another in this cause. Unite together, then; one good man in a town can do wonders, if actuated by a proper spirit. Communicate with the centre (Leeds), and you shall have every information for proceeding.

"In Leeds, each collector takes thirty or forty tracts, and leaves one at every house he comes at, until they are done, desiring them to read it carefully; he then calls again in a week, and gets all that are inclined to become members: they are then visited every week for their subscription. By these means our organisation is of the most perfect kind; the subscriptions never accumulate into heavy and unpayable arrears. If a donor wishes to become a member, he can signify his wish to the collector. In this way you see that a single man in any town with a handful of tracts can set the thing in motion.

"All parties wishing to join the society, or to become a collector for a town, must send particulars to Mr. David Green, 166, Briggate, enclosing one shilling and threepence, for which they will receive the laws of the society, two acts of parliament, and the tracts of the society: the postage costs sixpence, the laws sixpence, the tract one penny, the large envelope one penny, the secretary's letter one penny, making one and threepence.* Small sums of money may be sent in postage stamps, or by post-office order.

"All moneys after the first communication to be addressed to Mr. Wm. West, tailor and draper, Briggate, Leeds. Any person desirous of information in Leeds may call upon Mr. Elijah Russell, boot and shoe-maker, 162, Briggate; or David Green, Bookseller, 166, Briggate. The total cost of membership is entering as candidate, sixpence; and sixpence at the end of six months for complete membership: one shilling in all. Candidates or members pay not less than one penny per week; as much more as they can afford.

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

London Peace Society, 19, New Broad-street,
July 4, 1846.

SIR—The Secretary of the society will be obliged by your inserting the enclosed memorial on the Oregon question. It has been acknowledged by the Earl of Aberdeen.

I remain respectfully,
pro. JOHN JEFFERSON.

"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen, her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Foreign Department; and the other Right Honourable Members of her Majesty's Government:—

"The Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace have learned with peculiar satisfaction that the long pending negociation between the government of this country and that of the United States respecting the Oregon territory has been amicably adjusted.

"The Committee beg leave to offer to her Majesty's Government, and to your lordship in particular, by whose mild and forbearing policy this peaceful result has, under the divine blessing, been in a great measure secured, and the fearful horrors of War averted, their most cordial congratulations and thanks; and they venture to express their earnest hope and desire that, whether in or out of office, your individual influence will always be exerted in favour of pacific measures, and that steps will be promptly taken by the British Legislature to obtain such arrangements with other governments, by treaty or otherwise, as shall provide for the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration, and thus bring about the total abolition of the practice of war, so justly designated by your lordship, on a recent public occasion 'the greatest calamity that can befal a nation, and the greatest crime that a nation can commit.'

"Signed on behalf of the Committee,
"JOHN JEFFERSON, Secretary.
"19, New Broad-street, City, June 30th, 1846."

[To the above we may add, as evidence of the widely-spreading desire for peace in this country, that an able address to the Working Men of Great Britain and the United States has been issued by the Society of "Fraternal Democrats," showing the evils of war, and calling upon all nations to form a Holy Alliance of Peace—ED.]

* We found that the society lost by charging only one shilling for persons at a distance.

## Notices.

To prevent misconceptions likely to arise from a glimpse of the following formidable list, the editor of the *People's Journal* thinks it necessary to state that *all* contributions are carefully examined by him, but that it does not follow that all contributions declined by him are therefore considered unworthy. There are many other considerations involved, such as fitness for the journal and the time—relative merit as compared with similar contributions—amount of pressure upon our space, &c. All that we can venture to promise relative to these lists of declined is this—no paper of striking excellence shall be rejected, if we can help it.

*Contributions Declined with Thanks*:—Reason in Brutes; Alchymy of Every-day Life; The Brook's Council; Death; Song of the Plague; The Spinner of Emery; Female Education; Individual Encouragement; Lines on the Portrait of Leigh Hunt; Walter Graylock; The Earth is the Lord's; Death of the Rich and Poor; Beauties of Earth; Truth, an Allegory; Cry of the Spitalfields Weaver; Oh! Look not Back; The Little Querist; W. G. R.; S. G. Mee; Consolations for the Working Classes; The Song of the Fairy; The Poor Man's Friend; The Tear of Sympathy, and other poems; Let there be Light; A Mother's Pleasure and Pain; The Beautiful Face, &c.; Our Early days; R. H. G.; What the Hearts of the Children of Peace said, &c.; What is Life, and other poems; The Poet, Newgate, &c.; Look Abroad, &c.; The Lady Elora; On the Death of Haydon; Fallen Angel; A Bit of Prosing on an Unpoetical Subject; Conscience; Sweet were the Hours; Flowers; A Look at Life; Essay on the Organisation of the Trades; What can an Infant Do? Young Men of Every Creed; Observations on the Movement for Abridging the Hours of Labour; Stanzas to R. H. E.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE DEATH OF DENTATUS.

By B. R. Haydon.

## SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

By Harriet Martineau.

(*Completed from page 52.*)

IV. The death of Haydon, the artist, has been a great shock to society, this last month. He destroyed himself on the 22nd of June, under the pressure of extreme pecuniary distress. One is not disposed at such a time to look closely into the faults of the dead, to measure together his powers and the encouragement they received, or to speculate how easily and how long he might have lived, if he had been a man of calmer temperament, of happier temper, and more prudent self-control. At such a moment, one turns away from this kind of investigation. But there are considerations which will not be banished or distanced, when such a calamity brings them near. We cannot but ask whether a time will not come—hastened by shocks like this—when it shall not be necessary for every man, fit or unfit, to be burdened with money affairs. Some of the greatest and best men in society find money matters either a perpetual worry and burden, or a snare, or, as in this case, destruction. It is true that while our affairs proceed as they do, every man ought, as a duty of common honesty, to learn how to obtain the means of living, and how to live within the means which he obtains. It is quite true that the same temper which involves a man in discontent and difficulty and debt might and probably would ruin him in one way or other, if he were altogether set free from the consideration of daily bread. Still, alas for those by whom the offence cometh! We may say alas that such a man as Haydon should be so perplexed and lost, if a state of society could be rationally conceived of where such art as his should not be dependent on immediate reward. It remains unsettled, and may long remain so, whether Haydon's was truly the high art which he believed it, and which he lived to attain: but he could not afford to wait the settlement of the question. He lost friends, peace, and at length his life in urging on claims which should naturally have abided the solution of time. His necessities drove him to insist where otherwise he might, beguiled by the practice of his art, have been content to wait. Here was a man of noble pursuits, of temperate habits of life, of at least such power as is attested by sustained energy, of the tenderest domestic affections, and of lofty aspirations, encouraged by our social arrangements and usages to fret himself into a fever of discontent, and involve himself in perplexity and despair, till he groaned "Stretch me no longer on this rough world," laid down his courage, and fled from his post. No one can say how much better and happier he would have been if his infirmities had been spared instead of fretted: but all may conceive that his life might have been a nobler and a happier one if his energies could have been given to his art, and his temperate wants supplied by the society which would have been largely his debtor. It is his debtor now. We owe chiefly to him our possession and appreciation of the Elgin marbles—a priceless national treasure. We owe him many a noble moral and artistical conception, many lights on the eternal principles of art, and the spectacle, which could not be thrown away, of high aspiration, and energy indomitable till the fatal moment when his soul sickened and gave way. How much more we might have owed him under arrangements more suitable to natures like his we can never know till we find means to relieve every man of all but his proper business, and prove our conviction that indeed the life is more than meat and the body than raiment; that the mental life and instrumental frame of a Haydon are of more account than the lower work of social life which could be better done by other hands.

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## A WORD FOR THOMAS GRAY,

### THE AUTHOR OF THE GENERAL RAILWAY SYSTEM.

By William Howitt.

About twenty years ago Mr. Thomas Gray, then, like myself, residing in Nottingham, used to be noted for what was considered a whimsical crotchet—namely, that a general system of iron-railways might be and ought to be laid down, on which trains of carriages drawn by locomotive steam-engines should run, and thus supersede the use of coaches, and also, in a great measure, canal-boats and stage-waggons for goods. This scheme, it was said, had for years completely taken possession of and absorbed Mr. Gray's whole mind; that it was the one great and incessant subject of his thoughts and conversation; that, begin where you would, on whatever subject—the weather, the news, the political movement or event of the day—it would not be many minutes before, with Thomas Gray, you would be enveloped with steam, and listening to an harangue on the practicability and immense advantages to the nation, and to every man in it, of "A General Iron Railway." Of course, Thomas Gray was looked on as little better than a madman, a crotchetty fellow, a dreamer, and builder of Spanish castles—one of the race of discoverers of the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion. With one consent he was voted an intolerable bore. But to Thomas Gray it mattered not what they voted him, what they thought or said of him; a General Iron Railway for the kingdom was his only and enthusiastic theme. Anon, Thomas Gray and myself came in contact, and true enough he soon broke out ten thousand strong on this railway topic. Visions of railways running all over the kingdom, conveying thousands of people and hundreds of thousands of tons of goods at a good round trot; coaches and coachmen annihilated; canals grown over with duck-weed, or turned into cow-pastures; enormous fortunes made by good speculations; and people coming to dine with you from the Land's End, and going on to tea at John O'Groat's, were thrown out and talked of as sober realities that were to be.

It is wonderful what an imperceptible change comes over our ideas as things gradually grow out of nothing into reality. At that time there was no such thing as a railway running its locomotive engine and train in existence, except one carrying coals from Middleton Colliery to Leeds, some two or three miles, which it performed at the rate of three miles and a-half an hour. This was so far from being looked upon as a promise of something greater, that it was a subject of ridicule even amongst engineers. To Thomas Gray, however, it presented the idea of such possibility of extension, that his ardent mind outran public opinion, and the opinion of scientific men, and saw in it the nucleus of one grand system extending all over this kingdom—nay, all over the continent, and revolutionising the world. He was, therefore,

to everybody that came near him, a wild, visionary enthusiast. For myself, I could not avoid smiling at the extravagance of his ideas, as they then appeared. But these very ideas are now in all their essential parts made matter of every-day reality, and we have forgotten the incredulity of those times. Where is the man who, if he were told that he once ridiculed the notion of a General Iron Railway; that he ridiculed the man who did nothing but propose it, talk about it, write about it, petition Parliament for an examination into its practicability—memorialise ministers, merchants, the Post-office authorities, the Board of Trade and Agriculture, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London—who sent communications to almost every newspaper, magazine, and journal in the kingdom, besides to numerous private individuals, pressing upon their attention the magnificent results of so magnificent a scheme: where is the man, I say, who thus charged, would not now redden at the charge, and feel himself insulted egregiously? Yet to tens of thousands of sagacious men still living, the charge would nevertheless be a true one—nay, how few are there of us who could plead exception from it? Such is the wonderful legerdemain of habit by which we change with the change of circumstances, and quite forget the reality of the past. But let us endeavour for a moment to recall that past. Let us enter again into our former selves; let us imagine ourselves living without a single railway in the country; let us recall the very doubts of the success of the grand experiment of the line between Liverpool and Manchester to the last moment; let us recollect how the very idea of boring through the heart of mountains, and carrying such ponderous weights over bogs, was scouted; and finally, recall our astonishment as we saw, for the first time in our lives, a train come thundering and careering on its iron road. It is only by such an effort of memory that we now become cognisant of the vast change which has been introduced, and which we have simultaneously undergone. Thomas Gray saw all this before it existed; planned it, and recommended it by every means in his power. Repulsed by the great and learned, he was not put down; ridiculed, he was not abashed; neglected, he was not daunted; opposed, he still persevered. He omitted no scheme, he spared no exertion to convince the British nation that a new social revolution was at hand; that a new power was about to spring into existence; that a mine of wealth inconceivable, and a field of mechanic glory unrivalled, was lying at its very feet, and soliciting its acceptance. He had at this very time written a book detailing his views and his great plan, which was in its fifth edition, and about to enter its sixth. Mr. Gray presented me with the copy of this work interleaved and interlined for his sixth edition; it is now lying before me. It is entitled "OBSERVATIONS ON A GENERAL IRON RAILWAY, OR LAND STEAM CONVEYANCE; *to supersede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles: showing its vast superiority in every respect over the present pitiful methods of conveyance by turnpike-roads, canals, and coasting traders. Containing every species of Information relative to Railroads and Locomotive Engines. By* THOMAS GRAY, *the Projector. Fifth Edition* (corrected for the Sixth), *with Maps and Plates illustrative of the Plan. London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster-Row. To be had of all Booksellers.* 1825."

Thomas Gray left Nottingham for Exeter, and I soon after left for London. Often, when witnessing the rapid speed of railways at home and abroad, have I said—"Well, this realises all the speculative plans of Gray;" and have added—"No doubt he is well remunerated for laying before the nation this great scheme, and for so unweariedly urging on its adoption. No doubt he is now actively and lucratively employed in the superintendence of some important line." What then was my astonishment the other day to lay my hand on a little pamphlet in the shop of Mr. Effingham Wilson, with this title—"THE RAILWAY SYSTEM AND ITS AUTHOR, *Thomas Gray, now of Exeter.* A Letter to Sir Robert Peel, Bart., etc. By Thomas Wilson, Esq., Chev. *De L'Ordre* De Lion Neerlandais. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, 1846;" with this motto—

> I am surprised at the care which appears to be taken by all authors on railways not to mention the name of THOMAS GRAY, though some make rather free with his work. At all events, none can dispute his originality and undeviating perseverance in forwarding and bringing to public notice his favourite scheme. We may yet see the day when, like Watt, his name will be handed about as one great pillar of our commercial structure.—*Mechanic's Magazine,* May 29, 1830.

"What, then," I exclaimed, "can it be possible that Thomas Gray has been utterly neglected? That while tens of thousands have been enriching themselves by railway speculation, and millions have been enjoying railway advantages, Gray, the projector of all these advantages, Gray, the railway enthusiast, Gray, the man who before all others, and from year to year, thought, wrote, laboured for the creation of this very system—who implored the influential to adopt it, who enlightened the knowing and the selfish on the extent of its wonderful capabilities, who roused the spirit of speculation, who broke up the lethargy of the public mind, and opened at once the floodgates of science, wealth, and social luxury—that Gray, the actual enricher and elevator of the English name and power, has himself been passed by unnoticed?" I opened the pamphlet, and read that Thomas Gray was at this moment actually making a poor living at Exeter by selling glass on commission; that he has never received the slightest benefit from the expansion and establishment of the wonderful system whose glories he was the first to foresee, and the first to explain and advocate; that he had actually solicited an employment on the Liverpool and Manchester line, which he himself had recommended the commencement of as a trial of the system, and—*had been refused!* "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!" Of all the disgraceful neglects of genius, of the inventors and creators of this great country, this is perhaps the greatest. The success and the whole results of this system have been so wonderful, the opposition to it was so long and so full of ridicule; the part which this man acted was so marked, so conspicuous, and must have been so well known by *the sale of six or seven editions of his work,* that there is no excuse for this treatment; and especially since 20,000*l.* have been subscribed to testify public approbation of one man having been a fortunate speculator in the system, the position of the public is made so monstrous, that not a moment should be lost in endeavouring to wipe away this foul disgrace from our national name.

Mr. Thomas Wilson has done real service to the country in publishing this letter to Sir Robert Peel on behalf of Mr. Gray. We have had too many instances of this public fatality in neglecting its benefactors, and in forgetting those who do it honour, till it be too late. The country should know that it owes this great debt of justice to a

most meritorious man, that it may discharge it in time. His pamphlet is written with an eloquent and manly tone, and is so fittingly introduced, that we quote entire its

DEDICATION TO ALL GREAT-HEARTED GENTLEMEN.

Wide is our appeal, wide as the whole earth; for in what corner of the earth is there a spot where great-hearted gentlemen may not be found? From the highest to the lowest—from the richest to the poorest—to no rank or condition has nature denied her highest boon—the great heart. We have traversed many climes and countries, and found gentlemen of nature's making everywhere, both civilised and savage. Whether humble workman, merchant prince, cotton lord, or landlord, lord of the printing press, magnate of the great "fourth estate," or king on his throne—whether Old Englander, New Englander, or Young Englander, Frenchman, German, Spaniard, or Italian—whether wild man or tame man, Turk or Tartar—there never yet existed a *gentleman* who was not the lord of a great heart. For what means this old kindly phrase, than which the quaint John Bunyan could find none more expressive? What is it but an epitome of those high qualities of man's social nature that have won a world from the wilderness—formed an Eden out of Chaos for a portion of humanity, and yet do so for the universal human race. Faith, Trust, Generosity, Manliness, Courage, Truth—all these are virtues springing from the great heart of humanity, and heralding human progress. The brain is but the tool—the heart is the prime mover, the source of power, the wielder of mankind for permanent good; and even the rhetorician who deals only in words, pays tribute to this power in putting on its semblance the better to prevail with his audience.

To the great-hearted then do we appeal; to the great-hearted of all the world, but specially to the great-hearted men—ay, and women—of this our noble England! We appeal to them to do a great right, and undo a great wrong; we appeal to them to render justice to one who has dedicated his life to the work of human civilisation; to the first propounder of the great railway system, that will yet bring all mankind into brotherhood, and extinguish the monster War. We appeal to them to peruse this little book; and when rising from the perusal with earnest conviction, to go forth and proclaim in the Streets and Squares, Halls and Market-places, Mechanics' and Literary Institutes, at Railway Boards, and in the Great Council of the Nation, that the living gray-haired man who first propounded and set moving the marvel for mankind—this great benefactor of humanity—shall not go down to the grave steeped to the lips in poverty—leaving to future times to write his elegy and give a stone to his memory.

What great man is there living, whose greatness has not been magnified by the work of Thomas Gray? Speak, Lancashire! Speak, Blackstone-edge, classic land of the Saxon-English, birth-place of our industrial worthies, our great captains of industry, who have led forth their thousands to war against human poverty and misery! What were the great Manchester League, without the railways that make them as ubiquitous almost as their woven fabrics. What would be the boasted free trade of Sir Robert Peel but for the "Iron Railway" of Gray. What has done more for England as a defence against aggression, than even the fabled "wall of brass" of Friar Bacon? The "Iron Railway"—making our army ubiquitous; When doubting it, let them read the *Times's* strictures on French invasion and remain convinced. And as yet we see but the beginning of the end.

We ask for justice for an oppressed man; we ask for tribute to a generous benefactor, who has given all to his fellows and left himself bare. Lives there a man whose fortunes have grown by railways? Let him not walk erect while Gray starves. Lives there a woman whose gentle impulses have had full scope from railway income? Let her think on Gray, who created her wealth, living "a man forbid" even the bare comforts of life.

The friends of Thomas Gray challenge disproof of the case they have put before the world, and they will not cease from agitating this question till justice is rendered. It is incumbent on railway authorities to render this justice, or to disprove the allegations of this work.

A bust of Mr. Gray by an eminent sculptor is in preparation, and casts will be presented gratuitously to all Institutions, on application made to the publisher.

From this letter we learn that Mr. Wilson became acquainted with Thomas Gray in Brussels a few months before the Battle of Waterloo. At that time a project for making a canal to supply Holland with coal from the mineral districts of Belgium being entertained by the late King of the Netherlands, and being discussed by these gentlemen in the company of the late John Cockerill, proprietor and founder of the great establishment at Seraing, Gray took his stand at once for a railway. Mr. Wilson quitted Brussels for three years. On his return he found Gray had removed to Etterbeck, near that city, and was shut up in his room deep in the subject of the railway system. He placed in his hands his manuscript work, saying—

"Here is the main spring of the civilisation of the world; all distances shall disappear; people will come here from all parts of the continent without danger and without fatigue; the distances will be reduced one-half; companies will be formed, immense capitals paid and invested; the system shall extend over all countries; emperors, kings, and governments will be its defenders; this discovery will be put on a par with that of printing."* I returned home with my deposit, opened it, and read, with astonishment which I cannot describe, the title-page, "OBSERVATIONS ON A RAILROAD FOR THE WHOLE OF EUROPE."

The project was so astounding, and at the moment appeared to me so chimerical, that I could not help the exclamation—"The poor man is insane!" Yet in this year, 1845, we live to see it already carried out to an immense extent; and within five years more, supposing one-half only of the projected lines be executed, we shall have one almost uninterrupted line of railway communication from the pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Moskwa, to say nothing of the numerous lateral and diverging lines and branches in the various states of continental Europe, and the railway lines of Great Britain. Across the Atlantic we have the United States with their thousands of miles of railroad made, and one gigantic project proposed at this moment, for the construction of a railroad from the Western shores of Lake Erie to the navigable part of Columbia river, in the Oregon territory, a distance of 2,750 miles, and which would directly connect the Atlantic shores of the Union with the Great Pacific. Cuba has its railroads, and is going for more. Jamaica will scarcely lag behind. The two isthmuses of Panama and Suez seem, at length, on the eve of being crowned with railways. Far-off India is laying down lines for survey, resolved to draw closer the links of communication between the distant points of her extended regions. And all these wonders, with many more to come, may be truly said to be the emanation of one mind, of one man, who spent three years of profound reflection and careful calculation in maturing the principles on which this stupendous revolution was to be founded, and preparing the details by which it should be accomplished. Never during that period was he otherwise than full of enthusiastic confidence in the soundness of his theory, and the final consummation of his then apparently boundless and baseless aspirations; never in after years did the same enthusiastic confidence forsake him for one moment in the midst of every discouragement, for, with the poet,

——his undoubting mind,
Believed the magic wonders which he sung.

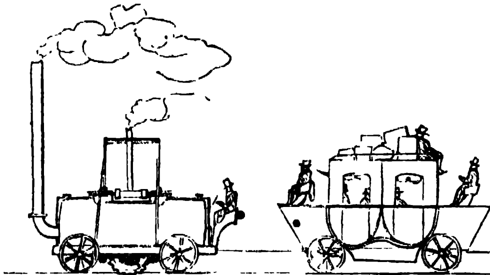
Mr. Wilson advised him to go to England, and try Manchester and Liverpool, as rich and enlightened towns. He did so, and was "mocked as a visionary when he first produced his glorious scheme, perfect in almost all its parts as it was and stands yet, or was pitied as the dupe of an ardent imagination." Nay, the *Edinburgh Review*, the great organ of the cool and calculating Scotch, in reviewing his book, treated the whole scheme as a grand farce, and declared that "the author was a madman, and ought to be put in Bedlam."

But can Mr. Gray really have been the founder of the Railway System? did he really create it? people ask in astonishment and profound ignorance of his name. Thomas Gray did found the system. Thomas Gray did create it. Not that he was employed by an enlightened government to carry out the admirable plan he had constructed: happy would it have been for the country had we then had such a government. Not that he was employed either by railway companies to do the like. On the contrary, he applied to be so employed and was refused. But Thomas Gray had already created "The General Iron Railway System." He had laid it all down in his book, with all its peculiarities and advantages. He had struck out his great lines, and there they stand at pp. xxii and xxiii of his volume—"A Map of Railway for Ireland, and one for Great Britain;" and most admirable maps they are. They comprehend that simple system of great trunk lines, with their branches, which it was the duty of this country by one enactment to have made legal, and then left to be constructed by private companies.

* Vide Thomas Gray's Petition.

Had this been done, *fifty millions of money*, besides enormous trouble to parliament and people all the country over, would have been saved. One great direct line runs from London to Edinburgh, taking in its way, and without a bend, Leicester, Nottingham, Leeds, Carlisle. Another runs to Falmouth, including Plymouth. A third to Birmingham, which there divides, one line running on to Holyhead, the other to Liverpool. A great cross line strikes, with little divergence from Holyhead, through Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, to Scarborough. A line passes from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and one from Glasgow cuts diagonally into the great London line. One to Portsmouth, one to Dover, one to Harwich, with a divergent line from the Harwich to Norwich, and short lines to Hull and Newcastle, from the main London and Edinburgh line, leave little for future wants to dictate. The great projected lines for Ireland are equally admirable. Imagine these plates engraved in March, 1822, seven years before the Manchester and Liverpool line was in existence!

Besides this general system of lines, he has facing his title-page a plate exhibiting three trains



in motion. The first is a passenger train, consisting of an engine and three carriages; the number Mr. Gray imagined an engine would comfortably take. In this picture there is much to make one smile at this time of day, but equally much to make us wonder when we reflect that this was the author's idea of what was to exist, but yet did not. The engine—of a funny construction, according to our present notions—has no tender, being intended to run a certain distance, and then to be refreshed with coke and water at a station. The carriages are like coaches placed on wooden trunk frames, having both outside and inside passengers, guards, and coachmen; the guards furnished with horns, and one coachmen actually, by the waggish engraver, with a whip. The coaches are piled with luggage and connected by iron bars; all the mysteries of springs and buffers being yet unconceived. The second train consists of a like engine and three close square carriages, I suppose for merchandise that required to be kept dry; the third of open carriages filled with packages.

At page xxiv. he gives us a plan of "A General Iron Railway;" and here we have *slides* and *turn-tables*, for the turning of carriages, and moving them from one line to another.

Thus he had supplied his system with rails, carriages, turn-tables, almost everything which actual experience has now made common. His wheels are cogged and his rails notched. He seemed to doubt the adhesive principle, or would give his engines power to ascend steep inclined planes. At this moment there is an engine exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution with a cogged wheel, as an *improvement* for ascending inclined planes. It was used by Blenkinsop in the very first locomotives which ran—those on the Middleton Colliery Railway—and may be seen here sketched in Mr. Gray's volume. This, and some peculiarities in his turn-tables, are curious.

These very turn-tables were secured by patent by some of the men who live on other people's ideas; and there was actually a law-suit between two parties for the priority of the invention—Mr. Gray having invented them and published his plate of them long before. In fact, as Mr. Wilson very justly observes—"Mr. Gray was no close, mercenary schemer, who, possessing a secret of vast magnitude and importance, sought to exact conditions and drive a hard bargain beforehand. He published his secret and discovery at once, as his railway work, and respectable publishers, Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, are there to testify. He opened his mind, and freely gave the fruits of years of incessant laborious meditation to his country at once, without chaffering or restriction. He threw himself fearlessly and confidingly on his country, to rise or fall by its verdict, as his promises and project should be realised, or otherwise."

To give an analysis of Mr. Gray's work, with suitable extracts, I am sorry to say exceeds my limits. The whole of it is a mass of facts and reasonings which, now that they are reduced to daily practice, give us a very curious sensation in the perusal. These were twenty years ago the speculations of a far-seeing man; they are now a mighty system—the most marvellous marvel of modern science. Mr. Gray opens his volume by stating that the boldness of the proposition he is going to make may strike the attention and excite the astonishment of many persons, but adds "unless there be greater obstacles besides levelling the whole line of road required, raising archways over many valleys, and bridges to pass the rivers, I cannot conceive why it has not been undertaken many years ago." He points out the advantage of consolidating the various branches of conveyance into one, and with the expense of one establishment attracting the revenue of all; that is, of waggons, canals, and coaches. He states the enormous cruelty to horses in coaching, and the enormous waste of life in these noble animals through it. That Waterhouse, of the Swan-with-two-Necks, kept 400; Horne, at Charing-cross, 400, and Eames, in Fetter-lane, 300 horses for this purpose; which were, on an average, worn out in three years. He shows that on great roads coaches were tolled alone at the rate of 1,000*l.* per mile in the aggregate. That a ton of heavy goods from London to Liverpool cost in carriage 12*l.* by waggon, and were delivered on the sixth day; by canal, 4*l.*, and were delivered on the eighth, twelfth, or sixteenth day. These can now be delivered in a day, and for less than a pound per ton! Coals, he foresees, will by railway be delivered from the far-off Durham and Northumberland mines, with equal speed and cheapness. They are now brought up for three-farthings a ton per mile, and you daily see trains of coal-waggons on the lines of one hundred each! He tells us that fish, fruit, vegetables, all perishable articles, will be delivered with the same advantageous dispatch; and that instead of a night and a day in getting from London to Liverpool, we should get there in less than half the time. He recommends, besides, a railway from Manchester to Liverpool, one from the City of London to the East and West India Docks, and the Regent's Canal Company to turn

that canal into a railway. The former projects have long been realised; the last is now seriously talked of. In all these cases we are amazed to perceive, on reflection, what a wonderful revolution has taken place to the public advantage. He lays it down, *as a rule never to be violated*, that no trains shall run different ways, *in any case whatever*, on the same rails. Had this law of a rare prescience been, as it ought to have been, made from the first the law of the land, how many horrible catastrophes would already have been avoided!

The great accuracy and freedom from any random wildness evidenced in all Mr. Gray's calculations are very satisfactory. He calculated the cost of laying down railways would be from one to twelve thousand pounds per mile, according to circumstances, but that the average would be about six thousand. It is very remarkable that this may now be taken as a very fair average of the result of experience. His whole projected length of line he calculated would cost at least 20,000,000*l.*; but then he did not take into consideration the extortions practised by landowners of influence, the shameful oppositions raised, the greediness of lawyers, and the whole waste of jobbery. He only feared that the public would find it difficult to raise this sum. What would he have thought had he been told that within twenty years it would raise 150,000,000*l.* for this purpose!

The railroad system is now become the great system of the world's intercourse. Enormous property is created; wonderful and delightful facilities of travel are conferred on us; nations are knit together; civilisation is advanced; international peace made unquestionably sure and permanent; and shall the man who first organised, promulgated, and promoted this glorious system remain embarassed and unrewarded? The thing is impossible. The public has most justly rewarded Rowland Hill for the introduction of the admirable reform in the postage, a reform immensely aided by the railway system; the public are about to reward Cobden for his exertions for the abolition of the Corn-laws; the Telegraph Society has given Professor Wheatstone 30,000*l.* for his discoveries regarding the electric telegraph.

The claims of Thomas Gray cannot be longer overlooked. In the M.S. additions to the volume in my possession, inserted at p. 72, when his representations had already operated strongly on the public, and various speculations for railway lines were in agitation, he has written—

> To the companies now forming I take this opportunity of offering myself as a candidate for the office of secretary. Surely no individual can have a greater claim upon the public than the projector of the plan, but such is the effect of influence and patronage, that I am apprehensive those situations may be filled by individuals who certainly have not an equal claim with myself. Perhaps, however, some gentleman more liberal than the rest may feel disposed to assist me, and therefore I am bold to make known my application in this general way.

This most reasonable request stands, however, again cancelled by his modesty. The pen was put through it, and no single gentleman was liberal enough to aid him. When he applied, he was rebuffed. There is no other such case in the whole history of the world. But this will be amended. Many of the journals best acquainted with the subject and Thomas Gray's merits have zealously asserted his claims. Amongst these are conspicuous, the *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Railway Record*, the *British and Foreign Railway Review*, the *Railway Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and the most influential newspapers of Newcastle, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Nottingham, and other large towns. I am also glad to hear that many men of high standing have no sooner become aware of the services of Mr. Gray than they have expressed their earnest desire to see justice done to him, amongst whom one of the earliest was Sir Augustus J. Foster. I hear, too, that subscriptions to a considerable amount have already been offered, and that it is proposed to organise a committee as early as possible for this purpose of national gratitude. Leeds, as the native place of Thomas Gray, would do itself honour in taking the lead in these measures, every way so gratifying to our sense of individual merit and of national reputation and duty.

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## TALK ABOUT MUSIC.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

### No. II.—PART-SINGING.

A LATE meeting of two thousand three hundred German and Belgian male voices, met together for joviality and pleasure's sake, at Cologne—and the last performance at Exeter Hall of Mr. Hullah's Upper Schools, who have been singing during the past season to raise a Music Hall for themselves and their master—have given rise to some thoughts and comparisons which it may not be wholly unseasonable to record.

Assuming that the desire to hear and to make music is spreading amongst the English—in a form more sensible and healthy than bad instruction on the pianoforte given to girls whether willing or reluctant—many plausible reasons could be adduced why part-singing will be more largely and successfully cultivated than instrumental performance. It is cheaper: and it requires less time. A hand, cramped by holding the pen for many hours, or coarsened, it may be, by rougher tasks, is in poor condition for the delicate and nimble exercises required by flute or violin: but the class of those whose throats are exercised the whole day long is comparatively small. When the notion that Music is not a manly sport—which, by the way, largely owes its origin to the sarcasms of the most effeminate race of beings who ever ruled opinion—is worn out, and the disposition to take it up cordially becomes general, it will be found, I believe, that nine out of ten persons who are in a plight to afford themselves any relaxation whatsoever, are in an available condition to sing part-music: and that an evening hour regularly given from time to time will enable them, with no desperate amount of labour, to do so well. And, unless "well-doing" is the object, every device for merely "killing time" will presently lose its charm.

"Labour," however, implies thorough learning by a good method—such as shall suffice for the training of *the slow*. The instincts of the quick will always provide for themselves. I have known persons able to read music at sight without being able to name a single note—how long and painful the after-steps of such impatient scramblers must be, this is not the place to tell. But all musicians will admit, that a showy and speedy result may be produced with ease, if the master knows how to avail himself of the instincts and imitative faculties of the livelier among his pupils, and leaves the more timid and deliberate to join or not, as they please. The thing, however, is, to begin according to some system which shall be sufficient, if carried

out, for a complete musical education. We must learn to know the letters of the alphabet as thoroughly, though our duty be merely to put a receipt to a bill, as if our vocation were to head a college. Tried by this test, and totally separating its intrinsic merits from the false and dangerous over-popularity for awhile thrown round it by the silly and fashionable people who took it up, as they have done shoe-making and straw-platting in former times, and of late, *authorship*—I consider the Wilhem method, as arranged for the English by Mr. Hullah, perfectly adapted for its purpose: if honestly taught. It will not, indeed, make a nation of singers and musical enthusiasts, betwixt any given January and June: but it will give those who enter upon it sound elementary knowledge, and those who carry it out, as complete an education in the science of music as is required. Any one, it is needless to add, desiring to refine and cultivate the voice individually, must have recourse to those more exquisite studies and processes, which distinguish the Singer from the body of Part-Singers.

Some diversities in the forms taken by this accomplishment, when acquired, among the inhabitants of different districts, are worth noticing. I observe amongst ourselves a prevalent disposition to utilise it -so to say—by applying it to religious purposes. The Church of England, which is now trying to call in the assistance of Art in every permissible manner (doctors differing as to the degree) has availed herself of "the movement" very successfully. The old scream of the charity children in the organ-gallery, which was at once so melancholy and so risible, bids fair to become extinct: and "our young men and maidens" think it no shame to bear a part in the services of the Temple. So it is, too, with the psalmody of the Dissenting Chapel. With an increase of taste and knowledge, many of the disturbing tunes—disturbing as bringing associations of the theatre, the streets, nay, even the race-course, into the House of Prayer—have already vanished: and music more expressly calculated to excite devotional emotions, taken their place. This is excellent: life thereby brought into public worship, and irreverence removed from it. But I wish, too, that I could see more symptoms of the English singing together, for no effect and use save their own pleasure—since the Catch Clubs, and other establishments which are still maintained throughout the country, very insufficiently represent the union of families and neighbours in an art delightful and easily practised—and the exclusion of women from them, besides involving the loss of a charming means of effect, takes away half their pleasure and efficacy. It is true that the last peculiarity marks the *Liedertafel* singing of the Germans: but that is only a part of their part-singing, and devoted to their most popular—shall I say?—generally, their most inferior music. The ladies are provided for otherwise:—and wherever a musical festival is to be given, you will find the chorus filled by all the vocal gentlewomen of the city and the neighbourhood, without reference to degrees of finery or *caste*,—and therefore filled with *a heart* and a refinement which it would be ridiculous to expect from a fagged and ill-paid body of professional singers, doggedly counting the hours by the crowns, and the bars by the pence; and whose enthusiasm, in the best instance, for the task in hand, is about as much as *Christopher Sly's* for the play—"Excellent good, Lady Madam. Comes there any more of it?"

My German friends will hardly admit that the part-music of the English singers' repertory is of a higher order than theirs. Yet it is so. We make greater use of the madrigal writers than they. In addition to the choir of Italians and Flemings, we have a body of ancient English Composers—Wilbye, Weelkes, Morley, Orlando Gibbons, and others little less worthy, whose compositions, besides being more delightful to execute, are musically far more valuable than anything their books can show. It might be wished, however, that the Elizabethan madrigals had generally better words than the love-sick verses to which their "chains of sound" are mated; the monotony whereof has, in some degree, reflected upon the school of composition. Then our glees are excellent, if they be taken with reservation. For with all their picturesqueness, there is small value to be attached to compositions where no complete musical idea presents itself, and in the setting of one short poem, at least half a dozen "notions" and styles may be found. Thus—to instance—Mr. Horsley's delicious "See the Chariot" (to Ben Jonson's more delicious words) seems to me *worthier*, as the grammarians say, than the yet more favourite glee by Webbe, "When winds breathe soft," where, under pretext of narration, the voices are called upon to *act* the rising, the rage, and the dying-away of a storm at sea;—and too many fancies and phrases are thrown together, in a form little more complete than the bits of glass in the show-box of a kaleidoscope. Thus, I would rather a thousand times have Dr. Callcott's "Ye Mariners of England" and "Farewell to Lochaber" than many of his compositions, in seeming more ambitious, in reality more fragmentary. But—these distinctions indicated—as a whole, the body of music within call of the English part-singer is rich and various. Nor is it chimerical to fancy, that as the art is revived, our young men will turn their attention to this neglected branch of composition, and set some of our noble modern lyrics to music worthy of them, because of intrinsic value. Why should we not have such things sung when a school is finished—or a bridge or a railway thrown open—and apply the ancient spirit which gave us harvest-ballads and Christmas-carols to the celebration of the wonders of our own time?

But this is wandering. Another cause which distinguishes the part-singing of one country, nay, of one county from another, will be found in quality of voice, peculiarities of dialect, &c., &c. It is not only that Bergamo is richer in fine tenor voices than any other districts of Europe—that Alsace has been said to *grow* the most musical *contralto* (or lowest female) voices—that the Frenchmen make an unlimited use of the head or unnatural tones, whence an unceasing twang, and the old sarcasm, "*Such or such a nose has a good voice!*"—it is not only, that the voices of the Germans are strongest, where those of the English are weakest (our own country producing individual tones which as tones are more beautiful than anything of continental parentage)—but language, manner of social parlance, &c., have an immense influence on the direction of musical taste, the forms of creation, and the powers of execution. So difficult, for instance, is French to sing, owing to the infinite number of close sounds, that in music the spoken language must be eked out by the addition of vowels to all the closes, something like the jingle of *Autolycus'* burden—

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the *stile-a*.

The well-educated Germans, too, have half a

hundred devices for smoothing the guttural asperities of their language. And, owing to the diversities of their dialect, twenty Lancashire men, delivering *ore rotundo*,

O thou that tellest good *toydings* to *Zoyon*,

shall produce a body of tone so different in force and quality from that emitted by twenty men of Norwich, who rather shut than open their mouths as they sing

Thou shalt *dish* them in *pieces*,

that it shall be difficult for one inattentive to such distinctions, to conceive the number of persons, the register of voice, nay, or the very note, to be the same.

Such are a few of the modifying causes which make up individuality, and which are worth studying by all whom it concerns. It would seem almost needless, by way of "pointing the moral," to say to any body of persons, "Don't sing music out of the compass of your voices," did we not hear the attempt made every week—or, "Don't wonder at your not liking such a composition with English words, high as its foreign reputation is!" had not the majority, till lately, shown itself unaware that one set of syllables was not as good to sing as another. I may return to the subject, to illustrate why church music is not good out of church, and why secular glees and graces are not good *in:* why the very associations of sound which charm a Swiss mountaineer, or a Yorkshire dalesman, would fall dead upon the ear of a Rhinelander, or some lithe bright-eyed Venetian with the oar in his hand (singing as the birds do, he hardly knows how or why). But enough for the present. Honour and health to the part-singers of every land and every language!

## Poetry for the People.

### LYRICS OF LIFE.—BY MARY HOWITT.

#### No. V.—A Sunday.

"Our six days' toil is over  
This is the day of rest:  
The bee hums in the clover,  
The lark springs from her nest.  
All living things are cheery  
Upon this Sabbath morn  
The blackbird cannot weary  
Of singing on the thorn;  
The sheep within the meadow,  
Like driven snow they look;  
The cows stand in the shadow  
Within the willowy brook.

"'Tis like that famous picture  
Which came from London down,—  
You must go and see that picture  
When next you're in the town!—  
And then there's that engraving  
I told you of last spring—  
I've been these six months saving  
To buy that lovely thing!  
Well, both of them resemble  
This view at early day,  
When diamond dew-drops tremble  
Upon the dog-rose spray;  
In both there is the river,  
The church-spire, and the mill;  
The aspens seem to shiver;  
The cloud floats o'er the hill!

"As soon as breakfast's over,  
We'll forth this merry morn,  
Among the fragrant clover  
And through the summer corn;  
In the great church of Nature,  
Where God himself is priest,  
We'll join each joyful creature,  
Flower, insect, bird, and beast.  
The birds praise God in singing  
Among the leafy sprays,  
And a loving heart is worship,  
A joyful soul is praise!  
Come then, this day of seven,  
God's gift to toil, shall be  
A little bit of heaven  
On earth to thee and me!  
'Tis I the babe will carry—  
My youngest, darling boy—  
And Bess and little Harry,  
They will be wild with joy;  
For them the wild rose mingles  
With woodbine on the bough,  
And birds in leafy dingles  
Shout welcomes to them now!  
Sweet wife, make haste! down yonder,  
Down by the miller's farm,  
Through old field-paths we'll wander,  
Thy hand within my arm!

"For Sunday leisure heeding,  
The books I've bought are these—  
The very books for reading  
Beneath the summer trees!  
They're by that brave young poet  
Who wrote of Locksley Hall—  
That charming verse!—you know it—  
You saw it first of all!  
And 'neath the lime-tree shady,  
Among the summer corn,  
I'll read of Burleigh's lady—  
A village maiden born.—  
Haste, haste, and get thee ready,  
The morn is wearing on;  
The woodland lanes are shady;  
The dew dries; let's be gone!"

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### "LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"

SUCH WERE THE LAST WORDS OF GOETHE

The God-enamel'd flower  
At early dawn looks up,  
And gently would unfold  
Its pencil'd cup;  
Whilst to the sun it saith—  
"Arise and chase the night,  
Wipe off this tear of dew—  
More light! more light!"

When twilight steals away,  
The wood-bird, singing, grieves,  
And calls the evening back  
To tint the leaves:  
It saith—"Oh, linger yet,  
I still, in airy flight,  
Would bathe my golden breast—  
Stay, stay, O light!"

And thus the soul cries out,  
When dawn begins to break,  
And in the sky it sees  
The first grey streak:—  
"Away, away dark sins,  
Ye've held me long in night;  
I long to walk in day—  
More light! more light!"

Then comes the life's broad noon,  
With sun and sultry beam;  
And oft the soul doth err  
In act and dream:

Sun-spots arise to dim
The perfectness of sight,
Unsatisfied, it cries—
"Temper the light!"

Then evening stealeth on—
The last hours of the strife,
When angels beckon us
To leave this life:
Then as the soul soars up
To heaven's most holy height,
It crieth, plaintively—
"O Lord! more light!"

More light! more light! to see
What mystic path I tread,
What dangers hover o'er
My heart and head!
Oh, stretch thy guiding hand
And lead me through this night;
Then bathe me in a flood
Of perfect light!

*Chorley, June*, 1846. MARIE.

## Homes for the People.

## HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. II.

### WHAT THE SCHOOLING IS FOR.

Every home being a school for old and young together, it is necessary, if the training is to be a good one, to be clear as to what the schooling is for.

For the improvement of the pupils, is the most obvious answer.

Yes; but what do you mean by improvement? We must settle what we want to make of the pupils, or everything will go on at random. In every country of the world there is some sort of general notion of what the men and women in it ought to be: and the men and women turn out accordingly: and the more certainly, the more clear the notion is.

The patriarchs, some thousands of years ago, had very clear notions of their own of what people ought to be. One of these, sitting in the evening of a hot day under a terebinth tree ten times his own age, would be able to give a distinct account of what he would have the training of his great-grandchildren tend to. He would lay it down as the first point of all that the highest honour and the greatest privilege in the world was to be extremely old. The next most desirable thing was to have the largest possible number of descendants; because the earth was very wide, with not half enough people in it; and the more people a patriarch had about him, the richer and more beautiful would the valleys and pastures be, and the more power and authority he would have—every patriarch being an absolute ruler over his own family, and the more like a king the larger his tribe. Of course, the old man would say decidedly that to make the best possible man you must train a child to obey his parents, and yet more the head of the tribe, with the most absolute submission; to do in the cleverest way what was necessary for defence against an enemy, and to obtain food, and the skins of beasts for clothing. The more wives and the more children the better. These were the principal points. After these, he would speak of its being right for such as would probably become the head of a tribe to cultivate such wisdom and temper as would make them good rulers, and enable them to maintain peace among their followers. Such was the patriarchal notion of improving a man to the utmost—omitting certain considerations which we think important, truthfulness, temperance, amiability, respect for other men, and reverence for something a good deal more solemn than mere old age.

Some wise men in Greece would have given a different account of the aim of Education. A Spartan, for instance, living in a little country which was always in danger from enemies without and slaves within, looked upon every boy as a future soldier, and as born to help to preserve the state. Every sickly or deformed child might be killed off at the desire of his father's kin. The healthy and promising were looked after by the state from their earliest years; and at the age of seven were put under public training entirely. They were taught to bear hunger, and be content with coarse food; to endure flogging without a groan, sometimes to the point of death; and all for practice in bearing pain. They were trained to all warlike exercises; their amusements were wrestling and sham battles; their accomplishments singing martial songs. They were taught to reverence rank and age; to hate their enemies; to use fraud in war; to be unable to bear shame, whether deserved or not; and to treat women with respect, not at all for their own sakes, but because despised women could not be the mothers of heroes. Thus, to make a perfect soldier was what a good Spartan considered the great object of education.

The Jew in his own Palestine would have given a different answer, in some respects, though he also reared his children to hate their enemies, and to covet both martial and patriarchal glory. His leading belief was that a greater god than any other nation had ever worshipped was the special ruler and protector of his own. Jehovah was the king as well as the god of the Jews; and the first virtue of a Jew was to obey every tittle of the Law, which ordered all things whatsoever in the lives of those who lived under it. Obedience to the Law, in affairs of food, dress, seasons of work, sleep, worship, journeying, &c., as well as in some higher matters, was the main thing taught by a good parent, while he knew and thought nothing of the higher and holier aims opened by the Gospel; of which, indeed, many a well-meaning Jewish parent could not bear to hear from the lips of Christ, when he came to declare what every man should be. When he declared that men should rise above the Law, and be perfect as their Father in Heaven is perfect, some strict Jewish educators crucified him. In a Jew's mind, the best man was he who most servilely obeyed the letter of the Law.

When I was in America, I saw three kinds of people who had their own notions of what it was to be a perfect man—each their own idea of the chief aim in Education; notions as wide of each other as those of the Patriarch, the Spartan, and the Jew. There were the dwellers in the cities; men speaking our language, and looking very like ourselves. These men were, as was natural, proud of their young and prosperous republic; and they thought more about politics than appears to us necessary or wise in a life which contains so many other great interests. Their children were brought up to talk politics before they could be qualified to have an opinion; and taught at school to despise other nations, and glorify their own, as a preparation for exercising the suffrage at twenty-one, and thereby becoming, in a republic so constituted, a member of the government. The privi-

lege—the trust—is a most important one; and we cannot wonder that the subject is an engrossing one to parents and children. The object of education among a very large proportion of American parents is to make politicians: and it certainly is attained.

On the same continent, I saw something of a very different race—the red men. Their idea of perfection is a man's being a perfect warrior; and yet in a way quite unlike the Spartans. The red Indian is not trained as a servant of the State, but as an individual: and the Indian women are degraded and oppressed, while the Spartan women were considered and respected—whatever the ground of consideration might be. The Indian boy is trained to use his five senses till they reach an unequalled degree of nicety. And, when old enough to bear the pain without dying, he is subjected first to hunger and want of sleep, and then to such horrible tortures as it turns one sick to think of. He who comes out of this trial the most bravely, and who afterwards shows himself the most alert sentinel, the strongest and most enduring soldier, the most revengeful enemy, the most cruel conqueror, and the sternest husband and father is, in the eyes of his people, the most perfect man. The red Indians therefore generally make an approach to this kind of character.

In the island of Mackinaw, lives the other sort of people I have referred to. This island rises out of the wide waters of the great northern lakes, a perfect paradise in the midst of the boundless blue expanse. The people who inhabit it are, for the most part, half-breeds—the offspring of the red race and the French colonists who first settled on the island. The great object here seems to be to become amphibious; and truly, it appeared to me pretty well attained. The dark-skinned boys who surrounded our ship, and all others that I saw, were poppling about in the water, as easily as so many fowl: and they scud about in their tiny birch-bark canoes as readily as we walk on our feet, thinking no more of being capsized than we do of falling.

The aim here has about the same level as that of the Arabs, to whom water is the greatest rarity, and to whom the sandy desert serves much the same purpose as the inland seas to the dwellers in Mackinaw. The horse of the Arab is to him as the bark-canoe to the half-breed of Mackinaw: and children are launched into the desert, to live in it as they best may, as the half-breed boys are into the watery waste. And they succeed as well, conquering the desert, turning its dangers into sport, and making a living out of it. And so it is with the native dwellers in the icy deserts of Siberia. A perfectly educated person there is one who can surprise the greatest number of water-fowl in summer, foretell soonest the snow storm in winter, best learn the hour from the stars, bank up the most sheltered sleeping place in the snow, and light a fire within it the most quickly; dive among the beavers for the longest time; see in the dark like an owl, track game like a pointer, fetch it like a spaniel, hearken like a deer, and run like an ostrich. Such being the Mongolian notion of perfection, it is more nearly approached by them than by others.

None of these aims are ours, or such as we approve. What then is ours? It is easy to answer, "to grow wiser and better every day:" but then comes the question, what is the wisdom, what is the goodness, that we aspire to? All the people I have mentioned aim at improvement in wisdom and goodness every day. Our difference with them is precisely about what wisdom and goodness are.

We are not likely to agree by setting up each our own notion of wisdom and goodness. Hear children at school talking of the heroes they admire most, and see how seldom they agree. One admires the brave man; another the patient man; another the philanthropist; another the man of power; another the man of holiness; another the patriot. Hear men talking by the fireside of the sages of the race; how they vary in their preferences, and select for themselves from among the group of mighty minds—the fathers of philosophy, of science, of art, of law and government, of morals. We shall never arrive at a practical point by setting up our separate preferences as aims for all.

Nor will it answer to fix our aim by any single example: no, not even—with reverence be it spoken—by the great Exemplar, Christ himself. The fault and weakness of this inability are in ourselves. It is not any cloud in him, but partial blindness in us, which renders this method insufficient by itself. All perfect as is the example, we cannot all, and constantly, use its full perfection, from our tendency to contemplate it from the favourite point of view which every one of us has. One of us dwells most on the tenderness of his character; another on its righteous sternness; one on his power; another on his meek patience; and so on. And thus, while it is, and ever will be, of the utmost importance that we should preserve the aim of becoming like Christ, it yet remains to be settled among us, in fact though not perhaps in words, what Christ was, the images of him in different minds varying so endlessly as they certainly do.

The only method that appears to me absolutely safe and wise, is one which perfectly well agrees with our taking this great Exemplar as our model. His Father, and our Father, gave us each a frame, "fearfully and wonderfully made;" with such a variety of powers, that no one yet knows them all, or can be sure that he understands the extent of any one of them. It is impossible that we can be wrong in desiring and endeavouring to bring out and strengthen and exercise all the powers given to every human being. In my opinion, this should be the aim of education.

I have said "to bring out, and strengthen, and exercise all the powers." Some would add, "and balance them." But if all were faithfully exercised, I am of opinion that a better balance would ensue than we could secure, so partial as are our views, and so imperfect as has been the training of the best of us.

I shall gladly proceed, in my next paper, to declare what I think we have learned as to what the powers of the human being are. At present, I can only just point out that the aim proposed is superior to every other mentioned, and I believe to any other that can be mentioned for this reason; that it applies universally—meets every case that can be conceived of. In the patriarch's scheme of education, the women—half the race—were slighted. In the Spartan system, the slaves and all work-people were left out. Among the modern republicans, citizens have the preference over women and slaves: and under the savage training—the Indian, Arab, and Mongolian—no individual whatever is done justice to. And there is not a country in Christendom where equal justice is done to all those whom God has sent into the world so endowed as that we ought to look on every one of them with religious awe as a being too noble for our estimate. The aim proposed—of doing justice to all the powers of every human

being under training—includes all alike, and must therefore be just. It includes women, the poor, the infirm—all who were rejected or slighted under former systems—while it does more for the privileged than any lower principle ever proposed to do. It appears that under it none will be the worse, but all the better, in comparison of this with any lower aim.

To obtain a clearer and firmer notion of what this object really comprehends, we must next make out, as well as our present knowledge allows, what the powers of the human being are. I mean as to their kind; for I do not think any one will venture to say what is the extent of endowments so vast; and in their vastness so obscure.

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## MUTTERINGS FROM A WORKMAN

ON

THE BIRMINGHAM ATHENIC INSTITUTE.

Another admirable article from the pen of Dr. Smiles; he who asked the people "What they were doing for themselves?" And the answers—where are they? Look for them in towns and villages, in cities and hamlets, and you will find them. Find them in *action*—much done, and much more being done, but, alas! no tongue to tell the manner of the doing. Would that the people could *speak*. The *vox populi* is not in a miserable party press—not in blue books and the rant of so-called labour's expositors—nor is it in the mouthings of demagogues. The people have no voice; but speech will yet be given them. In their speechless helplessness they found some sympathy; the strength of their manhood will reward the sympathisers.

I am a voiceless unit, full of burning, bursting thought, and vainly longing to give utterance to the feelings of my fellow-mutes.

Leeds and Sheffield enjoy fitting chroniclers; Birmingham is silent. In the absence of a voice, my faltering accents may be heard, attempting to give one answer to the question, "What are the people doing *for* themselves?" and showing how a few men see that "there is a profound philosophy in amusement."

Originated, supported, and governed by young artisans; unassisted by the advice or money of one man superior in station to themselves—the Birmingham Athenic Institute, considered simply as a mere improvement society—being now in the fifth year of a successful existence—must be received as a striking example of the capabilities of the working men.

Indebted to the public for nothing, with a distinguished yet *free* patronage, and without one single subscribing honorary member on its books, the Institute has ever asserted and maintained the principle of self-dependence. On the occasion of our last anniversary, some *gentlemen* of the press found fault with our rooms for being "innocent of of plaster:" should they have not rather looked at our principles? These are not new, but hitherto they have been overlooked. They are contained in the old Roman's prayer which stands as our motto—

Mens sana in corpore sano.

The *Spectator* charged us with "pseudo-classicality." Let the facts answer the charge. A few young men met together—they had an identity of wants—they wished for intellectual culture, physical exercise, and moral amusement; individually they were incapable of satisfying those wants. It was agreed upon to try what a combined action could effect. A society was formed—the next question was the name. They recognised principles distinct from all other societies—a name should be adopted, if possible, expressive of these principles. Where was this name to be found? Not in existing things, always dividing, never acknowledging, the "whole man." The past history of our own country was in this respect a blank, possessing, as it did, heart and body, but no mind. *Athens* alone cultivated the whole faculties of man, treating man as a man, and meeting his nature; the affix *ic* was added to that name, and we "belonged to Athens."

On this foundation we commenced and prospered. Our united mites provided us a lowly yet honourable roof, and supplied us with a few necessaries. We established classes for mutual instruction, acknowledged a moral code, and found rational amusement in dancing, singing, music, &c.; giving zest to our mentalism, and health to our frames, by quoits, football, cricket, &c.

Contrasting these things with the *moral* amusement of "skittle alleys" and "concert-rooms," and the repulsive humdrumism of mechanics' institutes, one would think that if we gained no praise, we should at least be safe from censure. But few men recognise the "philosophy of amusement." We were censured; handbills mocked us and our objects; and a member of the enlightened and free fourth estate lent his columns to one who ridiculed "swinging on ropes and playing at chess." Heedless of such opposition, we persevered in our attempts at improvement, and when the success and experience of three years had proved the truth and practicability of our principles, we submitted them to the consideration of an influential nobleman, not to ask help, nor to gain false fame, but to extend the principles we professed, and to obtain the sympathy we were worthy of. Lord John Manners acknowledged the importance of our objects, and became the president of our society.

We have now a *family* of about eighty young men, whose subscriptions defray the expenses of the Institute. We have never used even the ordinary methods of obtaining members, but have rather thrown obstacles in the way of an increase of numbers, fearful of making the society unwieldy, and losing the *esprit de corps* we now possess.

The Institute provides its members with the means of mental improvement by classes for grammar, elocution, and science; lectures, essays, and conversation meetings. A small library circulates its contents, and the reading room is supplied with some of the most popular periodicals, among which may be seen *The People's Journal*, Chambers' and Knight's various works, *Punch*, *Jerrold's Magazine*, *Birmingham Journal*, *Illustrated News*, *Daily News*, &c. In the out-door season we play at cricket and the other field-sports. In the winter our physical exercise is taken in our "large loft," and consists of wrestling, fencing; rope, bar, and general gymnastics. A dancing class, Saturday evening meetings for singing, &c., and occasional festivals, supply us with a great general want—moral amusement.

Excluding politics and sectarian religion from our plan, we have succeeded in uniting men of all opinions. Meeting with many impediments, we have been free from internal dissension. In ad-

versity we have drawn closer; and should the Athenic Institute be broken up to-morrow, the hearts of its members would be united during life.

E.

## Our Library.

### VILLAGE TALES FROM THE BLACK FOREST.*

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH, TRANSLATED BY META TAYLOR.

WHOEVER has been much in Germany, more particularly off the beaten track of travellers, knows the peculiar character of the German village. Often when seen at a distance, on the hill side, or standing on a vast plain, cultivated to its very doors by its peasant-proprietors themselves, it has a picturesque and sometimes a beautiful appearance. Externally, too, German life has its poetry; there is in many parts costume which always produces effect — there is the way-side cross; the public fountain from which the village maidens fetch water, and where often the cattle are driven to drink; there is the tending of goats; the driving out the swine into the forests to the sound of wild horns; the lads and lasses working in the fields, or returning after harvest in bands, singing in chorus through each village as they pass; there is youth, and sometimes good looks; there is the church and the annual church-festival, equivalent to our wakes, where the peasants dance and drink in picturesque groups in orchards and under trees; the women in winter spin, and the distaff is bound with a red or blue ribbon; the *hand-werksbursch*, or handicraft-journeyman, travels from town to town the whole length and breadth of the empire, and looks picturesque enough in his blouse and cap, and with his knapsack on his back. There is, externally and internally, plenty of material in German peasant-life for books of fiction and reality; but German peasant-life is, after all, coarse and rude, and full of depressing circumstances, which tend to crush out of the soul refinement and noble aspiring.

However picturesque or even beautiful the German village looks at a distance, enter it, and study it for a moment, and the illusion is gone. The rude agricultural toil, alike of man and woman—the hardest being always the woman's; the ill-fed farm animals; the heavy, clumsy style of architecture used in their houses; the comfortless, poverty-stricken, and dirty interiors of them; their rude, coarse, and scanty furniture, all produce an unpleasing, not to say revolting effect. We soon cease to wonder that the German has no word for home applied to the dwelling-house; for the woman who toils in the field at the most servile work, has neither time nor taste to embellish and make the *house* what the *home* should be. In the village, too, we find no gentleman's house, or if there be one of larger or more imposing aspect, where, at least, we expect some appearance of taste or refinement, we are mistaken: the wild, unshorn grass; the wilderness garden; the glimpse into rooms larger perhaps, but equally dirty, coarse, and uninviting as those of the common peasant, cast upon our hearts a feeling of depression and repugnance; for we see that the inhabitants are still but rude peasants like their neighbours, although they may have a greater extent of land to till. It is a fact that the clergyman, schoolmaster, doctor, or magistrate, whose lot in life is fixed in a remote German village, regards himself, even if the income of his appointment be tolerably good, as unfortunate; for he knows that the peasants are rude, and brutal, and ignorant, and that he, the solitary man of education there, must and will inevitably become more and more like themselves; thus they have a word descriptive of this very deterioration of mind and character,—they say to *verbauern*, or to become a peasant; and this is a fate which all dread, but one to which thousands must submit.

Let any one read the affecting but most truthful story of Vefele in this volume of Village Tales, and he will see the very thing of which we are speaking. Poor Vefele feared so much to become in nature like the peasant, she knew so well how rude and brutal he was; but, alas! in her efforts to elevate her condition, her misery was sealed. Never was a sadder story than this written, yet never was one more true to nature and circumstance. But it is not from this story that we will give a specimen of the whole. We will turn to a little sketch called the *May Tree*, which exhibits something of German administration of law.

A young slender fir-tree had been planted one May morning before the house of Michael the cartwright. It was planted in honour of Aivle (Eve), Michael's eldest daughter, by her sweetheart Mathes, the son of Wendel. It had been done in the night; and though every body conjectured, yet nobody knew of a certainty, that he had done it; for the old custom of planting a may-tree by sweethearts before the houses of their mistresses was now strictly forbidden, and was punished as a crime against the forest laws with three months' imprisonment and hard labour; few now, therefore, dared to do it. From this circumstance the whole village turned out to look at the tree, all being sure that Mathes had planted it, but all marvelling who had helped him. Aivle in the meantime stood looking out of her window with eyes that spoke volumes, yet answering to all inquiries as to who planted the tree, by "how should *she* know?" Anon the village constable and forest-ranger made their appearance, and Mathes was seized and taken before the Bailiff

The constable, nicknamed "Soges," Mathes, and the Ranger disappeared behind the Bailiff's mysterious brown door. The Bailiff began forthwith to rate and abuse the prisoner in unmeasured terms for his crime; whilst Mathes stood quietly by, beating time with his foot upon the floor, and humming a little tune to himself. At length he said, "Have you nearly done, Mister Bailiff? All this is nothing to me—I have not planted any may-tree; however, go on, if you please, I have time to listen." The Bailiff started up, and was going to spring at Mathes, but Soges whispered something in his ear, and his clenched fist instantly relaxed. He now ordered Soges to lock up the culprit for twenty-four hours for his rude denial of the offence. "I belong to this village," exclaimed Mathes, "and every one knows well enough where to find me; I am not going to run away for such a trumpery charge as this, indeed; you cannot by law put me in prison." And Mathes was right. "I *cannot!*" exclaimed the Bailiff, reddening with rage. "We'll soon see that, you ——" "Stop, stop! we have had quite enough abuse; I am ready to go with you," said Mathes; but a man ought not to be treated thus in his own village. If my cousin, Farmer Buchmaier, were at home, this would never have happened." On his way back to the lock-up house, Mathes met Aivle, but he did not attempt to speak to her. Aivle could not understand this; her eyes followed Mathes for some minutes, and then, overcome with shame and grief, she went sorrowfully to the Bailiff's house. The wife of the Bailiff was Aivle's godmother, but her intercession with her was of no avail; the Bailiff was expecting the coming sessions, and was anxious to get into favour with the Sheriff by exercising unmerciful severity.

Mathes was accordingly sent off to the town of Horb as a criminal, and was brought before the court.

A person who has never been in the hands of justice cannot know what a frightful feeling it is to be thus suddenly deprived

* 1 vol. Joseph Cundall.

of all control over oneself—passed from hand to hand, and obliged to walk but only where others choose. Mathes felt all this; it was the first time in his life he had stood before a court of justice. His spirit was entirely broken down, as if he had been a great criminal, and had committed murder; and as he mounted the long flight of steps up the hill, he thought his knees would sink under him. He was now put into the prison, which stood high up, like a huge stone finger-post, as a warning to all the country around.

* * * It was not till evening that Mathes was brought out for examination. The Sheriff immediately addressed him roughly, and rated him soundly in High-German, as the Constable had done before in the common dialect of the peasants. Until the administration of justice is made open and public, an officer will always have it in his power to do with a prisoner as he will. If he be no longer allowed to put him to torture, there are nevertheless many modes of treatment which are often still harder to bear. The Sheriff paced up and down the chamber, rattling his spurs, and twirling a slip of paper with his fingers, whilst he put his questions to the prisoner; "Where did you steal the tree, sirrah?" "I know nothing of it, your worship," replied Mathes. "You lie, you thief!" said the Sheriff quickly, stepping up to Mathes, and seizing him by the collar of his jacket. Mathes hastily drew back, and involuntarily clenched his fist. "I am no thief," he exclaimed, "and you must write down the words you have spoken in the minutes of the court; I'll see whether I am a thief, indeed. My cousin, Farmer Buchmaier will soon be home again." At these words the Sheriff turned round, and bit his lip. If Mathes' cause had been a better one, matters might have gone ill with the Sheriff; but very prudently he did not insert what he had said in the minutes. He rang the bell, and ordered Soges to come in. "What proof have you," said he, when the constable appeared, "that this man planted the may-tree?" "Every child in the village, the very tiles on the roof know well that Mathes is courting Aivle. I beg your worship's pardon, but I think the shortest way would be to summon Aivle: she will never deny it—she cannot swear that it is not true." Mathes stared when he heard this, and his lip quivered, but he was silent. The Sheriff was for some minutes puzzled; he well knew the impropriety of resorting to such testimony; still he was resolved to "set an example" as the law terms it. * * *

Accordingly Aivle was summoned, and on the morrow she must appear against Mathes.

Scarcely had the day dawned, when Aivle rose and went to her closet and took out her Sunday gown. Agatha had to dress her, for she trembled so she could not tie a string. She looked sorrowfully at herself in the little broken looking-glass, and felt as if she were going in her Sunday-dress to a funeral. Old Michael went with his daughter to Horb—he would not let his child go alone. When they came to the court-house, he pulled off his hat, smoothed his short-clipped hair, and put on a humble and cheerful look, as he stood shuffling with his feet before the door of the Sheriff's apartment. Resting his blackthorn stick against the wall, and holding his three-cornered hat before him in his left hand, with his head bowed submissively, he knocked at the door. The door was opened; "What do you want?" said a rough voice. "So please you, I am Michael, the cartwright," answered he, "and this here is my daughter Aivle; she was afraid to come alone, and I make bold to ask if I may appear with her before the court." "No," was the rough answer; and the door was slammed in his face, so that Michael staggered back. He was thus prevented from stating the further reason of his request, namely that it was properly he and not his daughter who ought to appear in the court, since it was in front of *his* house that the may-tree was planted. With his two hands resting on the blackthorn, and his chin upon his hands, Michael the cartwright sate beside his daughter in the hall, looking fixedly upon the stone floor hard and cold as the sheriff's features. Then he muttered to himself, "Ah, if Farmer Buchmaier were here, his worship would have to sing to a different tune." Aivle had not power to speak a word: she sate with her hands folded, and only coughed now and then gently into her neatly-folded handkerchief. At length she was called into the court-room; she rose up quickly, the father and daughter looked at one another in silence, and in an instant she disappeared behind the door. On entering she remained standing at the door; the Sheriff was not in the court, but the clerk was sitting at the table twirling a pen in his fingers, while by his side sate the two Assessors whispering together. Aivle trembled in every limb. The silence lasted for nearly ten minutes—it seemed to her a year. At length a rattling of spurs was heard and the sheriff entered. The appearance of Aivle seemed to please him; he patted her cheek which was as red as fire, and said, "Sit down." She obeyed, seating herself timidly on the edge of a chair. When Aivle, with downcast eyes, had replied to the questions as to her name, condition, age, and so forth, the Sheriff, turning to her, said, "Come now, tell us who planted the may-tree for you?" "I cannot tell, your worship," she replied. "Did not you give the cord to fasten the tree to the garret-window?" "No, your worship." "Well, do you not know who your sweetheart is?" Aivle burst into tears; it was terrible to her deny it, and yet how could she confess the truth? The Sheriff put in a word to relieve her embarrassment. "Now, my good girl," said he, "what is there to deny? Mathes is your sweetheart; you know that you are soon going to be married to him." Aivle recollected that in the course of a month she was to apply to the Sheriff for the certificate of permission for her marriage; and she thought that, were she now to deny her engagement with Mathes, the permission might be refused. Moreover, she could not say no—it was against her conscience. Her heart beat quick, a conscious feeling of pride arose within her breast superior to all danger, and animated her whole frame. She no longer thought of the paper, nor of the sheriff, nor of where she was—she thought only of Mathes, The last tear fell from her eye, her features brightened, she rose up quickly, looked around her with an air of pride, and said—"Yes, I will have no other man in the world for my husband." "Then it was Mathes who planted the may-tree?" said the Sheriff. "Possibly, indeed, it might have been," she replied; "but I cannot know—I was not there; that evening I was—" Her tears and sobs choked her, and she could not proceed. Fortunately, Aivle shut her eyes, and escaped seeing the laughter of the attendants in the court. "Come, now, my good girl, only confess that no one else planted the may-tree for you." "How can I tell?" she replied. By dint of cross-questioning, and by encouraging assurances that the punishment should be very trifling, the Sheriff at length extorted a confession from Aivle. The minutes of the court were now read over to her; all that had passed there was translated into High-German, and put into a connected form; but not a word was said of all the poor girl's weeping and suffering. Aivle was astonished at hearing again all she had said; but she signed the paper, and felt lightened of a great burden when she was allowed to leave the court. As soon as the door was closed behind her, and the latch fell, she stopped suddenly, clasped her hands, and heaved a deep sigh; she now thought for the first moment on what she might have brought on Mathes. Holding fast to the balusters, she went timidly down the stone steps and looked for her father, who was drinking a glass of wine in the "Lamb," to strengthen his heart. Without saying a word, or tasting a drop of wine, Aivle seated herself by his side. Meanwhile Mathes was examined again; and when he heard Aivle's confession, he stamped on the ground and gnashed his teeth. This vent to his feelings was taken as the basis of a confession; and Mathes, thus completely hunted down, gave himself up prisoner. Still he writhed like a wild beast taken in the toils, and only got the more entangled. Upon being asked where he had gotten the tree, Mathes at first said he had taken it from the Dettensen forest, in the state of Siegmaringen. But at length, when he saw them about to begin a fresh examination, and to refer the matter to the court at Haigerlach, Mathes confessed that he had taken the tree from his own wood in the outskirts of the village, but that it was one of those which would have been marked by the forester in a few days to be cut down. In consideration of these mitigating circumstances, Mathes was only fined ten dollars, for having taken a tree from his own wood before the time permitted by law. At the top of the path, Mathes met Aivle coming across the meadows. He was going to pass them without speaking, when Aivle ran up to him, seized him by the hand, and, panting for breath, exclaimed—"Mathes, do not be angry; see here—take my necklace, and pay the fine whatever it is. Thank God, you are not put in prison!" After a few words of explanation, Mathes was reconciled again; then he went hand in hand with his Aivle into the village, and was welcomed joyfully by all the neighbours.

We rejoice that the English public is made acquainted, through this excellent translation, with this admirable little book, which, as illustrative of German peasant-life and manners, we consider really valuable; at the same time the reader who wants to be amused and deeply interested cannot do better than devote a few hours to its pages.

## THE JURY FOR THE REWARD OF WORKMEN.

In our number of the 30th of May we gave an account of an association, now in the course of formation in Paris, which earnestly engages the attention of all classes in that capital, and deserves the consideration of the working community at home.

The professed object of the "jury for the reward of workmen" is, by occasionally distributing rewards to the meritorious, to excite a spirit of emulation amongst them, and by so doing to better their condition. For this purpose the chief manufacturers of Paris have united; subscriptions have been received; and the Duc de Nemours, future regent, has accepted the office of president.

Whatever novelty may exist in the name, there is certainly none in this project of the society; for it has been tried in England, and has signally failed in contributing one iota to better the condition of the labourer. And we are astonished that a nation laying claim to the greatest originality of ideas should voluntarily adopt an antiquated and exploded system from its rival; but, on reflection, we were not so surprised that the manufacturers (the protectionists) of France should adopt the same expedients with the same ideas from their agricultural protectionist brethren of England—the principles of both being identical.

That the system adopted by the "jury" is useless we are convinced; and we do contend that, so long as the workman or labourer is badly fed, clothed, housed, and educated, it is worse than mockery to offer him a medal. And in this opinion we do not stand alone; we have the *Times*, and those most interested—the workmen themselves—to support us in the views we take of this system.

The *Times*, speaking of the West Sussex Agricultural Association, says—

We fear, however, that there is too much hollowness in the words of encouragement addressed to them (*the labourers*), and that the premiums are too nominal and contemptible to have much influence in producing the desired effect. The distribution of a few bibles and prayer-books, and a few prizes, varying from ten shillings to four pounds, will not compensate for a year's privation, caused by a rate of wages so miserable as to be wholly inadequate for comfort, and frequently insufficient for support."

What the *Times* says in respect to West Sussex labourers is equally applicable to Paris workmen: for hear what they say themselves. In the *Reforme* we find a letter to the editor from the brassfounders, bearing the signature of 200 workmen, with the following as an answer to the address of the "jury."

We will say, . . . that our trade is the most unhealthy in Paris—that from six in the morning till eight in the evening we are confined in workshops four times too small, so that we are literally choked by the dust.

For four years have we asked our masters to shorten our time by two hours: so that for two hours we might breathe the pure air. The smaller capitalists consented; but the larger ones—the kings of trade—were inexorable. We were obliged to return, and labour fourteen hours a day, including meals.

Wherefore, sir, when the principal manufacturers will consent—1st, To render the workshops healthy—2nd, To accord us two hours less labour per day—3rd, To enforce the observance of the law relative to the employment of children: then, and not till then, can we venture to hope for an amelioration of our condition—an amelioration more substantial and beneficial than can possibly be achieved by the distribution of medals, which, in fact, will only produce trouble and division amongst us.

From the above it appears that the brassfounders of Paris clearly comprehend the uselessness of this system. It is evident they have no desire to accept the charity of any one, or that they need incitement to make themselves comfortable. They ask for due regard to their health, and two hours a day to recruit their body and improve their mind; a request which, while it proves the moderation of their spirit and the progress of self-reliance amongst them, shadows forth the advent of physical and moral independence, when, we would fain hope, labour shall possess its rights.

We believe this association to be useless; because it is not in accordance with the progressive spirit of the age, but, on the contrary, a relapse into a system of almsgiving, and of dependence on the wealthy; because, instead of addressing itself to the great question of our epoch—*the relationship between master and workman*—it shirks it, and adopts a puerile system of reward. The age requires, the working classes demand, not only the actual amelioration of their condition, but most emphatically that the relations between the employer and the employed be forthwith settled on a clearly definitive and mutually beneficial basis; that it be clearly understood to what per centage on the profit of his labour is the workman entitled. And the solution of this problem—this settlement—is not to be obtained by the distribution of medals, nor even of pecuniary rewards. The whole of the community must be educated in the great and comprehensive principles of humanity: and for this time is necessary—the two hours a day for which the working classes ask, and not gratuitous instruction, state grants, or subscription list, for which they do not ask.

We know it will be urged in opposition that many workmen prefer to work the fourteen hours instead of twelve; but why is this? Experience and every-day life testifies that those are improvident for the future, and care not to husband their strength for their old age; that they fear the reduction of one-seventh of their time would be accompanied by a reduction of one-seventh of their wages—consequently they would be curtailed of their drink, or any other degrading quasi-pleasure they may revel in. Now, supposing this opinion to be universal, or even held by the majority of the working classes (which, fortunately, is not the case), would it not be the duty of those who are looked on as superior in intellect as well as in pocket to explain away this folly—to prove, and it requires not much intellect for it, that the fag-end of a hard day's labour, when the labourer is exhausted, is like all other fag-ends, good for very little? They should demonstrate to the incredulous few what the majority of workmen are convinced of, that even if they did suffer this diminution of wages (which should not, nor would not be the case) they would then be gainers, gainers in health, cultivation, and happiness of mind, and, finally, in pocket, by being able to attend to their own domestic affairs.

While we have unhesitatingly condemned the folly of distributing medals to workmen who are "badly fed, clothed, housed, and educated," instead of affording them time and facilities for improvement, we should be unjust to the "Jury of Reward" if we failed to notice, and to record our sympathy with and approbation of, one of their numerous suggestions. We allude to the formation of a National Pension Fund for the support of invalid and veteran workmen. The project, as developed in the *Moniteur Industriel*, consists in uniting in one large club all the workmen and labourers in France, not excepting the women or children: the workmen to elect from themselves a committee of direction, whose chief business will be to collect the funds (that is, two centimes—one-fifth of a penny—forcibly retained from the wages of every member) and in paying the pensions. The club is to be quite independent of the masters, and are to receive no alms, nor contributions from any but their own members.

We confess we like the suggestion much. We admire the idea of the working classes uniting for so laudable a purpose, and supporting those who otherwise would be paupers.

There is nothing degrading or humiliating in a veteran workman receiving pecuniary assistance from such a fund—a fund towards which he has contributed, and the pension probably only the interest of his accumulated contributions.

When this really reasonable and truly noble proposition is more fully developed, we will return to the subject with pleasure.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, Aug. 1st, 1846.*

*Associate Institution for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women.*—A general meeting of the friends and supporters of this Institution took place on Tuesday, the 21st of July, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The Chairman on this occasion (Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.), on taking his seat, presented to the meeting that distinguished philanthropist and truly Christian reformer, the Bishop of Norwich, who offered up a short and fervent prayer as the most fitting preliminary to the business about to be commenced. The Chairman briefly explained the nature of the Institution itself, and the object of the present meeting. He then called upon the Secretary to read a report of the proceedings of the committee of the Institution during the last two years. After which the following persons addressed the meeting:—Lord Ingestrie, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Mr. Hansard, Mr. Buckingham, Mr. West, Mr. William Biggs (of Leicester), and Mr. Spooner, M.P.

The speech of the Bishop of Norwich was worthy of his high character. He lamented that in Christian England such a regular system of trading in seduction should exist, and that existing; it should have remained hitherto comparatively unnoticed by the law. He spoke of the Associate Institution at Norwich, and of the partial good which it had effected; of the frightful amount of prostitution all over the country; and of his own opportunities, as a clergyman, for observing the suffering it entails on its victims. He spoke with indignation of the small sum of money raised by the Institution during the last year—450*l*.—"the price of an Opera box!" "What were 450,000*l*. to the inhabitants of such a city as London?" And "for such a purpose—the protection of the most defenceless, the most innocent part of the community." The immediate object of the committee was to get a bill passed through parliament which should render the procurer, or the procuress, as well as the brothel-keeper punishable by law; so that the condition of the prostitute should be, at least, voluntary. At present the most terrible aggravation of the evil of a prostitute's life is, that it is often forced upon her by those who make a fortune out of her sinful earnings—from whom it is next to impossible for her to escape—who enslave her, body and soul; often inflicting the most cruel treatment upon her, and when she no longer answers their purposes, leaving her to die in the streets.

Each of the other speakers spoke of the great importance of the bill which Mr. Spooner has pledged himself to carry through the House of Commons. This bill will grapple with the main evil — the present organised system of trepanning young females into the ranks of prostitution. This does not touch the question of whether prostitution itself can be put down, or whether it is, as many suppose, inherent in every high state of civilisation. There may be differences of opinion on this point—but surely all men will agree that the trade of a prostitute should not be *forced* upon her. Public opinion has spoken loudly against the pressgang: if the dreadful deeds of the pressgang of procurers, whom the Bishop of Exeter has called "the most loathsome of hell's emissaries," were known to the public, we believe they could not be continued another day.

Mr. W. Biggs, in an able speech, spoke of the principal reason why Associate Institutions had not been formed before the last few years, and why they would have difficulty in attaining their object now they are formed — the delicacy—false delicacy, as it might properly be called—of all ranks, and of both sexes, on this subject. Men shrink from denouncing openly that which they all in private are ready to acknowledge to be the greatest stain upon the moral and religious character of the country. They carefully keep from their female relations all knowledge of this subject—fearing to wound their delicacy and their sensibility by any allusion to the disgusting and painful particulars connected with prostitution.

Several of the speakers rejoiced that ladies were present on this occasion. If women once threw themselves heartily into the business of emancipating those of their own sex who are slaves to a worse set of masters than any negro slave-owners, the day would not be distant when the object of the Associate Institution would be gained.

Mr. Buckingham spoke words of encouragement. He felt quite sure that the Institution would prosper. When once its aims were thoroughly known to the world, it *must* succeed. No one would dare to oppose it openly. No one would be hardy enough to advocate a trade in forced prostitution, whatever he might think with regard to voluntary prostitution. He gave it as his firm conviction (as a traveller and an observer of men and manners at home and abroad), that the amount of prostitution in England was greater than that in any other country on the globe.

Mr. Spooner addressed the meeting, to renew his promise of getting the present bill through the house this session if possible. A vote of thanks to Lord Robert Grosvenor, as chairman, was passed by the meeting before its separation.

*Finsbury Mutual Instruction Society,* (Bunhill-row).—The Secretary of this institution writes to say it "was formed two years since, by six individuals (myself being one), for the purpose of instructing each other, as far as practicable, mutually; and the increase of our members has been beyond all expectation or idea, the numbers of subscriptions each quarter being as follows:—1st quarter, 97; 2nd quarter, 157; 3rd quarter, 217; 4th quarter, 257; 5th quarter, 315; 6th quarter, 312; 7th quarter, 358; up to the present time, 150; making a total of 1,813 subcriptions. 1020 persons have become members. The society is based upon the principle of educating its members without interfering with their religious or political opinions, and at the lowest possible rate of charge; our only object, at present, being to increase the library, which contains 520 volumes, which we find not sufficient for the wants of the members. Your notice of this might benefit us, and be the means of similar institutions rising up, they being much wanted." Mr. T. Duncombe, M. P., is the President.

*Finsbury Literary and Mechanics' Institution* (6, Frederick-place, Goswell-road). — We are informed this Institution has been recently established, for the purpose of elevating the character of the *Working Classes,* by aiding in the diffusion of useful information, exciting a general spirit of inquiry, and providing them with cheap rational education, by the means of lectures, the formation of classes for education, by the establishment of a library, and the loan of books to its members, and by the establishment of a reading-room for their accommodation. The following classes are already formed, or on the eve of being so:—Writing and Arithmetic, French, Latin, German, Spanish, Singing, Dancing, Elocution, and Discussion.

*Hints for Good.*—No. 1. *Seeking Situations in London.*—There are always some thousands of young persons seeking situations in the Great Metropolis, without friend or relations to guide or assist them. I was so situated myself once, and therefore can feel for such. A word of good advice to them: — "Strictly avoid all the agents' and register offices, which profess to obtain good situations, but commence by draining you of perhaps your last crown. These men profess to put your name on their books to get you a situation; they have neither the power nor intention. Take my advice, advance no money to any of these gentry, but answer advertisements and make enquiries of respectable parties in your trade or profession, *who though perfect strangers will give you good advice.* I have known lately of swindlers advertising to get premiums from young men on pretence of teaching them surveying, and engaging them on railways for India. A friend of mine searched into this scheme, and found that numbers of young men had been swindled out of 5*l*., which, perhaps, they had raised with difficulty.—No. 2. *Ventilation of Workshops.*—When we think of the number of workmen in close heated workshops of London, we see more than ever the need of room-ventilation. These shops, many of them, are attics and small ill-constructed shops. Now, considering the heat, and fumes from gas, &c., we are astonished that there is not more illness. Much of the lassitude and feverish

thirst of workmen is caused by want of pure air. Employers are bound in duty to remedy this (and the remedy is cheap), but if they will not do it. let the men at once adapt a finely perforated zinc pane to the sash, and a funnel in the ceiling leading to the chimney. A little chlorate of lime sprinkled on the floor will purify the air at a cost of less than 1*d.* per day. Every mechanic ought to join a sick club.—A FRIEND.

*Gallashiels.* — This is at present a very flourishing little place, the woollen weavers are in the receipt of, comparatively speaking, good wages. The workmen of the different branches of trade have established *co-operative stores* for supplying themselves with food and clothing at wholesale prices, and, from what I can learn, they are doing very well indeed. Last year the provision store announced a return of 50 per cent. upon the capital employed—and they also do great good to the town, in preventing the other shopkeepers from obtaining exorbitant prices for their articles.—JOSHUA CLARKSON.

## Correspondence.

### WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE OF SHEFFIELD.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

SIR—In the paper which appeared in the *People's Journal* of Saturday, May the 16th, entitled "What is doing for the people of Sheffield?" nothing is said as to what is doing to promote what has been termed very aptly the "moral reformation of the 19th century," or in other words, the means which are being used to uproot and destroy the degrading and demoralising vice of intemperance. This work in Sheffield is being done chiefly by the people, or the labouring part of the community; for although there are some honourable exceptions in the names of Edward Smith, Esq., and J. H. Smith, and a few others, yet in general, the wealthy and influential class have stood aloof, and left the middle and working classes to carry out one of the greatest and most benevolent enterprises of the present day. The temperance society has been in existence in Sheffield upwards of ten years, and has been the means of doing much good, especially amongst the working class, many, the most degraded of characters, having been reclaimed by adopting the principle and practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

The town is divided into districts, having a branch of the society attached, but the only one in efficient operation is the Little Sheffield branch (and which would admit of improvement), the members of which visit with tracts several hundreds of houses weekly, strengthening the feeble, and confirming the weak, circulating also many hundred of temperance publications during the year, from which much valuable information is obtained—holding at least one weekly meeting—employing occasionally paid lecturers; amongst the latter, Dr. Lees, of Leeds, J. S. Buckingham, Esq., Dr. Grindrod, Henry Vincent, and others, all of whom have given instruction which has tended to benefit and improve the masses.

Nor must the annual "gathering" which has taken place for several years be forgotten; the season when, leaving the toil and smoke of the town behind, the sons and daughters of labour have met in thousands, amid the ruins of Roche Abbey, there to inhale the pure breath from heaven, and enjoy the beauties of nature surrounded by the memorials of bygone ages, and holding sweet converse with friends amid scenes once sacred to monastic retirement and devotion. Such are some of the doings for and by the people of Sheffield, all of which are calculated to improve their morals, and elevate them in the scale of social and civilised society, and tending to purify and raise the affections from what is low and grovelling to the contemplation of the beautiful, and practice of good.

I remain yours, A WORKING MAN.

*Sheffield.*

### BAKERS' CONFEDERACIES.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

SIR—The very appropriate and well-timed remarks in No. 29 of the *People's Journal*, under the head "The Corn Bill and Wages," induce me to make a few pointed observations deserving the immediate attention of the industrious classes, whose chief outlay from their daily earnings is in the purchase of bread for their families, and therefore this is an article of paramount importance to them, and to procure which good, in abundance, and cheap, has cost an immense expenditure of capital and talent—as instanced in the Anti-Corn-law League above.

You must know, as well as I can inform you, and your readers, too, that bread made from Indian corn alone, and which is admitted free of duty, is, nevertheless, now selling at a higher price than bread made of the best wheaten flour.

But there is another circumstance of paramount importance, and which is at the foundation of the evil to which you refer, and to which I would direct your attention, namely the existence of District Combinations among the bakers to regulate the price of bread; and woe to the tradesman who refuses to join this bread-taxing association; for, unless his purse is heavy and his spirits not easily damped, he will be compelled to succumb or submit to ruin: and I have heard of an instance where several out of one society were ruined in the attempt to hunt out of the trade altogether, or break up, one who refused to join their conclave!

I am, sir, yours obediently,

*July*, 1846. Z.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record whatever facts and opinions may be put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and* not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarrantee of the writer's good faith.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* APPENDIX.

## Notices.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready.

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each, are now ready, and may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE INFANT HERCULES.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

## LAKE AND MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS.

### No. II.

By Harriet Martineau.

July 7.—There is no mode of travelling in this region to be compared with the pedestrian. So think my two young companions and I, on our return from a charming trip, the best parts of which we should have lost if we had gone in any other way than on foot.

We usually set out on these expeditions after an early dinner, in order to satisfy our consciences by doing a good morning's work before giving ourselves up to play. It was therefore at three p.m. that we shouldered our knapsacks on Thursday last. I had a present of a capital knapsack lately, of a foreign make, which relieves me of more fatigue than I could have supposed possible. It seems rather absurd that while men carry weight in the easiest place, on the shoulders, women should carry it, as I did till now, on the one arm or the other, injuring the balance in walking, and fatiguing the arms. Henceforth, my pretty knapsack will save me that much drawback in my excursions. Master Bob and I thus carried all weighty articles; while Miss S. took charge of an umbrella, and a small basket containing provision for the next day's dinner, including a flask of whiskey, and a little tumbler, wherewith to drink out of the mountain streams.

A friend kindly lent us her pony-phaeton, to set us forward four miles on the highroad. From this we alighted at the Swan Inn at Grasmere and walked up Dunmail Raise, looking back on the lovely little Grasmere, which we return to with fresh affection after every absence. From the verdant and tranquil aspect of the valley, it is usually supposed to be named from its grassy slopes and shores; but its derivation is pointed out by its connexion with Grisedale, which opens laterally from it. Gris is the old Saxon for wild swine; and the lake was once called Grismere—the lake of the wild boar. A deep and still retreat must this have been in the days of wild boars. We had intended to stop for the night at the little inn at Wythburn, at the foot of Helvellyn; but we got there so soon and so untired that we merely spoke about accommodations for the next Monday night, and went on to the King's Head,—three miles further by the high road; but four or five by the bye road which we followed.

No one can pretend to have seen Thirlmere who has not travelled along its western bank. Its views are so wholly different from those seen from the high road that it could hardly be known for the same lake.

It was luxury to sit on a high grassy slope between two bold promontories, and look down upon the black and solemn waters,—the great Helvellyn, rising steep and bare on the opposite shore. The scene was so sombre, even in the fine evening light of gay July, that a white horse in a cart, moving slowly along the road under Helvellyn,—a very minute object at such a distance,—seemed to cast a light into the landscape. Then, in a few more steps, we emerged into a noble amphitheatre of rocks, retiring from the lake, and leaving a level meadow of the richest green for us to traverse. These rocks were feathered with wood to their summits, except where bold projections of grey or dun crags relieved the prevalent green with a most harmonious colouring. High up, almost at the very top, gushed out a foaming stream, from some unseen recess; and the waters leaped and tumbled in their long descent till they reached the meadow, through which they quietly slid into the lake. Our walk over the deep grass and heather must have been very noiseless; for I evidently gave as vivid a start as I received when I came upon a little clear pool in the grass, with a reedy margin, whence a heron sprang up so close that I might almost have laid hold on its beautiful wings or long legs as it hurried away, leaving the water dimpled and clouded in the spot where it had stood fishing when alarmed. Then our path lay along the margin of the lake, and then through a shady lane which opened into a farm yard. We came now near the bridge, and Bob was soon to be satisfied how a lake could be crossed by a bridge.

In one spot, about half way along the lake, the shores threw out promontories which leave no very wide space from point to point. And here there is a rising of the ground from below, so that the waters are shallow,—even fordable at times for carts and horses. Piers of rough stone are built, and piles of them raised at intervals; and these intervals are crossed by planks, with a hand-rail; so that it is a picturesque bridge enough.

Half a mile on the other side of it, we found our inn. We found also a nice, kindly hostess; but with the bad news on her tongue that her house was full,—not a bed to be had,—nor any kind of vehicle to take us on to Keswick,—nearly six miles. Room is however always found in such cases; and by putting a number of young gentlemen into one apartment, every body was accommodated; and very merry we were in our quarters.

I was here struck for the fiftieth time, with wonder at what seems to me a peculiarity in our own nation,—the total absence of either the sense of beauty, or of all cultivation of it in matters of ornament. All through this region, as in other rural districts of our country, the pictures on the walls, and the chimney-piece ornaments are of a kind which makes one wonder why they are there at all,—whether any body can possibly see any beauty whatever in them. When I was furnishing my house lately, the travelling merchant who supplied me from Staffordshire with all my earthenware appeared to have good taste about the breakfast and dinner sets with which she furnished me; and I was therefore all amazement when she pressed me to buy, for my drawing-room mantelpiece, some scarlet and green castles, four inches high, with an enormous chimney in the middle, to hold lighters for my taper-stand. Her own rapture at what she called the beauty of these castles proved to me that it was for my own sake that she wished me to buy these. In our sitting-room this evening were things even worse. A piece of earthenware in the middle of the mantel-piece represented the babes in the wood. A gaudy pair of personages lay at the foot of a hollow trunk of a tree (a sort of chimney to hold lighters), and the robin, a slim bird with yellow and lilac wings and pea-green body, was stooping over them with a cabbage-leaf in his bill as large as either of their heads. We laughed half the evening at this ornament; and, sorry as we were to laugh at the pictures, we could not help it. They were of the most serious scriptural subjects; and I will not describe them. When I think of the harm that such representations of such subjects must do to children living with them before their eyes, and when I remember how in foreign countries, the very cheapest ornaments, of the very poorest houses are usually good as far as they go, it gives me concern that there should not be a better taste everywhere where people have the power of orna-

menting their rooms at all. I enjoy seeing a bunch of evergreens in the fireplace of a house in summer; and a jar full of waving grasses from the fields and hedges. A string of birds' eggs is a natural ornament; and so is a festoon of fir-cones. And I like to see a sixpence here and there spent on one of the pretty plaster casts carried everywhere by the Italian boys; or on some prints which represent some object in the natural way. The first great rule is that the ornament should be like what it professes to represent;—a robin like a robin, and Christ and his mother like such a woman and infant as one would admire out of a picture, not for their gay clothes, but for their countenances and attitude.

Next morning, we walked gaily on to Keswick. I will not dwell on the incidents of that day, because it was the most public part of our little journey, and we had a good road, and its ordinary accommodations all the way. We rested in a grove, saw Derwent Water and the great fall of Lodore in great beauty, and reached the little inn at Rosthwaite in good time for tea—about seven. We discovered that evening that the best cure for fatigue was a gentle, lounging walk. Bob and I climbed up a little mount near the inn, whence we had a view of the whole of Borrowdale, which so enchanted us that Bob ran down for his sister, who was truly glad not to have missed the sight. Our station was in the middle of the valley; and sweet fields stretched as far as the mountains on every side, while the eye rested on a farmstead here and there, or on a bold rock, and the river gushed along its winding course, in and out among the bases of the mountains on the eastern side. We sauntered long by the shoaly stream and among the lanes and gardens, and felt no more fatigue.

The next was to be our great day. We were to cross the pass of Sty Head to Wast Water. I inquired for a guide, though well knowing the road. By myself, I fear nothing on these mountains; but I do not choose to take the responsibility of guiding others in places where fog, a storm, or two minutes' heedlessness about the path might place them in danger. The guide was engaged to a funeral; but he sent a young farm servant in his stead. Wishing that S. should begin the ascent untired, I bespoke, for our first three miles of plain road, the only vehicle in the neighbourhood, called by our hostess a shandry; but to our eyes a common butter-cart. It had a seat for three, now made soft by a bolster from one of the beds. The steady old white mare looked as if she could not for her life go wrong; and so I made no objection when Bob said, on the reins being put into his hands, "I drive, of course." But my mind misgave me when I saw him nip the reins with his finger-ends, as he would a bit of paper, and found that this was his first attempt. The mare proceeded, indulging her own fancy about how near she would go to any stone wall or green ditch, till we met a few sheep, and a good many lambs, evidently inexperienced about cart-wheels. On they came—on this side and that, in and out; and S. and I desired Bob to stop. But he continued to nip the reins with his dainty finger ends, and look straight at the mountain before him, till the shepherd caught the mare's head, and stopped the shandry by main force, observing to Bob that he perceived he was not accustomed to drive among sheep. Bob declared himself aware of my decided objection to going on through the flock; but pleaded that the mare had quite as decided an objection to stop; and what could he do better than gratify us both by proceeding without hurting the sheep? However, we thought fit to call in an umpire, in the form of our guide; and Bob had to stand up behind us, like a Russian footman on a sledge. We left our equipage at a farm-house below the pass, hung our knapsacks upon the guide, and began the ascent. It was not very steep or long; but just fatiguing enough to make it a delicious moment when we threw ourselves down beside Sty Head tarn—the little clear, rippling lake lying thus high above her sister waters, like a nun retired to some convent height, to keep herself pure and still as long as it shall please God to feed the springs of her life. Sunny and dry as all was with us, it was interesting to see by the minute diamond drops resting thick on the grass, where a cloud had lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat.

The worst of these mountain passes is, that they shut upon the sweet vale behind as they open upon a fresh scene in front. We cast glances of lingering regret on Borrowdale as, at every step, the foreground seemed to rise, the mountain sides to advance, and the sky to descend, to exclude it from our view; and then, turning round the wild crag summits, began the steep descent to Wastdale; and then Wastdale itself opened before us. Steep and stony, indeed, we found the descent; and hungry enough we were when we reached the farmhouse where travellers are favoured with a meal of potatoes, oat-cake, cheese, butter, and milk. On this fare we dined heartily, and then having bid the guide farewell, walked on for another six miles to Strands. Our road lay along the banks of Wast Water, a lake of a peculiar character of beauty, wild and most secluded. The mountains on the eastern shore, the Screes, steep, crumbling, so as to afford no footing whatever, and tinged with sombre grey and red, descend sheer into the deep dark waters; and not a sheep, or dog, or living thing but a flitting bird now and then, can be seen moving along the whole range. This lake is less known to tourists than almost any in the region, from the difficulty of access or egress at the northern end; and perhaps its wild beauty is by this all the more endeared to those who visit it as we did—dropping down upon it from the mountain height.

At Strands we took a car for seven miles to Calder Bridge; the chief interest on this bit of road being a favourable view of the Isle of Man. When I was here last October, the weather was cold, and the wind east; and the sea lay clear and grey to the horizon, the Isle of Man rising amidst it so dark and distinct that I could discern the swell of its shores, and the hollows of its hills. This time, the weather was hot, and the wind west. A summer haze hung over the blue sea, and the island was barely discernible, only its highest peaks being lightly pencilled against the pale sky. But that we were on the watch for it, we should have missed it.

After refreshing ourselves, and having tea at Calder Bridge, we set out for the Abbey, whose ruins are within a mile of the church. Our minds were full of sweet images of things seen that day, of the tarn, the descent of the pass, the wild lake, the calm wide sea with its islands, and lastly, the sweep of the clear brown waters of the Calder under its red and tufted rocks and below the bridge, which we had been enjoying from the garden of our inn: but all these gave way before the pleasure to come.

From the road, we turned aside under an avenue of chestnuts and limes, whose shade grew deeper as we advanced, so that the green sward at the

end looked so bright as to have the effect of a gleam of mild sunshine—though it was now past nine o'clock. The scene was one of monkish quietude and seclusion. There was no sound but of the river gushing on under the trees on the one hand, and of the rooks about to settle for the night in the lofty wood on the other. The whole scene was shut in by woods, above the eastern range of which hung the golden moon, near the full, ready to give all needful light when the bright glow from the west should have faded away. This glow was still bright enough at this late hour to cast a faint shadow from our figures as we moved over the smooth sward, and to mark vividly the projections and recesses of the ruins.

When we emerged from the avenue, what a scene it was! The Abbey is built of the red sandstone of the district, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A.D. 1134) into the richest and softest tint that eye could desire. Its lofty pointed arches sprang clear from the sward in noble proportions, disclosing beyond a long perspective of grassy lawn and shadowy woods. From the roofless summit dangled the tufted ivy, waving in the gentle night breeze, while the latest rooks sailed in circles above, before winging away to the nearest wood. Almost a whole aisle of pillars is left standing on the south side, still connected by the cornice and wall which they support. Amidst the luxuriant honeysuckle and ivy which load these remains with verdure and luscious bloom, climbing up till they grow down again on the other side, these pillars are seen to be alternate clustered and hexagonal. We wandered in and out among these pillars; and into the sombre corner where the tall ash grows over towards the old tower wall, making a sort of tent in the recess; and we looked into every niche and damp cell in the conventual apartments or offices; and went down to the red and tufted and broken river banks, and watched its stream rushing and leaping along in its deep channel, under the overarching trees; and we said—what is probably always said by visitors of that spot—how well the old monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among these Cistercians to pace their river bank, hidden in the shade, and to attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by.

When, at last, we unwillingly withdrew, not only did my companions say, as is natural to the young who have seen but little yet of the broad world, that they should never forget this scene and this evening, but I who have lived beside Niagara, and stemmed the Mississippi, and floated on the canals of Venice, and walked over passes of the Alps, and penetrated the caves of Staffa and the ruins of Iona, felt that of all these none would abide more distinctly in my chamber of imagery than this evening hour at Calder Abbey.

## LIFE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By A Working Hand.

### MY FIRST JOB.

Imagine, gentle reader, the delight with which, after being unsuccessful for about three weeks, I got my first job of work in the colony. At the period of my debarkation, most of the large settlers were up the country on their farms; it being the season for important farm operations—such as sheep-washing, sheep-shearing, wool-pressing for exportation, reaping, cattle-muster, &c.; and, besides, I had no acquaintances in Sydney from whom I could hear of employment, or through whom I could make myself known. My engagement at last was more a matter of accident than the result of my own endeavours. The landlord of the public-house where I went every morning to look over the advertisements, in hope of finding something that would suit me, had been brought up to the same trade as myself. Knowing what kind of work I was seeking, he recommended me to a customer of his who had come up from the Five Islands with a boat-load of cedar, and wanted a snug little hut put up for his family: they had been there some time, but had been living under a few sheets of bark hitherto.

The Five Islands (by the aborigines much more euphoniously called Illa-Warra) is a tract of New South Wales, a short distance south of Sydney on the sea-coast; and so called, from five small islands which lie a short distance off, immediately abreast of it. It may be described loosely as a plot of the richest soil, bounded on one side by the sea, and backed on the other by enormous masses of mountain, confusedly heaped together. These are covered either with dense and darkling forests or low bushy scrub, knee-high or higher; with flats of swampy table-land, and bare rock, and barren sandy plains intervening in interminable change throughout their uneven surfaces. I have heard some of the settlers say they could dig down forty feet through the soil of their farms on this sea-side tract without finding a stone as large as a pea. Little crystal brooks of the coldest and purest water, making their way out of the mountain reservoirs above, traverse the ground at all seasons of the year in their passage to the adjacent sea. It was, therefore, many years ago, one of the most amiable features of the policy of the best governor this colony has had, to give out in this district farms to a number of little settlers; for a poor man's use of land is first, of course, agricultural, and a fertile soil must be his chief advantage. Amidst the wild, dank gullies of the mountain, and along the solitary course of these cool shadowy streams, grew, at the time I write of, in great plenty, the rich and massive cedar; the price of the timber of which was so high as to counterbalance, in the minds of the hardy working men of the colony, the difficulties, toils, and perils of procuring it for the Sydney market.

My agreement with Mr. H——* was soon made; for I knew so very little of the customs of the colony, and the nature of things at large, that I saw no objections to make against whatever he had proposed. It was stated in the agreement, which was a written one, that I was to proceed to Illa-warra, and erect for Mr. H. a house of such and such timber, and of so many feet in length, so many in breadth, and so many in height, &c., in consideration whereof Mr. H. was to pay me the sum of 75*l.*, supply me with rations at a rate specified for each article, lend me one of his convict servants to assist in cutting down and splitting the timber, &c. (the work requiring two hands), and draw in out of the bush the split stuff as soon as it was ready. The bargain thus far concluded,

* I think it best to inform the reader here that I have not used the true initials of names in any case. It would not have made my account any clearer, and might probably have hurt the feelings of several who, by the period and place, would have recognised their own characters and acts. I should have been sorry to have called up the unpleasant past from its oblivion, with no motive from necessity or utility to justify me.

he told me I could have, if I chose, an advance of 5*l.* before leaving Sydney, to buy any extra tools I wanted. I then found I should need to buy a cross-cut saw and some other articles, which, however, I did with my own money, still having sufficient by me for that purpose. Having seen the tools, my tool-chest, and clothes, &c., aboard the boat, I started along with one of Mr. H.'s men, by land, for the Five Islands.

This man was the convict who was to be my mate. In New South Wales it is not thought any degradation to travel with convict-servants; in fact, it is often unavoidable. It was a very hot morning; and, as we had each a small bundle, our jackets were off before we were two miles over the red, dusty hills going out of Sydney. At one or two creeks where we attempted to drink, the water was so brackish as to be entirely too nauseous to swallow; and into one of them, from a little branch just above my head, as I was tasting, dropped a yellow snake, about a foot long, rolling himself over into a swimming attitude, and making his way to the opposite bank, apparently as well pleased to have escaped me as I certainly was to have escaped him. Finding so little relief from the creeks, we resolved to push on to the half-way house, and have some refreshment and a smoke. A good heart soon gets through its task; so in little more than a couple of hours we reached our destination. But here, instead of the refreshing beer of Old England, I found I must put up with rum and water: the rum most execrable Bengal. After stopping about half an hour we lighted our own short pipes (for such is the usual traveller's pipe in New South Wales, where everybody smokes except ladies), and started again. Less than three hours' walking brought us to Liverpool; beyond which, however, we had still thirteen miles to go to complete our first day's stage. I never wish to have such another walk. By the time we reached Liverpool I had actually ceased to perspire, and was in a high fever: moreover, as is mostly the case, long confinement on ship-board had so unfitted my feet for walking, that they had swelled even above the ancles, and to that degree, that at night I could hardly get my half-boots off.

At the suggestion of my companion, we deferred our further journey till the cool of the evening. After dinner, tired and jaded as I was, I could not help taking a stroll round the township as it was then called. Liverpool was at this time a straggling and pretty little country town, built, one might say, on a green, and with a cool stream gliding along beneath a deep sloping bank at its side. On my return to the inn we had tea, for which we were charged one shilling each, and took the road about seven o'clock in the evening.

Before our departure from the township, we heard the people talking of the fire that was burning in the bush, and saw numbers of them assembled in groups, pointing out to each other its progress across the adjacent country. In New South Wales, as the winter days are much longer than they are in high latitudes, the summer days are much shorter, so that we had been but two hours on the road, when it became quite dark, and as we were by that time intersecting a tract of bush that the fire had already swept through, I had a full opportunity of beholding this sight: one of the finest which tropical countries afford. Our road was about the width of an English second-rate turnpike-road; above, the sky was gloomy and still, and all around the far-stretching forests exposed a strange and varied pageant of darkness and fire, accompanied by the crackling of flames and the crash of falling trees. Spanning some deep creek, empty with summer drought, a bridge, with all its huge sleepers glowing in live red charcoal, was tumbling together into heaps in the channel; the burning timbers carrying down with them the top layer of slabs that, covered with earth, had been the roadway. Over these we had to leap and clamber as we could; unless there chanced to be some track down by the side of the bridge, across the creek bed. Once my companion had very nearly fallen into a burning furnace of red charcoal up to his middle; or rather he was in, for the ground sank beneath his feet; but with that admirable presence of mind which a rough life so usually engenders, he flung himself forward on his hands on to a solid spot, and instantaneously drawing his legs up after him, and sprang forward. Here, some huge old tree, burned through at last, after the patient growth of its youth and the many fire-battles of its age, came thundering down right across the road, and its boughs kindling from the opposite side were in full roaring blaze; lighting up everything nigh at hand with ruddy brilliance, and reflecting upon the dense volume of smoke above, a red semi-transparent hue. Further on again, where the wood was thinner and the material for ravage more scanty, the fire had nearly subsided, and all was obscure and silent, except some single trunk far off in the bush—hollow, and old, and headless—through whose chimney-like barrel rushed upward with fierce, steady roar, a volume of flame and showers of sparks into the blackness of night. Then, on a sudden, the fire would reach a cluster of tree heads as yet untouched, its myriad flames blazing, and crackling, and leaping through them till nothing was left for it to devour. The heat was in many places intense, and the smoke suffocating: whilst snakes, guanoes, bandicoots, opossums, &c., were escaping across the road in every direction, each in its natural dumbness of terror, or with its wild, weak cry of fear. In one place we saw a very large opossum (in the language of the country, an "old-man 'possum") on the edge of a lofty hollow tree-trunk, that had been no doubt his home; out of which, and alongside him as he moved to and fro to avoid it, the increasing fire kept ever and anon shooting up its pointed tongues. We stood watching him, till the poor animal, no longer able to endure the torture, leaped to the ground, a height of full forty feet; where, to my astonishment, after being an instant motionless, he picked himself suddenly up, then fell again, rolled over and over three or four times, and finally went off like mad across the bush. I have since found that the gift of these creatures in this way is perfectly wonderful. Certainly, if there is in this world an indomitable dare-devil animal, it is the old-man 'possum; and, indeed, all his family, mother, sons, and daughters, after their sucking days are over. Till then you may tame them. Before we got into Campbell Town (our destination for the night), we met with another and different exemplification of the effects of the fire on dumb animals. One of the commissaries of the colony had ridden his horse out from Campbell Town towards Liverpool, where he resided, to where the fire was pretty fierce on each side of the road, and for some distance onward through it. Here the horse became frightened, then restive, and at last unmanageable; and when we came up the horse and rider were pirouetting together in circles about the road; the commissary on foot, holding the bridle with both hands,

and the horse, for the most part on two legs also, leading the dance. With a good deal of exertion we succeeded in driving the terrified animal in the direction his master wished to lead him, until they were quite clear of the fire, when we left them: probably they were on the road all night.

At nearly twelve o'clock at night we reached our journey's end, a little hut by the roadside just before entering the township. There my fellow traveller had a brother living, who, his lagging (transportation) having occurred some years before, was now free, and had a job of splitting and fencing from the settler to whom the ground belonged. My companion's well known voice soon aroused the sleeper, who came to the door in his shirt; in his shirt he lit the fire; in his shirt got us supper; in his shirt joined us in a feed and in a smoke, and in his shirt made our bed and tumbled into it with us. But the mysteries of an Australian bed-making demand a somewhat explicit description. I shall not generalise, but speak here of this particular instance alone. The hut itself consisted merely of a few sheets of bark stripped from trees; each piece varying from the size of a common door to double that width by the same length, covering a single area of about nine feet one way by six the other. the roof, too, was of bark, and of the usual shape. One of the ends was formed by the chimney extending throughout its whole width; in this the fire was made, with logs of any length and thickness available, on the earthern hearth. At the other six-foot end was a sort of berth, also of bark, like the bunks on board ship, fixed at about three feet from the ground. At the nine-feet side, next the road, was the door, which was likewise of bark, and at the opposite side was a little table, also of bark: a sheet about three feet one way by two the other, having, of course, its inner or smooth side upwards, was nailed on to four little posts driven into the ground. The architect of the building had used all his materials whilst they were green, consequently, in seasoning, they had twisted into all manner of forms except planes. As is often the case, the worst example came from the most responsible quarter; so that the table was the crookedest thing in the whole hut, not excepting the dog's hind leg. Standing on end about the floor were sundry cylindrical blocks of wood, just as they were first sawn off the tree transversely. they were each about eighteen inches long, and their official rank in the domestic system was equivalent to that of the civilised chair. On these we sat down to a good supper of hot fried beef-steaks, "damper" bread and tea, which our host, who was a free hearted, hardworking bushman, gave us, with many hearty exclamations of "come, eat lad—don't be afraid—there's plenty more where that came from," &c., &c. According to the custom of the colony, and especially of his class, we then betook ourselves to a smoke of good old Brazil tobacco over the latter part of our quart pots of tea, and it was nearly two o'clock before my companion reminded his brother that it was "time to pig down." Accordingly our entertainer, clearing the floor by making us stand in the chimney, putting the blocks under the table, and giving his dog a kick (which I thought the thing least to his credit of all that I had seen him do), began to "make the dab." This he accomplished by stretching his one bed, which was only adapted for a single person, lengthwise across the hut, at about six or seven feet from the fire-place; then laying down across the hut in the same manner, between the bed and the fire-place, all the old clothes he could muster of his own, along with our jackets and waistcoats; and finally spreading over these about half a dozen good-sized dried sheepskins with the wool on. These, with a blanket spread over the whole, really made a very comfortable bed. Certainly, towards morning, I began to feel a good deal as if I were lying with my body in a field and my legs in the ditch beside: however, I have had many a worse lodging between that night and this. For pillows we each had one of the wooden blocks. The blankets were the most patrician class of the accommodations. Of these we had three very good ones for covering, but it was not long before the heat of the night compelled us to throw them off; nor much longer before the musquitoes obliged us to draw one of them on again. Small as these insects are, their sting is so annoying, that I do not think either of us would have slept till daylight, had not our host at length gone out (in his shirt as ever) and brought in a piece of dried cow-dung, which being lighted and laid at the further end of the hut, kept smouldering on and throwing out a dull peculiar scented smoke for hours. This proved a complete remedy; and one which I never afterwards forgot, to employ upon a similar occasion. Whatever may be the reason, musquitoes are proof against strong wood-smoke, but not against this; while at the same time it is not at all seriously offensive to man, though wood-smoke is. By about four o'clock in the morning we were fast asleep. Stare not, city-dweller, such often is the bush traveller's lot, and with no ill effects. I can say conscientiously, that I never felt myself any worse for the loss of a night's rest in New South Wales. Whether this be attributable to the climate, or to the less intellectual habits of life, or both, I cannot determine.

Our next stage was to Appin; which we accomplished easily by noon, the excessively hot day before, being succeeded by cloudy and rather bleak weather. Our way still lay between forests, in some places, and in others over fine, lofty, and cultivated hills; along a good turnpike road. After dinner, which we took at the little inn of the settlement, we struck off along a wild bush track direct for the coast mountain: for it should be stated, that although our journey was from one sea-side place to another, we had made it by a wide sweep inland, and not in a straight direction parallel to the coast. At this part of the coast of New South Wales, the country immediately behind is so broken and mountainous that no practicable track lies through it. Indeed, I could not but wonder how the road we were now pursuing, from Appin towards the coast, had been discovered; not being then aware that the aborigines are so well acquainted with the bush as to be able to point out the most practicable tracks in any direction. After travelling through dense and lofty forests on rich soil, dwarf brush and scrub on stony hills and sandy plains, great flags of rock, and rushy swamp; in fact, after traversing a line of country as varied in character as can be imagined, we arrived before sun-down at the entrance of the thick brush on the Illa-warra mountain above Bulli. I recollect one incident that struck me very forcibly as we made our way wards the brink of the descent. I suddenly became sensible of a most delicious perfume of musk in the air; and on calling my companion's attention to it, he plucked a leaf from a beautiful slender shrub, whose long shoots overhung our path, and gave it me to smell. It was a tree, musk scented, and to such a degree, that the leaves I put in my pocket-book retained a powerful fra-

grance when I examined them many months afterwards. We soon came to the edge of the mountain, and stood on the brink of a precipice of vast depth, where, looking down beneath us, the mighty ocean appeared diminished into insignificance, most like the waters of a lower world.

The Australian twilight is short; and it was almost dark when we reached the foot of the mountain. Happily we had but a few steps to travel before reaching our resting-place for the night. We found ourselves on that flat tract of country bordered on the one side by the sea, and on the other bounded by the mountain, which I have already mentioned as being the Illa-warra district. At this particular point it is scarcely a gun-shot across, and we could hear the measured wash of the sea distinctly through the solemn stillness of evening. A feeling of breathless awe steals over the spirit in traversing these grand and solitary forests, amidst the thickening obscurity of the closing day; and buoyant as my spirits then were, I could not help being sensible of this influence. Suddenly the quick, cheerful bark of a dog startled the echoes; and in another minute a voice of Irish accent called him back, as he came bounding towards us from behind a low square building, that was just discernible in the dark. A few more steps, and we stood at the door of the settler's habitation, where we were to stop for the night. It was one of those huts which must be ranked among the remarkable characteristics of Australian life. Situated on some main track, and alone in the midst of the wilderness, one of these little "cribs" necessarily becomes the nightly rendezvous of great numbers of travellers. If the wayfarer have no food with him, a share of what is going is always freely offered; and whether any remuneration be given or not depends entirely on the circumstances and dispositions of the parties. If he be a poor man, whose hut the wayfaring public has invested with the dignity of an inn, persons in good circumstances travelling always make him some present for the accommodation; if he be a settler in tolerably good circumstances who is thus situated, remuneration is not thought so imperative; but in either case, if the traveller be a poor man, he is welcome to share whatever food may be provided, and nothing is expected from him in return. The same hospitality is maintained in accommodations for rest: those who have a blanket with them contribute it to the general stock; those who have none have equal share with those who have. These customs lead very naturally to a great degree of frankness and cordiality among persons most of whom are thus meeting for the first time; and the evenings consequently are, for the most part, spent in cheerful conversation and merriment. The same kind of arrangement extends throughout the colony, with this mere difference, that off the main lines of road, and still more the farther you advance into the bush, the usual run of travellers are not only not expected to make any recompence, but in many places it would be treated as an insult to offer it. As full a third of the labouring population of the country are in perpetual migration, the custom is a very good one. It probably originated from the smallness of the community, almost every one knowing every other; and there is no doubt that the great scarcity of cash in the up-country parts has principally maintained it. Meantime, let us take a glance at our quarters for the night. The hut was well built of slabs split out of fine straight-grained timber, with hardly a splinter upon them; and consisted of several compartments, all on the ground-floor; the only windows being square holes in the sides of the hut. A good three-log fire was blazing in the chimney, and on stools and benches, and blocks about, sat a host of wayfarers like ourselves; several lay at their ease in corners, on their saddle-clothes or blankets, whilst saddles and packs of luggage were heaped up on all sides.

Supper was over; and the short pipes were fuming away in all directions. Our hosts were two Irishmen, brothers, who had got a little bit of good land cleared here in the wilderness, and refused nobody a feed and shelter for the night. On us they bestowed the usual fare of tea, fine corned beef, and a *damper*, or wheaten cake baked on the hearth. And here I should inform the reader how a damper is made. Flour is mixed up merely with water, and kneaded for about a couple of minutes; the dough is then flattened out into a cake, which should never be more than an inch and a half or two inches thick, and may be of any diameter required; the hot embers of the wood, which is burned almost everywhere in great profusion, owing to its plentifulness, are then drawn off the hearth, the fire being kept on the ground, not in a grate; and on the glowing smooth surface thus exposed the cake is lightly deposited, by being held over it on the palms of the hands, and the hands suddenly drawn from under it. The red ashes are then lightly turned back over the cake with the shovel, and in the course of twenty minutes or half an hour, on removing the ashes, the cake is found excellently baked; with a light duster, or the tuft of a bullock's tail, every vestige of the ashes is switched off; and the cake, if the operations have been well conducted, comes to table as clean as a captain's biscuit from a pastry-cook's shop. Merrily sped the couple of hours between our arrival and going to bed. One sung a song; another told some tale of the olden time, when but few white men were in the colony; a third repeated news he had just heard of the bush-rangers, a fourth described a new tract of land he had just found out for a cattle-run; and others contented themselves with that endless subject of dissertation among the colonists, the relative excellencies of their working bullocks. My share was to answer all the questions (or rather all that were answerable) which any and all thought proper to put to me, on the subject of affairs in England; and to pocket with the best grace I could (for most of these men had been convicts), the jokes they very unsparingly, but I must say with all good humour, cut on me for having come to the colony "to make my fortune," or for being a "free object" (subject), or for having "lagged myself for fear the king should do it for me." All these little matters notwithstanding, the evening passed away very pleasantly; if there were many things in these men that I could not approve, there was much more that I could not but admire. There was a sort of manly independence which secured truthfulness and sincerity—at least among themselves. If the penalty for the practice of that truthfulness towards the superior classes had been fixed too high, I felt that allowance ought to be made for it in estimating their character. Some time before midnight a general collection of bedding took place as usual: the customary belt of bed was constructed all across the hut in front of the fire; and as in this instance the hut happened to be about twelve or fifteen feet across, and we mustered nearly a man to each foot of the diameter, a goodly row of capless heads and bare feet soon displayed itself beyond the opposite ends of the blanketing. On blazed the merry fire, made

up for the night; loud snored those who were so disposed; and louder grumbled, ever and anon, those who were not; hither and thither bounded and barked the dog around the hut, till he thought his master was asleep and could no longer take notice of his watchfulness; dreams came and realities went, and memory ceased her task of the day.

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## MILITARY FLOGGING.

By William Howitt.

Anxious as we have been to unite our voice to that general voice of indignation which has burst forth from press and people from one end to the other of the empire, on the late atrocious case of military flogging at Hounslow, followed by the death of the man flogged, we have been equally anxious to be in possession of the evidence, and, if possible, the verdict of the coroner's inquest, before we commented on it. Two examinations have been made—the verdict is still reserved for a third; but we are now in possession of a mass of evidence, including that of the medical men who were called, and we believe that there is no unprejudiced mind which will not have come to a settled verdict before hearing that of the jury. Whatever that verdict may be, and it probably may be received before this article is published, to our minds, the evidence of that eminent surgeon and physiologist, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, combined with that of Mr. Day, is quite sufficient to decide the question that Frederick White died in consequence of the flogging that he received. It is true that Drs. Hall and Reid were not of that opinion; but with them, their relations to the army must be taken into the account. Mr. Wilson declared positively that he believed the man would be alive now had he not suffered this corporal punishment, and that had the other doctors made the discovery which he had, on examination of the body, they must have come to the same conclusion. Mr. Day, though seeming to disagree with Mr. Wilson in one particular, actually did agree with him. He did not think the man's death was occasioned by the blows, but might be by *the agony* of them. This, as we shall see, was the precise opinion of Mr. Wilson.

There are various points about this case which deserve particular notice, as evidence of an imperative nature for the abolition of this dreadful, brutalising, and disgraceful punishment. In the first place, it opens up to us the frequency of these disgusting inflictions; it suggests to us what numbers there may be who perish from the lash whose real fate remains unknown to the public. It appears that there had been several men flogged within a short time in this regiment, and one, Mathewson, was in the hospital at the same time as White, and had been so severely flogged for calling out carelessly "heigho" to a sergeant, and asking the officer before whom he was taken, how he ought to have answered the serjeant, that his life had been considered in danger. Since then similar barbarities have taken place in the barracks at St. John's Wood. So much for the frequency; and as to the fatal effect of this species of torture, it was by mere accident that the burial of this man was prevented, and the above revolting particulars buried in the grave with him. We owe it to the humanity and public spirit of the Rev. H. Trimmer, the vicar of Heston, that the case came out. Had he carelessly or indifferently allowed the man to be buried without an inquiry, this military atrocity might have been hushed up, and others have followed. How many poor wretches have been thus mangled within the walls of a British barracks, and then cautiously hidden in the grave.

Every particular of these proceedings should be well and most seriously pondered by the public. The public are shut out from the horrible exhibition:—the ladder on which the poor victim is stretched and tied—and the farriers with their black-handled whips alternately cutting at the writhing wretch for half-an-hour; for so long, it was given in evidence, lasted the flogging of White. None but the poor drilled military slaves are present—men who faint and fall at the sight of the horror, but dare not utter a groan lest *they* too should incur the like misery. The poor victim, when he has been conveyed to the hospital, and dressed, and fomented, and physicked for a month, dies; and the public eye and ear, as far as possible, being shut out the body of the victim is conveyed away as secretly as possible, and with false representations, to the grave. These facts show that if humanity is extinct in the hearts of the perpetrators of these deeds, fear is not. They are not so blinded by custom as to believe that they are doing God service. They are aware of the nature of the act: they are conscious that they live in the midst of a great, a jealous, and a christian people, where there is that admirable institution a coroner's inquest, and such men as Thomas Wakley to drag forth these horrors to the light.

But it is not the ladder, the lash, and the back cut to shreds, and to the very bone, which reveal to us the extent of the brutality of this punishment. Mr. Erasmus Wilson has opened up to us a deeper horror, a more terrible revelation of agony. He says, that in examining the back—

> On raising the muscles or flesh from off the ribs and spine, I found a part of the deeper layer of muscles, viz., that which lay in contact with the bones, in a state of disorganisation, and converted into a soft pulp. * * * * *The cause of the pulpy softening I believe to have been the excessive contraction of the muscles taking place during the agony of punishment.* The excessive contraction would produce laceration and subsequent inflammation of the muscles, and the inflammation instead of being reparative, would, in consequence of the depressed state of the powers of the nervous system of the sufferer, be of the disorganising kind, which results in pulpy softening.

Well might Mr. Wilson call this "a new discovery, such as he had never seen before, though he had opened more than a thousand bodies; a fact not stated in any book that he knew of extant, and which could hardly have been expected from such a cause." It is a new and terrible discovery, that such is the agony inflicted by this punishment, that it rends and reduces the muscles to a pulp! And yet this man never uttered a groan! Such is the power of the will, that the poor fellows exposed to the gaze of their comrades, suffer their very muscles to be torn with agony, yet will not yield one groan! Are such unheard of horrors to continue a day longer? Are they to be perpetrated in the midst of the British people, and on those who win with their lives those territories and those glories (so called) for which lords are created, and a nation's thanks are given?

Such is the brutality; now look at the unequal texture of our humanity. We grieve over the lashes inflicted on negroes, and purchase their exemption from it at the rate of twenty millions of money. We traverse the whole earth to christianise and humanise. We take under the protection of our tender mercies the very brute animals in our streets. If this man had been a dog, who dare have used him thus? The dog has

a whole act of parliament to himself. No man shall torture him; no man shall even draw him in a cart. The soldier of this country has not even the consideration of a dog. "Is thy servant a dog?" Well were it for the British soldier if he could claim that rank. If a set of men had taken a dog, and in some secluded court stretched it out on a ladder upon a wall, and with a relay of brawny farriers had thus mangled and slaughtered it, what a burst of execration there would have been against them! What monsters, what inhuman wretches they would have been pronounced! The Society for the Protection of Animals would have fastened upon them. Is man, then, is that noble creature, the soldier who dies under the lash without a groan, the only animal which has no protection in England? No; a thousand generous hearts rise indignant at the fact! This revolting barbarity cannot and will not longer be tolerated.

Look, again, at the inequality of our justice. In this very barracks, it is asserted, that last year an officer of the 4th Dragoon Guards stabbed the quarter-master of the regiment in a drunken spree. Was he flogged? Was he expelled? No; he was reprimanded, and advised to be more careful in the use of cigars, wine, and spirits! This Frederick White, also a little in liquor, not for stabbing a man, but for lightly striking a sergeant on the breast with a poker, is flogged; and, as it appears from medical evidence, killed. The young man is only 27: was of a very respectable family in Nottingham—I myself once knew him very well by sight: he has been unfortunate—driven to enlist, and is apt to drink. Otherwise, a writer in the *Northampton Mercury*, who knew him well, describes him as "of a kind, affable disposition, gentlemanly in his deportment, and respected by all who knew him."

And are men to be flogged to death for drinking? Let it not be forgotten, that making men tipsy is the greatest of all arts by which the kidnappers of the army entrap men. The recruiting sergeants treat and fuddle men to get them to enlist. It is asserted in evidence that this very young man was caught in this very manner. He enlisted in a state of intoxication. The sergeant knows that drinking is his failing, irritates him, and gets a blow. Is this then sufficient cause to put the man to death in this most barbarous manner? Is a man to find no palliating plea in the very weakness by which they caught him? It seems not. The offended dignity of a sergeant who kidnaps men by drink requires the blood of his victim.

Let young men remember these things in the hours of temptation. Let them reflect that the sergeant who treats and flatters them, will very likely one day, if they believe him, hand them over to the ladder and the lash. The other day, going up Holborn, I saw a number of young men eagerly reading a large placard, announcing that a number of respectable young men were wanted for a certain regiment. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I drew near, and asked why the government wanted *respectable* young men, "when they wanted them only to be shot? Were not any vagabonds good enough for that?" The question had its intended effect. The young men looked at each other. The eagerness which the offer of a good price for respectable young men had communicated to their countenances gave way to a blank expression. "Hear that!" they said to each other—"why *should* they want *respectable* young men, when it is only to shoot them." Let them remember that they may not even reach that fate, but may die at the hands of the farrier.

But the great argument for the abolition of this inhuman practice is yet behind. It should be abolished, because it is not merely brutal, but because it brutalises all those who are compelled to use it. Look at the officers of our army—men of education and family. In other respects they may be amiable, gentle, and kind; in their public and professional character they are callous as the hilt of their own swords. At these bloody exhibitions, the common men—men of blunted and ruder feelings as they would say—faint and fall; the officers fold their arms, look on in calm indifference, and, when the very farrier relents, cry—"Go on!" It is shocking to see men of station and cultivation, or at least of opportunity for it, thus placed before the whole public in this opprobrious aspect. But men in the army must do as they are commanded, be it what it will. We have seen lately in *Koubrakiewizk's Revelations of Austria*, that soldiers are there beaten to death with canes, and if they die before the prescribed number of blows is given, the executioners of the sentence strike on till the number is completed!

Institutions corrupt men. To prevent men being degraded to brutes, you must abolish brutish practices. Why have officers on this occasion displayed the most hardened indifference, and the directors of the press denounced the cruelty with a generous indignation? It is purely from the difference of the systems to which they are attached. Had the writers occupied the places of the officers, they would have been found superintending flogging with the cool stoicism of American Indians; and the officers, as writers, would have been denouncing their brutality. For the sake of officers as well as of men, we must expunge, and that speedily, this hideous practice from our military law.

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## EDUCATION IN RAGGED SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

Liverpool, 10, Leveson-street,
July 13, 1846.

Sir—On the formation of a local association for introducing the Ragged School System of London among the neglected poor of Liverpool, W. Jevons, Esq., the excellent and accomplished author of *Systematic Morality*, was among those who were applied to for suggestions to assist the committee. At the request of one of their number, that gentleman drew up the following remarks, which appear to the committee to be admirably suited to throw light upon the plan of instruction that should be followed out in these schools for the most neglected. We have been directed to place the paper in your hands, and by so doing we hope to ensure it an extensive and appreciating circulation.

We are, Sir,
Yours respectfully,
J. Johns.
Andrew Leighton.

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Education, as generally conducted, aims at little more than imparting the *means* of acquiring knowledge. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are

the staple subjects of school instruction, and valuable attainments they undoubtedly are, to those who have the means and opportunities of applying them to useful purposes. But those who cannot afford themselves the comfort of decent clothing, can still less afford themselves the luxury of books, and without books, of what avail is the ability to read? Reading, moreover, is an attainment which requires a long and tedious initiation, and constant practice to keep it up. Numbers even of those who have spent years at school have acquired it so imperfectly as to be able only to read with toil and difficulty, and not a few have certainly lost the attainment for want of practice. How, then, can we expect a better result from our efforts to instruct the most unpromising of all pupils, in whom steady application is least likely to be found, unless we adopt a system of instruction more suitable than that of ordinary schools to their peculiar circumstances? In "Ragged Schools,"* as they are unfortunately called, reading, which holds so prominent a place in ordinary methods of education, should be less exclusively attended to, and the great object should be to impart as much useful knowledge and as many salutary impressions as possible, by *viva voce* instruction. Nor let it be forgotten that innocent entertainment is an important benefit to those who have no resources for amusement but in vice. The fact is, we must combine *entertainment* with *instruction* · we must make the school *attractive* as well as *improving*, or we shall fail of accomplishing our object; for, in the class for whom these schools are intended, we cannot reasonably expect that thirst for knowledge which would sustain their patience through a long preparatory discipline. We must endeavour to rouse their curiosity, to engage their attention, and render everything that is taught, as much as possible, interesting to them. For this purpose instruction should be conveyed by means of real objects or of pictures. Lessons on objects have already been found useful in *infant schools*, and they are capable of being adapted for young persons of more mature understanding. An immense variety of objects might be named which can easily be exhibited, and respecting which a large amount of useful and entertaining knowledge may be imparted, such as the more important metals and minerals, the most useful vegetable productions, whether articles of diet, drugs, dyes, gums, fruits, or woods; the materials of manufacture, such as wool, cotton, flax, silk, &c., or the products of manufacture, such as the fabrics of the loom, and the countless articles of dress, furniture, ornament, and convenience.

Natural history affords an inexhaustible field of entertainment and instruction, and pictures of animals are always peculiarly attractive to the young. Stuffed specimens of animals are better when they can be had; but well executed prints or pictures will suffice, and the exhibition of each picture should be accompanied with a description of the animal, and an account of its peculiarities and habits. This description and account should be short, simple, clear, and well expressed; every word that needs explanation should be explained, and the pupil should be made to repeat it after the teacher till it is well impressed on their memories. This is a point of some importance; because such repetition should be considered not merely as a means of giving useful information and impressing it on the mind, but as a means also of teaching correct English. Care, however, should be taken to prevent this repetition from becoming a mere work of the lip, by questions which the intelligent teacher will know how to vary, so as to test the pupils' knowledge, and aid their apprehension.

Art, as well as nature, supplies abundant matter of useful and interesting instruction, which equally admits of pictorial aid; and pictures of various machines, implements, and operations of art may be made the subject of lessons in the same manner as pictures of animals. From such lessons on art, an important moral effect may arise; for the neglected children for whom these schools are intended, have many of them been driven to idleness or vice by their utter ignorance of any useful art or occupation to which to turn their hands. Give them knowledge of a trade and you give them the means of honest occupations, and remove thereby the temptations to idleness and mischief. It is true, we cannot confer skill in any art by a mere description or representation of its processes. It is only actual practice and long apprenticeship that can do this; and it is to be wished that all our schools for the working class could be *industrial schools*, in which the body should be trained to labour as well as the mind to knowledge. But till this desirable result can be accomplished, something leading to the same effect may be done by means of oral instruction; for information concerning the processes of art illustrated by pictures and models may be the means of awakening faculties or talents which, once roused to activity, will soon find means of exercising themselves.

Every sort of information that tends to enlarge the mind tends also to improve the character; and for this reason Geography and Astronomy, which acquaint us with other countries and other worlds besides our own, should be included among the subjects of instruction in the schools in question. Geography should be taught by means of large maps hung up before the class, and maps expressly adapted for this purpose have been published by Chambers and others. But the lessons on this subject should be something more than a dry list of names. They should include every information respecting each country which can be made intelligible to the young by means of words on pictures—information first respecting its natural features and productions, and next respecting its human inhabitants, and their manners, dress, customs, and institutions. To do this properly requires a large amount of general knowledge in the teacher; but when such knowledge is wanting, its place may be supplied by written descriptions carefully selected from the best works, and these descriptions should be repeated till they are fixed in the memory of the pupils, care being taken by explanations and questions to make them thoroughly understood. Geography leads naturally to Astronomy; and by means of a pair of globes and an orrery, the leading truths of this interesting science may be made intelligible to the older pupils, and will be found to engage an earnest attention.

But moral and religious instruction, it will be said, is the great desideratum for those whom these schools are intended to benefit. Granted. But the question is, how is such instruction to be imparted? I answer, not so much by precept, as by example. Do not read to them sermons or essays on industry, sobriety, truth, honesty, fidelity, and so forth, but relate to them instances of these virtues taken from actual life, and show them how they have contributed to the happiness

* The name is unfortunate, because it is somewhat opprobrious in its import. If the plan here recommended were carried out, they might be called with peculiar propriety, "Schools of Useful knowledge.

and prosperity of those who have practised them. Tell them how others in the same humble circumstances as themselves have rendered themselves, by their good conduct, useful and respectable members of society: how some, by dint of untiring industry, strict honesty, and steady sobriety, have raised themselves from poverty to competence or wealth, and made themselves, by their inventions or discoveries, benefactors of their race. Relate to them the history of such men as Franklin, Cook, Ferguson, Brindley, Watt; and such examples will engage their attention and make a deeper impression on their minds for good than any precepts of duty in the abstract. It will add, of course, to the interest of such essons, it portraits or busts of the subjects of them, or pictures illustrative of the actions recorded, can be exhibited to the pupils.

Another important mode of making good impressions on the minds of our ragged pupils is afforded by the art of singing. "Let us make the ballads of a people," said a shrewd politician, "and I care not who makes the laws!" and most true it is, that popular songs have a great influence upon popular sentiment. Let simple popular airs, then, be enlisted on the side of virtue; that is, let words expressive of virtuous sentiments be adapted to them, as is done by Mr. Hickson in his "Singing Master," and they may be made, not only an entertaining exercise, but a vehicle of lasting good impressions.*

The above subjects of instruction I consider of primary importance in ragged schools, because they are sure to engage attention and bring immediate benefit. and even if they required so much time as to leave none for the ordinary subject of school instruction, these ordinary subjects might better be dispensed with in the case we are now considering. But reading, writing, and arithmetic, are too useful, even when acquired in a very imperfect degree, to be neglected, and with judicious arrangements, they may be taught in the schools in question, conjointly with the lessons above described, provided there be more than one teacher: and here it is, be it observed, that the assistance of visitors, or occasional teachers, may be made most available. Though the lessons above described may be taught to a large class, they yet require to be modified according to the age of the pupils; and while the principle teacher is engaged in communicating instruction suitable to their age to one section of the school, the assistant teacher, or teachers, may administer the ordinary rudiments of education to another section.

The rudiments of Arithmetic should be taught to the younger pupil, as in *infant schools*, by something appealing to the senses; that is, by means of rows of balls moveable upon the bars of a wooden frame, or of counters arranged so as to exhibit to the eye the factors and aliquot parts of composite numbers. But the older pupils should be exercised in mental calculations, as practised in Lancasterian and National Schools. The power of calculating in the head is of the greatest practical use to all; but to those who have no accounts to keep, it is almost the only available way of applying arithmetical knowledge. Still, even to them, it will be of great advantage to learn the Arabic and Roman numerals, and to be initiated in the simpler rules of arithmetic; and for this purpose the school should be furnished with a large black board, on which the teacher may explain the rules or state the questions, and with slates and pencils, on which the pupils may perform the calculations. They may do this, with no other accommodation than standing room in sight of the black board; but of course it will be better, if the resources of the school admit of it, that they should be accommodated with forms and desks. The same accommodation, and the same apparatus of board, slates, and pencils, will be needed by those who learn to write, the board for exhibiting before a class the forms of the letters, or their combinations in words, and the slates and pencils for the pupils to copy what they see. Reading will be most conveniently and economically taught by means of lessons printed on large sheets, in such type as may be easily seen at a distance of several yards. A variety of such lessons, some of them embellished with well-executed and attractive pictures, have been published for the use of schools, and a progressive series should be provided for the school, and posted on boards or cards, so as to be hung up against a wall before a class, and used in the same way as in Lancasterian schools.

A school such as we have described cannot, any more than other schools, be properly managed without the constant superintendance of at least one well-qualified and experienced teacher. But the best teacher, even with a moderate number of pupils of different ages, will want assistance; and it is desirable that he should have the assistance, *provided it be regularly given*, of any of the friends of education who can volunteer their services, since nothing is so much wanted as a free and friendlier intercourse between the different classes of society, and nothing will so much lead to humanize and improve the destitute as seeing that they are really cared for by those of superior station. It is difficult to lay down any plan for conducting the business of one of these schools, till the number and age of the pupils, and the amount of assistance which the master will receive are known. But it may serve as a guide to lay down a prospective plan adapted for a small school, which may be divided into one junior and one senior class, with two teachers, who may be denoted by the letter M for principal master, and A for assistant teacher, whether paid or gratuitous. The time is supposed to be from 7 to 10 in the evening, and this interval being divided into six half-hours, the business may be arranged as follows:—

| JUNIOR CLASS. | | SENIOR CLASS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Object or picture lesson | *M.* | 1. Reading . . . . | *A.* |
| 2. Reading . . . . | *A.* | 2. Lessons on the useful arts | *M.* |
| 3. Moral Anecdote . . | *M.* | 3. Arithmetic . . . | *A.* |
| 4 Arithmetic . . . | *A.* | 4. Moral Biography . . | *M.* |
| 5. Geography . . . | *M.* | 5. Writing . . . . | *A.* |
| 6. Writing . . . . | *A.* | 6. Geography or Astronomy | *M.* |

In this scheme singing is not mentioned; but let it be understood to be the closing exercise every evening for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour; and, if need be, let all the other lessons be shortened a few minutes to admit of it.

The above plan will require considerable outlay, in the first instance, to provide a stock of specimens, pictures, maps, globes, orrery, slates, and large sheet lessons; but their being once provided, the school may be conducted with less constant expenditure than other schools where books and stationary are required.

In conclusion be it remarked, that the above plan is not an untried speculation, but the result of experience, which has proved the practicability and utility of its leading principles.

* Since writing the above, the writer has had the pleasure of hearing the Hutchinson family sing, and who that has heard them can doubt that songs may be made to "mend the heart" as well as "please the ear."

## THE ROBBER BAND AT TUSCULUM;

OR,

### LUCIAN BUONAPARTE'S ESCAPE.

*(From the Swedish of Nieander.)*

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

ONE still summer evening, as the sun just quitted the European heaven to betake himself to America, and still over the white houses of Ostia and Fiumicino, and on the blue rippling sea, might be seen a lingering blaze of his glory, while on St. Peter's cupola in Rome, a drop of the sun's fire lay flashing, Prince Lucian Buonaparte entered the lovely park attached to his villa, called Ruffinella, situated near the ancient Tusculum, and allowed himself to be caressed by the zephyrs, which just now left the bosoms of roses, and the shades of laurels, to fly about the fields with their fragrance and their coolness. The bells were heard from the cathedral in Frascati. Many of the servants this fine evening had gone down to the city, to visit their friends and acquaintances; others were still busy with their usual occupations around the villa. Three or four were assembled round the painter Chatillon, who in a hall of the lower story was arranging the prince's pictures, and appointing to every one its proper place on the newly-painted walls. The hall-door stood open. He had just caused a fine painting of Domenichino to be hung up, and fixed his eyes long upon it, in order to convince himself whether it was fixed in its true light, when he saw the rapid shadow of a man thrown over the picture, turned round, and became aware of a tall, stalwart figure, with pointed hat, a dark mantle on his shoulder, a brace of pistols in his belt, and a bloody sabre under his arm. The figure stood in the lofty, open, doorway, and had the light-blue evening sky for its background.

Chatillon was about, in the first moment of astonishment, to put some question, but the solemn guest laid his right hand on his pistol hilt, and the forefinger of the left on his mouth, in token that he demanded silence. This dumb manœuvre, eloquent as it was, did not, however, make the required impression on two of the most daring of the servants. They rushed forward, armed with courage and strength of limb, and seized the unbidden guest firmly by the waist; at the very moment that with the outstretched pistol he felled the third servant wounded to the earth. The fourth fled; but had scarcely issued from the gate of the villa to alarm the neighbourhood, when three of the stranger's wild companions came to the help of their leader; and before the dispersed individuals of the establishment could be collected, they had all disappeared with their booty.

In vain did Prince Lucian, who by the cries of the flying servant and the report of the pistol had been put into astonishment and activity, assemble as many people in the neighbourhood as were to be found; in vain, later in the evening, did the carbineers quartered in Frascati, traverse the whole tract around Tusculum. All was silent. There was no trace of the ruffians. The wounded servant, in his terror and his pain, could find no words to describe the unparalleled transaction. Chatillon was gone, and the two servants with him.

The bandit, who had found his horse in the depth of a grove near the villa, where he had left it, did not waste much time in talk. He and his two followers swung themselves up into their saddles, and each of them set before him one of their carried-off captives. The leader, who bore Chatillon with him on his steed, rode silently down a secret path past the ruins of the Tusculan amphitheatre, turned to the right below the citadel, and trotted, followed by his men, in the dawning moonlight through the valley. In a thick and leafy chestnut wood at the termination of Monte Cavo they halted a moment, and listened whether they could perceive the steps or voices of any pursuers. There the chief found not the slightest cause for alarm, resolved for the remaining way to take a more beaten track, and followed the ascent towards the convent of Palazzuola, with the view of being able before the break of day to reach his head-quarters in Macchia dell' Arianna, a wood-grown mountain height, which stretches itself in a crescent form between Velletri and Rocca Priora, and forms the south-west portion of the Roman amphitheatre of mountains. But as the horses, unaccustomed to the double burden, seemed to require one or two hours' rest, the whole company alighted by the romantic cave between Palazzuola and Albano, on the southern shore of the deep, crater-shaped Albano lake. The prisoners were led into the mountain cave, overhung with creeping plants. The leader stretched himself at his length in the mouth of the cave on a bed of broom; Chatillon was ordered to take his place beside him, and the rest of the robber band seated themselves in a group around, whilst one, with loaded piece, paced as sentinel in front. Deep in the grotto burnt a torch, whose light was sufficient to illuminate the low vault without its being seen by those who possibly on the other side of the lake might be exploring the country.

The chief struck fire into his pipe, and while the first whirls of smoke surrounded like a nimbus the pale countenance of the tobacco-detesting Chatillon, he broke the silence with the following address.

"*Corpo di Spatolino!* You are tired, Prince! and yet my steed carries one as softly as a swan's-down bed. If it is not agreeable to you to continue the journey to Arianna's wood on my colt, you may mount Ghecco's. We have now no further occasion to travel so fast, and Ghecco can walk."

Chatillon, who perceived the robber's mistake, remained silent for some seconds, as doubtful whether he ought to reveal his proper rank or not. But in the belief that he should more readily be able to withdraw himself out of the game as painter than as prince, he was on the very point of discovering himself, when one of the band who sate in such a direction that the light of the torch fell most clearly between him and the countenance of Chatillon, raised himself and said—"Per Bacco! But that is strange!" He now laid his bearded phisiognomy close to the painter's depressed head, and surveyed his features with a most expressive grin. But the chief bent his brows, and said with a commanding seriousness—"Well, well, Cenzo, be quiet, be quiet! Thou may'st turn thy long nose another way, and snuff after plunder. A prince ought to be treated with honour, especially if he be captive. Our Prince here will ransom himself to-morrow with three thousand bright napoleons in gold; for so much must a Napoleon be worth, although he be not the Great."

"Nay, captain;" answered Cenzo—"this is neither the Great nor the Little. The Great have I seen many a time in storm and in strife; and no one who bears the name of Napoleon has such a ballet-master profile as this. If there be found in this man's countenance a single line of the majestic, pure brow, of the fiery fancy of the deep

eyes, of the fine, mystically closed mouth, and the defying, upturned, rounded chin—then you are right, captain; and I will go barefoot over the thorns and through the serpent dale to Rocca Priora, in the moonlight night; for I have been wanting in veneration towards the great name, and all those who bear it."

"What sayest thou, babbler! that this is not Lucian? Not the emperor's brother!" exclaimed the leader, as he rose hastily from his place, and took the wine flask from his mouth.

"No, captain; it is no Prince Lucian that you have taken," answered Chatillon; "but if it be not the Prince himself, it is, at least, his painter, Jean Jaques Chatillon, *a votre service, Monsieur le Capitaine de brigands.*"

"Well, praised be the devil for his adroitness!" exclaimed the robber-chief; "this time the stupid Satan was cunninger than I. Ha, ha, ha! A painter I have taken, instead of a Napoleon! For a wretched colour-grinder I have broiled eight hours in the sun of a summer's day, and leaped like a deer through the woods in three hours of the night, and tasted neither bit nor sup, except a worm-eaten *finocchio*, and this sour vintage of Rocca di Papa maledetta. Up, comrades! The painter shall pay for this. Up, and forwards! March!"

Scarcely had the leader uttered these words, before all hastened out of the cave, and prepared for departure. The painter, pinioned, rode on Ghecco's white horse, and Ghecco walked by his side, holding the reins. Their course continued over hill and dale, amongst thickets and snows. An hour after midnight they found themselves in the neighbourhood of the castle of Carventana, and before the day dawned they made halt in a wild mountain tract of Ancona's wood, the head-quarters of the bold bandit chief.

Hastily was now opened a secret trap-door, artfully concealed by bushes and grass-grown earth, and they all entered a large and dark cave, on which the door was carefully closed after them. On the arrival of the leader he was surrounded by all the faithful, who during his absence had either been out on expeditions, or had remained at home. To the painter and his two fellow-captives were shown some straw beds in a remote part of the great cave. In the midst of this wild, subterranean hall, the chief seated himself on a square stone. He now wore on his head a tall pointed hat, which was called the blood-hat, because it was obliquely surrounded by a broad, red ribbon, dyed in the blood of Peroh and Wytson, which had been displayed on it ever since he carried their beautiful severed heads in the skirt of his mantle from the neighbourhood of Terracina up into the mountain during a dark night of thunder and lightning. The hat was adorned with an eagle's feather, and he always put it on when he was angry, or when he thirsted for blood.

Behind the leader stood a handsome boy with a wine bottle in his hand, out of which, time after time, he filled the chief's glass. A brass lamp burned on a stone table, and round about the leader's seat the ten tarriers at home of the band dispersed themselves in irregular groups.

The robber-chief turned towards two of the home-stayers who seemed to be on watch for the day, and demanded—"Is Ruffo returned?"

"Yes, Signor Capitano!" answered Ruffo, who raised himself, and delivered to the chief a letter —"Here am I."

When he had perused the letter, the chief demanded again—"Didst thou return alone? Does the stranger come, or not?"

"The stranger greets you; he comes to-night from Grotto Fenora," answered Ruffo.

The leader now talked a long time with some of the confederates; but partly so low, and partly in such a dialect, that Chatillon could not understand the subject of his discourse. After this they all took again their places, and laid themselves in readiness for their breakfast.

Now was held, if not council, at least judgment over the poor painter. The trial was prosecuted while they eat and drunk; and the livelier they became from the vapours of the wine, the more disposed seemed they to dispatch Chatillon full speed to the other world, that they might as little time as possible be burdened with guests from whom little gain was to be expected. Already was the chief intending to utter the last awful and fatal word, when he turned himself about to see how the painter and his companions bore their fate, and what sort of a countenance they maintained in this awful moment. He saw Chatillon sitting on his damp bed, zealously occupied in sketching in a drawing-book, which he always carried in his pocket, the whole robber-troop. Then cried the chief—"Signor painter! what are you drawing? Cenzo! take the book from the painter; I wish to see it."

When the robber-chief had taken the book into his hands, and contemplated the drawing for some time attentively, he broke out—"By Raphael's scull! the fellow has style! He has not betrayed a single tremor in his cuff, while he has looked his judges in the face and sketched them. It is like. Capo di Michel Angelo! it is like! See thou, Cenzo! There has he fixed thy long nose as it pokes into the long wine-glass. Bravo, painter! And Fabio thus, with his shaggy hair—ha, ha, ha! But where am I? Painter, have you forgotten me—per Bacco!"

"No, Monsieur!" answered the painter, in his corner—"I have not forgotten you; but you, as the principal figure, I wish to keep to the last."

"Right, right, I am the principal figure. The fellow has courage, and he has understanding. Hear, painter! will you paint me?"

"Willingly, willingly, if I may first go home to Villa Ruffinella for a stretched canvass, my palette, and my colours and pencils."

"That won't do, Signor painter! Can't you paint me without colour?"

"Yes, I can paint black. I can, with the blackest chalk, on white paper sketch your features after nature—and I will do it. But then you must sit very still."

"Very well," said the robber-chief. "Bring a large sheet of paper, Cenzo! I will sit to the painter!"

When Cenzo, after much seeking, eventually found the required paper, and on a sign from the chief had handed it to Chatillon, the latter began his work. The leader sate at first as still as a wall, that he might be transferred to the sheet of paper in all his dignity, and that no trait of him might be lost. Weariness and the wine shed a heavy sleep over his whole form, but he roused up sometimes, and even in apparent slumber there played a convulsive wildness over his naturally proud and beautiful countenance. At length he became impatient, and asked whether it were not quite finished, but there still wanted some touches, and he was obliged to subdue himself to an external patience.

When the picture was ready, he contemplated it long and with a smiling self-complacence, and let it go the round of the whole curious company,

who found the likeness striking, and conceived a real veneration for the painter. Thereupon the chief arose, advanced to the stone table, and wrote in the following style a letter to Prince Lucian :—

"ALTEZZA—The Conqueror greets you, and sends you his portrait. You will find by this that his appearance answers to his fame. If you wish to see your painter again, he will cost you only four hundred piastres. If you do not need him any more, and his life appears to you set at too high a price, then let me know it by the bearer, and I will send you his heart for nothing.
SERTORIO CATILINA MORLUCCHI,
Chief of the Free in the States of the Church.

When this letter was signed as handsomely as the hand of the robber-chief, unused to the pen, permitted, he rolled it up with Châtillon's sketch, tied a string round it, and addressed it—" *A Sua Excellenza, Il Principe Luciano Buonaparte*"—seated himself again on his seat of state, and called before him Cenzo, the truest of the true.

"Listen, Cenzo!" said the chief: "this evening at sunset shave off the greater part of thy beard, and make thyself fine. Clothe thyself as a herdsman, take this roll in thy hand, and bring it to Villa Ruffinella. Then request to have an interview with the prince, or at least with his house-steward, and announce to him, that if thou dost not return hither with the sum named in the letter by sunset to-morrow,—Wednesday,—then shall my dagger kiss the heart of the captive Frenchman. If they do not trouble themselves about a painter more or less, since they have so many in Rome, but seize thee and threaten thee with death, then die like a man, or save thy life by betraying me and thy brethren. But hold thy tongue till the Ave-Mary bell rings to-morrow evening: then thou mayst speak; for after this hour the painter will be with his master and the master of all painters, Raphael, beyond the clouds, and I and my troop will no longer be found where thou leavest us. Cenzo! be like thyself in courage and truth. Remember the Ave-Mary bell; remember thy duty, and thy abiding reward. Thou hast four and twenty hours before thee. Art thou weary? then mount Rosso. Adieu!"

Without hesitation, Cenzo received his chief's command. He nodded thrice his compliant approbation, proud of his commission, and went away, and laid himself quietly down to rest an hour in an adjoining lesser cave. In the main cavern all was yet stir and life; but the general noisy joy soon gave way by degrees to some fragments of drinking songs, trolled forth with half-closed lips, an occasional oath, and an indistinct murmur, which gradually diminished and died in the arms of sleep. The sentinels went to and fro with glittering arms: but Morlucchi himself sate long awake by the lamp, with hands clasped together, and head sunk on his bosom, when he suddenly heard the sound of horses' feet, and started up. Then entered Cenzo the cave, took off his hat, and said—" Signor Capitano! I ride now to the city. I ride not because I am tired, but that I may return the sooner, and perhaps the more certainly. They may more easily seize the lightning in its flight than Cenzo on the back of Rosso."

"Good!" replied the chief, and seated himself again; but Cenzo flung himself on his steed and vanished.

Still, but sleeplessly, lay Châtillon on his bed, and contemplated by the light of the lamp the wild and picturesque scene. His two fellow-captives snored in the deepest sleep, and the rest of the robber band were also stretched in profoundest unconsciousness on their beds. The painter listened to the fragmentary song of the nightingale in a copse without the cave and to the piercing "chither" of the grasshoppers; but his eyes rested steadily on the chief bandit, whose expressive and vigorous features in the contention with sleep assumed sometimes a mingled expression of mildness and perplexity. In the meantime the eyelids fell as if to separate the only still wakeful sense from all connection with the outward world, and to let the images imbibed by the eye during the day be thrown upon the brain, and, there cooped up and thronged together, swarm in a senseless chaos. But suddenly the closed eyes flashed open again, and stared wildly at the entrance to the cave. Whilst now all was silent, there appeared a clear light in the interior of the cave, as if streaming from an open cell, but vanished again, and a female shape glided softly forward towards the restless bandit-chief, and laid her hand on his shoulder. As she stooped, as if to whisper something secretly in his ear, gleamed out the swell of the most luxuriant dark locks, and a heavenly countenance, lit up by a pair of large, bright eyes, which resembled two stars watching over a rose-garden. The bandit let his head sink softly on the maiden's bosom, put his arm round her waist, and from his lips were heard the words —" Flavia, Flavia! my own Flavia!" By this dying lamp-light there seems another light figure, and yet another, to issue with soft steps from the darkest portion of the cave, but they vanished again, and all indeed seemed to have vanished. There where yet merely low whisperings heard now in the distant part of the cave; now somewhat nearer. At length Morlucchi extinguished the burning lamp, and all was silent.

After a time Châtillon fell into an uneasy slumber, but continued not long in it before he was aroused by some one, who with a strong voice exclaimed—" *Six Carbonari!*"

He opened his eyes. In the part of the cave where he lay prevailed a busy stir, but an inner cave, of which the door now stood open, was lighted up. He there saw Morlucchi standing with bared head, and beside him sate a stranger, wrapped in a long, dark cloak, with his left arm supported on a table which was adorned by a lighted candelabra of silver. The upper part of the stranger's head was covered with a little purple calotte, and his pale, somewhat meagre countenance was finely formed, lively, and expressive. The painter lay still, and gazed on the reverence-inspiring form; he scarcely believed his eyes, for he seemed to recognise in it the highest personage of the Papal State, next to the Holy Father himself—namely the State-secretary, Cardinal *Consalvi!*

[*To be continued.*]

## Poetry for the People.

### SONG.

A Crown of Flowers
Thy gracious brow
No more adorns;—
And, in its place,
Sore pierceth now
A crown of Thorns.

Thine eye, once bright
With joy's pure light,
Is dim with tears;—
The voice, once strong
With hope's sweet song,
Is faint with fears.

Yes,—they are gone;—
The fond fair dreams
Of life's short spring!—
Thy fresh, young form,
Thy warm, high heart,
Are withering.

And thou must now,
With stedfast brow,
The flowers lay down;—
To wear awhile,
With patient smile,
Thy thorny crown.

J. M. W

# The Week

*Ending Saturday, August 8, 1846.*

*To the Operative Carpenters and Joiners.*—Friends and Fellow Workmen.—When we look around us and behold the splendid buildings that are rising on every side as habitations for the wealthy—combining every comfort and convenience to which the advancements in science can point—when we view our extensive system of railways, with their magnificent termini, and the facilities which they afford for rapid transit and communication, we are impressed with the stupendous results that are obtainable from the combination of our labour with that of our co-workers in the building trades, when directed by competent skill; and when we contrast with these the squalid hovels and pent-up apartments in which the majority of these wealth-producers abide, the question naturally arises—"Why has so little of that power of which the capitalists so well know how to avail themselves, been directed to the improvement of our own condition?"

To the importance of this consideration we are anxious to direct your attention and offer some suggestions as to what we consider to be the chief disadvantages under which we have laboured, and to the means best calculated to remove these disadvantages, and give a permanent prosperity to our future exertions.

We depend upon the demand for our labour in the public market for the means of living; and when such demand is diminished a portion of our number is thrown out of employment and deprived of the power to support themselves and families, thus offering an incentive to the cupidity of avaricious employers to attempt a reduction in the rate of wages.

To remedy this evil it has been usual among all trades to establish an union and co-operation, by which means those who continued employed have subscribed towards the support of their unemployed brothers, to prevent the necessity of their working for a less sum than the average rate of wages, but which means, whilst it palliated the evil, has always been ineffectual to prevent it or afford a remedy.

Another circumstance connected with our trade arrangements is, that they have been constantly associated with public houses, and are thus mixed up with a deteriorating influence that has a tendency to make us poor, and keep us so; and, in addition, has prevented many well-meaning members of the trade from co-operating with their fellow workmen, and thus the double evil has been created, the trade has been weakened in its power for good, and the individuals have been deprived of the protective influence of a Trade Society.

A few of your fellow workmen who have been engaged in the operations of the present Trade Societies having reflected and communed together on these matters, at length determined to take the preliminary steps for the establishment of a Society which should combine in its objects all the advantages of our previous arrangements, and at the same time afford the members of the trade opportunities of associating together apart from the excitements of the public house, for the transaction of business, the cultivation of their faculties, and the improvement of their condition.

In pursuance of this object, a number of the trade met at the Parthenium Coffee-house, in St. Martin's Lane, and resolving themselves into a General Committee for such purposes, proceeded to the consideration of the objects to be obtained and the means for their accomplishment, upon which an entire unanimity prevailed, and a Sub-Committee were appointed to draw up a constitution and laws which should define the nature of the proposed Association.

In the choice of that committee, the previously known business habits of the individuals, was the only consideration—and in thus offering the result of their labours to their fellow-workmen, they are actuated by no motive but a desire for the elevation of the class to which they belong, and an earnest hope for the realisation of that time when the wealth-producer shall also be a wealth-possessor, and the badge of the artisan shall be a passport to respectability.

The following objects are those for which the committee have endeavoured to provide, and for the accomplishment of which they invite the co-operation of their fellow-workmen. They hope that the means will be found practicable, and that the results will be contributory to our mental and moral advancement and independence.

To provide the means, by the erection of premises or otherwise, by which the members of the Association, and their sons or apprentices in the trade, may meet together for the transaction of business, the study of science and literature, and for mutual improvement

To insure support to those members who may be unemployed in the public market, and by profitably employing such members in the production of wealth for the general society, converting that which has hitherto been a burthen and a drag-chain on previous trade societies, into a means of increasing the wealth and permanent prosperity of all the members.

To insure a sum of money at the death of a member, or his wife, and to guarantee a provision against the loss of tools by fire or otherwise.

To establish a depot for the supply of tools to the members at wholesale prices, and upon liberal and satisfactory arrangements.

To establish a library, and assist in the formation of classes for the study of architectural and other sciences.

To promote as far as the increasing means of the society will permit, the health, comfort, and intelligence of its members, and to co-operate as far as practicable with other sections of the working classes who are, or may be, aiming at, and progressing towards, the general advancement of our order.

To accomplish these objects a set of regulations have been drawn up with great care. It is intended that the Association shall be constituted on the broad basis of Democracy, so that such alterations as experience in the working of them, or increased intelligence shall dictate, will be easily admissible at any time, and the Committee earnestly solicit the attention and assistance of the thinking portion of the workers to this endeavour to give practical effect to the efforts they are making for improvement in the condition of the people.

At a subsequent meeting of the general committee, to receive the report of the sub-committee, the laws which they had prepared were unanimously adopted, and the society was constituted, the first Monday in August was fixed for a general meeting for the admission of members, and the election of officers. The sub-committee were appointed a committee of management *pro tem.*, and were instructed to forward an address and report of proceedings to such of the public journals as were believed to be favourably disposed towards the objects of the Association.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Committee.

W. J. Young, Sec., *pro tem.*

*Spitalfields Branch of the Government School of Design.*—Having seen in your *Annals of Industry* notices of mechanics' institutions, and other useful places for the instruction of the working classes, I would beg leave to point out to those of your readers who are interested in such matters, that the "Spitalfields Branch of the Government School of Design," in Crispin-street, is open for the study of drawing and design, and that mechanics and artisans have every opportunity afforded them to perfect themselves in those useful studies. I regret to say that the advantages of this valuable institution are not sufficiently known and appreciated. The school is open five nights a-week, from seven o'clock until half-past nine, and the charge for admission, including paper, pencils, &c., is 3*d.* per week. The masters, Messrs Walsh and Brown, and their assistants, are extremely anxious upon all occasions to advance the pupils in their various studies; and I think it only requires that the school should be better known, to be better attended. I attend the school myself, and know its advantages, which I trust will be sufficient apology for troubling you with this communication.—Edwin Utley.

*The National Temperance Society.*—The Executive Committee invite the most cordial co-operation of all the

local committees, and would suggest their applying forthwith, to the office of the society, for speakers and chairmen.—J. MEREDITH, Secretary.

## Correspondence.

### THE WILDERSPIN SUBSCRIPTION.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

SIR—Some four weeks back an article appeared in your *Journal* from the pen of Mary Leman Gillies, calling public attention to the claims of Samuel Wilderspin, "the Friend of the People's Children," on the sympathy of the nation at large.

Now it has occurred to my mind, that if every child who is now receiving or has received instruction on the infant system were to subscribe (or their parents for them) one penny towards a Wilderspin Testimonial, a considerable sum might be realised, and perhaps the co-operation of other educational institutions, such as the British and Foreign, and the National, might be solicited; and surely such a testimonial would be more grateful to the philanthropic mind of Wilderspin than one from any other source.

As the idea has occurred to me I thought I would communicate it to you to make what use you choose of.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A FRIEND TO THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

July 27, 1846.

[With extreme gratification do we announce from a private source of information of the most authentic character, that

HER MAJESTY

HAS GRANTED MR. WILDERSPIN, AN ANNUITY OF £100.

July 31. ED.]

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

SIR,—You do not know me—I never addressed you before—therefore permit me to introduce myself in a plain way, which is best suited to my station in society. I am a young hard-working man; one who has spent more time over the anvil than the desk. In truth, my hand is better acquainted with hammer shanks than steel-pens, and perhaps I am more familiar with the properties of iron than the parts of speech. In preference to every other plan of reform, it has been mine to choose that plan which teaches us to combat and subdue the evil within ourselves—to rise superior to the petty prejudices which still retain too firm a hold on the minds of men—to break the manacles which fetter men in mental darkness, and to burst forth into open day, where the light of knowledge woos us on from grovelling ignorance to permanent joys and noble pursuits.

A few short years ago I could scarcely write. The best of books possessed no charms for me—men might labour and study, and write, and lecture, for the advancement of knowledge, but they laboured in vain for me. I was a mere nothing among men—an animated machine of labour—nothing better. Things are somewhat altered now—evil practices are forgotten—indolent companions discarded—old haunts are forsaken. I am a wiser and a better man. I have scraped an acquaintance, little by little, with many of the immortal of our time, and while some of them are choice favourites, others tender me sweet sage advice, which is always welcome. I have also acquired some knowledge of the principles—the construction of our language, and this is no burthen even to a blacksmith. I hope you will not consider the following lines unworthy of a place.

Be cheerful, brethren! We'll toil together,
  And as we labour on from day to day,
We will not murmur though inclement weather
  Should for awhile our onward progress stay.
  We will not grieve each other with dismay,
Nor with rude gibings wake each other's ire;
  But rather strive to smoothen life's rough way,
As on we wander, thirsting to aspire
  Towards those lovely objects which awaken
The noblest energies of human souls!
  Soon as our thoughts the proper path have taken,
Seeking that pleasurance which oft controuls
  Life's stern realities—Heaven will fire each mind
  With love for sacred Right—with Justice for mankind!

The least of us has an important part
  To act upon the world's still changing stage:
  We, in the tasks assigned us, must engage
With tireless energy—with honest heart!
We will not writhe too wildly 'neath the smart
  Which stern oppression sometimes makes us feel.
  But work into each others' hands, to heal
Each others' sufferings, and cause depart
  The ills which now perplex us. On before
There is a land of promise fair and bright;
  The toils we've past can trouble us no more;
The present we must learn to use aright!
Onward! still onward, until we reach the goal
Where Truth, and Love, and Liberty, attract the thirsting soul!

S.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and Conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* APPENDIX.

## Notices.

TO SUBSCRIBERS — The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready.

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each, are now ready, and may be obtained from our Agents.

Although for several months, our Weekly Numbers have been published in London with unvarying regularity on Thursday morning, we have found it difficult to issue them in time to reach *all* our country Agents on the same day. We are now making arrangements, however, that will secure that important point. In the meantime we are enabled to place ourselves one week in advance of our Artists, by the kindness of the

PROPRIETORS OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

who have lent us the design of the *Infant Hercules*, for the present Number.

The next Number will contain a PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF FATHER MATHEW.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



FAUST PERCEIVING MARGARET FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By Ary Scheffer.

## Holidays for the People.

### HARVEST-HOME.

By William Howitt.

In the old agricultural times pleasure gave way to business, and summer being the bustling season, the holidays of the people were fewer at that period. With the exception of the summer solstice, or feast of St. John, which corresponds to the ancient festival of Baal, when fires were lit on the mountain tops, and the people danced round them, there was scarcely a holiday of any account till harvest was in. Then broke forth the great holiday, not of saints but of nature, when the heart in its gladness at the bounty of Providence, and at that bounty all secured from the elements, all laid up for enjoyment, spoke out in songs and shouts all the country over, and young feet merrily answered it in music. Many a brave old harvest-home has there been held in brave old England. Master and man, youth and maiden, every creature which had laboured in the scorching sun to cut down and bring in, now assembled to the common feast. The last load has been brought home covered with boughs, and attended by all the ceremonies which ages had prescribed. Many are the traces of the antiquity of this feast of Ceres, which have lingered to a late time, and which he who would know may find recorded in Brande. The last handful of corn, called the Maiden, has been cut from the field, the harvest queen, that representative of mother Ceres, has been dressed in wonted gaiety; the cross of woven wheat-ears has been suspended with reverence from the farmer's ceiling, and "hockie! hockie!" has resounded round the cart bearing home the last load, with bagpipes playing, and youths and maidens dancing. And now the hour of household joy is come. The old farmhouse presents its lowly porch, through the open sides of which, roses and jasmines peep and nod to the blithe incomers. In the stables, the stout horses who bore the corn all home, have their mangers heaped with plenteous oats, for the waggoner remembers all their good deeds, and would scorn to eat his plum-pudding if he could not think that they too are having their well-merited feast.

In the low and shady house-place, or great sitting-room of the farm-house, the huge and sturdy table is spread for a large company and a large repast, and in drop by twos and threes all the hands that made "rid work" in the corn-fields. Old men who have seen many such a sight, young men who hope to see many such; maidens sweet as the jasmines that nodded to them in the porch, and blushing crimson as the roses that they plucked, are seating themselves at the master's hearty bidding.

> Here once a-year distinction lowers its crest,
> The master, servant, and the merry guest,
> Are equal all; and round the happy ring
> The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
> And warmed with gratitude, he quits his place
> With sunburnt hands, and ale-enlivened face,
> He fills his jug his honoured host to tend,
> To serve at once the master and the friend;
> Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
> His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.
> Such were the days—of days long past I sing,
> When pride gave place to mirth without a sting.

But stop. There is a sort of fatality which attends our rejoicings and our quotations. The picture is beautiful, but when we contemplate it, we find a part of it torn away. It is a fragment. The present is always wanting to the happy scene. The poet Bloomfield, whose lines we have been reciting, goes on, and he knows well what he is saying—

> Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
> To violate the feelings of the poor;
> To leave them distanced in the maddening race,
> Where'er refinement shows his hated face:
> Nor causeless hated;—'tis the peasant's curse,
> That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
> Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
> That rank to rank cements, and man to man ·
> Wealth flows around him, Fashion lordly reigns;
> Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

Too true! Yet even Bloomfield tells us how common such things once were in England. How the jolly old farmer and his kind motherly wife sate down with all his harvest band, and

> Though not one jelly trembled on the board,
> Yet Plenty reigned, and from his boundless hoard
> Supplied the feast with all that sense could crave,
> With all that made our great forefathers brave,
> Ere the cloyed palate countless flavours tried,
> And cooks had Nature's judgments set aside.
> With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore
> The mansion echoed.

Thus it was for hundreds of years. There is a satisfaction in thinking of it. There is a pleasure in living in a land where men have been happy, and pious, and thankful. Ah! what is it that made England what it is but these good old plenteous times, which nerved the arm and fortified the heart with rich blood to do, to dare, to win, and enjoy. It was not by poor-laws and unions, and beef at a shilling a pound, and wages at seven shillings a week, that our power grew like a true British oak, and stretched its branches to every quarter of the globe. No; it was in these old, hospitable farm-houses, where

> ——The sound oak-table's massy frame
> Bestrode the kitchen-floor;

and simple and rejoicing souls sate round its roast-beef and plum-pudding, with the richest sauce in the universe—a hearty welcome! Here it was English vigour grew; here the Briton's manly nature was perfected. Here the lowly son of the plain still felt that he was a son and a brother, for he was treated with a brother's kindness. There has been a bitter winter since then. The blast of a frosty famine has swept across our fields, and the poor man knew no joy in the harvest home. Corn was taxed, and labour was taxed—there was that ugly caterpillar, taxation, gnawing the tree of life at both ends. As for corn—

> Once the happy cottaged poor
> Hailed it, as it gloomed their door,
> With a glad unselfish cry,
> Though they bought it bitterly.

But even that sharp time had gone by; they had "bought it bitterly," till they could buy it no longer, and they became bitter themselves. Rich men—rich, and full, and happy—had shut it out. The poor man abroad grew it, and would fain have sent it to the poor man in England, but the rich and the happy shut it out from the poor and the miserable. Ah! then was the harvest-home over to the poor! They had no harvest, and they had no home, save that which they would rather die than enter.

But Englishmen had for ages eaten the bread of joyous gladness, and its strength was still in them. They were not thus to be cooped up like rats in an empty corn-bin. They arose, and broke down the rich man's famine pallisades. Hurrah! there is again a harvest-home! Never was there such a

coming home of corn as there shall be now. To the four quarters of the earth the winds have born it, that the corn law is abolished. In America, in Egypt, in Poland, and Germany, it has sent a shock of gladness into millions of hearts. Corn is free! It seemed at the sound to wave and nod in billowy gladness on a thousand golden plains. From every plenteous shore it shall pour in upon the hungry man. To town and village, to country cottage and city den, it is the tidings of peace and plenty. The free-trade festivals in every part of England are the feasts of the great harvest-home of 1846! Honour to all the brave harvesters who have cut and carried, who have crowned the cart of plenty with the green boughs of rejoicing, and danced it home! Honour to Colonel Peyronet Thompson, with his catechism, which has been so bravely got by heart by so many thousands: honour to Ebenezer Elliott, with his rhymes sharp as Sheffield razors: honour to Richard Fryer, of Wolverhampton, the first man, stout old conservative as he is, who brought in a bill for the abolition of the corn-law: honour to Villiers, the man sent up by Richard Fryer: honour to the League, with its Cobden, Bright, Wilson, and the Fox with a fire-brand at his tail that burnt up, not the *corn*, but the *corn-bind*—a dreadful weed, as every farmer knows. Hurrah for every mouth which spoke, and every pen which wrote—and they are legion—to bring about the great harvest-home of 1846—the harvest-home of the world!

This is, in truth, a Holiday for the People! It is the first glorious step towards the rational old state of things when there was enough for every man and to spare; and there was nothing that we could spare so well as the corn laws! If ever there was an occasion when a whole nation should turn out and keep holiday, it is this; for the word is now spoken by ministerial lips—monopoly is a curse and must go down—free-trade is the life-blood of the constitution, and must live, grow, and become co-extensive with the earth.

The great battle of despotism is fought and won. If the country is not cleared of the old troops of the myrmidons, yet they have learned that they are not invincible. The popular power is confessed to be in the ascendant, and has only to go on in the dignity of strength demolishing and renovating. In order to know where we really are, we ought every now and then to cast a retrospective glance to the dark days of the Castlereagh dynasty, and then look around us on the cheerful face of present things. What a glorious, inspiriting contrast! Instead of the iron strength of government employed to crush, to starve, and to reduce us to a nation of serfs, the Men of the People are shouting on the mountain of success; and government paying homage to divine principles of freedom, progress, and kindly knowledge! It is the first grand harvest-home of the sheaves of a people's greatness. No bloody revolution, fraught with more miseries than Pandora's box; no triumph in which the groans of innocent victims are drowned in the frenzied uproar; but the beauteous scene of Truth, and Gentleness, and Moral Power preparing the feast of nations, and the reign of Mind.

Let the people, then, turn out, like the Teetotallers, with banner and with music; on village greens and in city areas, beneath the stately oaks of stately parks and on the breezy heath and hill, let them assemble to shake hands and mingle hearts in joy. Let the steamer sail, and the train run, to all pleasant places with all pleasant people. Let tents be spread, and the cheerful banquet within them, and let the dance and the merry game go on before them on the green. The temperance associations have approached nearer to the ideal of a popular festival than any other body yet. They are finding out the art to be glad and social, merry and wise. Such be the harvest-home of 1846—the prelude to a thousand others, each more free, refined, and hopeful than the rest.

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## THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

Sir—Many of the ideas which I put forth may perhaps not harmonise, fully at least, with yours, or with those more generally received. But in so important a cause as that for which we contend, any frankly-spoken, honest, conscientious word is, at least, deserving of a hearing. Every thought that rules the life and guides the efforts of a certain number of our brethren, under whatever degree of latitude and longitude God has called them to seek after truth, has its importance. Now it is precisely the thought which, particularly in the last four years, has begun to direct the democratical movement on the Continent, that it is my object to state. See if that suits you, and believe me,

Yours respectfully,

*August* 1. Joseph Mazzini.

No. I.

The democratic tendency of our times, the upward movement of the popular classes, who desire to have their share in political life, hitherto a life of privilege—is henceforth no Utopian dream, no doubtful anticipation: it is a fact, a great European fact, which occupies every mind, influences the proceedings of governments, defies all opposition. Whatever may be said to the contrary, no one, now-a-days, sees in the ever increasing voice of rising nations, of generations desirous of laying the foundations of a better future, of oppressed races claiming their place in the sunshine, nothing more than the vain imagination of a writer, or the cry of an agitator thrown out haphazard among the crowd. No, it is something more serious; it is a page of the world's destiny, written by the finger of God in the heart of these generations whose movement hurries us away. It is the development of that law of which we are but the agents—the law of continual progress—without which there would be neither life, nor movement, nor religion; for there would be no Providence. Friends and enemies begin to own this. And yet, if the former salute the development of this fact, with hymns of joy, the latter persist in regarding it as something abnormal, as a scourge acknowledged to be inevitable, but against which the human heart is irresistibly impelled to struggle. They are corrupted, you will say, and governed by egotism. This is true of many; but in their ranks are to be found upright men, hearts capable of feeling, who were evidently under the yoke of mistaken convictions: even among the friends of democracy there are men who put their hands to the work with hesitation, and who sometimes appear seized with vague terror. One would say that the echo of that wild cry uttered some ten

years since by a statesman speaking of the working classes, "*the barbarians are at our gates,*" still rings threateningly in their ears.

Whence comes this? Do we not all applaud, as did the Romans when they heard in their theatre the prophetic verse of the freedman—"*Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto;*" when through the vista of history, we see slavery and its pagan theory of two races fall before the holy word of Jesus—"*All men are children of God?*" Do we not hail, as another great conquest of the divine spirit that ferments in the heart of humanity, that other era in history, when before the Christian doctrine, *we are all brethren*, serfdom disappeared and made room for the free communes? Why, then, instead of rejoicing at the good news of millions of our brethren demanding to join with us in accomplishing the world's work, do so many among us turn pale with terror at the signs of the coming future? Do they not call themselves Christians? Do they not repeat, as formulæ of their belief, these words of the only prayer taught us by our Lord—"*Thy kingdom come, O Father, thy will be done on earth as in heaven?*" And what is the present movement but an attempt at the practical realisation of this prayer? We are labouring that the development of human society may be, as far as possible, in the likeness of the divine society, in the likeness of the heavenly country, where all are equal, where there exists but one love, but one happiness for all. We seek the paths of heaven upon earth; for we know that this earth was given us for our workshop, that by it we can rise to heaven, that by our earthly works we shall be judged; by the number of the poor whom we have assisted, by the number of the unhappy whom we have consoled. The law of God has not two weights and two measures: Christ came for all: he spoke to all: he died for all. We cannot wish the children of God to be equal before God, and to be unequal before men. We cannot wish our immortal spirit to abjure on earth that gift of liberty which is the source of good and evil in our actions, and whose exercise makes man virtuous or criminal in the eyes of God. We cannot wish the brow that is raised to heaven to fall prostrate in the dust before any created being, the soul that aspires to heaven to rot in ignorance of its rights, its powers, and its noble origin. We cannot admit that instead of loving one another like brethren, men may be divided, hostile, selfish, jealous, city of city, nation of nation. We protest, then, against all inequality, against all oppression, wherever it is practised; for we acknowledge no foreigners; we recognise only the just and the unjust; the friends and the enemies of the law of God. This forms the essence of what men have agreed to call the *democratic movement;* and if anything ever profoundly surprised me, it is that so many persons have hitherto been blind to the eminently religious character by which it is distinguished, and which it is sooner or later destined to put on. Whence comes then, once more, that instinctive mistrust and even hostility which here, as elsewhere, accompanies every step of its progress? I think it comes in part from terror at the past, in part from the anarchy of the present, but above all from a false or, at least, very imperfect theory, which the democratic party themselves have mainly assigned as the basis of their activity.

There are men who no sooner hear the name of democracy than the phantom of '93 rises immediately before them. With them democracy is a guillotine surmounted by a red cap. This is just as though we were to judge of monarchy by the horrors recently committed by the Austrian government in Gallicia, or Christianity by the St. Bartholomew, or the cold-blooded cruelty of the Inquisition. Others cite the ever-recurring agitations of the small Italian democracies of the middle ages; as if there could be any historical analogy between the representative democracy of future times, with its interpreters intrusted with the application and development of a fundamental law, and that of towns where the principle manifested itself only in the election of chiefs, where there existed no constitution directing and binding together citizens and chiefs, and where, consequently, insurrection was the only remedy against abuse of power. The union of the democratic principle with representative government is an entirely modern fact, which throws out of court all precedents that might be appealed to; they have nothing but the *word* in common; the *thing* is radically different. And as for the horrors which signalised the upstarting—for it was by no means the organisation but the upstarting of democracy in France—they were exceptional facts which cannot occur again. To say nothing of the progress made in fifty years, and the wholly different temper of the men who now plead the cause of democracy, there was then a feudal system to be destroyed, of which the characteristics no longer exist except in the north of Europe—a struggle between federalism and the principle of national unity, which has long since been settled in all settled states—and what is now impossible, a war of all Europe against the country which first hoisted the standard of democracy.

What is real at the present time, and infinitely obstructs the progress of the principle, is the anarchy which prevails in the camp of its apostles. The democratic party is, perhaps, the only one in Europe which is without a government, which has no directors, and no moral centre in Europe to represent it. We are believers without a temple. We have imbibed from the past so much fear of authority, we dread so much being formed into regiments on the high road, that each throws himself into a bye-path, to the great danger of going astray. Liberty, which is but a *means*, has become an *end*. We have torn the great and beautiful ensign of democracy: *the progress of all through all under the leading of the best and wisest.* Each has snatched a rag of it, and parades with it as proudly as if it were the whole flag, repudiating or not deigning to look at the others. One has fallen upon an exclusively political idea. He has his ten pound franchise, or his five points, or something else of the sort: to this he clings: he regards, often with hostility, always with disdain, those who propose another measure, even if that measure appear to him good in itself, because he is afraid it may divert the public attention from his favourite plan. Another, seizing the merely *economical* part of the question, calculates progressively by the number of railroads about to open, of steamers which afford new means of transit, of new markets gained for the national industry: he calls himself a *practical* man, and laughs at political questions and idea-hunting. A third, disgusted with our existing social organisation, but disgusted like the child who breaks his toy because he has knocked his head against it, desires to suppress, to annihilate, all which he thinks mischievous. He has drawn from his brain a model republic of beavers or of bees; he calls upon the human race to come and frame itself therein, and remain there for ever. Others, again, choice spirits who have intuitively discovered the truth,

without troubling themselves much how to impregnate the masses with it, feel great pity for all this: they say—"Man is now sick; above all things he must make haste to get well: he is egotistical; he has only to become again affectionate and devoted: he is sceptical, he has lost the light of faith; he must recover it as soon as possible under pain of death: when he has once recovered health and sight all will go on well." So on, and God knows how many different plans and points of view I could enumerate in the party to which I think it an honour to belong. Below all this the people, without leisure to compare, to study, to pick out, amid these conflicting intellects, that which is nearest to and contains most truth, become accustomed to doubt. For the people there is but one thing certain—their own misery, and the feeling of distrust and reaction produced by them—a feeling which the spectacle offered by their teachers is not calculated to diminish.

Among all these fractions of a party, there is not one completely right, not one completely wrong; they are all fragments of democracy, they are not Democracy. Give the suffrage to a people unfitted for it, governed by hateful reactionary passions, they will sell it, or will make a bad use of it; they will introduce instability into every part of the state; they will render impossible those great combined views, those thoughts for the future, which make the life of a nation powerful and progressive. Develope as much as you please material interests; if moral advancement does not outstrip them, it is probable you will increase the already too great riches of the few, and the mass of producers will not see their condition improved; or even you will increase egotism; you will stifle under physical enjoyments all that is noblest in human nature: material progress alone *may* end in a Chinese society. As to the Utopists, they forget that we are here below, not to create human nature, but to carry it forward; they forget that all the elements of human activity, individual property, riches, &c., are in themselves neither good nor evil: they are instruments with which we may do good or evil. We should anathematise none of them; we should find out how to direct them aright. And as for the moralists, the philosophical writers, who would begin by transforming the inward man, they are undoubtedly right in theory; but the labouring man, who works fourteen or sixteen hours a day for a bare subsistence, with no security for the morrow's existence but the labour of his hands, has not time to read and reflect, if he knows how to read: he drinks and sleeps. It is very difficult to find the *ubi consistat* of the lever of Carlyle, Emerson, and all the noble minds which resemble them, to act on the Glasgow weaver, the *canut* of Lyons, or the Gallician serf.

And yet the suffrage, the progress of industry, the increase of comfort, the co-partnership of labour with intelligence and capital; all these are good, all these will enter into the future, either as the application, or the consequence of the great democratic idea which guides the world. The evil is, that each of us having discovered one face of the polygon, one aspect of the human problem, endeavours to substitute it for the entire problem; it is, that we persist in endeavouring to amend the details, without troubling ourselves about the principle which governs them; it is that we all, while endeavouring to perfect the instruments and to multiply, as I may say, the materials of life, resemble the economist, who should think he had assured the physical well-being of nations by teaching them how to increase production, without in the least thinking of the distribution of the produce. The threads which should form the social web become like lost spider's threads, crossing and striking against each other in the air, and at length carried away by the wind.

I have often dreamed of a state of things in Europe when every intellect, alike loving, alike devoted, alike penetrated with the necessity of a creed of fusion—of a general doctrine that might correspond with the now undeniable movement that is hurrying Europe, and with Europe the world, towards new destinies—should act upon the duties imposed by such a conviction. Instead of all these associations organised for one special branch of teaching, or of activity, and which are now separate, strangers to each other, not only in different countries, but in the bosom of the same country, of the same town, there should be one great philosophical—I might say religious—association, to which all these secondary associations should be united as branches to the parent stem, each bringing to the centre the results of its labours, of its discoveries, of its views for the future. Instead of all those teaching bodies, those academies, universities, lectureships, without mission, programme, or extended views—and in which, as if to engraft doubt and anarchy upon instruction itself, a materialist professor of medicine jostles a mystic metaphysician, a course of individualist political economy follows a course of history or public laws based on the principle of association—there should be one real apostolate of knowledge, starting from the small number of fundamental truths henceforth secured to the human race by the evidence given to them by a few men of genius, but still needing to be made popular. Education would be laid down; the balance-sheet of our acquirements would soon be struck; and this balance-sheet being synthetically drawn up, soon and welcome would come forth the programme we are all seeking.

At present we are very far from those councils of the intelligences of Europe. But methinks the time is come to remind the men who desire the general good of a few simple fundamental principles, which they are in danger of forgetting while carried away by secondary questions and by party spirit.

The suffrage, political securities, progress of industry, arrangement of social organisation, all these things, I repeat, are not Democracy; they are not the cause for which we are engaged; they are its means, its partial applications, or consequences. The problem whose solution we seek is an *educational problem*; it is the eternal problem of human nature: only at every great era, at every step we ascend, our starting point changes, and a new object, beyond that which we have just attained, opens to our sight.

We wish man to be *better* than he is. We wish him to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great, the true: that the ideal which he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal soul. We wish him to have, in a faith freely adopted, a Pharos to guide him, and we would have his acts correspond to that belief.

On this object being proclaimed, Democracy says to us—"If you wish to attain it, let man commune as intimately as possible with the greatest possible number of his fellows." She enlarges upon these words of Jesus—"When three or more of you are assembled in my name, the spirit of truth and of love shall descend upon you." She says—"Labour all to unite. Invite all to the

banquet of life. Throw down the barriers which separate you. Except those of intelligence and morality, suppress all the privileges which render you hostile or envious. Make yourselves equal, as far as it can be done. And that not only because human nature has everywhere the same *rights*, but because you can elevate *men* only by elevating MAN, by raising their idea of life, which the spectacle of inequality tends to lower. All inequality brings after it a proportional amount of tyranny: wherever there has been a slave, there has also been a master; both distorting and corrupting in all those who see them the idea of life. This idea can only be pure and complete where, taken in all its aspects, it offers nothing abject, nothing vicious, nothing maimed. The Spartans diverted education from its true purposes, and condemned their republic irreversibly to death, on the day when to teach their children temperance they showed them a drunken Helot; as we divert it from its purpose when, to teach the inviolability of life, we show to our youth an assassin slain upon the scaffold by society. When all men shall commune together by their families, by property, by the exercise of a political function in the state, by education—family, property, country, humanity will become more holy than they now are. When the arms of Christ, even yet stretched out on the cross, shall be loosened to press the whole human race in one embrace—when there shall be no more pariahs nor brahmins, nor servants nor masters, but only *men*—we shall adore the great name of God with much more love and faith than we do now."

This is democracy in its essentials, if it is not a petty revolt, a reaction able perhaps to destroy, but impotent to reconstruct. I know no one bold enough, corrupt enough, to protest against such a programme. But if this programme is indeed that of democracy, is it that of the majority of democrats? Are they, generally speaking, on a level with their cause in their starting point, in the object they aim at? I think not; and I propose to show this by reviewing the principal schools which guide the movement. It may be well, after fifty years of struggles, of victims, of sacrifices, to consider a little where we are, to reconnoitre the ground well, and to examine whether we have not chanced to go astray.

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## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MISS CUSHMAN'S "ROMEO."

I asked a lady, on her return from the Haymarket Theatre one evening, what was her opinion of Miss Cushman's performance of *Romeo*. The answer I received was, a pause, a light laugh, and —"Oh, Miss Cushman is a very dangerous young man." The lady's manner recalled to my mind those words of Racine—

> Car la parole est toujours supprimée
> Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.*

I felt curious to see this actress, and went to the theatre the next time she played *Romeo*. At first I was struck by her likeness to Macready, both in person and manner; afterwards I became convinced that this likeness was entirely the work of nature; and that Miss Cushman does not *imitate* Macready.

* For our words are always suppressed
When feeling transcends expression.

Before the close of the second act the conviction was forcibly borne in upon my mind that this was not *a clever woman merely*, but one that comes before the world in a more questionable shape—*a woman of genius*. Wanting in harmony, perhaps—in that lowest sort of harmony which is *soothing* to the mental faculties—but endowed with another and a far higher harmony, which rouses them beyond their ordinary quickness, and dilates them beyond their ordinary compass; a harmony like that in Beethoven's wildest passages, which are a wonder and a mystery, and a most vehement discord to the vulgar ear, but which speak the veriest heaven-music to the "fit audience."

Judging of her as an individual from her appearance on the stage, I should say that she is irregular, inharmonious, vehement, awkward—thus, *in one sense*, unfeminine: that she is grand, large-souled, and strong-passioned; a scorner of petty vanity, earnest, unconscious, and full of rich tenderness that lies not on the surface—thus, *in another sense*, unfeminine.

What Carlyle says of Cromwell's personal appearance may be said of Miss Cushman's—she is not "beautiful, not at all beautiful to the man-milliner species." Her voice is deep-toned, and with that *timbre sonore* which a high authority tells us is not the "most excellent thing in woman." Her figure, her gait, her gestures, are manly; at least, they are so in *Romeo*. Had I not known that the part was played by a woman, I do not think I should have suspected her sex. Whether all this be the effect of the transmuting power of genius, I know not, but am inclined to believe that it is. I should not be at all surprised to see her play *Juliet* as well as she plays *Romeo*—to see her womanised into the impassioned girl.

With regard to the character of *Romeo*, it is one that has been neglected for many years; I believe since Charles Kemble gave it up for that of *Mercutio*—when *Mercutio* became the first male character in the play. Miss Cushman has made *Romeo* a first-rate part, as Shakspeare made it, equal in interest and power to that of *Juliet*; which has always been filled by great actresses, and considered a touchstone of excellence in a peculiar department of acting.

In Miss Cushman's personation of *Romeo*, she gives all the vehemence, the warmth of passion, the melancholy, the luxuriant imagination, the glowing yet delicate vitality, the quick, lightning splendour of the Italian boy-lover. This is the *Romeo* of Shakspeare, is it not? She presents to us this youth, so graceful, fiery, and rich in tenderness; and makes us see him *beautiful* with the passionate beauty of a southern clime. But—yes, there is a *but* in my admiration of Miss Cushman's embodiment of the character which Shakspeare drew. She has not omitted anything Shakspeare created, but she has added somewhat.

To the southern temperament and its characteristics, as shown by *Romeo*, Miss Cushman unites the strong earnestness of purpose, the steadiness of will and the power to work out that will in spite of all obstacles, which belong to the northern nations. There is English or German *steadiness* below the Italian passion in every look and movement.

Hence came to my mind a perception of inconsistency. Had the real *Romeo* looked, moved, and spoken, as Miss Cushman looks, moves, and speaks, at the opening of the piece, when he is in love with *Rosaline*, there would be no play of *Romeo and Juliet*. His love for *Rosaline* would be based on surer ground than mere fairness of

external form. Being thus based, he could and would strive earnestly to raise himself nearer to the excellence he adored. He would suffer during his probation, as none but passionate and affectionate natures can suffer, from "hope deferred," but he would wait—ay, years, if needful—till *Rosaline* should "grace for grace, and love for love allow," which she would do most assuredly, were she the noble being *Romeo* supposes. *Rosaline*, like all living things, must love "after her kind;" and *Romeo*, Miss Cushman's *Romeo*, is of the best, the most noble kind—that which is gracious, loving, strong. Yes, the lady was right—"Miss Cushman is a very dangerous young man."

J. M. W.

## WHO WAS DENTATUS?

As this is a question which will probably be asked by some of the readers of the *People's Journal*, to whom the means and the opportunity for a perusal of the classics has been denied, perhaps I may be allowed to say a few words on the subject of the engraving from poor Haydon's fine painting of the death of this illustrious Roman, given at page 57.

I have called Sicinius, or, as he is sometimes termed, Sicius Dentatus, illustrious; and so in truth he was, and is, notwithstanding that little is known of him, save that for the space of forty years he was actively engaged in the dreadful work of slaughter and destruction carried on by the armies of Rome. He is said to have been present in one hundred and twenty-one battles, and to have obtained fourteen civic crowns, three mural crowns, eight crowns of gold, eighty-three golden collars, sixty bracelets, eighteen lances, and twenty-three horses with all their ornaments, as rewards for his uncommon services: he could point to the scars of forty-five wounds, all on the breast, and received principally while defending the Capitol against the Sabines, and proudly say—"Here, Romans, are the marks of my adherence to the Great Republic, our common mother; here, deeply engraven around my heart, in unmistakable characters, are the evidences of my life-long fidelity and devotion to her interests and her laws!" It was thus that he might have said, and perhaps did say, when amid the rude clamours of a people incensed beyond endurance by the exactions and tyrannical acts of Appius Claudius and his fellow Decemvirs, he stood up before those haughty patricians, to enumerate his wounds and his services, and to claim for himself, and those of his plebeian order, a share in the division of land won from the enemy, a fuller recognition of their rights, and a more due consideration of their wants and wishes, from those who had constituted themselves their lords and rulers. Here we have the old story, the prominent characteristic of every epoch of the world's history—irresponsible power improperly and wrongfully used for the benefit of its possessors, the *few;* and the struggles of the down-trodden *many* to relieve themselves of the intolerable load of oppression beneath which they groan and suffer:—the old story of insurrection, and tumult, and bloodshed resulting from the opposition offered by selfishness, and cupidity, and pride, to the progress of popular improvement, and the full development of the grand principles of man's equality, and God's eternal justice. Agrarian tumults, Magna Charta insurrections, French revolutions, Anti-Corn-law agitations, and other movements and upheavings of the ground-works of society, have all this common origin; their different degrees of violence and forms of operation are but the modifications of time and circumstances; to-day it is the moral power and stedfast courage of a people, determined yet patient, earnest and energetic, yet unwilling to shed blood or to destroy property, that shall give the victory over wrong and oppression; yesterday it was physical force and impetuous valour—threats, and denunciations, and sturdy blows—only that could be employed with advantage to the popular cause; and especially was this the case in the old time of pagan darkness, when martial qualities were those held in greatest esteem; when valour and virtue were considered synonymous terms, and bodily strength was of more account than intellectual and moral power. Then it was that Dentatus flourished, and the Roman Achilles, as he was called from his uncommon bravery, was of that age one of the most illustrious. And here we see him, like a lion at bay, selling his life as dearly as may be, and bestrewing the rocky defile into which he had been enticed, under a vain pretence, with the bleeding forms of his adversaries, a body of one hundred assassins in the pay of the Decemviri, to whom his popularity and freedom of speech had rendered him odious. So, with his back to the mountain, and his scarred breast and weather-stained, time-wrinkled face turned towards his foes, stands the aged, but yet athletic and undaunted veteran; swords flash around him, and javelins, thick as hail, are showered upon his ever-extended shield; he has surrounded himself with a wall of dead and wounded, fifteen of the latter, and thirty of the former, attesting that his resolution is as undaunted, his eye as quick, and his arm as vigorous, as ever; but now on his devoted head huge masses of the rock above him, detached and hurled by the hands of some of his cowardly assailants, begin to fall; he sinks, and dies, the victim of treachery most foul, and malice most detestable: he, the favourite tribune of the people; he, the bold denouncer and opposer of the proud and arbitrary Decemviri; he, the patriot and the true man, who had fought Rome's battles, and borne himself so nobly and uprightly according to the light that was within him and around him, here perished miserably, as a wild beast caught in the toils of the hunters, without one friendly voice to cheer him in his death-struggle, one sympathising eye to look upon his last agonies, or one gentle arm to raise and protect his mangled remains, which, oh, mockery of mockeries! were afterwards, by the order of those who had caused his death, placed on the funeral car, and conveyed with all the pomp and circumstance of military honour to their final resting-place. But the people were not deceived by this pretended grief for the loss of a brave citizen, and feigned respect for his memory, by which their rulers hoped to blind them to the truth; their hatred and desire for vengeance was but increased by this act of duplicity, and soon after the corrupt and tyrannical Decemviri, having filled up the measure of their iniquity, were driven from their high places, and forced to render up into other hands that power of which they had made so bad a use. Appius Claudius, a name rendered infamous by its connection with the untimely death of the beautiful Virginia, and another of the deposed ten, called Oppius, destroyed themselves in prison, and the remaining eight went into voluntary exile, to escape the consequences of

their evil deeds. These events happened at somewhat more than four hundred years before the Christian era, during one of the most turbulent periods of the history of the Roman Commonwealth.

H. G. Adams.

## SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. V. *July—August.*

By Harriet Martineau.

I. In reading the newspapers regularly, I find nothing more striking than the number of odd mortals that come under the coercion of the law, or the notice of public opinion. Some instance of what is called unaccountable propensity is for ever occurring, causing sometimes a laugh, but much oftener sighs and soul-sickness. This last word is not too strong. It was nothing short of soul-sickness that I felt, now many years ago, when a friend, who had been visiting the prison in Cold-bath-fields, told me that he had seen there an unusual spectacle. An elderly lady, of good station, fortune, education, and, on the whole, character, had been brought to this place by a propensity to steal lace in shops; nothing but lace: but she had a passion for lace, and appeared wholly unable to keep her hands off any piece that took her fancy. The case was too flagrant to be hushed up; the attempt to set up a plea of insanity failed; and my friend saw this elderly lady on the tread-wheel, in the prison dress, and with her hair cut close. Such a case startles us all into a conviction that there is something wrong in our methods. What this wrong is, we cannot well find out if we confine our attention to the single case. It is clear that there must not be one law for the rich and another for the poor;—it is clear that if this lady's punishment is more shocking to us and to her than that of her companions on the tread-wheel who committed their offences under the pressure of want or in the imbecility of ignorance, her offence was greater from the higher quality of her fortune and education. No just person can desire that such offenders should be bought off, or let off, to spare the fine feelings of society, at the expense of the feelings of the many who cannot buy or beg off the sinning members of their own family or class. So that if we stop at the contemplation of this single case we dare hardly complain of it, because we cannot lay our finger on the precise wrong. Perhaps we may find it by looking further.

The propensity to steal is found in individuals of all orders in society, and has often nothing to do with riches or poverty, want or plenty. It is very well known that a late peeress was accustomed to steal sugar and silver spoons at almost every party she went to, being compelled by her family to return in the morning what she had brought home over night. Within a few weeks, the wife of a commercial clerk in a good situation was detected in the act of secreting a bedgown of the value of ninepence, in a shop where articles had before frequently been missed after visits from her. She implored forgiveness, and entreated that her husband might be sent for, in order to hush up the matter with money. A lady, handsomely dressed, stole on the same day a pair of tortoiseshell combs, value 2*s.* 6*d.* She gave them up, when taxed with the theft; offered double the money to be let off; confessed the act before the magistrate; *could not account for committing it;* begged hard to be forgiven; and refused to render any account of herself, lest the disgrace should be the death of her sick mother.—Allied to this propensity is the inclination to smuggle. Ladies who would, the next minute, lavish more than the amount of duty on some needless purchase, indulge their fancy for a mystery and an adventure by winding lace round their bodies, carrying trinkets in their shoes, or hiding gown-pieces or shawls in the skirts of dresses in their trunks.—More flagrant instances of mischievous and dangerous propensity have occurred lately, and are always occurring. Here is the case of a man, once an opulent jeweller, who cannot be prevented from sitting on his bed-room window sill, and balancing sometimes a knife, and sometimes his little children on one finger, to the terror of the passengers below. Four medical men pronounce him perfectly sane.—We all remember the boy Jones, who has such an incurable fancy for haunting the Queen. He is a youth so overcharged with activity, and so fond of notice, that no punishment can deter him from his tricks. He contrived, in spite of all watching, to get in at windows, hide under sofas, enjoy his frolic, and then be caught, to set people wondering. And now that he is sent to sea and kept abroad, he can no more be quiet than at home. He climbs where nobody else thinks of going, balances himself in air, and flings down his clothes on deck, to make every body look up and wonder. He makes a capital seaman; and it is a fine thing for him that he was young enough when caught to be sent where his propensities find innocent scope, instead of being brought under penal infliction, which may crush the hearts of a whole family without curing the propensities of the sinning member. Then again, look at the frequency of cases of atrocious mischief-making by throwing gates or other obstructions on the lines of railways. This wicked kind of vague malice defies all our reasoning to account for. When I was in Kentucky, in America, I wandered for many miles, during two days, in the largest known cave in the world; a cave which branched out in so many directions, and was so vast and dreary, that the guides who live on the spot would not venture to lead strangers in, if the right direction were not indicated by arrows marked in black and white on the walls of the passages. Some years ago, a person or persons unknown reversed all the arrows; and guide and visitors would undoubtedly have perished in the heart of the mountain, if the family of the guide had not become alarmed at the length of his absence. This has always appeared to me one of the most diabolical acts I ever heard of; and it is so wholly without motive, so wholly devoid of wit or of promise of amusement, that we can only set it down to the score of propensity.—I cannot but think the same of the dreadful case of the Happisburgh murderer which has appalled the country within a few weeks. Here is a man who for a long course of years has gone quietly about his business, conducted himself decently, and talked soberly about God and goodness and sin, who has stealthily taken off by poison, probably his father and mother, and certainly his wife, daughter, and eight grandchildren,—looking on upon their agonies, attending their death-beds and their funerals,—and, when anticipating discovery, taking the same poison himself, bidding an affectionate farewell to those about him, declaring that he has made his peace with God, and dying in such a frame as to leave the beholders deeply impressed by his piety and resignation. In this case, there was a passion for murder; for the

destruction of human life, without any view to any advantage whatever.

Other cases of propensity are before me; but none can be looked at after this extreme one. Now comes the question—what is to be done? The first thing necessary is for men to be convinced that there are cases, and not a few, where one faculty so predominates over others as to become, in its exercise, a propensity. If we study human nature with sufficient care, we shall find that among the infinite variety of human brains, there are some which have a single portion so immoderately large or active as to overpower in its action all which should work with it. When immoderate action is caused by disease of the substance of the brain, it is called insanity. When it occurs naturally, and remains unchecked, it is called guilt, and is treated by inflicting pain on the other faculties—a process which may yield more or less discipline to the offending faculty, but in a very roundabout and uncertain way. We must not begin by complaining of the operation of law on such occasions. Law is made for the protection of society; and the law must protect shopkeepers from thieving ladies, and railway travellers from obstructions on the line, and families from domestic murder. The question is educational, and the object is to keep such cases out of the track of the law. When we see the culprit overwhelmed with despair, so as to be incapable of any future moral effort—a whole family suffering under the anguish of exposure—so many innocent punished for the offence of one—when we see (as usually happens in these cases of propensity) that the sinner is otherwise endowed with some fine qualities which, apart from the fatal propensity, would have made him a valuable and happy human being, we cannot avoid feeling that our methods are wrong, and that the training of these victims is in fault. Wise guardians would have early perceived the immoderate tendency of one faculty, would have exercised its opposite so as to keep it in check, and have employed its activity on innocent objects. If taken in time, the passion for lace might have been directed upon some beautiful fabric of nature, or other object which did not involve the rights of property. The propensity for theft or for smuggling might have been exercised on some harmless mystery, and have shown itself in some useful form of ingenuity and acquisition. Even the murderer might have been an innocent member of society, if a wise parent, seeing probably an early tendency to watch pain and destroy life, had cultivated to the utmost such human affection as he was capable of, and diverted his destructive tendencies on something which ought to be destroyed. If he could have been made nothing better, he might have been a harmless rat-catcher. The more we look into this matter, the more we shall see that the correctional work required is not to be left to the late and hard operation of the law. A nobler justice than can ever be embodied in law—justice to the individual (which, if practical, must ensure justice to society) —demands that he should not be doomed to guilt, and misery, and ruin, by the exuberance of one faculty, if that faculty can be trained to purposes of harmlessness and good. As to the question whether it can be so trained—only let us try. No harm can come of any amount of experiment of this kind. By all considerations of conscience, of prudence, and of love, let every parent try.

II. In a rough sort of way, society seems to be making out the process of repressing certain mischievous tendencies in individuals by exercising the opposite faculties or feelings. I remember that some years ago there was a rage in France for picturesque suicide. Vanity is so immoderate a tendency in our time and stage of society, that every public act which makes an individual an object of interest of any kind is sure to be imitated by some sufferer under a morbid vanity. So, when a pair of lovers destroyed themselves, and the story was pathetically told in the newspapers, and repeated from mouth to mouth, another pair of lovers destroyed themselves, improving on the first scene by tying their pistols together with pink ribbon. The new sensation incited a third pair to drown themselves, tied together with blue ribbon; and then followed a fourth, who stifled themselves with the fumes of charcoal, dressed in green, and clasped in each others' arms. It became necessary to stop the infection of this fatal nonsense, and it was done by suppressing public mention of the cases where possible, and by ridicule where the notice could not be avoided. The scene was spoken of with pity and disgust, as one of childish pettishness and theatrical bad taste; and it was very encouraging to see how soon there was an end of such exhibitions. King Louis Philippe has now been seven times attacked by assassins. Serious as is the folly, in this case as in that of the suicides, it is folly; and may be stopped, it is thought, somewhat in the same way as the other. People who shoot at sovereigns (setting aside the mere insane) are of two classes—those who are vindictive from private wrongs, real or imaginary, and those who use a pretext of political opinions for cutting a dash in the eyes of the world as patriots and martyrs. Both kinds of people are likely to be tempted and stimulated to the crime by the prospect of being tried by the peers of France, of making a prodigious hubbub all over Europe, and dying in the presence of an admiring crowd, to have their last looks and words printed in all the newspapers of the world. Propositions are brought forward, at length, to treat the affair rather in view of the despicable quality of the offender than the solemn importance of the King's life. If the importance of the King necessitates the telling of the story in the newspapers, and the hurry-scurry among ministers and peers, let this be made up for by the degrading nature of the punishment. A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that such offenders should be whipped at the cart's tail once in three months for a few years; by which time it may be supposed the romance of the matter will be pretty well worn out of diseased imaginations.—One cannot but wish that some agency of ridicule could be brought to bear on the practice of duelling. The law fails in regard to it; because the law and public opinion are at variance in regard to the practice; and where that is the case, the law is sure to give way. The law treats the duel as murder; and no conviction ever takes place. It seems time to try the effect of presenting the other aspect of the matter, and treating it as an absurdity. Whatever may once have been the reasons, as well as feelings involved in the practice of duelling, the reasons have so nearly evaporated that it is difficult to trace any remains of them, and the feelings alone stand out to be treated. Let the absence of reasons be laughed at, as absence of reason ought to be, and the feelings will presently change. One of the latest cases of duelling affords good material, if society would use it. At Munster, in Westphalia, two officers of the Prussian army squabbled over the billiard-table, and used bad language; one being especially in-

sulting in his expressions. His adversary brought the case before the Tribunal of Honour. No reconciliation could be effected, and they were authorised to endeavour to kill each other by a method which endangers the life of the man already injured as much as that of the greater offender. A fine show was made—platform, lists, military guard, an immense crowd, judges in uniform, the combatants choosing their sabres with bandaged eyes, &c. They stabbed and cut each other to a certain extent; the surgeons dressed their wounds; they were called upon not to cut and stab each other any more; and they not only left off, but rushed into each other's arms, amidst the applauses of the multitude. It is fair to ask whether the chief railer repented of his bad language; and, if he did, why he could not say so without all this homicidal preparation: and if he did not repent, how he could embrace his adversary, and pledge himself to future friendship. The answer is clear; that it was the homicidal preparation that prevented his declaring any repentance that he might have felt, lest he should be supposed to fear the danger of the combat. As to his adversary, we cannot but remember that no word of insult is ever forgotten (however it may be forgiven) and wonder how he could cordially embrace a man who chose, but a few minutes before, to abide by his expressions of insult. The whole affair is hollow or absurd: and the scene should be treated with the contempt due to hypocrisy, or the ridicule with which we regard the quarrels of grown children whose levity makes them forget their violence, as soon as uttered.

III. On the 23d of July, an observer of the heavens saw nine shooting stars from between two constellations, in the course of half an hour. This reminds me of the approach of the seasons during which, for some years, we have been accustomed to watch the silvery rain of the August and November asteroids. Whatever be the true account of this spectacle, it is one which cannot be anticipated without a thrill of awe and delight. It is glorious to be borne along in a ship amidst the phosphoric lights which break out over the surface of the sea on summer nights; a glorious sight, which the few boast to the many of having enjoyed. But all of us have the privilege of sailing, in our great unpausing vessel, the globe, through the boundless ocean of space, and watching these swift sparkles which glitter on its deeps. Let us hope for fine weather, and be up and awake to enjoy the sight.

IV. In the midst of the vigorous beating up for troops in the United States, for the Mexican war, the most warlike city, New Orleans, puts forth a caution against all talk of employing free people of colour in a war of invasion, though these people be patriotic and substantial citizens. The objection is that if men of African complexion are employed as soldiers now, the Americans would have no plea against the employment of a similar force by Great Britain, in case of a war between the two countries. "It is distinctly understood," says the newspaper, "that if ever the English land a regiment of blacks in this country, we can grant no quarter to prisoners. It will be a war of extermination, marked with blood at every step. And we must be careful how we set the precedent, when we march into the territory of another power." Here is the downward course of error and sin marked with a clearness not to be mistaken. There was first the error of transporting men from their natural circumstances for the convenience of men more powerful: then slavery becoming more aggravated with the advance of time and civilisation: then the necessity of a tyranny at first unthought of: then the natural consequence—fear; and from fear a contemplated cruelty and savagery under which society dissolves itself into its elements, and states become the lair of ferocious beasts. The first step in wrong should be dreaded as fatal, as much by society as individuals.

V. We are accustomed to look back upon the old world and its people as if they belonged to us little more than another planet and its inhabitants who have no more connexion with us than swimming round the same sun. But every now and then some link glitters, in the polishing up of our knowledge, which discloses to us, in a startling way, our connection with the past. "It is a singular fact," we are told, "that the pattern now most common upon Paisley shawls, and which has always been a great favourite, was in use among the Hindoos three or four thousand years ago." In an Egyptian vase, 2844 years old, discovered in a mummy pit, were found, among some dust, a few peas. Three of these were planted at Highgate in a soil resembling that of the banks of the Nile. Of the three, one sprouted, producing nineteen pods; and from these has grown a plentiful crop of seed. Thus, an Egyptian of nearly 3000 years ago has directly handed over to us a harvest of peas, and we seem brought face to face with him. Among the picture writing of the Egyptians, there are records of the curative use of mesmerism by the priests—the physicians of their time. It is believed that printed calicoes were worn at the date of some early portions of the Old Testament: and that the self-moving vessel in which Ulysses traversed the sea was nearly related to our steamboats; and there are some of our countrymen now to be met with in London, who have seen medallion likenesses of the Pharoahs who knew and did not know Joseph, and of the lady to whom Solomon's song was addressed. These things are useful, as well as curious, to ponder. They make us descend humbly from our proud position as tenants of a very old and wise world to inquire whether we are not, in fact, yet in the infancy of the race, with almost everything that is most weighty yet to learn. Putting together what we know and our deep instincts of what we do not know, such might appear to be our rational conclusion.

## LETTER FROM THE "OLD HOUSE."*

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

Sir—I am the oldest house in my neighbourhood. When I was first built (A.D. 1598,) there were three dwellings standing within two hundred yards of the site chosen for my foundation, which had been reared some dozen years before, and which affected to treat me disparagingly in consequence, and to turn, if I may use the expression, the cold gable-end towards me. Upwards of a century and a half ago they disappeared, to make room for improvements. Yes, they were deemed

* Favoured by Thomas Campion.—Ed.

unsightly. I am not naturally malicious; but I confess that in every brick, from basement to roof, —not omitting my stack of chimneys—I felt overjoyed at their downfall.

And now my own lease of existence is fast drawing towards its close. The house-leek on my roof is sere with length of years, and I am so smoke-incrusted, so defaced by the attacks of time, and the inroads which the seasons have made upon my constitution, that the masons who erected me would not recognise their handiwork. My old age, moreover, is not honourable, for I was once the abode of nabobs, and the wits of the seventeenth century knew every chamber I possess, while now——

Stay! Upon due reflection, I acknowledge my old age to be more honourable than I am willing to admit; I was about to express myself like a silly, conceited pile that had just been reared for the habitation of some rich aristocrat, and felt very giddy in its upper storeys in consequence. I looked back (through a retrospective telescope) to the days when the rollicking nobles of Elizabeth's and the Stuarts' eras paid constant visits to my owners. My rooms—stripped of their gaudy hangings—their walls all blotched, disfigured—are now let out singly to artisan families, whose paternal representatives—aye, and the maternal, likewise—can exhibit, in attestation of their nobility, only the armorial bearings of labour—the horny palms of five-fingered hands. A little bird that constructed its nest in the spring, beneath my eaves, said in my hearing, that those same horny palms were considered highly honourable in the New Herald's College. In that case, I am not degraded. If any doubts thereanent still cling to me—if I yet indulge my regrets for the Past—it must arise from the fact that I am stationary while all around me is moving onward.

But oh, the vastness of the change! All my timbers groan when I reflect upon it. When I was first built, I commanded a prospect that extended for miles across the open country on one side, while on another I surveyed London and its river without being unpleasantly neighboured by its hubbub. I had a rich garden of my own, which increased my consequence, like a fine lady's page. *Now*—I frown from all my windows at the affront —I stand in a crowded, feculent court, down which no decent individual hurries without holding his nose. The habitations of the poor have sprung up, fungus-like, around me. I am buttressed by vile tenements. The hinges of all my doors creak at the abomination.

You will observe, that in the depth of my reverses my notions are still genteel. 'Pon my —— I was about to swear by my tapestry, forgetting that it disappeared whole generations ago. Well, on the word of a dwelling that once entertained Old Rowley within its walls, I would make an effort even now to be respectable, if you could give me the faintest hope of success.

But you cannot. No. I am doomed to end my days in what my former owners—especially the mad bloods of Rowley's time—would term shocking vulgarity, unutterable degradation. At least, then, let me be wholesome. Let the untainted breeze of heaven visit me, as of yore. Purge me of the foul odours which my threshold every day snuffs up. I hear my inmates—the horny-palmed —say that the Press, now-a-days, can accomplish what it pleases. If the assertion be correct, I trust to you for the purification of the neighbourhood in which I have had the misfortune to grow old. My age and experience, not to speak of my having seen better days, are my apology for thus taxing you.

Not to trespass too long upon your space, I will relate an incident which occurred in one of my apartments only the day before yesterday. The child of an honest journeyman, in the bell-hanging trade, had fallen ill, and was unable to quit its little bed, though its weekly earnings were of sufficient importance to the family to make its health a matter of some consequence towards the attainment of a due supply for their wants, independently of all tender considerations.

He was a very young child to be already a labourer in the rough paths of the world. When he first came to dwell under my roof, I beheld his pretty pale face with an interest that I never felt before. I saw the angel looking through his eyes. Oh, that his lot had transported him to the Antipodes, rather than that he should have been brought to inhale the noxious miasma of this terrible spot.

He was very meek, and displayed towards his parents, and his brothers and sisters, an attachment which I contemplated with admiration. The feelings it occasioned thrilled my rafters. On no former occasion have I experienced equal emotion. I observed him sink by slow degrees, and grow more and more to resemble the dead that I saw borne from my door at the time of the Great Plague. Strange, that I could note what his parents had not eyes to see. He went to his work regularly yet—day by day. At night he crawled to his home more enfeebled than when he set forth in the morning. The final change was coming on —hour by hour it was drawing nigher. Death, the deliverer, had kissed his cheek. "You must get a doctor for the boy," remarked the occupant of the adjoining room, a lucifer-match vendor. The child's parents shook their heads—"He will soon be better," they said; "poor folks, like us, can't afford to have a child ill."

And still he declined—still grew worse and worse. One morning, about a week ago, he turned his beautiful eyes upon his mother, and said plaintively—"Mother, dear, I cannot get up to-day." "Not get up to-day!" The woman was alarmed. She bent over him. She had travailed for that child, and he was dying. She saw it now, and cursed her short-sightedness and selfishness. Dying, and but the other day she refused him a doctor, lest they should lose the weekly stipend he earned, by his having to absent himself from work!

"I do think, mother," he said, "that it is this close room, and the nasty smells that come from the court below, which have made me ill."

I thought so too, or rather I KNEW it.

He died the day before yesterday. And how many other human beings, adults as well as children, has the fetid atmosphere around me hurried to a premature grave. Mortality is so frequent in this court as to occasion no surprise; yet a man said jestingly on my threshold this morning—"No old people die here." He was right; for none live to grow old. If I might be permitted to express an opinion, as a house of grave character and considerable experience, I would suggest that there must be something frightfully 'rotten in the state of Denmark,' as Will Shakspeare says.

But you know best. Perhaps it is a part of the economy of governments to kill off their poor as rapidly as possible. I would ask one question, however. May not the fevers, and other contagious diseases, begotten in my vicinity, spread to the dwellings of the wealthy, and breed sad havoc

there? Altogether, I must beg leave to doubt the policy of such legislative neglect. The very first thing which I would do, if I had the power, would be to improve the dwellings of the poor; and wouldn't I look after the drains and sewers? and wouldn't I widen the narrow thoroughfares, and pass an act for the abolition of courts and alleys? By my—my tapestry again! I would invite the sweet breath of Heaven to visit the poorest chamber in the metropolis, without risking its pollution by the allowed presence of any typhus-engendering filth. Perhaps government may be contemplating something to this end. You know best. Allow me the (rightful) privilege of subscribing myself,

AN ELIZABETHAN MANSION.

## Poetry for the People.

### ODE,

*Addressed to the Montagues and Capulets, by Friar Lawrence.*

The Dead are wise in Heaven!
They know the truth of all things on the earth:
The immortal morning's birth
To them is given,
That they may see and feel
Life's ever-widening wheel
Is never downward driven;
But upward burns and beams,
Scattering no glorious dreams—
No hearts, asunder riven.

The Dead are wise in Heaven!
Their worldly knowledge they review with sighs:
It shades the fields and skies
Of morn and even;
And their ancestral feuds—
Hate, and revengeful moods—
Are by a sun-beam cloven,
Whence peals the quire above—
"Pure Wisdom is pure Love;"
Inseparably enwoven.

R. H. HORNE.

### SONNET.—GOLD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The deep damnation of the crowd, O Gold!
Heapeth reproach upon thy innocent dust!
"Evil's prolific root,"—"Bribe of the just,"—
"Strength of the false and cruel,"—"God, extoll'd
By priests, by whom heaven's pardoning grace is sold,"—
Such are thy titles! while, with covetous lust,
Men hoard the very ore they have befoul'd
With the tongue's obloquy of wordy rust.—
Yet thou art sinless, Gold! and bright, and bland,
And fit for glorious offices; and blest,
When put to uses holy. Oh, be sure
The curse is not on thee; for 'tis the hand
That toucheth thee doth thee with stains invest,
Or maketh thee beneficent and pure!

### THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

*Winter—A Street outside an Alehouse—A Working Man, his Wife, and Child.*

Oh, don't go in to-night, John,—
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John—
There's not a coal, you know—
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow:
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember—
And, John, I can't forget—
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you:
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go!—John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong or step as firm
Or cheek as red as you:
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night?

You'll not go in?—Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room:
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dress'd,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought:
You won't go in to-night?

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay;—
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on.—
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

*Greenwich.*

# AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR

## FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—SEPTEMBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 13 min. past 5, and sets at 45 min. past 6, on the 1st; and on the 30th, rises at 6, and sets at 39 min. past 5.—*Moon* rises at 56 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at morn *; and on the 30th, rises at 12 min. past 3, afternoon, and sets at morn. *Moon's Changes*—Full on the 5th, at 6 min. past 1, afternoon. Last quarter on the 12th, at 42 min. past 11, morn. New moon on the 20th, at 34 min. past 3, afternoon. First quarter, 28th, at 27 min. past 7, morn.—*Mercury* a morning star throughout the month.—*Venus* a morning star throughout the month. *Mars* invisible till near the end of the month, then a morning star.—*Weather*. Mean temperature, 57 deg 8 min.: highest, 76 deg.; lowest, 36. The reduction of the temperature, though sensibly felt, is less so during the night than in the day. The equinoctial gales may be looked for either at the end of this or the beginning of the next month. The changes of the barometer are great and sudden.

1, Tuesday.—*St Giles*, the patron of cripples and beggars. Abbot of Nismes, martyred A.D. 717. He refused to be cured of an accidental lameness, that he might mortify himself the more; but, according to tradition, he cured others, and had an amiable fashion of disrobing himself in order to cover the necessitous. Except in the northern counties, corn-harvest is now over, but hop-gathering is more general than in the last month, and in Kent and Sussex, to quote from Howitt's sweet *Book of the Seasons*, "long groups are everywhere to be seen pulling down the hop-poles covered with the bine in full flower, picking them into the bins, and conveying them away to the drying kilns."

*Biography*.—Edward Alleyn, the actor, and founder of Dulwich College, born 1566. He realised a large fortune by theatrical and other speculations, and was a most successful caterer of amusement for the public.

*Events*.—The British Museum closes. Partridge-shooting begins. First day of hunting.

*Fair*.—Bristol, miscellaneous articles; it lasts ten days.

2, Wednesday.—*St. Stephen* (King and Confessor). Golden-rod dedicated to him

*Events*.—The fire of London, 1666, broke forth at the king's baker's (Faryner), in Pudding-lane, and being carried by a strong wind, extended to Pye-corner, near the Temple, where it terminated; having destroyed 400 streets, 13,200 houses, 89 churches, with four of the city-gates, besides hospitals, the Guildhall, schools, libraries, and a number of other stately edifices. From its ashes sprang up wide and regular streets, and some of our finest public structures. It completely put an end to the plague, which in the previous year had swept off 68,590 persons. Lilly, the astrologer, foretold this event fifteen years before its occurrence. This day the Julian year expired in England, 1752.

3, Thursday.—*St. Bartholomew's day*. According to the old distich—

> "All the tears that St. Swithin can cry,
> St. Bartlemy's dusty mantle wipes dry."

"The three days' amusement at the fair in Moorfields," says Paul Hentzner, in his Itinerary, 1598, "was wrestling, shooting, and hunting a number of rabbits which were loosed among the boys." The lord-mayor and 12 aldermen presided at the games; it was proclaimed at noon, at Cloth Fair, and closed at six in the evening. Yellow fleabane, dedicated to St. Simeon (*stylites junior*), flowers abundantly.

*Biography*.—The anniversary of the death of Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest of Englishmen. He was the son of a private gentleman at Huntingdon, and from being member for Cambridge during the Long Parliament, gradually rose to the post of Lieutenant-general under Fairfax, and ultimately became *Lord Protector* of the commonwealth, exercising under that title greater power than had ever been possessed by royalty.

*Event*.—New style introduced, blotting eleven days from the English calendar, this, the 3rd, being accounted the 14th day, 1752.

4, Friday.—Chequered meadow-saffron sacred to St. Rosalia, flowers. The redwing and fieldfare return to us, linnets congregate, and owls utter their shrill hootings more frequently than at any other period.

*Events*.—Queen Elizabeth grants a patent of twenty-one years, for making of glass in England, to two Flemish merchants named Dolland and Cary, 1573; they being ignorant of their art, leased their privilege to two Frenchmen, who broke the covenant, and the patent was rescinded: but in 1588 there were fifteen glasshouses in England. Previously, this useful article was brought from Lorraine. Riots at Manchester, 1830.

*Fair*.—Monmouth; wool.

5, Saturday.—Mushrooms, dedicated to St. Lawrence Justinian, now abound, and most species of the fungus tribe are now in perfection.

*Events*.—The first American congress held 1774. Jonas Hanway, the philanthropist, and introducer of umbrellas, died.

*Fair*.—Barnet; sheep, Welsh cattle, and horses; it lasts three days.

6, Sunday.—13th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, 2 Kings, xix., Matt. vii.; evening service, 2 Kings, xxiii., Rom. vii. Autumnal dandelion, sacred to St. Pambo, and large purple starwort (*Aster speciosus*) flowers abundantly.

*Biography*.—The anniversary of the death of Mrs. Hannah More, 1833: her useful writings on Female Education and Manners are well known and justly appreciated.

*Events*.—One of a most interesting description, the Stratford Jubilee, in honour of Shakspeare, takes place, 1769, under the guidance of Garrick. On this and the 13th (the two Sundays before the 15th), lists of objections to county electors, and also claims and objections respecting borough lists to be affixed to church doors.

7, Monday.—The golden starwort, sacred to St. Cloud, now fully flowers; and, in average seasons, Forster, in his *Rustic Calendar*, notices green-gages, peaches, and nectarines, as being about this time most abundant. The singular forwardness of the present season, however, renders all reference to the subject useless.

*Biography*.—The birthday of Queen Elizabeth and Doctor Johnson. The former at Greenwich, 1533; the latter at Lichfield, at which place his father was a bookseller, 1709. History has chronicled the doings of the one, and the doctor's memory survives in his works. His reputation for learning and scholarship did not prevent his suffering all the difficulties and poverty attendant on the profession of literature, unaided by other resources. We are told that he was often without a shilling to procure him bread during the day, or a lodging to lie down in at night. Yet these circumstances did not prevent his ultimately working his way to literary distinction, and for some years before his death he was in the receipt of a pension from the Crown of 300*l*. *per annum*. For his elaborate dictionary of the English language he received 1500 guineas, but it was spent long before the completion of the work.

8, Tuesday.—*Nativity of the Virgin Mary*. The origin of this festival, which was instituted 695, is said to have been as follows. A devout person, accustomed to pray at night, was annually entertained on that of the 8th of September by a concert of angelic music; and on praying to have the mystery explained, learned that it was the solemnisation of the Virgin's nativity, whereupon Pope Servius founded the festival. Late-flowering crocus (*crocus serotinus*) dedicated to this day.

*Events*.—Town-clerk, in boroughs, to cause the burgess-lists to be fixed in some public place in the borough, from this day till the 15th. British Museum opens from ten till four; the reading-room from nine till four.

9, Wednesday.—Canadian golden-rod, sacred to St. Omer, flowers. The autumnal season now commences; the mornings are cold, sometimes frosty, but the days generally mild and calm, with a delicious clearness in the atmosphere. The leaves assume their richest hues; long silky threads of gossamer float in the still air, or cling to the grass and hedgerows; the robin chirps his solitary note, and nature wears an air of universal and solemn tenderness.

*Event*.—The death of William the Conqueror, 1087. Sismondi relates a curious incident in his *Histoire des Français*, relative to his burial, at which a peasant stepped forth, when the priests were about to lower him to the earth, and with maledictions forbade their right to do so, saying that the ground was part of his patrimony which the Norman had wrested from him; nor would he suffer them to proceed until they had purchased the monarch's resting-place. How strange a scene in connection with the history of a tyrant who depopulated a country to convert it into a hunting-ground, driving out the inhabitants to replace them with wild beasts, and destroying not only the houses and villages, but even the churches, for thirty miles around.

10, Thursday.—The leafless autumnal crocus, dedicated to St. Pulcheria, blows. Blackberries are plentiful in the hedges, and the fruit of the elder-tree hangs in purple clusters, ready to be gathered by the rustic housewife, and converted into a pleasant cordial for Christmas cheer. The brown wood nuts are ripe, and sloes and bullaces begin to show themselves.

*Biography*.—The anniversary of the death of Mary Wolstoncraft (Godwin), 1797, best known as the author of the *Rights of Women*. She married the celebrated novelist and political writer Godwin, and died in giving birth to the second wife of the poet Shelley.

11, Friday.—*St. Hyacinthus. Tremella purpurea* found.

*Event*.—Alexander Selkirk, whose life suggested to De Foe *Robinson Crusoe*, sailed from Kinsale in Ireland, 1703.

12, Saturday.—Semi-lunar passion flower, dedicated to St. Eanswide, fully flowers.

* By reference to the notice of the moon's rising and setting, in the last month's calendar, it will be found that on the 31st of August the moon set at 56 min. past 11 (within four minutes of 12 at night), which is synonymous with the morning of the 1st of September, consequently no time is given.

*Event.*—Columbus sails from St. Domingo; this great man's last voyage. His worn-out body, like his shattered bark, anchored at St. Lucea on the 7th November, 1504.

13, SUNDAY.—14th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Jerem. v., Matt. xiv.; evening service, Jerem. xxii., Rom. xiv. In the floral calendar for this day we find officinal saffron, dedicated to St. Eulogius.

*Event.*—Edward Alleyn establishes his "College of God's Gift," at Dulwich, and becomes as master of it, his own pensioner, 1619.

14, MONDAY.—*Holy-rood Day.* Passion-flower, sacred to the exaltation of the cross, in full flower. The Emperor Heraclius having recovered the true cross from the Persians in 629, determined on placing the relic on Mount Calvary, and attired in his imperial robes set about it; but though only a small piece (for the Bishop of Jerusalem had the principal part of the wood, which he annually exhibited at Easter), it was found impossible to raise it, till, says the legend, it was remembered how meek and lowly Christ entered the city, whereupon the Emperor cast off his royal robes, and the cross was easily lifted: in this way its genuineness was ascertained.—The boys of Eton School were allowed to go a nutting on this day.

15, TUESDAY.—*St. Nicetas.* Rough rudbeckia flowers.

*Events.*—Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, performed the first ærial voyage in England, from Moorfields to Ware, 1784. The same day of the month, 1830, the Manchester and Liverpool Railway for carriage by steam opened. Its inauguration was rendered tragic by the death of Mr. Huskisson, the member. Claims of persons omitted in the burgess lists, and objections to persons improperly inserted therein, to be given to the town-clerk in writing on or before this day · notice of the objection to be also given to the person objected to.

16, WEDNESDAY.—Sea star-wort, dedicated to St. Editha, blows.

*Event.*—A conjunction of all the planets in Libra took place at sunrise, A.D., 1186. Great calamities had been foretold by the astrologers in consequence, but their predictions proved false.

17, THURSDAY.—Rue-flower blows again on the anniversary of St. Lambert.

*Events.*—The Equitable Labour Exchange opened in London, 1832. On this day, which is the 19th of the month Thoth, the Egyptians held the feast of Hermes, or Mercury—its simple mystery, honey and figs, with one mutual and indissoluble sentiment, "how sweet a thing is truth."

18, FRIDAY.—Pendulous star-wort, sacred to St. Thomas of Villanuova, blossoms fully.

*Biography.*—On this day of the month, 1768, died Lawrence Sterne, the witty and original author of *Tristram Shandy*, some excellent sermons, and *A Sentimental Journey*. Garrick, who was his friend and admirer, thus comprised his qualities in his epitaph:

> Shall Pride a heap of sculptured marble raise
> Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise,
> And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn
> Where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with Sterne?

*Event.*—Lord Anson unfurls the broad pennant at Portsmouth, after his circumnavigation of the globe, 1740.

*Fair.*—Bury (Lanc.); cattle, horses, and woollen-cloths.

19, SATURDAY.—Devils-bit scabious flowers; consecrated to St. Lucy. Martins begin to congregate, preparatory to their winter flight.

*Events*—On this day, 1471, the first book printed in the English language, the *Recuyell of the History of Troy*, issued from the press at Cologne.

*Fair.*—Atherstone; horses, cows, and cheese.

20, SUNDAY.—15th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Jerem. xxxv., Matt. xxi.; evening service, Jerem. xxxvi., 1 Cor. v. The anniversary of St. Eustachius: common meadow-saffron sacred to him.

*Events.*—The Edinburgh Exchange founded, 1753. Robert Owen's first memorial to the governments of Europe and America, 1818.

21, MONDAY.—St. Matthew the Evangelist slain by some infidels at Nadabaer, about the year 60; the festival instituted, 1090. He wrote his gospel in Hebrew, for the use of the Jewish converts, and it was afterwards translated into Greek. In the Catholic Florilegium, ciliated passion-flower is dedicated to this martyr.

*Event.*—The anniversary of the foundation of Christ's Hospital, 1550.

*Fairs.*—Reading, cheese, hogs, &c. Naumbury; manufactured goods.

22, TUESDAY.—Saffron, so useful in medicine and dyeing, is gathered and prepared this month. It is principally grown at Saffron Walden, in Essex. The tree boletus, sacred to St. Maurice, and numerous other fungi abound. About this time the autumnal equinox takes place, and heavy storms of wind and rain are felt, as well as at the vernal equinox. The oak sheds its acorns, beach nuts fall, and the hedges are bright with wild fruits and berries.

*Events.*—The new Post-office opened, 1829. On this day, 1597, a dreadful pestilence broke out at Penrith, in Cumberland, which destroyed in 15 months 2,260 persons.

23, WEDNESDAY.—White star-wort blows, sacred to St. Thecla. The estimation in which vows of celibacy were held cast a sort of sanctity over the obsequies of unmarried females, which has descended to our own times; hence the custom of strewing the corpse with flowers, the white-glove suspended in many a village church above the grave of a virgin, and the custom of young girls clothed in white accompanying the funeral procession.

*Fair.*—Swindon; cattle, sheep, and pigs.

24, THURSDAY.—Guernsey lilies, sacred to St. Gerard, and other amaryllides, blow in the green-house and garden.

*Biography.*—Samuel Butler, the inimitable author of *Hudibras*, demised this day, 1680. The erudition displayed in this work is not less extraordinary than the master-strokes of wit, and intense, but humorous satire with which it abounds. Butler lived some time as steward with Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's commanders, whom it is thought he caricatured in the character of *Hudibras*; but though the royal cause was much advantaged by his poem, and royalty itself was said to have got the greater part of it by heart, the clever author was permitted to live in obscurity and die in want.

*Events.*—The Sunderland Iron Bridge founded, 1793; opened, August 9th, 1796. Lists of claimants, and of persons objected to, to be fixed by the town-clerk in some public place of each borough from this day till the 1st of October.

25, FRIDAY.—St. Welfrid's flower, helianthus, with various species of coreopsis, rudbeckia, and other late æstival plants, in blossom. Wasps still continue very troublesome, and their sting produces intense pain. The most simple, and at the same time effective remedy I know of, is to apply sweet oil immediately, taking care that the sting (they sometimes leave it in the wound) is withdrawn.

*Biography*—Mrs Hemans, the English Corinna, whose memory, crowned with the flowers of her own poesy, will live as long as taste and elegance have place in our literature, was born on this day, 1794 It is likewise the anniversary of the great Greek scholar's (Professor Porson) death, 1808. His skull is said to have been one of the thickest ever observed, but it contained a more than ordinary amount of learning.

*Fair.*—Howden; horses; for six days.

26, SATURDAY—We count gigantic golden-rod on our floral rosary for St. Justinian, whose day this is. Heath now fades on the waste, the fern leaves are changing brown, and the harebells, though still seen, are by no means abundant.

*Event.*—The inauguration of Rufus at Westminster, with circumstances of exceeding magnificence, 1087.

27, SUNDAY.—16th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service, Ezek. ii, Matt. xxviii.; evening service, Ezek. xiii., 1st Cor. xii. Many-flowered starwort, sacred to St Delphina, in full blossom; the berries of the dogwood, of a bright crimson tint, are now highly ornamental in the hedges, and contrast prettily with the dark green of the leaves; a solitary bunch of honeysuckle is sometimes still found in shady places.

*Biography*—Richard Brindley, the engineer, born, 1716; died on this day, 1772. His great work was the construction of the Duke of Bridgewater's canal: began 1758, opened 1761.

*Fair.*—Leipzic; books, Russian and Polish produce, manufactured goods, &c.; it lasts three weeks.

28, MONDAY.—Evergreen golden-rod, sacred to St. Eustochium, in full flower. About this time the swallow (*hirundo rustica*), migrates, though a few remain, in mild seasons, till the middle of the next month.

*Events.*—Nearly the entire of Flanders immersed by a storm on this day, 1014 The Mosaic year commences.

29, TUESDAY.—*Michaelmas*, or *Quarter-day.* Michaelmas-daisy, sacred to St. Michael and Old Angels, is now in full flower, an old custom prevails of eating goose on this day. Brande suggests, from the circumstance of geese being eaten by the ploughmen at the feast of harvest-home; and others, because it was a fashion with landlords to entertain their tenants on quarter-day with roast goose (Martinmas, Nov. 11th, being the old rent-day). In Denmark, where the harvest is later than with us, it is usual with every family to have a roasted goose for supper on St. Martin's eve.

*Events.*—Captains Parry and Franklin reach the Admiralty from the Arctic expedition, 1827. The act of King James against witches came into force on this day, 1604.

30, WEDNESDAY.—*St. Jerome.* The whole of the aster tribe, and golden amaryllis, sacred to this father of the church, are now in flower. Apples are gathered this month; to keep them, this should be done when they are quite dry, and they should be laid with clean chaff or straw in casks, and closely covered; by this means, if placed in a cool cellar, they will keep twelve months.

*Event.*—The Empress Maude lands in Suffolk, with her handful of knights, 1139.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, Aug. 29th, 1846.*

### Reasons for the Entire Abolition of Flogging.

[*This paper has been published in a less complete form in the daily papers. It was, however, originally intended for the* People's Journal, *and is now revised, and in great part re-written, by the author.*]

1. Because of its uncertainty; arising from, first, the vastly varied bodily powers of executioners; from, second, the humour of commanding officers acting on the powers of the same executioners; from, third, the thickness or thinness of the culprit's skin; from, fourth, the vast difference of nervous sensibility of the culprits; from, fifth, the perpetual variation of the cat from any given standard, in despite of all precautions that can be taken to the contrary. So that, in fact, with all these things telling one way, you may be inflicting punishment equal to 1,000 lashes, by the sentence 100; and *vice versa.*

2. Because there is no tenable ground for flogging men, in a mode illegal, and held offensive to public rights, in the case of brutes. For the only thing that can be said on the other part is this—that man being a moral, and therefore a more responsible being than the brute, his criminality is by so much more odious; and then by so much more deserving of this punishment. But if you say this, then inasmuch as the officer is a more enlightened and responsible man than the private, *his* crimes are so much more odious, and therefore so much more deserving of this punishment than the private's crimes. *His* drunkenness, *his* brawls, *his* duels, should be treated with *the same number of lashes, only it should be in the public forum* instead of in "the square." *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.* But if you will not apply your moral principle to implicate the officer, you must not to implicate the private man.

3. Because it is equally known, and may be judged to be one of the prime promoters of crime in the army. Flog a man, and he invariably flies to drunkenness to drown his shame and wretchedness. And this very drunkenness again leads him into the crime he is constitutionally prone to. But not so only; one drunkard makes half-a-dozen. This time he invites this comrade to join him another time, another; and the very sympathy for him which his flogging has created, leads his comrade to consent, for it is thought unkind to refuse anything that can be done for a man so situated. Thus, not only the man himself is driven to desperation, but he becomes a fountain of infection to others.

4. Because on one great class of criminals to which it is most likely to be applied (the stern and combative), it has not a subjugating, but an irritating effect. The legends of flogging officers shot on the field quite unaccountably, except under the supposition that it was an act of revenge of their own men, make up quite an essential element of barrack-room conversation. And in the convict colonies the number of cases of flogging overseers murdered by the prisoners under their charge, and the executions consequent, is appalling. Now there is no other infliction which can be shown to produce this sanguinary enmity in the culprits punished.

5. Because the worst men are least punished by it. This penal aspect of the matter is a profoundly important one. In fact, if the case for flogging be lost here, it is lost entirely and for ever. Now nothing is more undeniable than that the sensitive, honourable-spirited man *is* crushed by it, whilst the cool and dogged vagabond *backs it off* (as is the military phrase) with the most consummate effrontery.

6. Because it will henceforth, as long as it exists, tend to mutiny. For the soldiery now know that the whole nation is against their officers in this point, and for them. And they will surmise that if, at any time, they insist (which is mutiny) that the sentence of flogging by a court-martial be not inflicted, the nation will stand betwixt them and the extreme of law. And where some favourite comrade is to be punished, at the instance of some "brutish" commanding officer, nothing is more likely than for them to do so.

7. Because of the very offensive character it superinduces upon the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. The officer is taught by having this punishment at his command, to be overbearing and harsh; to remain satisfied to govern by terror.

8. Because there is not above one (if one) perfectly voluntary executioner of this punishment in every twenty who perform the duty. For instance, one of the farriers in a late case, is stated *by his officer* to be a nervous man, who always punished *lightly*, which is plainly equivalent to punishing unwillingly. *Not to go further than the same trial,* another case was cited of a lad whom the serjeant-major beat and drove through the task. Indeed, all who will take the trouble to converse with these unhappy creatures, will find that they feel most keenly both the inhumanity of the act itself, the scorn of their comrades, and their own self-degradation. Now it is a cruel and infamous wrong to compel any man or lad into such a position. And if military law do indeed necessarily consist of moral wrong—as its advocates here maintain—then away with it off the earth at once. Will Britons submit to owe their safety to such a dastardly protection?

9. Because of its effects on the innocent. When strong men faint in the "square," what must be going on among the women and children, listening to the yells in the barrack-room? But suppose the culprit a husband and father. It is nature's protest given thunder-tongued.

10. Because it actually is done without in other armies; no ill effects to the discipline and operative faculty of those armies following. It is quite idle for the commander-in-chief to instance the reinstitution of the punishment in our Indian army. He only shows a fact, not the necessity of that fact. He seems to have quite overlooked the true statement of the case; viz.—That in our Indian army flogging has been reinstituted to restrain the soldiers from expressing their sense of other wrongs. This is a very singular plea. But if the case were different, so long as a single army is governed virtually without flogging (and there are such), ours, "the best troops in the world," may be.

11. Because military and naval people are public servants, and if they please to take the public money, it must be for doing the public will. From the fifer to the commander-in-chief, their choice of the profession was for the gratification of their own instincts, and their pay and promotion are their wages; for it boots not to call things by too fine names. They have served the public and the public has paid them. If they wish to be continued in the public service, let them do the public work as the public desire it should be done; otherwise there are plenty who will. Indeed if this law were altered in 1846, the candidates for officership in 1847, would be a more elevated class of men. Hundreds of our bravest and highest spirited gentry are kept out of the army and navy by the flogging system. What again can be imagined more absurd than that anything should remain law with the whole people, and the whole army opposed to it excepting a few officers. The proper alternative is for these gentlemen to sell out.

12. Because it is too speedy, terrible, and irreparable a power of injury to be entrusted to any court whatsoever: and especially it is unfit to be entrusted to courts so unscrupulous, imperfect and secret, as courts military and naval. For,

First. It is a well known fact that the very terror of this punishment deters prisoners who think themselves wrongly sentenced, from appealing from the court that sentenced them to a higher authority. Nothing is better recognised in the army and navy, than that just in proportion to the culprit's nonsubmissiveness will be the increase of severity of his punishment: or in the exact phrase of the service, "the more *trouble* he gives the worse it will be for him." But if he dared appeal, in many cases he cannot; a witness on the late inquest at Hounslow, stated that he was tried, sentenced, and punished, *all within five hours.*

Second. This punishment once inflicted, if wrongly inflicted, is irreparable. The degradation of an imprisonment is wiped out by a reversal of the verdict: again, complete compensation can be made for it if proved to be unmerited. But nothing can efface the degradation

of flogging, nor any compensation be made for it, though discovered to have been ever so wrongly inflicted.

Third. It continually *is* wrongly inflicted. It is notorious in the naval and military service, that not a year passes without officers bringing charges against each other of undue and cruel severity towards the men. Colonels Commanding make such charges against their Lieutenant-Colonels; these again against their Captains, &c. &c., and so on perpetually. Both the Horse Guards and the Admiralty teem with such cases. And these cases are continually substantiated, both by reference to the individual matters, and to the court-martial of an officer's command for a length of time. Now every one of these cases once substantiated (and they are most numerous) is a declaration that one or several men have been horribly tortured, and infamised, and perhaps put to a lingering unjudicial death, by the capricious brutality of an individual.

13. Because of its direct tendency to produce fatal disease in the physical system. It is very true that a number of army (paid) surgeons pronounce it innocuous to a fatal extent. On the other, just as great a number of army surgeons give the directly opposite opinion. So that if the matter end here, a case is made out of the doubtfulness of its effects; and so of its unjustifiableness. But looking further, we find the opinion of almost the whole body of the medical and surgical professions *among civilians* against it. And then what a very sorry spectacle of a minority does the section of the military medical class supporting it present. Be it observed, moreover, that this objection is *more* to 50 lashes than to 500. For the destruction of the muscular organisation, to which Professor Wilson (the only disinterested referee in the case) attributes death in the late affair, is *more* likely to have taken place by means of the first 50 lashes than subsequently, because it was effected through the power of the nervous system; and that was more forcible during the first 50, than at any time subsequently. But this is not all. It is now professionally and authoritatively announced on the strength of the common practice of the hospitals, and that announcement is not met by one single dissentient voice—*That injuries of the skin of a merely local character, and very limited extent, do certainly and constantly induce fatal pulmonary disease.* Whilst disconnectedly with this investigation, but simultaneously, and as it were by the act of God, a case occurs in the public practice of the country, so strikingly evidential of the general pathological doctrine itself, as to leave it no more questionable by common sense for ever:—a patient dies, notwithstanding all the first-rate medical science can do to avert it, from the injury of the skin of the hands, by burning.

ALEXANDER HARRIS.

*The Temperance Movement.*—The World's Temperance Convention has now become a matter of history; and no event recorded upon the pages of the past sheds a greater lustre upon the career of man than the assembling together in London of nearly 400 of the wise and good men of the world, to counsel human happiness, and to arrest the progress of that deadly foe—Intoxication. Before it the "glories" of Waterloo and Trafalgar sink into oblivion. The meeting in Covent-garden Theatre was truly a "demonstration," equal to the most life-inspiring scenes of the League's history—and, probably, equally ominous of ultimate triumph. Already the daily and weekly papers have borne to distant parts the reports of the Convention's proceedings. But the most important document is yet to appear, viz. the authorised report, containing all the papers read to the Convention, and the valuable statistics brought together by its members. These will form a text-book for every advocate, and will equal in importance the Parliamentary Report of 1834. Who that has marked the proceedings of the Convention could fail to discover the greatness of the spirit by which it was moved? How every sentiment abhorrent of slavery met with a loud and hearty response! How spontaneous cheers burst forth from every lip when the glories of peace were contrasted with the carnage of war! How the bondage of the white man, as well as of the black, and the fetters of the mind, as well as of the body, were declared to be violations of the will of our common Father! Temperance is truly a soil congenial to the growth of every great and good principle. As drunkenness, on the one hand, is subversive of all that dignifies man; so, the Temperance Movement is the handmaid of everything high and holy. Already a mighty "spiritual growth" has resulted from its genial influences, and there now exists enough of mental and moral stamina, with sufficient zeal, to give a speedy overthrow to the great curse of nations. Witness the Anti-License Movement of America, where it is declared an offence against the laws to traffic in strong drink, except for medicinal purposes, and under the sanction of medical certificates. With this fact before us, to encourage and urge us on, what may we not do in England during the next ten years? And when Great Britain, and Ireland, and America shall have shook off the fetters of Intemperance, the rest of the world will soon experience a moral convalescence. The coming winter, it is hoped, will give evidence of increased activity in every part of the kingdom. And most earnestly is it to be desired, that every advocate of the Temperance cause will look to the *young* in all future operations. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is an old and wise proverb; and the blame rests upon our own shoulders, if we permit the rising generation to be despoiled by that which has ever been at variance with the best hopes and destinies of man. "Young Teetotal England" is our hope—and we must to the work at once.—ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarrantee of the writer's good faith.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* APPENDIX.

## Notices.

Will M., the author of the M.S. on "Co-operation," favour us with his address?

To SUBSCRIBERS.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready; also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



DUKE ADOLPHE OF GUELDRES.

BY REMBRANDT.

## DUKE ADOLPHE OF GUELDRES.

By Rembrandt.

The picture from which the subject in our first page is taken is one of Rembrandt's, which is very little known in this country. It is in the picture gallery at Berlin; and is to be found in no catalogue of Rembrandt's pictures published in this country, so far as we have been able to discover. It is an historical piece, the subjects of it having lived in the fifteenth century—*i. e.*, about two centuries earlier than Rembrandt.

This Adolphe, Duke of Guelderland, was the son of Arnold, Count d'Egmont, and Catherine of Cleves. He most unnaturally revolted against his father, and drew to his party all the towns of Guelderland. He took his father prisoner at Grave in 1465, and shut him up in the castle of Buren. Arnold was compelled by him to cede all his territory and estates to him, but being set at liberty, he did not keep the treaty which he had thus been forced into, and being again arrested, was conducted to Courtrai, where he remained till 1473, when he died on the 3rd of February, and his body was buried in the church of St. Elizabeth, at Grave.

Adolphe, Count d'Egmont, married Catherine de Bourbon, by whom he had Charles who succeeded him, and two daughters, Philipine and Catherine de Gueldre. The cruelty with which he had treated his father drew down upon him the excommunication of Pope Paul II., and the arms of many other princes. He consented, at length, to liberate his father at the earnest entreaties of Charles the Hardy, of Burgundy, who soon afterwards made himself master of Guelderland, and also of the person of Duke Adolphe. In 1473, Charles the Hardy obtained from the Emperor Frederick, at Treves, investiture of the Duchy, after having purchased it of Arnold for the sum of 92,000 Rhenish florins, by a treaty concluded at St. Omer, the 7th of September, 1472.

Adolphe remained in prison till 1477, when Mary of Burgundy drew him forth to give him the command of her troops, with which he attacked Tournai, but was killed at that siege, and his body buried in the cathedral church of that town.

The point of time seized on by Rembrandt in this history seems to be when the unnatural son descends into his father's dungeon, followed by two black pages, and menaces the old man, in order to compel him to surrender his domains and authority to him, or taunts him with seeing him again in his power, and threatens fresh cruelties and revenge. The whole constitutes a good specimen of Rembrandt's admirable arrangement of light and shade, and of his expression of strong, stern passion. As is common with his pictures, we see his name and its date inscribed on the base of a clustered pillar on the right hand of the piece.

## Homes for the People.

## HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. III.

### THE NATURAL POSSESSIONS OF MAN.

What are the powers of the human being?

I speak of those powers only which are the object of education. There are some which work of themselves for the preservation of life, and with which we have nothing to do but to let them work freely. The heart beats, the stomach digests, the lungs play, the skin transpires, without any care of ours, and we have only to avoid hindering any of these actions.

Next, man has four limbs. Of these two have to be trained to move him from place to place in a great variety of ways. There are many degrees of agility between the bow-legged cripple, set too early upon his feet, and the chamois hunter of the Alps, who leaps the icy chasms of the glacier, and springs from point to point of the rock. The two seem hardly to be of the same race; yet education has made each of them what he is.

The two other limbs depend upon training for much of their strength and use. Look at the pale student, who lives shut up in his study, never having been trained to use his arms and hands but for dressing and feeding himself, turning over books, and guiding the pen. Look at his spindles of arms and his thin fingers, and compare them with the brawny limbs of the blacksmith, or the hands of the quay porter, whose grasp is like that of a piece of strong machinery. Compare the feeble and awkward touch of the book-worm who can hardly button his waistcoat, or carry his cup of tea to his mouth with the power that the modeller, the ivory carver, and the watchmaker have over their fingers. It is education which has made the difference between these.

Man has five senses. Though much is done by the incidents of daily life to exercise all the five, still a vast difference ensues upon varieties of training. A fireman in London, and an Indian on the prairie, can smell smoke when nobody else is aware of it. An epicure can taste a cork in wine, or a spice in a stew, to the dismay of the butler, and the delight of the cook, when every one else is insensible. One person can feel by the skin whether the wind is east or west before he gets out of bed in the morning; while another has to hold up a handkerchief in the open air, or look at the weathercock, before he can answer the question—"How's the wind?"

As for the two noblest senses, there are great constitutional differences among men. Some are naturally short-sighted, and some dull of hearing; but the differences caused by training are more frequent and striking. If, of two boys born with equally good eyes and ears, one is very early put, all alone, to keep sheep on a hill side, where he never speaks or is spoken to, and comes home only to sleep, and the other works with his father at joiner's work, or in sea-fishing, or at a water-mill, they will, at manhood, hardly appear to belong to the same race. While the one can tell veneer from mahogany in passing a shop-window, the other cannot see any difference between one stranger's face and another's. While the sleepy clown cannot distinguish sea from land half a mile off, the fisherman can see the greyest sail of the smallest

sloop among the billows on the horizon. While the shepherd does not hear himself called till the shout is in his ear, the miller tells by the fireside, by the run of the water, whether the stream is deepening or threatening to go dry. Of course the quickness or slowness of the mind has much to do with these differences of eye and ear; but besides that, the eye and ear differ according to training. The miller, with his mind and ear all awake, would hear, with all his efforts, only four or five birds' notes in a wood, where a naturalist would hear twenty; and the fisherman might declare the wide air to be vacant, when a mountain sportsman would see an eagle, like a minute speck, indicating by its mode of flight where the game lay below.

Man has a capacity for pleasure and pain.

This is an all-important part of his nature of which we can give no account, because it is incomprehensible. How he feels pleasure and pain, and why one sensation or thought delights him and another makes him miserable, nobody ever knew ye, or perhaps ever will know, in this state of existence. It is enough for us that the fact is so. Of all the solemn considerations involved in the great work of education, none is so awful as this—the right exercise and training of the sense of pleasure and pain. The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought, above everything—whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any other power he has. Higher still is he who is never so happy as when he is making other people happy—when he is relieving pain, and giving pleasure to two, or three, or more people about him. Higher yet is he whose chief joy it is to labour at great and eternal thoughts, in which lies bound up the happiness of a whole nation and perhaps a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in his grave. Any man who is capable of this joy, and at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive of. He is also the happiest. It is true that his capacity for pain is exercised and enlarged, as well as his power of feeling pleasure. But what pains such a man is the vice, and folly, and misery of his fellow-men; and he knows that these must melt away hereafter in the light of the great ideas which he perceives to be in store for them: while his pleasure being in the faith of a better future is as vivid and as sure as great thoughts are clear and eternal. For an illustration of this noblest means of happiness, we had better look to the highest instance of all. I have always thought that we are apt to dwell too much on the suffering and sorrow of the lot and mind of Christ. Our reverence and sympathy should be more with his abounding joy. I think those who read with clear eyes and an open mind will see evidences of an unutterable joy in his words—may almost think they hear it in his tones, when he promised heaven to the disinterested and earth to the meek, and satisfaction to the earnest; when he welcomed the faith of the centurion, and the hope of the penitent, and the charity of the widow; when he foresaw the incoming of the Gentiles, and knew that heaven and earth should pass away sooner than his words of life and truth. The sufferings of the holy can never surely transcend their peace: and whose fulness of joy can compare with theirs?

Before man can feel pleasure or pain from outward objects or from thoughts, he must perceive them. To a new-born infant, or a blind person enabled to see for the first time, objects before the eyes can hardly be said to exist. The blue sky and a green tree beside a white house are not seen but as a blotch of colours which touches the eye. This is the account given by persons couched for cataract, who have never before seen a ray of light. They see as if they saw not. But the power is in them. By degrees they receive the images, and perceive, the objects. A child learns to receive sounds separately, then to perceive one voice among others, then to distinguish one tone from another—the voice of soothing from that of playfulness—the tone of warning from that of approbation; then it receives thoughts through the sounds; and so on, till the power is exercised to the fullest extent that we know of—when distinct ideas are admitted from the minutest appearances or leadings—strange bodies detected in the heavens, and fresh truths in the loftiest regions of human speculation. It depends much on training whether objects and thoughts remain for life indistinct and confused before the perceptive power, as before infant vision, or whether all is clear and vivid as before a keen and practised eye.

We know not how memory acts, any more than we understand how we feel pleasure and pain. But we all know how the power of recalling images, words, thoughts, and feelings, depends on exercise. A person whose power of memory has been neglected has little use of his past life. The time, and people, and events that have passed by have left him little better than they found him: while every day, every person, and every incident deposits some wealth of knowledge with him whose memory can receive and retain his experience.

Then there are other powers which it will be enough merely to mention here, as we shall have to consider them more fully hereafter. Man has the power, after perceiving objects and thoughts, to compare them, and see when they differ and agree; to penetrate their nature, and understand their purpose and action. It is thus that he obtains a knowledge of creation, and the curious powers, whether hidden or open to view, which are for ever at work in it.

He can reason from what he knows to what he has reason to suppose, and put his idea to the proof. He can imitate what he sees; and also the idea in his mind; and hence comes invention; and that wise kind of guess into what is possible which leads to great discovery; discovery sometimes of a vast continent, sometimes of a vast agency in nature for men's uses, sometimes of a vast truth which may prove a greater acquisition to men's souls than a new hemisphere for their habitation.

Man has also a wonderful power of conceiving of things about which he cannot reason. We do not know how it is, but the more we dwell on what is beautiful and striking, what is true before our eyes and impressive to our minds, the more able we become to conceive of things more beautiful, striking, and noble, which have never existed, but might well be true. None of our powers require more earnest and careful exercise than this grand one of the imagination. Those in whom it

is suppressed can never be capable of heroic acts, of lofty wisdom, of the purest happiness. Those in whom it is neglected may exercise the little power they have in a fruitless direction, probably aggravating their own faults, and certainly wasting the power on ideas too low for it, as the voluptuary who dreams of selfish pleasure, or the despot, grand or petty, who makes visions of unchecked tyranny. Those in whom it is healthily exercised will become as elevated and expanded as their nature admits, and one here and there proves a Mohammed, lifting up half the human race into a higher condition; or a Raffaelle, bringing down seraphs and cherubs from heaven, and so clothing them as that men may look upon them and grow like them; or a Shakspeare who became a creator in that way which God thinks no impiety, but, on the contrary, the highest worship. Men are apt, in all times and everywhere, to blaspheme, by attributing to God their own evil passions and narrow ideas. It is through this power of the Imagination that they rise to that communion, that fellowship with God which is the truest piety. They rise to share his attributes, the prophet seeing "the things that are not as though they were," and the poet creating beings that live and move and have their being immortal in the mind of man. Such a power resides more or less in every infant that lies in the bosom of every family. Alas for its guardians if they quench this power, or turn it into a curse and disease by foul feeding!

Then, the emotions of men are so many powers, to be recognised and trained. Of the power of Hope there is no need to speak, for all see what it is as a stimulus, both in particular acts, and through the whole course of a life. Fear is hardly less important, though it is intended to die out, or rather to pass into other and higher kinds of feeling. A child who has never known a sensation of fear (if there be such an one) can never be a man of a high order. He must either be coarsely made in body, or unable to conceive of anything but what is familiar to him. A child whose heart beats at shadows and the fitful sounds of the invisible wind, and who hides his face on his mother's bosom when the stars seem to be looking at him as they roll, is no philosopher at present; but he is likely to grow into one if this fear is duly trained into awe, humility, thoughtfulness, till, united with knowledge, it becomes contemplation, and grows into that glorious courage which searches all through creation for truth and God. Out of Fear, too, grows our power of Pity. Without fear of pain, we could not enter into the pain of others. Fear must be lost in reverence and love. but reverence and love could never be so powerful as they ought to be, if they were not first vivified by the power of Fear.

What the power of Love is, in all its forms, there is no need to declare to any one who has an eye and a heart. In the form of Pity, how it led Howard to spend his life in loathsome prisons, crowded with yet more loathsome guilt! In other forms, how it sustains the unwearied mother watching through long nights over her wailing infant! How it makes of a father, rough perhaps to all others, a holy and tender guardian of his pure daughters! and how it makes ministering angels of them to him in turn! How we see it, everywhere in the world, making the feeble and otherwise scantily-endowed strong in self-denial, cheerful to endure, fearless to die! A mighty power surely is that which, breathing from the soul of an individual man, can "conquer Death, and triumph over Time."

Then there is in man a force by which he can win and conquer his way through all opposition of circumstance, and the same force in others. This power of Will is the greatest force on earth—the most important to the individual, and the most influential over the whole race. A strong Will turned to evil lets hell loose upon the world. A strong Will wholly occupied with good might do more than we can tell to bring down Heaven into the midst of us. If among all the homes of our land, there be one infant in whom this force is discerned working strongly, and if that infant be under such guardianship as to have its will brought to bear on things that are pure, holy, and lovely, to that being we may look as to a regenerator of his race. He may be anywhere where there are children. Are there any parents who will not look reverently into the awful nature of their children, search into their endowments, and try of every one of them whether it may not be he? If not he, it is certain that every one of them is a being too mysterious, too richly gifted, and too noble in faculties not to be welcomed and cherished as a stranger vouchsafed by God. How can we too carefully set in order the home in which it is to dwell?

## THE ORGAN AT GREAT MUGGLETON.

By Joseph Gostick.

There are two Muggletons, and, as usual, the village on the top of the hill is styled the "great," though it is, in fact, less than its "little" neighbour down in the valley. On this one might moralise: but it would be out of place in a story.

Muggleton generally enjoys a profound quietude. The rector keeps his garden in good order, and never changes his views of religion. The churchwardens are also quiet men, agreeing with the rector in all things. One of them, old Timothy West, is a retired grocer, and has some musical taste; for, in his youthful days, he presided in the Muggleton singing-loft, and played the hautboy.

But no place is secure from change and commotion in these eventful times, and even Muggleton has lately been disturbed by the introduction of a barrel-organ into the church. Great has been the popular excitement attending this innovation, and it is, certainly, remarkable that such a measure should have emanated from such quiet men as the rector and his churchwarden. We must explain how their minds were led to contemplate such a movement.

It is well known that singers are a quarrelsome race of people. While Mr. Timothy West conducted them, they were kept in good order; but when he became too apoplectic for playing the hautboy they were left without a respectable leader, and have consequently had quarrels at the rate of about one every month. The last quarrel was, as might be expected, a noisy one; for it was between the "Old Serpent" (that is, the old man who plays the serpent) and the Wild Duck, or Clarionet. The consequence of this *fracas* was that, as all the trebles sided with their leader, the Clarionet, the "Old Serpent" was left to perform a solo on his instrument, only assisted by two or three bass voices. Then, for two Sundays, the singing-loft was deserted, and when the Serpent and his friends, the bass-singers, carried their services to Little Muggleton, our Clarionet and three young girls were left to fill up sacred harmony as well as they

could. Little Muggleton soon began to boast of musical superiority. This would not do. The rector and Mr. Timothy West agreed together that such a state of things was disgraceful to Great Muggleton.

During some consultations as to the best mode of reforming the singing-loft, several quarts of the rector's old beer were consumed. At last the great original idea which has made such a movement in our parish dawned upon the mind of the rector. "I have it!" he exclaimed—"Mr. West, we'll be independent of all the lot of them! We'll do it all for ourselves!" "How?" said Timothy—"how, sir?"

"How!" exclaimed the rector—"*so*, Timothy, *so!*"—and, explaining his meaning in pantomime, he imitated the action of a barrel-organ with his right hand—"yes, we'll do as they have done at Grindaway—we'll have a barrel-organ!—one with ten tunes will do for us!" "But the money!" said Mr. West, with a calculating look. "Fifty pounds will do it!" said the rector—"I am *five*. You will be *five*. The squire always hated that 'wild duck,' as he called the clarionet—he will be another 'five.' Turner likes sensible music in a church—he will be 'five.' We shall do it easily. But keep this a secret. It shall be done among ourselves."

This consultation led to action. In the course of a fortnight the rector and his friend went to London and bought a barrel-organ for fifty pounds. In spite of the secrecy with which the affair was conducted, rumours of the innovation were spread through the parish, and great was the excitement when the new article of church furniture arrived. The squire and all the great men of Muggleton met in the church to witness the putting-together of the instrument. The rector and his stout friend, West, were almost intoxicated with delight at beholding the realisation of their scheme.

At last all the pipes were arranged and the wonder-working barrel was fitted in its place. "Mr. West, we are ready for action," said the rector, "Are we, indeed?" said Timothy, putting down the jug of beer. "Now, as we had the first thought of it, it is only fair that we should have the first tune," said the rector—here is No. 1.—the "Old Hundredth" psalm—we cannot begin with a better. I will turn and you shall blow—just up and down, gently—the action is very simple—silence, gentlemen, if you please." Accordingly the united exertions of the rector and Mr. West brought out the "Old Hundredth" in a very fine style. "Eh, squire?" said the rector, when the tune was ended, "that is something different from the music we have had in Muggleton for the last twenty years!" The squire did not profess to understand music, but confessed he liked it better than the "wild-duck." The organ-party then adjourned to the rectory. There the builder was complimented, the rector even brought out wine in honour of the occasion, and the evening was passed pleasantly.

When the other guests had departed, the rector said to his friend, West—"Now we'll enjoy ourselves. We will go into the church and try all the tunes over quietly." The churchwarden, who had an ear for harmony, agreed to the proposal, and they immediately went to the organ-loft. The door was opened; the stops were drawn; Mr. West supplied the bellows with wind; the rector moved the barrel to No. 2—"Shirland." "A very pretty tune," said he, as he began to turn the barrel. But how can we tell his consternation when, as he turned, no sound would emanate from the instrument but a long-drawn, discordant bellowing—"boo—bo-o-o!"—turn as he might it came to nothing but "bo-o-o—bo-o-o!" In his consternation, Timothy West fell backwards from the stool on which he was sitting to work the bellows. "Be calm!" said the rector, "here is something wrong; but think how fortunate we are that none of our enemies have heard it!" "But if it gets out of order in this way," said Timothy, "it will be worse than the 'Old Serpent!'" "Never mind," said the rector, "it has happened well, as it must have come out some time—let us go to the man who put it up." Accordingly, they hastened to the inn where the organ-builder was staying, and told him the extent of the calamity. "Nothing to be alarmed about, gentlemen," said the practical man—"perhaps a small chip has fallen into the valve of one of the bass-pipes." So it proved, and great was the delight of the rector when the obstacle was removed, and that "pretty tune—Shirland" came out sweetly at the turning of the barrel. "I could stay and listen to it all night!" said Timothy West.

For the following Sunday the rector had prepared a sermon from the text—"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." From this he intended to prove that as an organ has breath, it is properly employed in the service of the church. Unfortunately, however, the sexton's son, to whom the barrel-turning was confided, had very loose notions of time, and hurried over his performance in such a style that the girls had still a line of the first verse to sing when the barrel was beginning the second verse. It was a race, and the grinder seemed proud that he had got to the end of the psalm before the singers.

In this style our music still continues at Muggleton. If the organ has been of any service, it is in having furnished the village with a topic of Sunday conversation. In coming from church, you are sure to hear such remarks as the following:—"What was the matter with the *grinder* today?" "Some of the valves are out of order, they say." "It will be locked up, at last, I suppose; and a good end of it!"

Let this be a warning to all rectors and churchwardens like ours, who would try to improve sacred harmony by the introduction of a barrel-organ. We have no pique against an organ in itself, like the Jewish law, it is a good thing if a man use it lawfully, but in our parish-churches it is often used *unlawfully*, as a monotonous, wearisome substitute for good vocal harmony. It is better to teach the people to produce good harmony *for themselves*, than to have it done for them *by machinery*, and accordingly we say, success to Hullah, and to all who imitate his measures to promote music *by*, as well as *for* the people!

## AN APPEAL

### TO THE BETTER ORDER OF MEN IN BEHALF OF THE WOMEN OF THE FACTORY DISTRICTS.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

It is a striking and happy characteristic of England, that what has been effected for the people has been done by themselves, or, which is the same thing, by those who have risen from them. Patronage has ever been partial; and while it is exercised in the small spirit in which it has ever been in this country, the smaller the better. The sun of royal and aristocratic favour has rarely

done more than call forth an ephemera—than raise an idol for fashion to flock to for a day, and when that day is done, leave the idol to fall from its pedestal into neglect and obscurity, all the more bitter and hard to bear from the temporary blaze by which caprice had surrounded it. There is a power seated in the people that is above all patronage. Let them sustain each other; evolve their own energies, not with selfish but with social purpose, and the world is their own. In the outset their course may be slow, as compared with what a paternal government and liberal aristocracy with the large appliances of power which they command might effect; but that which the people accomplish for themselves is sure, and untrammelled by the conditions and consequences which other aids entail. There is great movement among them—a great revolution in progress; like the process going forward in the human frame—old particles flying off and new fibre being formed, with this difference, that notwithstanding this continual change the body grows old and decays; but the reverse will be the case with nations who will renew their youth with every improved generation. Self-culture is doing its salutary work in classes amid which, a few years since, cultivation was deemed an absurdity in itself, and an insult and an injury to their conventional superiors, while in periods yet more remote it was proscribed as a crime. It is recorded of "the good old time," in Henry's England (book 5, chap. 4), that "It was not till the reign of Henry IV. (1399—1413) that villeins, farmers, and mechanics were permitted by law to put their children to school; and long after that they dare not educate a son for the church without a license from the lord." And still

> There are
> Who say that this is well! As God has made
> All things for man's good pleasure, so of man
> The many for the few! Court moralists,
> Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
> Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
> Shall have their wealth hereafter; and though now,
> Toiling and troubled, they may pick the crumbs
> That from the rich man's table fall, at length
> In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
> Themselves meantime secure the good things here
> And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord!
> Who in thy plain and simple gospel see
> All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoined,
> No brotherhood.

The improved portion of the people who are themselves becoming an aristocracy of self-developed talent and advancing energy, must be upon the watch that the vices of superiority do not steal in among its better fruits—that *they* do not forget the brotherhood which links them to all men, and still more to those from whose level they have so meritoriously risen. Many there are incapable of self-culture,—not from the absence of natural ability, but from an attendant laxity—a deficiency of the braced will which is the high pressure of talent, and carries it forward with so much force and facility. Neither must the power of circumstances be forgotten; especially the circumstances which encompass those younger sons of civilisation, the poorest orders. They who have been born among them, or in the contiguous classes, possess a knowledge of the disadvantages that hedge them in, which, while it yields the strongest motives for turning to them with the helping hand, deprives their more favoured brothers of all excuse for neglecting so to do. The princess may propose pastry, when corn is dear, as a substitute for bread, and severity itself can do no more than smile; but the compatriot and class-fellow of the poor, who have partaken their porridge and potatoes, or known what it is to want even such humble fare, must give sympathy and, if they can, assistance, or stand morally and consciously convicted of injustice as men and of hypocrisy as christians. "To be weak is to be miserable;" then let the strong rally round the feeble, and, if true reformers, feel that none may rest while there remain any who require to be raised or held from falling. This state of kindly vigilance and activity will, while it awakens the principle of good in others, keep it alive in themselves: it is like the toil of the husbandman, which not only crowns his patron's fields with harvest, but invests his own frame with health. What is the history of but too many of the labourers—the wealth producers of this wealthy land? The little offshoot of humanity, in the very first weeks of its tender life, is torn by a stern necessity from its toiling mother's care, who must refuse it the succour and soothing of her breast in order to secure bread. Sometimes her place is ill supplied by a poorly-paid hireling; sometimes unsupplied, leaving the little being under the dreadful deterioration of opium, locked up and doomed to privation and imprisonment, till its mother's returning hour of brief leisure restores it to liberty. The next stage of this young creature's existence finds it a denizen of the common streets, with concomitant dirt and disorder, often with squalid lineaments and distorted limbs, the consequence of every species of neglect. Yet, notwithstanding injuries thus early commenced and uninterruptedly continued, tenacious of life, it rises through childhood into youth—such youth as it is permitted to know—when it is seized upon, and fastened a slave to the monotonous toil of the factory, where, amid the dizzy whirl of machinery, the power of thought is neutralised, and the Creator's child, with all its moral and mental nature not merely undeveloped, but arrested, becomes the mere creature of this semi-barbarous world—an animal—often a very repulsive one.

With all that Owen, Wilderspin, and others have done, this is a brief memoir of the life of too many of the people. Notwithstanding all that Christianity counsels and common justice calls for, this is the desecration of a portion of God's highest work going on from day to day, and mankind are not shocked at the spectacle, because it is common and but partially perceived and comprehended. Could the circumstances of the happier classes be placed in juxta-position: the tended, joyous child—the caressed, the cared-for, the carefully cultured—the creature sunning in the beams of parental love, and lighted up by surrounding sympathies—led up the graduated scale of knowledge with all the appliances with which the wise condescensions of genius and science now serve at the altars of education: could we bear the contrast? Should we dare to look up to our common Creator, and, with the children of wealth and comparative wealth by the hand, behold the squalid crowd of the wretched, who are HIS children if they are not ours? No! we should return from our churches and chapels, and say we have work to do before we again assemble here: the harvest is not yet—the sacred harvest-home must be held when we have reaped our fields and garnered their produce: let us go forward to the work with the heart-prayer that will speed it. No! the classes of the privileged and the powerful, with all that habitual luxury does to sloth their energies and neutralise their perceptions, save in those matters which solicit them through the medium of selfishness, could not and would not see these parallels unmoved. Unfortunately, these contrasts cannot

be brought into the concentrated and comprehensive span necessary to catch the contracted vision of the great, and their copies in the other classes. To them, in behalf of the proscribed, the painter, the poet, and the dramatist must address themselves. We are not without examples of genius dedicated to such noble efforts, and the names of Norton and Jerrold stand forth in lustre peculiar to themselves.

But to pass from the artificial heights of society, let us see what can be done upon the levels, where the thick phalanx of an improving people are spreading in moral force, and fixing the attention and firing the hopes of nations; on whose banner is emblazoned progress, and who are yet destined to prove that in the development of the inner man in all ranks, not in glossing and adorning the outer man in a few, rests the hope of carrying the great objects of society to consummation. Amid these national legions—these files of moral warriors—let the small voice of childhood, and of brethren like unto children—who are in fact children of a larger growth—be heard: let them listen to them the more because the speakers can say so little and speak so ill. Dr. Carus, a pendant, I believe, of the King of Saxony, in visiting our factories in 1844, says—

> It is an important question, will any great or original mind ever be developed from amidst these congregated masses? If that be the case, it will furnish a striking proof that the spirit of humanity can break a way for itself through all this early and monotonous slavery; but if this is not the case (as I fear), it will show that even great talents (for some such there must be among these vast numbers of toiling people) may be depressed and destroyed by this system. It is easy to conceive how a Pope Sixtus V. could arise from a poor swineherd, reared in the open air and in freedom, but it is hard to expect any development from those condemned to this slavish uniform and mind-destroying process.

It is literally wonderful, and it attests the mental germ with which humanity is instinct, that so much of the beauty of human nature survives amid such a system of toil, and such a state of society.

But, I would ask, how is it that from this background, dark, drear, and disgraceful, that woman stands out so much less deformed than man, for that she does so is an incontestible fact? Looking into the manufacturing classes, especially those in the descending scale, could their moral statistics be strictly ascertained, the amount of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters who well fulfil their domestic duties—who amid the claims of factory labour discharge scrupulously the claims on their affections and finer feelings—would show an array, beside which the husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers would shrink into moral bankruptcy. Our factory system, commercially advantageous, but morally most injurious, gives preference to the labour of women and children, and throwing men upon short hours of labour, thus places the strong in the painful and unnatural position of dependence upon the weak. This is the misfortune of these men; but if they are the martyrs and and victims of national cupidity, the ambition of wealth at the expense of worth, the preference of extended commerce to happy social communion, need they still further aggravate the evil—still further debase themselves? Are there not other duties for man, as well as woman, besides that of the manual industry by which he earns his bread? Because denied sufficient occupation for his hours, need he voluntarily give them, when thus left vacant on his hands, to smoking, drinking, and lounging about, habits which are in themselves innocent compared to the habits to which they lead—to indolence, injustice, unkindness, indifference, frequently brutality, to the heaping of further and bitter ills on his already overburthened wife, and adding to the injuries of his children the evil of a bad example. "Extreme physical dependence, the claims of instinctive life, which once more revert to dependence," says Michelet, "*moral impotency*, and *the void of mind*, these are the causes of their vices." It were as useful to appeal to their iron coadjutors, the machines—those "Briareuses of Industry," as Michelet well calls them—as against the system, which, scattering good on other classes, as it does, is not evil in itself, but in the manner in which it is worked out. Thus, morally helpless as appear too many of the men of these districts, and miserable, in consequence, as are the women, hope, and appeal in their behalf, can only lie to such spirits as every now and then, blessed and blessing, spring up in the drear tracts of the world, carrying light into darkness, as Wesley did among the miners—Howard into prisons—Pestalozzi and Wilderspin among neglected children, and Mrs. Fry into the cells of Newgate. Many may at this moment be waiting their vocation, waiting for the voice to which their hearts will echo. Oh, that it might be mine to call these gentle ministers to the aid of the poor factory women, yet more to the aid of many of their unawakened, self-wanting husbands. Here is a work for which you want no funds but the moral wealth you carry in your own breast. If you can induce gentleness where there now is rudeness; forbearance where there now is ferocity; willingness to help in promoting home comforts where there is now reckless indifference in spoiling the little decencies that the poor domestic drudge has achieved: if you can convert contempt for female intellect and prejudice against its improvement into opposite impressions, more would be done for the happiness and progress of these people than any amount of money could effect. Young Ministers of Education—you who give up your Sabbath to the ragged schools—who forego rest, recreation, and the privileges of devotion on that day, to breathe amid an atmosphere crowded by little outcasts whom all the rest of the world forget or shun—inspire some spirits like your own to make a pilgrimage among the people of the factories. Remembering who it was that sat among publicans and sinners, go to them in their homes and hours of idleness, strike upon the inert breast, and call the heart within from callousness.

Let me select a case from the suffering crowd; for I know it is necessary to individualise, to concentrate attention. The field of battle, the ravaged city, the scene of flood or fire, present calamity in masses which call up vague images, and strike the mind rather than move the heart: to do the latter, attention must be fixed on a peculiar point. Look, then, at that poor girl hurrying from the mill; she is just nineteen, and already a wife and mother; with that old shawl wrapped round her bent shoulders, and bowed form, would you recognise a being in the spring of life? Her husband has aroused her before six to go to her work at the mill, whither he need not proceed till some hours later; yet, when she returns to breakfast, though having her child to fetch and nurse, she has the fire to light and the meal to prepare—again, when she comes home in the evening, though her husband has been released from labour three or four hours earlier, again the household toils fall wholly upon her. And the Sabbath—surely, it will be said, *that* is a day of rest? Alas! it is the hardest day's work of all—she has her house to clean, the clothes, perhaps, to wash; and, be it remembered, that all this is not *occasional*

exertion, but goes on from week to week, from year to year, with no vista through which reward gleams in the distance. Amid all this, which is slurring her youth and beauty with the "defacing finger" of premature age, what is her sustainment—what her recompense? Indifference, selfishness, brutality, are the leading characteristics of her husband. He sees in her, not the helpmate that Heaven has bestowed upon him, but the drudge that law has allowed him to appropriate; his conscience, so deplorable is his ignorance, is neither offended at her doom or his own deficiencies. Without any idea of woman but as a subordinate agent in all the meaner tasks of life, he insults her helplessness instead of assisting it; whilst she, hurt and outraged, often surrenders the kindlier feelings of her nature in natural self-defence; hence, there is a mutually mischievous reaction, in which their miserable child is a partaker, to its indelible injury.

Is there no remedy for this state of things? Are there no ministering minds that will go forth and teach and save these unhappy people, and many like unto them—women whose work is wearing out their strength, and men whose strength is rusting, or worse, for want of work. Where woman is degraded man ever becomes debased—all his injuries to her re-act upon himself with severe and just retribution. I believe the secret of the rapid and easy extinction of all savage tribes is, that there is no conserving power among the women; and the slow progress of civil life may be traced to the neglect which has been the lot of that portion of the human family. It will be seen, that since woman has unfortunately been removed from her proper sphere, home, I think man might there, in some degree, supply her place. Here I feel that a difficulty is to be met. The exigencies which the changes that machinery has effected, and will probably still further effect, call for a moral progress of which there is little appearance or promise. The kind of man now under observation, and of whom all his better and nobler brothers must be most heartily ashamed, would deem himself more disgraced in doing the work, from which circumstances have removed his wife, than in beating and bruising that poor helpless being, whom before God's altar he vowed to love and cherish. He does not see that these prejudices are the same from which he himself suffers—that difference of employment is ground enough for men to erect distinction upon, and visit each other with honour or contempt in consequence. In this respect, how little has the equalising spirit of Christianity effected, but how easily fashion can settle the question. I remember some years ago it was the mode for ladies to make shoes—the awl and the last were not then deemed to desecrate the drawing-room—I never heard that like immunity was extended to the cobler himself. There is no hope for the world but education—the teacher must go forth, and plant and spread great principles, and gradually the weeds of opinion, and prejudice, and all the poisons proceeding from them, will die out.

## COUNTRY HOUSES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

By Andrew Winter.

There are many, no doubt, who upon reading this title will shrug their shoulders, and wonder what mad scheme we are about to suggest. "Country houses for the working classes, indeed! what next? Carriages, we suppose, for them to ride home in!" And the idea does look absurd enough at first sight, we admit; but it is strange how many things which have been snubbed down by steady-going people in one age, have become good-working universal facts in the next. How the great barons of the middle ages would have stared, and pshawed, and curled an incredulous curl in their lips, if anybody had told them that the time would come when the greasy burghers and the "gripple merchants" would keep their country houses. Yet this piece of audacity has long since come to pass. At the present moment it is the exception rather than the rule for the tradesmen (in the City, at least) to live at their places of business. As for the merchants—great swinging cranes, and many-storied warehouses have long usurped the sites of their urban palaces. London proper at night, as far as the houses are concerned, is nearly deserted. Daniel Whittle Harvey gives this very fact in one of his late reports as a reason why so many robberies are committed in this district with impunity.

Many begin to ask if the time is not come when the working classes should follow the good example set by their superiors in the social scale. Good air, water, light, and food, are the materials out of which the poor man builds up his only capital—the labour of his hands. To give him cheap food, the legislature has wisely interfered; but "we live not by bread alone"—there are other elements quite as essential to the health and strength of the labouring man, and let us consider how they are at present supplied. Let us roll out the map of London, and take a glance at its terrible physiology. These fine streets that we trace are but the frontier of a kingdom of which the upper classes know as little as of the interior of Japan. By the intersection of streets and alleys, the metropolis is cut up into countless blocks and squares of houses, in the centres of which, as if ashamed to show their misery, crowd together the wretched camp-followers of our social strife. Fleet-street, the Strand, Cheapside, &c., are the broad dykes which dam back the wretched sea of our poor and artisan population: the densest and most squalid neighbourhoods marked by the increased brilliancy of the gin-palaces—those sinks of iniquity, which seize upon the corners of the streets and alleys, like some scrofulous disease that preys upon the joints of the human frame.

In these miserable retreats, shut out from light and air, and by far too poor to tempt the water-pipes, our artisan population is caged. Look at them as they come to work in the morning. Are they not like ghastly vegetables which have sprung up in the dark? Are they not stunted in growth, debilitated in body, and demoralised in mind, by the foul influences which surround them? And what we see in London, be it remembered, is but a type of the condition, in this respect, of the poorer classes in all the manufacturing towns in the kingdom.

Forty thousand people live in cellars in Liverpool! In Manchester, fifty-seven per cent of the population die before the age of five years! Sir James M'Gregor, Director-General of the Army Medical Board, says that out of 613 persons who enlisted in Birmingham, 238 only were approved. Dr. Mitchell, medical officer of the district of Spitalfields, says of the workmen—"They are decayed in their bodies. The whole race of them is rapidly descending to the size of Lilliputians. You could not raise a grenadier company among them

all." These are a few of the facts out of many thousands bearing upon the physical degeneration of the working classes, which are stated in "The Sanatory Report of the Poor-law Commissioners," published in 1842. Under this state of things, how is it possible to begin with effect the education of the people? You may take the child of the mechanic into your ragged schools, and teach him for eight hours a-day the beauty of moral rectitude, and the brightness of truth, but one hour spent amid the squalor of his home will drag him down to the level which surrounds him. The physical must precede the moral light: we must lay down water-pipes before attempting good principles: the man, as an animal, must be attended to, before the man as a spiritual being.

A careful woodsman thins the trees of the plantation, when they are grown so closely together as to obstruct the passage of the light and air. Surely, men in this country are of more value than trees! Cannot we, then, with advantage, transplant them from the St. Gileses, the Clerkenwells, and the Spitalfields of the metropolis, where, like overcrowded trees, they pine and die?

A little pamphlet published by Mr. W. B. Moffat, the architect, has thrown out many hints towards the accomplishment of this idea. He proposes the formation of a society, to be called "The Mutual Philanthropic Investment Society," the object of which is the building of villages for the working classes upon the various lines of railways, at a distance of not more than ten miles from the metropolis: each village to contain about 5,000 cottages. Now taking the average of each cottage to be about seven inhabitants, this gives a total of 35,000 to each village. Ten cottages per acre he considers will be sufficient to insure space enough for garden-ground, and for a thorough ventilation. The erection of lecture-rooms, public libraries, baths, and wash-houses, such as at present exist at the workmen's village of Swindon, on the Great Western Railway, are to form part of the plan. These cottage residences are designed to be of three classes. The first class to contain six rooms and upwards at a yearly rental of 30*l*. The second class to contain five good rooms, varying in rent from 15*l*. to 30*l*.; and third-class houses, containing four, five, and six rooms, at a weekly rental of four, five, and six shillings a-week; these rents giving the privilege of *a free passage by the railway to and from London*; to the two first classes at any time in the day, and to the third class by stated trains in the morning and evening. Arrangements have been made, we understand, with Mr. Wilkinson, of the London and Croydon Railway, to carry passengers, provided they are in sufficient numbers, at the same price as goods, which thus enables the proposers of this scheme to include railway carriage in the rentals of the houses, and at the same time to provide habitations better in every respect than those in town at a reduced rate, it being a well-known fact that the poor at present pay from 15 to 20 per cent. to the landlord for the use of his money.

To work out the scheme, it is proposed that the Association shall find the capital, which is to be, divided into 5*l*. shares, the rent being so arranged as not to allow more than 6½ per cent. dividend upon the capital, 1½ of which is to be set aside as a reserved fund for repairs, and for the benefit of necessitous widows and orphans. One of the best features of this scheme appears to be the proposition, that after the payment of the necessary deposit of ten shillings a share, the remaining 4*l*. 10*s*. shall be taken in monthly instalments. Thus every man of sober and industrious habits might, by a series of payments (which from being spread over a long period will come light to him), become possessed of his own freehold; his instalments, until all paid up, bearing an interest of 5 per cent., or 1½ per cent. more than the only safe investment now open to him—the savings' bank—affords. The habit of saving once induced by this means in the working classes, would be of incalculable value to them in many points of view. A class of small proprietors would arise, which seems now so much wanting to fill the gap which exists between the middle classes and the workmen without capital—it would be building an arch by which even the very poor might cross the cold river of caste and take his chance onward in our social hierarchy. The proposition of having three classes of houses in these villages is good, as it would give variety to the internal life of the community, and the highest classes would transmit to the lowest that cultivation which as a rule ever attends advancement in social position.

It is for the vast mass of mechanics, however, that we are chiefly interested, and to these we think Mr. Moffat's plan might be more particularly directed. St. Giles's and the Almonry have been destroyed by the "Woods and Forests," like so many wasps' nests, and the queen's commissioners glory in having done so for the sake of "improving the neighbourhood."* The victims of these so-called improvements, in which man is sacrificed to fancy street-architecture, are now flooding the miserable courts and alleys of the metropolis with (if possible) a more deeply-dyed squalor. It is from these haunts that we must rescue the mechanic, for misery creeps upon him like the piercing cold, against which in time he ceases to exert himself, and asks only to be let die in peace. For this class of the population, then, we turn again to the calculations of this pamphlet, and we find that it is possible to provide a six-roomed house and a garden attached for six shillings a week, inclusive of a free passage by the railway to and from town. We have been making some inquiries about the rents of rooms in the neighbourhoods occupied by our working population, and find that this is the average sum paid for *two rooms*. And if six rooms should be too much for him, a four-roomed cottage, with fresh air, water, and garden, could be provided at two shillings less than he is now giving for his wretched couple of apartments in Town! Well, indeed, might the committee of the London Trades' Union speak of this scheme as "one which would realise more than their fondest hopes."

London is continually pictured as "the great heart of England;" how much healthier would be the action of that heart, if its life-blood, instead of stagnating in its meanest depths, should, by those great arteries, the railroads, be pulsed forth every night, and brought back purified in the morning to the performance of its vital labours. The poor weavers of Spitalfields keep up a memory of the country in their hearts by the geraniums and green flowering plants which make even their garret windows cheerful. How strong must be that yearning after nature which keeps alive such a taste in a poor man struggling for his daily food!

* We are glad to find that the new Chief Commissioner (Lord Morpeth) has humanely considered the hardship to the poor caused by this clearance system of his predecessor, and has, within the last few days, given notice in parliament of his intention to bring in a bill, in the next session, for a public grant of ground for the erection of houses for the working classes.

But there is a moral as well as a physical scurvy in man—as the lime to the sailor in the great ocean, so is the smallest plant, speaking of the freshness of nature, to the poor mechanic shut up in our vast brick-and-mortar Babel. Trees, flowers, and "the green garniture of fields," are the natural companions of man, and in proportion to the length of time which you banish him from their society, so will he be distorted from the true image in which he was originally made.

It was no idle saying—

God made the country, but man made the town.

Society, in its upper phases, has long been practically learning its truth, and it only remains for the masses of the population, profiting by the last word of practical science, the railroad, to learn it also. It might be, perhaps, at a far distant period, but we think it not very unreasonable to suppose, that a time will come when cities, instead of containing stagnating multitudes, will resolve themselves into vast bazaars — crowded or deserted, as the hours of labour began or ended for the day. If such a state of things should ever come to pass, it will be brought about by such a scheme as the one we have alluded to, and it is our earnest wish that the experiment should be tried, as we believe it would result in working a most favourable revolution in the habits of the working classes, and thereby make firmer that broad base by which the social pyramid is supported.

## ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

By William Howitt.

One of the most important events which has for a long time taken place, occurred on Monday evening. It was the formation of an Anti-Slavery League. A public meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, at which this fact was announced, and where the large and highly respectable assembly was addressed by those brave men, William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson, Henry C. Wright, Frederick Douglas, James Haughton, of Dublin, Henry Vincent, and others.

It may be asked why this League is now formed; and why formed here? It may be said, we have no slavery, we have no slave-trade; we have abolished and discountenanced these things as far as in us lies, and what have *we* to do with an Anti-Slavery League? These are the very questions which want well answering in England. Spite of all that has been done, said, and written; spite of all our enactments, preventive fleets, and the expenditure of 40,000,000*l.* of money to put an end to slavery, it is wonderful that so little is known by the British public of the actual state of things at the present hour! Do people know that, after all that has been done, slavery and the slave-trade have quadrupled themselves? That the monstrous evil has grown over the heads of its opponents, and threatens to go on, and produce the most frightful consequences to the world? These facts ought to be known, and must be known; but at present I desire to turn the public attention to the state of things in America—that state of things which has rendered necessary the present step. In the United States of America, slavery is producing the most frightful and revolting consequences; it is destroying the constitution, undermining liberty, and filling the social system with every element of future discord and horror. It is threatening to break up the Union, which cannot take place without the most dreadful civil war which ever raged in any nation. It is corrupting morals to the very core; turning completely upside down every ancient and established principle of human action. It is reducing religion to the same deplorable state, and infecting with moral cowardice its ministers; thus adding one more great triumph and occasion to infidelity. So far has this spirit gone, so far has the pestilence spread, that it has divided the very host of the anti-slavery advocates. A very large body of them now content themselves with faintly pronouncing slavery wrong, but protest against urging its abolition, because that casts a stigma on the holders of slaves, and disturbs the peace of society. The holding of slaves is openly defended from the pulpits of churches and chapels, as a necessary evil; as an evil which England has entailed upon them; and one now so firmly rooted, that it cannot be meddled with without the most offensive and uncharitable imputations on their neighbours. This is, in fact, to give up the question and let it go on for ever. But to this moral delinquency, to this base desertion of all that is sacred in human rights, and in the doctrines of Christianity, there is still a faithful band which will not consent. From the first, these brave and true-hearted men and women have stood firm by the standard of sacred and universal liberty and human right. They have never ceased to call upon the people of the United States to root out of their system this prolific source of every moral, social, and political evil; this condition of things which gives the daily lie to the grand doctrine of their declaration of rights —that all men are born free and equal. At the head of these staunch and uncompromising champions of humanity stands William Lloyd Garrison, a man who has put his life in his hand for his principles, and has actually had the halter round his neck, and been dragged by it along the streets, to be swung up to the first tree. A man who, for his daring to tell his countrymen that the black citizens have the same rights as the white ones, has a reward of 5,000 dollars offered for his head by the senate of Carolina. With him George Thompson, when in that country, ran equal risks; and the names of Miss Martineau, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Chapman, stand connected with the tale of riot, outrage, and danger, which the faithful preaching of truth and humanity has called forth in that country.

But though a large and influential body of abolitionists have thus stood firm, and in the true martyr spirit—though they go on with indefatigable energy, speaking, writing, and acting for the happiness of the oppressed, and the honour of their country, a far larger class has given way to the corruption of principle, and the cowardice of social effeminacy. These, with a pitiful selfishness, are contented to be at ease, and let their fellow-men suffer, and truth and religion suffer with them. They wish to rest with a fire eating into the very centre of their social system, and like men stupefied with the smoke of a burning house, denounce those who would rouse them up and drag them out. The slaveholders of the Southern States, alarmed at the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, alarmed at the doctrines on this subject which England is zealously, and from year to year promulgating—alarmed at the outcry and exposure which these abolitionists are making in the Northern States, are exerting every means to per-

petuate their tottering system. They coerce their slaves with redoubled rigour, they keep out from them with jealous care education and the bible; they exercise that influence in the Northern States which borrowed capital, and the intimation that it is in danger, can so effectually exercise; they menace and bully the government. The consequences of all this are what I have mentioned—a wide-spread, and every day still wider-spreading, torrent of corruption of principle, and distortion of all the sacred truths of religion. Men and ministers of religion, who are not holders of slaves themselves, abet and gloss over the crimes of those who are. The name of Christianity is prostituted in the vilest and most shocking manner, to countenance the existence of this monstrous custom of slavery. The prejudice against colour is carried from the steam-boat, the railway carriage, and the inn, to the private house, and to the very house of God, and the table of his communion. The people of colour, whether slaves or free, whether rich or poor, are not allowed to sit at the same table, or in the same pew, as the whites. Ministers who come over here, and take the lead in Peace and Temperance Conventions, and preach in the pulpits of all sects, at home are mixed up with this *laissez faire* system; and dare not lift up their voices in a single syllable against the crying monstrosity of treating a coloured Christian, and that in the very presence of their common God, as a branded and contemptible helot. But this is not the worst. Our ministers and our delegates who go over thither to inquire into this very state of things, or to preach the truths of christianity, fall into the same cowardice of heart; bow to the same prevailing Baal of public opinion; become participators in the American crime against God and man, and thus add fresh scandal to the Christian name, and fresh authority to the rampant evil. Thus it is that this sable curse is stretching itself over the Atlantic to us, spite of our belief that we had cast it out. No sect or party is free from its bewitching effects, except—and let it be spoken to their eternal honour—the Catholics. Even the members of the Society of Friends, those steady, noble, and, till lately, ever consistent champions of the black man's cause, have given way. In America a large body of the Friends are amongst the most creeping cringers to the great doctrinal abomination of the day. A large party of them have formed themselves into a separate body (a separate yearly meeting) because they are not allowed to speak out on the subject of slavery; and the English Friends, as a body, and the Anti-Slavery Society have sided with the temporisers, and refused to correspond with those who have determined to stand fast by the right of freedom in all men, and freedom of speech. Into the very Friends' meetings this leprosy of caste has penetrated, and the monstrous sight is seen of white Quakers sitting in one part of the meeting and black Quakers in another. I speak of what I know, for Mrs. Howitt's sister, who resides in America, near Cincinnati, in Ohio, on first going into the Friends' yearly meeting for that state, and seeing this repulsive sight, took her place boldly with the despised blacks, and, spite of all invitations to quit it, and sit with the whites, steadily refused. Loving her as she deserved before, how I honour her now for this piece of genuine female heroism.

Now all this succumbing to the despotism of slaveholders is very deplorable; but even here it does not end: it attacks our national honour, and strikes at the dearest of our national rights—the personal inviolability of the British subject. In all the slave-states of America exists a law, that on any vessel entering their ports from any free state or country, the harbour-master shall, with sufficient force, board that vessel, and seizing on every man and woman of colour, be they seamen, passengers, or gentlemen and ladies, shall commit them to the common prison during the stay of the vessel in that port; and on its being about to depart, should the charges for this piece of personal outrage not be paid, shall sell them at the auction-mart for slaves! There is no more question about this law, or its regular enforcement, than there is of the reign of Queen Victoria here; the object is to prevent the free blacks from the free states spreading the contagion of freedom.

It is these considerations which have made the leading abolitionists of America feel it imperative to hasten over, and make the British public aware of these facts. The first result of their communication has been the formation of the Anti-Slavery League; to which the response on the part of the numerous audience present was of the most enthusiastic kind. The addresses of Garrison, Henry Wright, and Frederick Douglas, the last an escaped slave, produced the most unprecedented effect. The formation of this League must be an era in the anti-slavery history. We shall watch its progress with the deepest interest: and shall proceed, forthwith, to give some accounts of the actual condition of the slave population in the southern states of America.

In these remarks it will be seen that we are no enemies to the American people. On the contrary, while denouncing a grievous evil, a huge offence against humanity, while uttering the stern truth, we feel that we are uttering it for the good and honour of America. We love and honour America and its people on many accounts. We have great hopes of the future from the blood and spirit of Great Britain planted in that great new land; and it is *therefore* that we are intensely anxious that this fair world of our younger brethren should not injure its own career, should not deceive the hopes of its best friends, realise those of its worst enemies, and mar that prospect of glory and happiness which is opening before it, by clinging to a canker and a curse. In America we must do as we have done unflinchingly in England, blow the trumpet against slavery, as the delusive crime which enriches no man, and saps the strength of a nation like a dry-rot.

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## TALK ABOUT MUSIC.

By Henry F. Chorley.

### No. III. DANCE-MUSIC.

On one of the hottest evenings of the past July, I came upon a rather uncommon sight, in the wildest wood scene which we have in the neighbourhood of London—I mean Burnham Beeches. Half the rural folk of the parish were out in a spot not far from the Great Beech (of which I cannot but fancy, that Hobbima must have had a vision)—to enjoy the cool of the twilight and to entertain themselves; the middle-aged men with a good game at skittles—the children with a swing, hastily fastened up to two of the high branches: and the boys and girls (N. B. age not very strictly limited) by dancing to a fiddle. Some friends from Italy, who had that profound idea of English

sombreness which residence in the South is apt to engender, would hardly believe but that it was a *fete* bespoken—as such a thing might have been in Old France—by the Squire and the Squire's Lady, for their express edification. Could this have been so, the good people who were enjoying the fresh air would have been thrice as conscious (not to say awkward), and the show not half so pretty.

What was done among the Beeches is, of course, being done elsewhere: on the Berkshire village-greens; and in Sherwood Forest, and in the Lake district—to say nothing of country-dances after temperance tea-parties, and other town festivities. Whether we English shall ever again make much out "as a dancing people," who can say?—but a notice or two, from a looker-on, of Dance-Music and some of its peculiarities, at home and abroad, may not be unamusing.

The subject, indeed, is one of more importance to the history of the art than has been conceded to it. I believe, that close examination would prove that regular tunes (as we understand the word) have sprung up to time the motion of feet,—in many cases at a period anterior to their accompanying the ballad of the old wife at her wheel, or of the wandering minstrel at the Lord's gate or the people's fair. Wherever dancing exists—even in its rudest form, not getting beyond the up-and-down thump of piston rods—there *must* be rhythm; whereas that is, in some measure, a trammel rather than an aid to recitation. Even the aimless and irregular twirlings of the East Indian Bayaderes (as we saw them in England) were accompanied by a regularly-recurring tune: though the melody was so stifled by the tom-tom or drum—as fervently beaten by an old gingerbread-coloured patriarch as though he had been brought into the world for that express purpose—that it required a very painful effort of ear to discern and follow it. Wherefore, with some, the rhythmical instinct should seem to prefer odd numbers—or triple time —as in the *Waltz* of Germany, the *Bolero* of Spain, *the Sarabanda* and *Tarantella* and *Furlana* of Italy, —wherefore to others, even numbers—or common time—appear no less essentially congenial—as in the *Gavotte*, the *Bourree*, and the *Galoppe*, of France,—are matters not easily to be explained, howsoever amusing to such speculators as are fond of spinning theories, while the nimbler are spinning figures. My fancy has long been, that some natural sound, or some habitual act of labour, has influenced the primal forms of national melody. At least, we find traces of the hill-echo in all the Swiss and Tyrolese tunes—the rowing measure in most of the airs of Venice and of Naples. We get a grain of testimony from the first line of one of our very old English songs—

Will you dance to the shaking of the sheet?

in aid of the known fact, that among all savage nations the Dance has been the rude dramatic form in which the common evolutions and occupations of daily life have been first presented. These, however, are scattered hints, rather than facts, for the value of which I am by no means disposed to do battle, if anyone will suggest a better reason for the recurrence of particular fancies in particular districts.

I do not think that the English men, as a nation, ever were or *are* fond of dancing. Those who work their hands, as Dickens has shown us, would rather lean against posts,—those who work their heads, are with difficulty got up out of a snug chair and a sofa corner, and the dear discussion of the last political grievance,—"to tread a measure." Now a Scotsman is rarely to be seen —however grave or learned or political, however weary after a day's desk-work or a day's shooting —whom the sound of a fiddle or bagpipe striking up a reel tune does not set-a-going at once, with some hours of work in him! And assuredly there is nothing so provocative—nothing that so curiously suggests perpetual motion—as a hearty lilt, such as "Tullochgorum," or "Lord Macdonald's Reel," or others of Neil Gow's collection. While I write, a whimsical testimony to their "fancy and spirit" rises up before me, like a picture, the scene being a place no less outlandish —for a reel—than the Grand Canal at Venice!

We had been passing a long morning in the palace belonging to the family of Catarina Cornaro, the beautiful Queen of Cyprus. Small vestiges of her beauty, or her empire, are, however, now to be seen there. The sumptuous building is occupied as a school under the direction of those Armenian monks of the island of San Lazzaro, with whom Lord Byron used to study, and who prepare persons about to travel in the East with instruction in Oriental languages. A simpler-hearted, more gracious gentleman than Father Raphael, my friend ——'s preceptor, one would not wish to meet. As our visit chanced at holiday time, when the pupils were gone home, he good-naturedly indulged my curiosity, to study from garret to *well* (the Venetian houses have, of course, no cellars), the interior details and arrangements of one of those grand palaces about which we have read ever since we were children. His own room was entered among the rest—an airy apartment, scantily furnished; with bookcases, globes, and a quaint old grand piano with spider-legs, such as may be seen sometimes at the door of a broker's shop,—ready, apparently, to walk out into the street by itself He asked me to try it; and, of course, such bad music as I could make was readily attempted. Father Raphael wanted a Scotch tune. for, on the Continent, the prevailing notion is that we have nothing of our own save Scotch tunes. I tried to play a reel; and never did reel, ten times as nimble as mine was crippled, produce a more lively sensation. Such a gaiety leaped into the good man's face, that I thought he would end in dancing himself. He timed the tune with his wagging head, and those inimitable southern gestures of arm, shoulder, and elbow, which put an Irishman's pantomime to shame! It was "*Bello! molto bello!*" he exclaimed, his eyes glistening with mirth and eagerness. He would hear it again and again: and presently, two or three other serge gowns, and coal-black beards, and eyes like burning coals, were seen at the door. The attendants, who were waiting in the corridor for the end of our circuit, with coffee and sweetmeats (after the fashion of the hospitable East), were also caught by the tune, and crept in to enjoy, to smile over their bushy beards, and nod, and keep time. Nay, on descending to the gondola at the water-gate, I found that Damiani, the gondolier, had been listening too, and was trying with all his might and main to get hold of the jerks and jiggings of the tune—the furthest thing in the world from the smooth-water ditties he was accustomed to sing, without knowing it. Never had exhibition a better contented audience. Every musician has heard of Pierre de Castelnau, the Troubadour, who, once upon a time, when attacked by banditti, moved them to save his life by singing a hymn to the Virgin. But, except upon such sentimental high-way and bye-way rogues, as are now only to be found in old-fashioned

romances, I cannot but think that in nine cases out of ten the Reel Tune would have the better effect!

The Welsh (I can speak from experience of those in South Wales) are untiring, when they once get upon their feet. I made one at Christmas, 18—, at a tenants' merrymaking, far up the Neath Valley; where a venerable tune called "Sweet Richard" was played for five hours, without one pause. There were two harpers, and the fresh player slipped his arms into the harp-slings before the weary one could draw his out, that no time might be lost, nor interruption take place. "Sweet Richard" was a country-dance: which measure belongs, I think, more or less to all countries, since it admits every step, whether jig, or waltz, or that marvellous hornpipe shuffle which makes sitters-by so ache to see and hear! But beyond "Sweet Richard," and other tunes of the kind, the Welsh have little or no dance-music, to match with the reels and strathspeys of Scotland, or the jigs and rants of Ireland. The Principality is richer in marches: indeed, to nine-tenths of its airs a procession might step with great stateliness and satisfaction.

I question whether we English have any dance-music which, strictly speaking, we are justified in claiming as our own, save it be the Hornpipe; which, too, is rather a show-dance, in which the one or two parade for "the fathers and mothers on benches" (as the Norway dancing song has it), than "a merry measure" which all can tread. The *rub-a-dub* accent of this tune makes one stroke succeed another too closely and rapidly to admit of such elasticity as gives elegance to melody and to motion. As for "Sir Roger de Coverly"—let not the shade of *the Spectator* rise against me, if I say that I as little think it "pure Saxon" as his style There is more of the Italian harlequin's fling in it, than any "lively trippings" of our Cicelies and Marions who used to dance round maypoles. But this, I am afraid, is a sore subject. We have never been sufficiently willing to own how very much of our music we owe to Italy; and now that the South is falling into discredit, who knows but that some "repudiator" may rise—if claims are not rightly registered from time to time—and deny our obligations altogether?

Truce, however, to this trifling; if too long indulged in unbefitting to the subject of dance-music; for that has its stately and solemn, as well as its brisk and entrancing side. The Minuet, for instance, displays a certain graceful pomposity of measure, which has led to the introduction of its style into music written for music's sake alone, and not for kings and queens to dance. The Spaniard, too, boasts some very pompous dances, in triple time, as well as his more luxurious and flowing *Jaleo*, and *Jota*, and *Cachucha;* while the *Polonaise*—which, however, is a tune for parade rather than for figures of the feet—is so convertible to the musical composer's uses, as to have become a favourite movement with some of the most solid and severe thinkers, whose sobriety would be disconcerted were they reminded that it is to dancing they are indebted for a form so adaptable to some of their best inspirations.

I think I have indicated that Dance-Music is worthy of examination on other grounds than those which merely associate it with popular festivity. I have purposely refrained from cumbering this sketch with examples, yet it is still incomplete; and there is left matter and to spare for another ten minutes' talk.

## SUBJECTS FOR POETS.

### TO MARY HOWITT.

*The following Tale (the style of which was suggested by her beautiful translation of a tale from the Danish,) is respectfully inscribed by* The Author.

It was a bright summer night, the young moon had sank to rest, and the glorious stars were thickly spangled over the deep blue vault of heaven. I sate in my lonely chamber, gazing on the sky, and wishing I was one of the planets above me, to look down upon the world, and into the quiet chambers of those I loved, to see if sleep had fallen on eyes that seem brighter to me than the noonday—and if happy dreams gladdened the slumber of the beings who are far dearer to me than my own life. And then it seemed to me that my spirit broke from its covering of clay, and soared to join those joyous creatures of light, and then I heard sweet music as they journeyed onward, and a single voice spake in low tones of such deep harmony that I drank in every word with a delight that knew no bounds. And that voice seemed to say thus:—

"I am the Spirit of a Star—guiding and controlling it—and I can whisper strange things to thee. I have looked on some whom thou dost love and honour, and can tell thee of them, and of other things. I know, too, where thy thoughts often fly to, and I will reveal what passed there a few days since; for though, when the sun shines, human eyes see us not, we never quit our appointed places, day or night.

"I stood over the vast metropolis, and near a dome beneath which were gathered groups of people, gazing at paintings upon which skill and science had exerted their utmost powers; and on marble groups, and statues of rare excellence. An aged lady stood by the side of one statue, which won even my notice by its exquisite proportions, accustomed as I am to see forms of angelic loveliness.

"It was evidently intended to represent a young and dying girl. Never was sorrow so truly, yet so beautifully, expressed—while the yearnings of the spirit for its better home were clearly defined in the countenance, mingled with an expression of the most perfect confidence in God, and of resignation to His will. For a moment—the only moment since I was created—I wished to be a human being, and to have wrought that statue. Then a thrill of delight shook my soul, and I exulted in the thought that the spirit of the Sculptor who executed such a work must be congenial with those of a higher sphere—full of lofty and holy thoughts, of earnest piety, and great purity of feeling, or he could never have imagined so true and perfect a representation of *soul* loveliness. The attitude of the statue told of suffering and wearying bodily pain; revealed also by the drooping eyelid and the manner in which the head lay on the pillow; her hands were clasped in prayer, and she was gazing upward, as if some vision was flitting before her sight. She seemed wasted and weakened by long illness and secret grief.

"The aged lady gazed until the large tears fell silently down her cheeks, even to the floor; she was too much absorbed to know that she was weeping; she felt not the touch of the passing crowd, she saw not the wondering looks of those at a distance, who could see *her* face, but not the statue; they knew not that her thoughts had gone back to long past days, when she stood by the bed of her dying child. Nor did they dream that when she aroused herself from her reverie, after some time had elapsed, that in the secret recesses

of her heart she breathed a blessing upon the gifted Sculptor, whose peerless work had thus awakened feelings that had slumbered—not decayed. As she knelt in prayer, ere she sought her rest, a stranger's name mingled with her petitions to the God of Mercy.

"The man who could thus win for himself a blessing and a prayer from one who knew not even his name until that day, may well look forward to the highest degree of fame that can be attained.

"As the aged widow withdrew, a young girl took her place near the statue. Her dress and appearance indicated high rank, and there was a quiet dignity in her manner that told of an innate consciousness of the respect due to her as a woman. At the same moment, another female of her own age, but of a much lower rank in society, approached on the other side. Her dress was neat and clean, but of coarse material. She came near timidly, lifting her eyes to the countenance opposite her, which was turned upon the statue. The humble visitor saw nothing repelling in that fair young face, and she advanced closer, and when she stood by the statue, she, too, forgot that others were present, and gazed long and earnestly on those exquisitely chiselled features. Thus they stood for half an hour, till the cottage maiden, unable longer to control her emotion, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud. She felt a gentle pressure on her shoulder—she heard a sweet voice speaking kind and soothing words, in that low tone that wins so much upon the heart. She looked up, and that look met the answering glance of the dark eyes that were watching her—those of the high-born girl she had just seen beside the statue. There does not need *words* to make hearts understand each other, and from that moment the Lady —— became the *friend*—I use the word in the most extended sense, and as kindred minds would employ it—of the humble cottage girl.

"Well may the sculptor be proud of his work when it serves to connect the highly and the lowly born together, by proving that the same feelings exist in the hearts of each, and thus linking them together by the best and purest affections of the soul.

"Two manly forms took the places lately occupied by those young girls. One was an old man, the other of middle age. The latter bore on his brow the impress of strong and wayward feelings, of ill-repressed passions, and bitterness of heart. His dark eyes flashed with scorn, as he looked on his new companion, whose gaze was upon the face of the statue. I could read the hearts of both, and I knew that the thoughts of the elder one were in a far-off, quiet village, where as a Pastor he had lived many years, honoured and beloved. His fancy bore him to the bed of the sick and the dying, as that marble face recalled the countenances of those who had 'died in faith,' trusting in their Redeemer; and his own features became lighted up with an expression of serene piety, and fervent gratitude to God. His long and earnest gaze directed the haughty glance of the younger man to the statue. Gradually his look became less scornful, then a convulsive motion of the mouth betrayed powerful feelings, and his brow gathered into a frown, one of those frowns that accompany the effort to restrain strong emotion. It was in vain, and when he raised his eyes to see if any were watching him, they were full of 'unshed tears.' The throng had dispersed; those two men were alone. Again the younger gazed, until a groan broke from his lips, and the elder one looked up. Their glances met, and in a moment they recognised each other, though long years had passed since they last met. They had parted with words of forgiveness and warning on one side, with angry and scornful replies, even curses, on the other. There was guilt on the soul of the younger man. A young and lovely girl, the sole child of that aged man, had died of a broken heart in the arms of her father; while one—alas! dearer still—heeded not her earnest petition to see him once more, and mingled in scenes of the wildest riot, even while he knew that he had caused her early death. He had scoffed at the mild rebuke of the father, he had mocked at the sacred words of religion; he had insulted the bereaved parent, even when his only child lay dead before him—even as that marble form now lay like a thing that had once had life between those two men. But she had been avenged! Let scoffers deride as they will, there *is* a 'still, small voice' within, that *will* be heard.

"And now as they stood thus, what a host of conflicting feelings rushed through the betrayer's heart. I said their glances met; and the old man had too long studied the human countenance not to read rightly the heart of the now penitent offender. With a mournful, but a kind look, he held out his hand, uttering the name of the other. That hand was grasped between those of his companion, an anxious look turned upon his face, and then rapidly-uttered and low-toned words broke from the full heart of the guilty one, and revealed a tale of secret suffering and remorse, that it were well if many of his sex had heard.

"*We* cannot feel sorrow in our high place, but we sympathise in all the happier and holier feelings of the human race; and my spirit rejoiced as I heard the reply of the good Pastor, and watched him leave the room with the repentant one, and I knew that his last days would be soothed by the knowledge that the sinner had not died in his sin.

"Oh! happy must the gifted Sculptor be, to know that his matchless statue has been the means of leading the hardened heart of the wicked to pause in his mad career of vice; and that the holy calm and patient resignation he has so beautifully pourtrayed in those marble features, have brought thoughts of peace to the wounded heart; while by the side of the same statue the injurer has done justice to the injured, and holy feelings have bound their spirits in the universal bond of charity.

"There *must* rest a blessing upon the labours of men like him, and, blessed be God! there are many noble and gifted spirits among the human race, both in the mansions of the rich and the cottages of the poor.

"As I thought of the good already wrought by the Sculptor's works, and of the glory that shall attend his future career, I thought I should like to look on such a man. On the night of the day which had been thus hallowed, I looked through a half-shaded window of a house in a large manufacturing town in one of the midland counties. There I saw the Sculptor sitting, intent upon modelling two figures. They represented Edward the Sixth, in the act of delivering to Archbishop Cranmer, who knelt to receive it, the charter which gave to Birmingham its Free Grammar School."

The voice ceased speaking, and the same sounds of rare harmony that had before entranced me again fell on my ear, and in the exulting joy of the moment I uttered a cry of pleasure and *awoke!* I had fallen asleep at the open window, and my imagination had pictured the Spirit of a star repeating the anecdotes I had heard during the day of the effects produced by a beautiful marble statue, lately exhibiting in the Royal Academy, and executed by one of our most gifted sculptors.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday September 5th, 1846.*

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE FAMILY OF DR. SHERIDAN, LATE EDITOR OF THE "MORNING ADVERTISER."

In consequence of the long and mournful illness of Dr. Sheridan, late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, his family, consisting of a wife and three very young children, have been precipitated into utter want and destitution. Since Christmas last they have experienced severe suffering, having been confined to a single apartment, and occasionally debarred sufficient sustenance.

It is hoped that Dr. Sheridan's public services as Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, a journal which it is admitted, by common consent, rose under his auspices to its subsequent rank and popularity, and in which he strenuously struggled to promote all the great principles considered necessary to the progress of the age and the welfare of the people, will be permitted to constitute a claim on the generous sympathy of society in favour of his now suffering and destitute children.

On being informed of the circumstances, the proprietors of the *Times* immediately forwarded to Mrs. Sheridan a handsome temporary assistance. The *Nonconformist*, not only manifested its sympathy by a generous pecuniary contribution, but also, on the 22nd ult., instituted an appeal, since powerfully seconded on the 8th inst. by the *Bristol Mercury*; while the *Patriot* and *Leeds Mercury*, as portions of the Press, have equally evinced their kind consideration. Many individuals have also come forward in a spirit of the most disinterested benevolence. Yet, notwithstanding, it is to be confessed, the assistance obtained is not adequate to the exigency of the circumstances; wherefore it is humbly solicited that through the present medium such relief may be obtained as shall suffice for an effectual promotion of this work of charity.

*Kilmarnock.—Cheap Bread Association.*—Some few weeks ago, a public meeting, composed chiefly of working men, was held in the Holm-school, to take into consideration the best means of lowering the price of bread. At that meeting a majority were in favour of forming a Cheap Bread Association, and a committee of four was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting, by obtaining all the information in their power regarding associations in other towns formed with the same object, and by drawing up resolutions to be moved at a future meeting to be held as soon as possible. On Thursday, the 6th inst., accordingly, a meeting was held in the Rechabite Hall, at which the chairman of the committee read a letter which he had received from the secretary of the Paisley Cheap Bread Association in regard to the subject. It stated that the share of the Paisley Association was 10*s.*; that the society had been in existence for eighteen years; that for the last twelve years they had been gaining from 40 to 50 per cent.; but that this last year it had approached nearly 60 per cent. The chairman produced a copy of the last year's Paisley Cheap Bread Association statement, which proved this last statement to be correct. The letter also stated that if they could obtain in Kilmarnock about 800 shareholders at 10*s.* a share, they might proceed in their operations with safety. It also stated that they sold their bread to the public generally in Paisley, which was generally one penny on the quartern loaf cheaper than any of the bakers sold it in town. It was moved and unanimously carried, "that this meeting do form itself into a Cheap Bread Association," that the number of shares amount to 1000, that a single share be 5*s.*, and that none be allowed to take more than four shares. A committee of sixteen was appointed to draw out and publish a prospectus and canvass for shareholders. A public meeting was to be called again as soon as was thought necessary. It is pleasing to witness the working-men of Kilmarnock bestirring themselves at this time in helping to bring about that great social revolution which they all are very anxious to see happen; for by uniting together to lower the price of bread they are only causing that revolution to happen the sooner. We wish them all success, and, no doubt, if they unite firmly, they will have it.—A. P. D.

*Late Hours in Shops.*—The subject to which I would call the people's attention is the present system of late hours in shops. I most earnestly wish some influential and practical men would exert themselves in this cause, and by drawing the notice of the public to the evil, and convincing all of the physical and mental injury produced by the present plan, induce those whose interest is most concerned to unite themselves in endeavouring to bring a better arrangement at once into operation. I would that I had power and mental endowments sufficient to undertake some rousing means in this most necessary alteration, but I can only feel the importance of the call upon humanity and leave to others the remedy. I feel, whilst I write, as if the lives and souls of many were pressing to be saved, and their voices were anxious to be raised, that their present fearful sacrifice of health and time should not be allowed much longer to endure. Shopkeepers themselves acknowledge that the amount of business daily transacted by them might be done in one half the time it at present occupies. They feel it necessary to be on the spot, but cannot engage themselves in any other employment because constantly liable to be called off, and thus many hours are completely wasted idly away; and finally, after the fatigues of business, they are exhausted, and incapable of undertaking any mental improvement.

In many cases there are men and women employed who are upon their feet fourteen hours (and some even more) every day; they are allowed about ten minutes to their meals, and this standing and fatigue too frequently injures the health, and, in many cases, destroys the life of thousands of our fellow creatures.

The fact of the shopkeepers allowing that all might be done in one half the time, would prove that he would be willing enough that it should be so, and the only thing then necessary would be unity of purpose. Most persons object to the idea of Government interfering, and of course any one will perceive that interference upon private arrangements would be disagreeable; but Government is allowed to guard over the health of children in factory towns, and to discontinue the employment of women and children in coal mines; whilst there are evils in the metropolis equally injurious to the health of the women employed, and requiring as much the protecting and reforming hand of Government. It seems to me the subject only wants pushing; it demands, as it were, to be thrust before the eyes of those who from ignorance or laziness have never suffered it to occupy their attention, and that were this to be taken up in the right spirit, the arguments which the able would bring forward for the trial of employing fewer hours upon the struggle for daily bread would have their effect.

FROM ONE EARNEST THOUGH SUFFERING.

*Silk and Blonde Trade.—Nottingham.*—Sir—Permit me through the medium of your valuable journal, which appears to me to advocate the working man's cause, to indicate the real position of the workmen engaged in the *fancy silk blonde trade.* The price for making warp silk blonde on a treddle machine is 8*d.* per rack yard. If a man work a rotary machine, and his hard earnings are not exacted from him in the shape of rent, &c., according to the subjoined list, still his fate is equally bad, for he is paid considerably less for making the work.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 24 yards at 8*d.* | 0 | 16 | 0 |
| Rent per week | 0 | 2 | 6 |
| Standing | 0 | 0 | 9 |
| 1*d.* per yard to the second man, for taking it to the warehouse | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Needles and mettle | 0 | 0 | 7 |
| Tallow or gas | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| Coal, oil, and shop cleaning | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| Discrepancies in work, generally unavoidable | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Mending | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| Total weekly expenses | 0 | 8 | 6 |
| Total weekly earnings | 0 | 7 | 6 |

It is a query with me whether a workman averages more than twenty-two yards per week, the latter is more likely to be the true case; therefore, the weekly earnings of a workman in the blonde trade is 6*s.* 2*d.*, and for making an article which has never been superseded, nor likely to be

at present. Some of the masters take full charges when there is only half work or no work at all. Again:—bits of spoiled work are sent back, no matter by whom nor by what means the work is spoiled, the workman has to pay for it at the rate of 3s. or 4s. per ounce, and if he dare appear dissatisfied, he has notice to quit his degrading and pauperising situation.—V. J.

*Penny Exhibition of Art at Liverpool.*—I may mention that the plan of opening exhibitions of paintings to the working classes was tried here at the exhibition of the Liverpool Academy for 1845, and succeeded *extremely well:* several thousands of the people flocking to the exhibition, where they were admitted on payment of a penny each. Catalogues were also printed for the people at a penny each. I am convinced that this step (which is exactly what your contributor seems anxious for the London exhibitions to take) having already been taken in Liverpool, is not known among you: would the metropolitan societies be more likely to take it after this, or do they object to *follow*, even in a right direction?—I am, sir, your's respectfully, R. B. H.

## Correspondence.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

Sir—The grouping together of the spinning-jenny interests of our country, as represented in the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, has caused the factory population to assume a prominent position. Some eighty years ago every village maintained its blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, glover and gaiter-maker, house cloth-weaver, &c.; at which period the weaver and spinner performed their part of the social contract of society in a similar manner to that of the shoemaker and tailor of the present day; but the application of the mechanical genius of Hargreaves, Arkwright, and others, to the machinery for the manufacturing of cottons and woollens, &c., has brought with it a change in the local position of the village spinner and weaver. I still find the shoemaker and blacksmith, but when I enter the village I ask, where is the village weaver? and am answered that I must seek him in the large towns, where he helps to form our great manufacturing interests, so called. Some of the prominent features of such concentrations are immense and rapidly acquired fortunes to the industrious and persevering of the master class. A Rochdale manufacturer, who is now a member of Parliament, and represents an agricultural county in the north of England, stated in a speech addressed to a meeting composed chiefly of badly paid agricultural labourers, that his father was at one time as poor a man as any working man that stood before him. That same manufacturer is now one of a rich, and, as the popular saying is, a respectable firm. He makes lengthy speeches in the House of Commons, and is altogether a very important man. The venerable and respected John Fielden, Esq. M.P., is another apt example, and hundreds of others whose names I might mention, if necessary. Another effect of such concentration is the great power of the factory operatives. They stand out from the rest of society and cry "look here, we are important; travellers write of our large towns and descant on our manufacturing wealth; members of Parliament speak of our great manufacturing interests; commissioners report the condition of our factory population." Limitation of the hours of labour by Act of Parliament, is alike important in the cabinet and cottage; it is a question for the hustings and the press.

I have no desire to detract from the importance of our manufacturing population, on the contrary, I am pleased to think that one branch of our great industrial army commands attention, but after all it is but a branch of the great whole. Had the improvements of machinery been applied to the production of boots and shoes, instead of weaving and spinning cottons, &c., boot and shoemaking would have been viewed as our great manufacturing interests, and the consumption of home and foreign hides would have been as fertile a subject of calculation as imports of raw cotton and exports of manutured goods now are; while, on the other hand, the village weaver and spinner would have been as little known and their interests as little reasoned on as the village shoemaker or blacksmith of the present day.

Few errors are more popular, and none more erroneous, than the common notion that one interest is more important than another interest. All skill which adds to the welfare and happiness of society is necessary, and therefore honourable. One trade may give employment to 1000 hands, another to 10,000, both are parts of one great whole. The scavenger who serves society by sweeping a crossing adds to the comforts of his fellow man, and, instead of being treated as a mendicant, merits, so far as his labour is concerned, the respect and consideration of society as much as the skilled jeweller who decorates a crown, or the tasteful embroidress whose skill adorns the dresses of a court. The opinion that one battalion of labour's army is more important or more aristocratic than another, like many other popular errors, is doomed to disappear.

As knowledge progresses, the people will learn to form a just estimate of themselves. "Man, know thyself," is an old and wise recommendation. Such a knowledge will destroy the class sectionalisms that now exist among the working classes, and with it they will become their own commissioners, report their own condition, reason on the remedies for the wrongs they suffer, commingle together like brethren courting the opinions and aid of all good men, knowing that to reason is to learn, and to act wisely the results of calm and deliberate investigation of the past, and hope and faith in the future.

A Glasgow Operative.

[The author of the above writes us,—"I am a working man; when I write it is at the close of a long and very often fatiguing day's physical labour," &c.]

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* Appendix.

## Notices.

To Correspondents.—The lady who addressed us on the subject of the Women of the Working Classes will see that her suggestion has been anticipated.

A note for the author of *To a Blade of Grass* lies at Messrs. Bond and Hardy's, Huddersfield.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready; also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



SCENE IN THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

By the German Painter, Cornelius.

## SCENE IN THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

By William Howitt.

As, in the few explanatory remarks which I gave last week in reference to the picture from Goethe's *Faust*, so what I state here in connexion with the illustration from the Niebelungen Lied will be as brief as possible. My object here is merely to make the picture understood. The fine poem itself, one fact only of which it illustrates, I shall, on a future occasion, endeavour to make as well known to the readers of the *People's Journal* as it deserves. On that, and kindred subjects in the German literature, there will, ere long, be opportunities for interesting comment.

The Niebelungen Lied, or song of the Niebelungen, a people on the Rhine, is one of the very earliest of European poems. The story is laid in the time of Attila, in the fifth century, and came to light in the twelfth, when it had all the characteristics of an ancient production. It is the Iliad of Germany, recording events of its early ages, and, no doubt, faithfully descriptive of its life and manners at that period. Its great subject is the revenge of a woman, not, like that of the Iliad, of a man. The hero, however, like the Achilles of Homer, is not only prominent for his personal valour and beauty, but for the heroic generosity which were inseparable from a hero of romance in the early and middle ages. Siegfried, this young hero, is the hero of many ancient sagas, legends, and traditions. He is the Arthur of Germany, and his fame is not only universal there amongst the people but all over the north of Europe. Everywhere in the people's literature you find the history of Siegfried, the Horny, conspicuous. Siegfried is the son of Sigmund and Sigelinda, king and queen of the Netherlands. He is of extraordinary beauty and vigour of constitution, and full of the desire of glory. He sets out to run the career of a hero. Many are the adventures of his youth, related in the People's Books, which form no part of the Niebelungen Lied. His adventures in the forests with fierce beasts; his working at a smith's shop and forging his own sword; his killing of the dragon on the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, near Bonn, on the Rhine, and liberating the beautiful Princess of Worms, whom he then marries.

These adventures do not appear in the Niebelungen Lied, or at least, in those portions that we now possess, for the work is not supposed to be complete. Like the Iliad, it is supposed by many to have been not the work of one man, but of several—the popular bards of the time, who have helped to form it into a continuous whole.

The present poem introduces us to the hero at his father's court; alludes to his dragon adventures, but does not particularise; and sets him forth with chosen companions to seek the hand of Chrimhilde, the Princess of Worms, of whose peerless beauty, and steady refusal of all suitors, the fame has reached him. It is not at the Drachenfels that he meets with Chrimhilde, whom the Lied never intimates to have been in the power of any dragon. It is at Worms, and not till he has been a year at the court of her brother Gunther, that he even gets sight of her. In the meantime, however, he has won the reputation of the greatest hero of his age. On his travel up the Rhine country, he has attacked and slain the two kings of the Niebelungen, and set the dwarf Albricht to keep possession of the kingdom for him; and of the Niebelungen hort, or Schatz, the treasure of the Niebelungen, which consists of gold and jewels which would fill five waggons, of course, the most immense wealth in the world; he has driven the Saxons and Danes, who were invading Burgundy, of which Worms was the capital, back with terrible slaughter, and taken their leaders prisoners; and, lastly, he has gone with Gunther to Iceland to solicit for him the hand of the Princess Brunhilde. This was no holiday wooing. Brunhilde is a princess of the Amazon caste. She possesses gigantic strength as well as great beauty, and puts all suitors to death who cannot fling a spear or a stone as far as she can. She has never yet been outdone, but Siegefrid outdoes her, wearing the tarn-cap which he had taken out of the Niebelungen treasury, and which renders him invisible—Gunther all the time appearing to do the feats, and winning the lady. On the return to Worms, Siegfried receives the hand of the beautiful Chrimhilde, the sister of Gunther.

Here the poem reaches its climax of beauty and prosperity. All is fair, great, heroic, and noble. But now the scale turns. Chrimhilde, who is represented as not only a most beautiful, but a most amiable, woman, stands in delightful contrast to the haughty beauty and somewhat masculine character of her sister-in-law, Brunhilde. But womanly jealousies and strife break forth between the two queens, from causes which cannot be here detailed. Deadly enmity springs up in the heart of Brunhilde, not only towards Chrimhilde, but towards Siegfried. Siegfried, the popular hero and defender of the country, has, with the invariable fate of eminent merit, excited intense envy and jealousy in the hearts of the warriors of Gunther's court, and of Gunther too. Like Achilles, he is invulnerable, except in one spot. This is not the heel, but between the shoulders. While anointing himself with the melted fat of the dragon, which became a fine elastic horn all over him, whence his name, Siegfried the Horny, a lime-tree leaf fell upon his back, between the shoulders, and prevented the unguent there taking effect. This secret he communicates to his wife—his wife to Hagen, a warrior of the court, and a relative. He is a traitor, and stabs Siegfried in the back, while stooping to drink at a spring, while out hunting in the forest.

Now comes the tale of revenge. Chrimhilde, who is overwhelmed with affliction, bears it like a Christian, so long as there appears no chance of vengeance. But that chance appears. Her hand is sought by the famous Etzel, king of the Huns, the Attila of history. Loathing all other marriage, worshipping in secret the memory of her beloved Siegfried, she accepts the hand and throne of Attila to secure a bloody retribution for the enemies and destroyers of her husband. In process of time she gets Attila to invite all her relations to his court. Gunther, the king, and Gerenot and Geiseler, his and her brothers, with Hagen the murderer, and all the great warriors his confederates. They come, and, inclosed in the palace of Attila, they are set upon by his soldiers, who are animated to the slaughter of the Burgundians, or Niebelungen, as they are now called, as being the kindred of Chrimhilde, who is queen of the Neibelungers, by the same vengeful fury, Chrimhilde herself.

Several of the last cantos of the poem are occupied by this massacre, for the Burgundians defend themselves valiantly; and the killing of one hero after another, and the long speeches they make to one another, become wearisome and revolting to

contemplate. It may be a true picture of the manners of the times, but it is not at all to the taste of these times, and is, therefore, the least attractive portion of the work. Chrimhilde, who in the earlier portion of the poem is all beauty, sweetness, and affectionate devotion, tender-hearted, charitable, and generous, is here transformed by revenge into an unmitigated fiend, and you cease to sympathise with her.

The latter part of the poem is supposed to have been written by another hand. We cannot, indeed, well conceive the poet who wrought out the glorious characters of the youthful Siegfried and Chrimhilde to have been willing so to desecrate one of his noble images, as is done in Chrimhilde, who in her ruthless, heartless vengeance destroys her own brothers, even the innocent ones and the younger one to whom she always had shown attachment, and whom she received with a kiss; kills Hagen with her own hand, and, in short, brings down one universal destruction, not only of her countrymen and nearest relatives, but of her only son and herself.

The scene here represented is one out of the numerous ones of the massacre, and forms a specimen of the genius of Cornelius, the founder of the Düsseldorf school. The Burgundians, with Hagen, the murderer, and Volker, the musician, or—as he is called in the homely language of the story—the fidler, at their head, are repelling the attack of the Huns, on the steps leading up to the hall in which they are cooped by their enemies. My space here forbids me giving a specimen of the poem, which I much wonder has never yet been translated into English.

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## GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By Franklin Fox.

No. III.—Hurricane at the Mauritius—the "Coolies."

Who has not heard of the far-famed "Tablecloth," warning the quiet people of Cape Town of the coming storm, spreading its folds over the broad summit of their noble mountain, and veiling it in clouds and mist—fit throne for Æolus, sending from thence his furious blasts thundering down valley and ravine, straining the surging cables of the safe-moored ships, and spending its fury on some luckless vessel far at sea. The same cause produces a like effect in the Isle of France. At the back of the town of Port Louis, a wide expanse of common, parts of which are designated as *Les Champs de Mars, et de l'Or,* stretches up to the base of the lofty peaks that overhang the town. Thick, heavy masses of lead-coloured clouds were slowly rolling down the mountains, and the sudden and rapid fall of the mercury in the barometer warned the inhabitants that a hurricane might be expected. It was in the latter end of the month of December, and they generally looked for one about that time. The port-officer had been round in the morning to every vessel, giving timely notice of the approaching storm, and most of the crews were busily engaged striking their loftier spars, and getting their ships securely moored. All business was suspended, and the merchandise that usually covered the wharf being all housed, groups of people of every class clustered round the wharf-end, watching the ships that were anchored outside the harbour, at the Bell Buoy. There were six vessels, some of which were homeward-bound, and to avoid the expense of harbour-dues, &c., anchored there while they procured water, or whatever they might want. Two of them were laden with Coolies, and bound to Port Louis, but were waiting for the steamer to tow them in. Each of the emigrant vessels had upwards of two hundred men and women on board. The wind had not yet risen, but as evening closed in two of the vessels at the Bell Buoy were observed to be slowly drifting in the direction of a long reef of coral, which stretches for some distance to sea, at the mouth of the harbour, and towards which a heavy swell was setting with irresistible force.

The night was pitchy dark, and the dead calm that prevailed for half an hour was almost as awful as the raging wind which followed. The damage done on shore was not very great, luckily, although in parts of the town destroyed palings and outhouses, and occasionally trees lying across the road, told of its strength and fury. No one dared venture within two or three yards of the water's edge; for in the sudden gusts one hardly dared trust to the feet alone, but looked for something to hang on to.

At daylight next morning everybody was about. The wind had settled into a steady gale, and was blowing right up the harbour. Out of the six fine ships that rode securely at their anchors the day before, but one remained. The rest, their masts gone, were on their beam-ends on the coral reef, every wave hiding them in a cloud of spray. The situation of one of the Cooly ships was the most desperate; she had gone on shore outside of all the others, and the force with which the sea broke over her rendered it impossible that she could hold together long. She was crowded in every part with the poor helpless wretches who were distinctly visible from the shore, waving their red caps for assistance.

"Will nobody volunteer to save some of the darkies?" cried one of the pilots, stepping into one of the custom-house boats, and addressing himself to a group of young fellows who were standing by on the wharf.

"I will"—"And I"—"And I," said half a dozen of us, springing into the boat. We shoved off, and the steamer, which was going out to see if she could render any assistance, gave us a tow out to the mouth of the harbour.

The vessels in the port were in a lamentable condition—some lying across the bows of the others, and chafing and tearing everything to pieces. The captains were running about the wharf, stopping everybody they met, asking them to come and help to moor their ship, or something of that sort. Seamen, for once in a way, were at a premium. The attention of everybody ashore was turned upon the remaining vessel, that still held to her anchors. Her name was the "Amity," and among the anxious group that crowded round the port-office, the captain of her, who had left his young mate in charge the day before, was one of the most interested. A heavy squall of wind and rain comes on, and for some moments she is hidden from their sight. The last puff did it; the overstrained cables have parted, and she drifts towards the reef. She is not lost yet; the young mate stands in the rigging with his trumpet, and quick as thought her close-reefed topsails are let fall, and sheeted home. "Well done, well done!" shout the spectators, "she's saved!" and if she is,

'twill be a feather in that youngster's cap—but no, she will never do it. The wind, as I said before, was right up the harbour, across the mouth of which this vessel had to stand, with the wind abeam, for about a hundred yards, to weather the point of the reef; and if she could do that, and get round the corner, she was safe in the mid-channel of the harbour. Something seems dragging her with an irresistible impulse on to the reef, and so it was; the cable, which all on board thought had parted close to the ship, had gone within two or three fathoms of the anchor, and the ninety fathom of chain, which the poor ship tried hard to tow, dragged her quietly on the reef: her masts went over the side, and she laid there a total wreck.

In the meantime, the steamer towed us out a little way, but the sea was too high for her to go far, so she let go of us, and we pulled out to see where we could be of most service.

The first ship we came to was one of the emigrant ships. She was in a comparatively safe position to where the other one was; but even there we dared not go alongside, but laid under her bows, picking up the Coolies as they jumped overboard and rose to the surface. We got a boat-load, and having carried them on board the steam-boat, pulled towards the other vessel, which seemed threatened with instant destruction.

We pulled towards her, and laid for awhile on our oars, watching a boat with some daring fellow in it make an attempt to get alongside: he succeeds—the boat rides over two great waves in safety—the Coolies are scrambling down the side in swarms, but the third sea breaking over the boat smashes it to atoms against the ship, hurling some of the poor fellows on board, as for the rest —"God help them, for man cannot."

There was a vessel about a hundred yards inside of this ship, and at the suggestion of our pilot we pulled to her; and having obtained a long line, to the end of which a stout rope was made fast, we pulled towards the devoted ship.

"Now, my lads, be steady!" said the old pilot to us. "We'll wait for a smooth time, and try the other side for it. So we did; and, watching a favourable chance, two of us sprung on board with the line, shoving the boat off at the same time. We hauled the stout rope to us, and making it fast, it was hauled tight from the other vessel. We slung a sort of seat on to this, to which the small line was made fast, and the Coolies were hauled across one by one. There was one fine-looking young fellow—his long, jet-black hair curling down his shoulders—who with a girl, rather fairer than the generality of them, clasped in his arms, stood apart, apparently quite resigned, and exhibiting no desire like the rest, who crowded round quarrelling who should go next.

At last all are gone except these two. I went up to him and told him. "*Acha*" (very well), said he. I took his wife by the hand, to lead her to the rope—"No, no!" he shook his head, and made signs that they must both go together. I remonstrated with him, but to no purpose—he was determined; so accordingly we secured them together on the seat, as well as we were able, and gave the signal to haul away.

They got half way across the rope, when an immense wave hid them for a second from our view. The girl lost her hold and sunk—and, with a wild cry, her lover jumps after her. He rises—his hand wound in her hair—sustaining her more than himself. Luckily, the boat is near, and they are dragged into it, clasped in each other's arms. They wished to die as they had lived.

In the course of time, and with the aid of some more boats, we landed the whole of the emigrants in safety. There was not at that time any regular building, for their reception upon their first arrival, (although it was understood that the authorities were on the look out for one), so they were marched up to the "Bowen," a place very similar to a house of correction in England. They go every day to the sitting magistrate's office, where people who are in want either of servants or labourers attend; the agreement between master and servant is there drawn up—these contracts are very often for three years or more, and the rate of wages low. I have seen a great many working for from three to five rupees a month, that is, from six to ten shillings. There are a great many employed in the service of the wealthy French and English families as footmen and otherwise, and these, of course, are better off than their brethren. Some work their way up to be shopkeepers, for they are, generally speaking, parsimonious in their habits. The more intelligent of them get situations about the law courts, where the great influx of their countrymen renders a knowledge of Hindostanee very frequently necessary. A great many Malabars are employed upon the sugar estates, and a large number, not only of them but Malays and Chinese also, will be found in the various Sepoy camps scattered over the island, employed upon some public works, such as repairing roads, or building a bridge, and sentenced to that labour for some transgression against the laws. The environs of Port Louis are inhabited, on one side, by a great number of free Negroes and Creoles, and is called Black Town; the other extremity, the Lascars and Coolies have appropriated to themselves, and is aptly named "Malabar" Town. The houses it is composed of are not of the best description, chiefly consisting of small shops, in which groups of Coolies may be seen partaking of the never-failing hubble-bubble with untiring zeal, and frequently interspersed with little bright red painted wooden huts, with "*Canteen autorise*"* written over the door. The arrack sold in them is extracted from the sugar cane, and "'rack drinking" is followed as generally among the lower orders as gin drinking here. They have the advantage, though, in getting the liquor comparatively unadulterated.

Outside this part of the town is a large space of open common, where, during the month of January, the Malabars nightly perform their religious ceremonies. I frequently passed an evening witnessing these proceedings (designated as the "*Yamses*"), thinking I might very likely fall in with the young Hindoo and his wife who had interested me so much on board the wreck, and whom I had lost sight of for some time. Part of the common, upon these occasions is fitted up after the manner of a fair, with tents and booths, some of which contain elaborately-made models of temples and idols; and in the middle of the green a large ring is formed, in the centre of which the more favoured worshippers build an immense fire, and dressed in fantastic garbs dance in a circle, hand in hand, round the flames, to the music of tomtoms and drums, accompanied by their own voices in a sort of chant, commencing moderately at first, but gradually increasing as they get excited, till the noise becomes deafening, and their antics proportionately extravagant. As one gets tired another takes his place, and they keep up the magic dance for a long time. I was standing in the outer

* Licensed Canteen.

circle, looking on, when in one of the performers who reeled out of the ring, apparently overcome with his exertions, I recognised my acquaintance.

Jamal—for that was his name—came up to me, after recovering himself, with a profound *salaam*, and told me he was living with his wife's father, and that he did any little jobs he could pick up for his living. The daily drudgery on a sugar estate he did not like the thoughts of, particularly as he was not certain of good usage.

I had a friend who was in want of a servant, and I proposed to Jamal that he should accept the situation, telling him he would certainly be kindly treated. He gladly accepted the offer, and knowing that it would be useless to ask him to leave the spot then, I made an appointment for him on the morrow with my friend ———. He came, and was duly installed in his situation, and apparently quite happy.

Shortly after this, the grand procession, the conclusion of the *Yamses*, occurred: all the idols and temples are carried, in great state, to a river near, where they are destroyed, and new gods chosen by the priests for the ensuing year. Jamal, in his gayest attire, walked joyously in the procession; his long hair fell in ringlets from his turban down his shoulders over his graceful snow-white robe, which well became his handsome figure, as he marched proudly by.

I saw my friend occasionally, and heard, for about a month, very good accounts of Jamal's doings. After this he became changed in his manner, something seemed preying on his mind—he indulged in fits of sullen moroseness, and would absent himself at different times. We endeavoured to discover the cause of this, and occasionally visited the cottage where he lived for that purpose.

There was a gay young coloured footman whom we often saw there, and who paid great attentions to Jamal's wife in his absence, which were not so badly received by her as they ought to have been. This Jamal suspected, and it was the cause of his disquietude; however, it all passed off, and he appeared for a time to have recovered his usual spirits.

One day, some time afterwards, he obtained leave of absence for a day or two, to go into the interior of the island. On the third day of his absence, my friend ——— and I were smoking our cheroots over the newspapers, when a paragraph, headed "Awful Murder!" met our eyes. A minute investigation of it convinced us that Jamal was concerned in it, so off we rushed, and found it, alas! too true. He had found the lover with his wife; and they, with her father, had perished by his hand. He walked coolly to a magistrate, and delivered himself up, regarding it as a matter of fate, and apparently not caring to live. Shortly after, he traversed the very green to his place of execution where but a short while before he had marched in the pride of youthful strength and beauty.

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## THE FRENCH WORKING CLASSES.

By Julia Kavanagh.

There is no portion of French society more deserving of attention than its working classes. In every country those individuals who devote themselves to toil form the majority, and, as on them thus rests the burden of supporting the dignity and greatness of the nation, it only seems natural that they should engross a greater share of interest and consideration than the higher ranks, whose part in the great business of life is not only far less active, but also far less important. That such should not be the case is an evil to be not merely deplored, but remedied by a careful consideration of the working classes both at home and abroad. To enter into a detailed account of the working classes of France, or even to describe their mode of existence, with its attendant peculiarities, would by far exceed the limits of this notice; we can, therefore, but briefly mention a few of their chief characteristics, amongst which a strong feeling of dignity and independence, and a general, though deeply rooted, love of literature and art hold a prominent station.

The French workman derives his feelings of dignity and pride from the high consideration he sets upon labour. Foreigners could with difficulty understand the profound contempt with which he looks down upon the liveried and pampered servant of the noble or the rich. It is not only the servitude, but especially the comparatively idle life led by the retainers of wealthy families, which excites the animadversion of these rude, though proud, sons of toil. And, indeed, domesticity—not as we conceive it in patriarchal and primitive life, when the servant was as one of his master's family, but as modern manners have made it—is sufficiently repulsive and degrading to explain their aversion towards it. So strongly is this feeling developed in France, that we once knew an indigent nailer, burdened with a large family, indignantly refuse to give his daughter in marriage to a respectable young man, then a servant in a rich family, and possessed of what, in his condition, the father might consider a fortune. It is true, this proud nailer was not only a singularly intelligent man, familiar with the best authors of his country, but also a poet whose songs may, for aught we know, still form the delight of the neighbourhood in which he resided.

In the eyes of the French workman, labour is a divine institution which hallows all that it touches. "He who labours, prays," is a favourite saying amongst the people. This noble and beautiful thought, which has been strongly encouraged and confirmed by several eminent writers of the modern French school, has greatly contributed to give to the character of the artisan a lofty and dignified tone, worthy both of our respect and admiration.

One of the principal consequences of this ennobling sense of personal worth is, that nowhere has the education of the people made greater progress than in France. It is true the means of study for all are at hand; but the will to profit by those means was also necessary, and the working classes of France have amply shown that they possessed it.

Besides the charity schools established by government, several orders of monks and nuns readily undertake to gratuitously instruct the children of the poor. The fraternity of the *Ignorantins* has even opened evening classes for workmen and soldiers who cannot attend during the day-time. Free lectures on astronomy, mechanics, mathematics, natural history, and other useful sciences, can be heard daily in almost every quarter of Paris, and, on certain evenings of the week, the workman desirous of finding a pleasant and useful relaxation from his labour, can attend schools for drawing, music, and singing. It must not be forgotten that all these means of instruction can be had free from expense. Most of the lectures, especially those which take place in the

evening, are literally thronged with eager learners. No sight can be more singularly interesting than that offered by those classes; the ardent wish of knowledge, the perseverance, and frequently the original talent displayed by the pupils, investing the whole scene with a character not to be easily forgotten. The schools for singing are particularly well attended; and often in the silence of a fine summer's evening, the workmen can be heard, as they retire, singing in a chorus some national strain which has just formed the subject of their study; and as they go along, still filling the echoing streets with sounds of simple, though pleasing, melody.

Thus, from the simplest to the most abstruse, knowledge can be acquired by any individual willing to make the required exertion. A striking proof of this occurs in the case of a man named Morrice, and who was lately brought before the tribunals on a rather serious charge. The earlier part of his life, as related by his counsel, was both curious and interesting. At the age of 24, Morrice, then a common slater, merely knew how to read. But besides a powerful and capacious mind, he possessed an ardent thirst for knowledge, and he had inwardly determined to complete his imperfect education.

His first step was to attend, after his work, the evening classes of the religious brotherhood already mentioned; when he knew all that could thus be learned, he followed the educational courses in use in the establishment of the Abbé Latouche, and finally the lectures of the faculty. After a lapse of six years, he was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syrian languages, besides possessing a considerable knowledge of several modern tongues. With such extensive acquirements, he easily passed his examinations, and obtained the diplomas necessary to open a school for youth. Such instances, by no means rare in France, forcibly remind one of the dramatist Sedaine, who, on the very day that the French Academy elected him for one of its members, was seen philosophically employed in stone cutting (his original trade) in the court of the Louvre.

These instances of original and self-taught genius have tended to increase in the artisan's mind those feelings of pride and dignity we already alluded to. The most eminent men of his country once shared, he knows, his humble and toiling life, and it may be his fate, or that of his children, to rise some day to that proud height others have attained; were it but for this, he feels it incumbent on him to preserve his self-respect. Indeed, when we see men like Michelet, the historian, raising themselves by genius and perseverance to the high place now held by the celebrated professor in the literary world, our wonder at the French workman's ambition necessarily ceases. Michelet is far from being a solitary case; a well-known painter, now in high favour at the French Court, was, when a boy, apprenticed to a locksmith. Poultier, the tenor, was originally a cooper's journeyman, and on the day after his triumphant *debut*, received a complimentary deputation from all the coopers of Paris—a testimonial of admiration which afforded him, he declared, deeper satisfaction than all the applause he had on the preceding evening received at the royal Opera; and the two sons of a shoemaker became—to our knowledge—one of them an artist of great genius, and the other the editor of a paper. The latter, a poet, and a man of singular energy, not proving quite fortunate in his literary attempts, has since philosophically resumed his original trade of a tailor, and now earns thus an independent livelihood.

This feeling, that almost all men eminent in either literature or art have arisen from their ranks, has given the French people a proud and somewhat jealous admiration of the great master-spirits of their country. As we were passing through Rouen, on our way to Paris, a few years ago, one of the porters who carried our trunks suddenly stopped, and in a lofty and almost authoritative tone bade us pause before the statue of Corneille, adding with strong emphasis—"He was born at Rouen." When he thought we had sufficiently admired the effigy of the great poet, he and his companion once more shouldered their trunks, and allowed us to proceed.

But what is still more important than even their admiration for their great men, is the active part which the people take in all that concerns the literature of their country.

Every man is not born a genius: he may have good natural abilities, and yet not be fitted for any higher station than that he now occupies; but it is always in his power to refine and elevate his mind, without, for this, neglecting his necessary duties. This is what the French artisan has striven to accomplish, and, in spite of the difficulties of his task, what he has partly effected. A general love of refinement and literature has gone forth in the land, softening that ruggedness which does not necessarily indicate frankness of mind, and bestowing on the French of every class that general urbanity of behaviour so grateful to the foreigner.

But one of the most pleasing effects of this state of things undoubtedly is to contemplate the zeal with which the French people endeavour to advance in the great task of mental regeneration. Thus, not satisfied with having founded a newspaper, of which workmen are the sole editors, they have also tried to introduce, even in their amusements, something elegant and refined. Many of them are poets. They compose songs adapted to popular tunes, which sometimes meet with great success in the workshop. If not always very poetical, those efforts are nevertheless commendable, as they contribute to the general concord, and the increase of gaiety and good humour. A volume of those songs was lately published in Paris. It would be going too far to assert that they were possessed of great merit; but in this, as well as in many other things, the effort is the chief consideration. From this it may perhaps be understood how, though in other lands literature mainly depends for its support on the middle and higher classes, in France the people have the casting and ultimate vote. No work can be said to succeed without their sanction. Nothing is more common in Paris than to see some classical work of French literature in the hands of an orange woman, or even of a shoeblack; whilst on a fine summer's evening, the portresses at their doors may be heard gravely discussing the merits of Eugène Sue's or Alexandre Dumas's last novel.

It may be objected that this is light literature, and that their time might be better employed: but even light literature, where it has no evil tendency, is preferable to the total want of it, and may prove a pleasant and often useful relaxation from the severer duties of life. The love of it certainly shows a strong tendency towards all that is elegant and refined. The literary influence of the French popular classes is still more strongly characterised

in theatrical performances. A French critic lately, and very judiciously, remarked, that if the members of the fashionable world chose to patronise certain dramatic pieces or actors, their efforts, however strenuous, were certain to meet with little or no success; if, on the contrary, the lower classes, who inhabit distant and obscure quarters of the capital, declared themselves in favour of any actor or performance, the house so fortunate as to attract them, might, however remote or unfashionably situated, feel itself assured of a nightly overflow.

The remarks made by the French working classes on literature and art in general, are often shrewd and very judicious, and the more to be valued that they flow from an innate feeling of the beautiful, more than from mere reasoning, which, though it can tell us whether a work is correctly written or not, will never determine its powers of pleasing the mind and the heart.

Thus, we recollect for our own part to have met with a reading seamstress who did not like Paul de Kock, because his works were eternally the same; who objected to Georges Sand, because her novels were not strictly proper; found fault with Eugène Sue; and although she rather liked Alexandre Dumas's dramas, wisely placed above him Racine and Corneille. The mention of Corneille recalls to our mind an incident, with which we will conclude these remarks, on the love of art amongst the working classes of France.

We were once wandering with a friend on the heights of Montmartre, and thence looking down on Paris, which lay at our feet bathed in the rich, glorious light of a summer's setting sun, when the loud declamatory tones of a voice issuing from a neighbouring *cabaret*, or wine shop, drew onr attention. We approached, and witnessed a scene not to be easily forgotten. The day's labour was over, and the wine-shop was filled with workmen, some sitting round the small tables placed for the purpose, others standing together in groups, and all drinking with that sobriety so characteristic of the French. But, instead of presenting that animated and cheerful aspect so prevalent amongst the lower classes of our neighbours, they now seemed unusually silent, every sound in the cabaret was hushed, the conversations of all the groups had ceased, and even the drinkers stood by their untasted glasses, leaning on the counter in an attitude of deep and almost wrapt attention. they were listening to a man who stood in the centre of the shop—the same whom we had heard. He was an athletic workman, fresh from the smithy, as the hue of his strongly-marked features, and brawny arms, bare to the shoulders, full well revealed. His attitude and gestures, though somewhat theatrical, were striking and effective; and his voice, as he repeated a long *tirade* of pompous alexandrines, showed one well accustomed to enact his part in such scenes. Words could not describe the deep and grave attention with which he was listened to by his auditors, whose intelligent though swarthy features seemed simultaneously to kindle up at every noble and lofty thought emitted by their companion, whilst the bursts of loud and enthusiastic plaudits, which might be heard at every pause he made, rewarded his efforts. And those strains which they listened to, and received with such proud and ardent enthusiasm, were the noble and spirit-stirring strains of their own immortal poet—Corneille.

What, though some fastidious critic might object to certain licenses taken with metre and rhyme, this scene was still striking and ennobling, and might well lead one to exclaim with Madame de Stael, when she once witnessed in Germany an occurrence somewhat similar—"Happy are the people who choose such noble songs, and blessed the country that owns such a people."

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## Our Library.

**THE CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.**

By John Minter Morgan.

**LETTERS TO A CLERGYMAN.**

By the Same.

The object of both these philanthropic works is to recommend a plan for the amelioration of the condition of the people—a plan which proposes to substitute co-operative industry for competitive labour, systematic union for accidental association, and practical—instead of merely theoretical—Christianity. in a word, then, to create self-supporting societies, in which the selfish principle which produces devotion to private property, and the unsocial and antichristian principle of competition, will be unknown—in which regulated and united industry will realise for all the members of the community physical comfort and intellectual improvement, combined with the means of religious culture, hitherto, from the perpetual presence of counteracting causes, impossible.

Mr. Morgan's plan is not open to the objection made to Mr. Owen's, since it recognises the principles of Christianity, and has a provision for its exercise; it is not open to the objection made to Fourier's, since it rejects the unequal division of the property created by all. Without ourselves now giving an opinion any way, we cannot but think, that amid the philanthropic efforts making, amid the dissatisfaction felt regarding the union workhouses (than which the poor prefer the common jail), it is matter of regret that some experiment for associating the poor upon the co-operative principle is not tried. Mr. Morgan visited, at Mettray, near Tours, a colony of juvenile criminals; the director, M. de Metz, said that Mr. Morgan's plan was precisely his own, but adapted to families instead of boys. Much has been done of late years for the criminal; not more, be it observed, than ought to be done, since the first steps, the precautionary measures which would have hindered his becoming such, have never been taken: but while much has been done for the delinquent, while his crimes have conducted him to a prison which improves his condition in every way—in sustenance, cleanliness, and the means of education—the unfallen labourer, he who still stands erect in integrity amid the agonies of pinching want on one hand, and the invitation of temptation on the other, for *him* there is nothing but the union workhouse, and not always access to that.

Of the capacity that lies in co-operation to produce physical wealth, no reflective mind, looking around at the instances everwhere in partial and imperfect action, can doubt. Why is so little faith entertained of its capacity for the more equitable distribution of wealth, and the creation of a higher moral character?

Mankind are ever disposed to prejudge that to which they are unfamiliarised by experience, notwithstanding that their history teems with proof that the speculative vision of one day has become again and again the actual reality of the next. It

is on record that the Marquis of Worcester, being in Paris in 1641, found in the Bicêtre an individual confined as a madman, because he persisted in declaring that he had made a discovery which would enrich the country that would adopt it—the discovery was the use of the steam of boiling water, by which he said ships might be navigated, carriages propelled, and various kinds of work accomplished. The far-sighted philosopher could not convince his compatriots, and it seems as impossible to persuade the world of 1846 that it can go on without the warfare of competition, as it was to make it believe in 1641 that it could toil and travel by steam. But everything tends to show that some great change is at hand, and must of necessity supersede the present system, as steam has superseded the stage-coach. Labour does not, in very many instances, produce food for the labourer; of the stocking-frame knitters, "hundreds are always to be found unemployed, and that frame-work knitter is a lucky man who passes the whole year without experiencing want of employment. The general indigence which *must* prevail in such a body of men is self-evident, while instances of the keenest privation are ever abundant." These are the observations of no ordinary man, but of an "eye-witness" who may be depended upon. This state is not peculiar to the frame-work knitter only, and it is a state which the increase of population and the progress of mechanic discovery will aggravate year by year; hundreds and hundreds will be born for whom the labour market will have no need, and can make no provision.

The elegant author of *Prose from the South* says, in contemplating the Duomo of Milan—"Well may man rejoice in his works, for then he is great indeed; great in his imitation, great in his slow but certain toil of endeavour, greatest of all in his combination." When will he exercise this power for moral purpose? If it be still a question how far it may promote and increase happiness among those calling themselves the independent classes, but who in reality are dependent upon the labourer for all they enjoy, at least it might be tried how far it would ward off misery from those whose condition no change can alter but for the better.

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## MY MIDDLE PASSAGE FROM THE ANVIL-BLOCK TO THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

By Elihu Burritt.

There is something whispering a suspicion to my conscience, that I owe an explanation, if not an apology, to the fraternity of newspaper editors, on both sides of the Atlantic, for the way I have obtruded upon their notice the last year or two. I believe, in the course of that time, that my "*Peace Dove*" has flapped its wings against the ark-window of every editorial sanctum in the United States and this United Kingdom, and billed and cooed, frequently with success, for the admission of its "*Olive Leaf*." To those who have closed their windows against my favourite bird, and to those who have opened them to its message of good-will, I owe some exposition of the reasons and circumstances which induced me to drop the hammer and to take up the quill, as a member of their profession. I will be honest, and tell them the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of *machinery*. Do not smile, friends: it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours upon those thoughtless iron intellects, those iron fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it, in a twinkling of the eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin *thoughts*. There was no attribute of divinity in them; and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious; but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in *finger*-power: so I came away, and left them spinning—*cotton*.

One day, I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the machinery a-going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears. I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come, looking, for all the world, like the great dragon we read of in scripture, harnessed to a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the base use to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind along the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour, towards their city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy, bee-winged, machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded cities together. But, leaving out its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a *beast*, an enormous aggregation of—— *horse power*. And I went back to the forge with an unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street, one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So, without more ado, I stepped in; and there, in a corner of the room, I saw the *chef-d'œuvre* of all the machinery that has been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese-press. It was worked with a lever—with a lever longer and stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world. "It is a printing press!" said a boy standing by the ink-trough, with a turban of brown paper on his head.

"A *printing press?*" I queried musingly to myself—"a printing press? What do you print?" I asked.

"Print!" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully—"why, we print *thoughts*, to be sure!"

"But, my boy," I asked, in sober earnestness, "what *are* thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?"

"Thoughts are what come out of people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed! Why, minds arn't anything you can get hold of; nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as large as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any colour, nor weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says that a man weighs just as much after his mind has gone out of him as he did before.

No, sir; all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you *print* thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are as thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade, or colour, and are like the winds, and, more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment—sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on the earth, and in the waters under the earth—how can you get hold of them? How can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, replied:—

"Thoughts work and walk in things what makes *tracks;* and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. That is the way we print *thoughts.* Don't you understand?"

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and, raising his hands on his torn apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on:—

"Thoughts make *tracks,*" he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing that we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type case with his eye fixed upon us admonishingly. "Thoughts make *tracks,*" he repeated with increased earnestness, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can *print* it, too"—and he gave the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist—"we can print it, too, give us paper and ink enough, until the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts as much like the pattern as two peas."

Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him and then at the press with evident astonishment.

"Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronisingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there, incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand—"why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been as dead as a stone, if it had not been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! Why people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if it were not for the printers—at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men;" and here he slapped the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honour; for the boy had placed the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse.

"Give us one good, able-bodied mind," resumed Ezekiel, "to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way he can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here inky bits of pewter. He shall not die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work, day and night, upon all the minds that live on the earth, and upon all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts, too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind."

"Yes, that *we* will," echoed the pressman, who began to be somewhat ambitious of the partnership.

And so I went home and *thought,* and Ezekiel has printed my *thought tracks* ever since. Whether my thoughts have been of "the right kind," I know not; but this I know, by the clearest experience, that he has been as good as his word, and kept me at work night and day, a condition from which distance gives me no discharge. A clever boy, that Ezekiel; and I have taken him from the ink-trough and seated him in my editorial chair at home, in which he is beginning to make some deeply marked *thought tracks* of his own.

*Bath, Sept.* 10, 1846.

## Poetry for the People.

### THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

Stand forth! thou God-made noble, stand!
Old England asks no worthier son;
A better dower than wealth or land
Thy true heart here hath bravely won;
The right—by none misunderstood
Or questioned—to rank as "The Good."

Old Norman William hath no voice
In our new peerage, spirit-framed;
No rival Roses sway the choice
Of those beneath our banner named:
Two paths henceforth, throughout the earth,
Shall give to rank its better birth.

These paths, that part the good and ill,
The vile and worthy, false and true,
The noble and ignoble, still
Two classes only place in view;
And honour here—dishonour there—
With us no other names may bear.

Stand forth! first titled on our shore,
As unborn myriads yet shall be!
Renown more pure than that which bore
The names of old from sea to sea,
Shall find for thee, in every place,
A brother-spirit to embrace!

Far more it imports man to know,
To feel, to prove his brother's worth,
Than on that fame his thoughts bestow,
To which the past has given birth;—
Call forth the *living* spirits' powers,
And use them for this world of ours!

And let the good be named "The Good,"—
The true, "The True,"—the brave, "The Brave;"
Titles not bought and sold for blood,
Like those our war-girt monarchs gave;
And let the just be still "The Just,"
So men shall know wherein they trust.

Look on our noble once again!
None nobler graced the ranks of old;
No death-strewn fields his laurels stain;
He battles nor for fame nor gold;
But with an earnest, loving heart,
He conneth still, and plays his part.

No painted badge, no tinsel star,
Lie idly glittering on his breast;
But—nobler, grander, worthier far—
Truth's light stands in his eyes confest,
And round the broad brow proudly plays,
That glows and brightens in its blaze.

This brave high homage, spirit-paid,
Shall shrine the worth of woman, too;
Fitly entitling wife and maid,
"The Meek," "The Tender," or "The True;"
And she whose brow small beauty wears,
May yet well grace the name she bears.

Is this a dream? No!—by the Past,
With its dense darkness, pierced at length,—
And by the Present, brightening fast,—
And by the Future's noonday strength,—
Earth's truly great and good shall be
Her last, best aristocracy!

## TALES FOR THE DRAMA.

### No. I.

### AN INCIDENT IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

By T. M. C.

Cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, Italy has long afforded a home for the stranger, in which her own sons dwell as aliens and servants. The vicissitudes she has undergone have made her the native land of romance; since more settled regions allow small scope for those strange revolutions of fortune which change him, who was a prince one day, into an outcast the next, making a man's vigilance the sole safeguard of his life and possessions, and his own hand the best avenger of his wrongs. Her history, during many past centuries, is but a recital of internal commotions and foreign aggression; the stranger has been summoned to defend, and has remained to enslave; whilst the choice of a new master has been the only means of displacing him.

At the close of the sixteenth century, the Comte du Barri, a French nobleman, sat on the throne of Florence. He had been a renowned leader of one of those mercenary bands whose swords were always at the service of him who could afford to hire them, and the duration of whose valour was to be measured by the duration of their pay. It need not surprise us that the Count, nevertheless, enjoyed an unsullied character as a man and as a soldier. In those days war was looked upon as the proper occupation of a gentleman: the justice of the cause in which he engaged himself mattered little, nor did it excite general rebuke if, without a breach of faith and for the sake of higher pay, the evening found him arrayed against the party which in the morning he had espoused. These mercenary Free Bands were used as military schools, and frequently contained some of the noblest blood that France, Germany, and England could produce.

Florence, distracted by domestic feuds, had looked abroad for a ruler, and her choice fell on the Count, who had often rendered her signal services in war. He knew the uncertain and dangerous tenure whereby he held the throne; the same popular feeling and sudden tumult which had made could also unmake him; and therefore he sought to strengthen his position by giving some of his subjects motives of interest, as well as duty, in keeping him there. Actuated by such considerations, he had effected a union between his only daughter, Marcella, and Gianno, a young and wealthy member of the native noblesse, who, seduced by the prospect of future regal power, was said to have readily given his hand without his heart accompanying it; whilst, on the contrary, Marcella had yielded up her whole love to him who received her plighted faith. She was rather older than her husband, and gifted with a full share of those qualities in which he was most deficient—decision and energy of character. Possessed of strong feelings, she was capable of the extremes of hate as well as of love; and yet she was too generous to indulge the former passion long. Dark and expressive in her style of beauty, she appeared a native of the land in which she was domiciled, and might well have acquired and retained a worthier heart than that which had fallen to her lot. But she desired no change: love made her blind to faults which others too plainly beheld; and a noble devotion of soul caused her long to disregard insinuations which those around her most industriously expressed. The messenger of evil report is like the Serpent in Eden—the happiness of another is torture to him, and the only relief he can find is by waking his unconscious victim to the sense of existing shame. Marcella, for awhile, indignantly received the hints of her husband's faithlessness; her infant son silently pleaded more powerfully in his behalf than her busy friends could whisper against him. But continual repetitions excited attention first, and then misgiving; her feelings of jealousy and pride were touched, and as they produced bitterness and reproaches on her part, they called forth unconcealed coldness and estrangement on Gianno's. Her suspicion gradually ripened into certainty.

At the period when our tale commences, the aristocracy of Florence, freed by their duke's judicious government from external dangers, had leisure and means for domestic troubles; and their first attacks were directed against the foreign ruler. His justice and severity of discipline were ill suited to the habits of lawlessness which years of anarchy and misrule had bred amongst them. Many conspiracies were projected and abandoned, the plotters being even more jealous of one another than of the duke, and unable to agree about supplying his place. But further encroachments on what they deemed their privileges gradually caused them all to feel that they had one common interest in destroying a common enemy. Chief among them was Savona, an old noble of great rank, but of worse than indifferent character, who had managed, by the assistance of his niece, Catarina, to enlist Gianno himself among his party. Between her and Gianno an attachment had long existed, and Savona, to effect his own purposes, did not scruple to encourage it.

Late one evening, the duke and his minister, Amalfi, were engaged in deep and earnest consultation. They knew full well that danger impended over them, but they had been baffled in all their inquiries as to the quarter whence it might be expected. They felt that the deadliest enmity of the patricians had been roused by the favour and protection shown towards the lower classes, whilst there was too much reason to fear that even these, "unstable as water," detested protection from a stranger's hand, and were prepared to resume again the galling yoke of their old oppressors. Plan after plan was suggested and discussed, and their hearts sank within them as they experienced, more and more, the dread reality of their unprepared, unarmed condition: when suddenly, with flashing eye and trembling with irrepressible excitement and passion, Marcella entered the apartment. Her tale was soon, though unconnectedly, told. Guided by an informant, she had just been

the concealed witness of a meeting between Gianno and Catarina, in Savona's garden. She had heard her husband vow unalterable love to another—she had heard the plans of the conspirators discussed—she learnt that their rising was to take place on the morrow evening, and that, after their success (by the conversers undoubted), she was to be divorced. Then she stood before the guilty and astounded pair. *They* spoke not, and *she* said little indeed, for what form of words *could* express her feelings? Still they understood enough—all had been discovered! and when she rushed away, they knew it was for the purpose of calling down upon their heads the vengeance which they could not, for an instant, hope to avert.

Thus was the duke guided towards his prey; and he felt how necessary it was to strike before the enemy's sword could be drawn. It needed not the vehement denunciations, the passionate earnestness of Marcella, to urge him to immediate action. A powerful band of soldiers, headed by trusty officers, was despatched to Savona's house, with orders to seize all there, and, in particular, Gianno; and he awaited their return with intense anxiety, almost unconscious that his daughter, worn out by violent emotions, had been carried by her maidens, insensible, out of his presence. The soldiers returned without their intended prisoners: the interval, short as it was, between Marcella's discovery of the plot and communication of it to the duke, had enabled them to escape; but there was not time for them to warn their confederates, whose names and plans were fully made known by the papers found at Savona's; and dread would have been the storm had it burst.

The city gates were closed, the streets patrolled, the ducal palace strongly guarded, and simultaneous arrests of those implicated effected. Had the discovery been made only one day later, it must have been unavailing; but now, Florence and her ruler were saved.

Towards midnight the track of the fugitives was lighted upon. They had been seen by some peasants hurrying towards a cottage on the bank of the Arno, about three leagues from Florence, used by the conspirators for landing and concealing arms and military stores. At that place a vessel was hourly expected from Leghorn, with a detachment of allies, and in her they trusted to escape. No time was to be lost by the duke, if he wished to secure the promoters of that formidable movement which had so nearly deprived him of his throne and life, and by whose destruction alone could he be made safe for the future. But past events having raised in his mind suspicions of almost all around him, he resolved to effect their capture by means of a body of his own countrymen, whom he had always retained in his service, and whom he determined to accompany, in order to guard against the possibility of mischance or infidelity. Whilst issuing the necessary orders, Marcella insisted upon admission to his presence. Gladly would he have avoided the meeting, for his long acquaintance with her nature made him fear that, the first wild burst of passion having subsided, she was come to entreat for her husband's pardon; and against him the duke's wrath burned with fixed and unquenchable violence. The remembrance of his base ingratitude, the deadly wrong offered to Marcella—such treachery opposed to such claims upon fidelity, had roused in the duke's breast feelings that no arts could mitigate, no prayers delay, in their fierce course towards vengeance. And most heart-rending was that interview to both of them! but he remained unmoved by tears, or the threats and reproaches which the bitterness of her grief at length called forth.

"Crimes like his," he said, "annul all ties of kindred. He hath drawn the sword on me, not I on him—I strike in defence of my own life, and my subjects' peace. How should I dare to sacrifice the others, though *all* have earned their doom, if I let the greatest criminal escape? And listen!" he added, "if I spare him, it will be only to enable him to remain *her* paramour—they are now together, and mean to escape together." He "saw the iron enter her soul"—he marked the sudden rising of the *woman* within her—and then he hastily quitted the room to complete his preparations.

And *she* remained almost stupified by contending feelings; but remorse for the danger she had caused her husband at length overcame each revengeful thought, and excited a determination to warn him at any sacrifice. The duke, in order to convince her of the truth of his statements, had explicitly mentioned where Gianno and Catarina were secreted; she knew the place, and thither she resolved to proceed. There was no difficulty in procuring a soldier's cloak and hat, which she imagined would secure her against undue observation, nor in learning the necessary pass-word to open the city gates; and but a few minutes ere the duke and his chosen troops departed, she stole unobserved out of the palace.

The dark shades of night were slowly melting into the grey mists of morning, when, in the cottage we have described, two individuals might be observed gazing over the winding course of the Arno, on which, at no great distance off, something like a small vessel was becoming visible. These two were Gianno and Catarina, and by the approaching vessel their salvation was to be effected. Savona sat apart in moody silence: the sudden frustration of his well-laid and almost accomplished plans, through the folly and incaution of the couple before him, had awakened all his selfish and vindictive feelings—he thought only of his own escape, and cared not if *they* suffered. Anxiety and suspense had hitherto kept all silent, when, suddenly, with a fearful cry, Catarina directed attention to a dark moving mass, stealthily emerging from the gloom of a distant grove. Each looked, and became on the instant convinced that it was a body of troops, about whose object there could be no doubt. Still, all chances of escape were not yet cut off! A boat from the vessel was already at the water's edge, and a secret passage, leading through an excavation which had been used for concealing the military stores, would enable them to reach it unperceived. Gianno earnestly conjured Savona to carry Catarina, who was fainting with terror, down to the boat, whilst he himself remained to barricade the door, so as to delay the pursuers, if possible, for one or two precious moments. Savona obeyed; but before the sound of his footsteps was quite lost, and before Gianno could succeed in piling any article of furniture against the door, as an additional defence, he became aware that a single soldier, much in advance of the others, was close at hand. There was but one course to pursue—he drew his sword, and, as the soldier rushed into the cottage, Gianno brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. It was his wife, Marcella. Her last breath was spent in exhorting him to fly, and when the duke came up he found his daughter dead, and Gianno bending stupified with horror over her body. Gianno paid the penalty of his treason with his life. Savona and Catarina escaped.

*Liverpool.*

## MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

*(Continued from page 145.)*

Accordant as Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison were on the main question of the impolicy and sinfulness of slavery, an immense difference soon discovered itself in their views respecting its abolition. Lundy, perhaps influenced by the somewhat timid and *juste milieu* practice of the religious society to which he belonged, and which practice is utterly at variance with the bold uncompromising spirit of its commencement, had been misled by the *ignis fatuus* of "gradual emancipation," which, as has been wittily observed, means "half way between now and never!" Garrison, on the contrary, was convinced, both by reason and reflection, that immediate and unconditional emancipation was the only remedy and atonement for the enormity of slavery. Here was a marked difference between the men. Lundy, however, who could not himself embrace these broad principles of right, with a liberality which was worthy of him, permitted his new associate to advocate in their paper those doctrines which he held; and the first number of their journal hoisted the banner of what was called "Immediatism," in contradistinction to the old and hitherto considered liberal opinion of "Gradualism." A strong sensation was immediately produced, not only in the Southern but the Northern States. This was a view of the question which moderate men could not entertain; and Garrison and his paper were considered as fanatical and dangerous. Lundy's character and his former moderation were of no avail; the supporters of the paper fell off on all hands; and the slaveholders, especially those of Maryland, determined to crush the publication under the form of law. The opportunity to do this occurred in the spring of 1830. It happened that a merchant of Newburyport, named Francis Todd, a fellow-townsman of Garrison's in his earlier years, sent one of his ships to Baltimore laden with slaves for the Southern market. The fact of this man, whom he had known from childhood, having engaged in this horrible and unchristian traffic, excited in Garrison's breast the utmost indignation. Moreover, as a New England man, he resolved to show to the Southern slaveholders that he was no respector of persons, and that he was as ready to denounce Northern as Southern participation in the guilt of the slave system. He reprobated in his paper, therefore, the conduct of Mr. Todd, in such terms as he thought his crime merited. He declared that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and domestic traffic in "slaves and the souls of men;" and, therefore, if any man deserved imprisonment for life, for a criminal act, it was Mr. Todd. Mr. Todd, of course, was exasperated; and, stimulated by the slaveholders of Baltimore, brought an action against Garrison for libel. On the trial, Garrison proved, by the custom-house books, that the number of slaves actually conveyed by the vessel exceeded that stated in the paper. But the greater the truth the greater the libel. Besides this, the judge before whom he was tried, one Nicholas Brice, was a man notorious for his pro-slavery principles, and extremely anxious to annihilate Mr. Garrison's dangerous paper. The jury, too, was a packed one, and nothing could be expected but that he should be convicted of libel, —of seriously damaging the character of a man by charging him with carrying on a traffic which is authorised and protected by law!

A fine was imposed which Garrison was unable to pay. He was taken to prison, and confined in a cell which had but just been vacated by a murderer, who had paid the extreme penalty of the law. After he had been upwards of a month in prison, he was liberated through the intervention of a perfect stranger to himself, but one who had become acquainted with his noble character through the paper on which he and Lundy were engaged. Arthur Tappan, a well-known merchant and philanthropist of New York, forwarded one hundred dollars, the amount of the fine; and the champion of emancipation was again abroad.

During his imprisonment, however, his time was well employed: he wrote an account of his mock trial, which was published, and circulated far and wide throughout the States; and like seeds of fire scattered abroad, it kindled everywhere, even in the Southern States, a spirit of indignation, and called forth the sympathy of every generous heart towards the sufferer. He employed many hours also in making the very walls of his prison-cell the eloquent preachers of liberty. On these white-washed tablets he wrote denunciations of slavery and its abettors; he proclaimed his own innocence, and called upon all to combat, nay, even to suffer, in the great cause of God and man. Of these remarkable inscriptions we will present our readers with two sonnets,—the first intended to comfort and strengthen any future unfortunate occupant of that cell, who might, like himself, be doomed to inhabit it, though guilty of no other crime than that of endeavouring to dethrone tyranny and promote peace and good-will among men: the other, according to our judgment, is one of the noblest effusions that ever left the pen of the poet.

I.

Prisoner! within these massive walls close pent,
  Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
  And in thy innocence be great and strong!
Perchance thy fault was—love to all mankind;
  Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
Or strive all human fetters to unbind,
  Or wouldst not bear the implements of war.
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
  A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honour with thy Lord to bleed,
  And glory 'midst the intensest sufferings!
Though beaten—imprisoned—put to open shame—
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

II.

THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
  And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze;
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
  And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!
  No chains can bind it and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
  And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
  It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
  Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours:—
*'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,*
*And in its watches wearies every star!*

This remarkable little poem, to the last two lines of which we would particularly call our readers' attention, was the instantaneous outbreak of feeling on his being immured in his cell. The jailor shot the bolts and turned the key, and the prisoner, thrilling with the energy and inspiration of

truth and genius, inscribed this manly defiance of judicial tyranny on the walls which inclosed him.

On coming out of prison, the Apostle of Freedom found new difficulties in his path; many hearts had grown timid, and no church or hall could be obtained in Baltimore for the delivery of a course of lectures against slavery. The paper, also, in which he was associated with Lundy, could no longer be supported weekly. He retired, therefore, from it, and its original proprietor again resumed its management as a monthly publication.

For some time the American Colonisation Society had been exciting great attention in the United States, and Mr. Garrison, before coming to Baltimore, was disposed to look upon it favourably. He believed that its objects were glorious, as represented—the abolition of foreign slave trade, and the evangelisation of Africa. On mingling, however, with the most worthy and intelligent free coloured people of Baltimore, he discovered that the society in truth vindicated the right of property in human flesh; was in favour of gradual abolition only on condition that the slave should be transported to Africa, from which his ancestors, not himself, were brought; that it held the ferocious prejudice against a sable complexion to be natural, and, as it asserted, one not in the power of religion to eradicate, *because it was the "ordination of Providence."* The society, in fact, was only a cunning device of the slaveholders to banish the free coloured people, that the slaves might be held in more perfect bondage.

At this time the society was universally popular. The most eminent statesmen and persons of all political parties gave it their support, and fifteen of the States had officially sanctioned it; besides which, every religious denomination was enlisted in its cause. When the true nature of this society first revealed itself to Garrison, he could scarcely believe his senses. He stood alarmed and astounded at view of the tremendous conflict which was opening before him against disguised cruelty, hypocrisy, and fraud. What was he, argued the weaker spirit within him, that he should arraign such an august association before the bar of public justice? What was he—a young man without station, without influential connections, without wealth, and without any supporters? What could such a one, just liberated, too, from prison, do against the million? So reasoned the human nature of the man; but the strong spirit said—"Raise up thy voice for outraged humanity—unveil the insinuating mischief, and leave all to God!"

Accordingly, he went to the north, and for some time found it impossible to obtain a public hearing. In Boston, not a chapel or public hall would open its doors to him. Finding all his attempts to disseminate his doctrines in this way fruitless, he resolved upon presenting himself as the apostle of freedom on the Common—a sort of public park—and under the free canopy of heaven to make the unfettered winds, as it were, his heralds to carry abroad the thunder-tones of his great argument. To our thinking, no fitter temple for the enunciation of his doctrines could have been found; but, however, a circumstance, which contains in itself a reproof and a reproach to the professors of that doctrine which proclaims all men to be brothers, at length gave him the shelter and sanction of a roof. The disciples of Thomas Paine, infidels by profession, offered him the free use of their hall, for his advocacy of the rights of man. In an infidel hall, therefore, he first proclaimed "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." "I am a believer in Christianity," said he, at the close of his course of lectures, "and Boston is professedly a Christian city; hence, I blush, while I am constrained to acknowledge the superior humanity of what is called infidelity, to the Christianity of the day." This circumstance needs no comment; by their fruits, ye shall know them.

Great as was the force of conviction produced in many minds by these lectures, men of wealth and influence declined to aid Mr. Garrison—for his opinions were too extreme, his reform too radical, and, as yet, the Colonisation Society, against which he waged war, was an idol which the so-called liberal and philanthropic worshipped. Nor was there yet any public organ by which he could disseminate his principles. These principles had already ruined several newspapers, and none would now lend their columns to the subject; much less would any capitalist embark his solid dollars in so perilous an enterprise. Garrison, at this moment standing alone, and without the means of commanding a single penny, counted the cost of this great warfare for humanity. He had nothing to lose but his life, and that he was willing to sacrifice, if God so willed. His spirit was as indomitable as his heart was noble, and he resolved, at all hazards, to go on. Still, without money, how commence, much less carry on, a paper? His friends shook their heads at his "fanatical schemes." How was the first number of his paper to be brought out, much more sustained?

Thanks, however, to good old Ezekiel Bartlett, he was a printer, and knew how to set types, and work at the press. He had, besides this, a stout, sturdy-souled friend, one Isaac Knapp, whom he had known from childhood, and who, like himself, was a printer. With this man he took counsel, and, when two determined, great-minded men take counsel together, it would be strange if something did not result from it. They were both poor, could not command a sixpence of capital between them, but then they could *work!*—out of that *work* great things might be accomplished. There was, also, a third man, a mutual friend of theirs, a foreman in a printing establishment, who might help them, and to him they went. They engaged themselves to him as journeymen, on condition that their labour should cover the expenses of this important paper, which, even before it saw the day, was entitled the *Liberator*.

On the 1st of January, 1831, the first number of this journal was published. It was an era in the history of emancipation; and though, in the first instance, free coloured people were almost its sole supporters, it was not many weeks before its bold and noble proprietors were in a condition to purchase a little second-hand type, and an old press, which they set up in a small, obscure upper room, in the old Merchants' Hall. Many a gigantic result has had its obscure beginning in such small upper rooms. There was a time when the Anti-Corn-law League had no better place of meeting for its half-dozen members—nay, even the very apostles preached and promulgated Christianity itself in "small upper chambers."

For several years the *Liberator* was issued from this humble room, which also, for a considerable portion of that time, served its undaunted, indefatigable proprietors as printing-office, counting-house, eating-room, bed-room, &c. There is a moral sublimity in the history of this paper, and a grandeur beyond that of kings in the noble

temperance, self-denial, and unconquerable fortitude of the men who conducted it. Sneered at, scoffed at, threatened, persecuted, they still held on; high-hearted champions in the cause of humanity and freedom. Thank God for such instances as these of the true heroic!

During the time of which we are now writing, Garrison and Knapp lived in the most simple and frugal manner; their diet was principally bread and water; their luxury a little milk. The manual labour of the paper was performed by themselves alone; and, in addition to his share of this, Garrison had also to discharge the duties of editor, which were laborious enough. But, as we said before, the men were heroes, and to the true heroic mood there is neither difficulty nor impediment which cannot be overcome. When they were wearied and worn down with excessive toil, they remembered the lash-driven slave, and with a cheerful spirit they went along their arduous and rugged path.

Though the *Liberator* made its way but slowly among the white population, it created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders. A desperate outbreak of the slaves in Virginia was attributed to Garrison and his influence; and scarcely a day passed without his receiving letters, containing challenges to fight him, or the most brutal and fiend-like threats of abduction, or assassination. Undaunted either by threat or intimidation, he published some of these brutal and vulgar letters in the columns of his paper, that the world might see of what spirit their writers were. The fear and hatred of him increased more and more in the Southern States, and at length threats and insults ceased to be private affairs, for the State of Georgia offered, through its legislature, a reward of 5,000 dollars for his life. His escape was truly miraculous.

On New Year's Day, 1832, just twelve months after the commencement of the *Liberator*, another grain of mustard-seed in the good cause of emancipation was sown, by the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society in America. This, likewise, was organised by Garrison, and consisted of twelve members—a small, but an apostolic number—among whom were David Lee Child, the husband of Lydia Maria Child, and other men of great influence and high standing. He had also in this year the satisfaction of successfully unmasking the true nature and designs of the so oftened mentioned Colonisation Society, which he was enabled to do from the official documents of their own body. This was at once a great step gained in his own cause. Still, this triumph only regarded America. In England, the Colonisation Society was looked upon as the salvation of the slave; it was lauded to the skies, as a new and glorious scheme of Christian philanthropy which was to astonish the world. One Elliott Cresson, a member of the Society of Friends, but an arrant despiser of the coloured man, was then travelling in this country, holding public meetings, and winning a deal of money and enthusiasm from the breasts and pockets of the people. By his artful statements, and Quaker garb and mode of speech, he lulled suspicion asleep. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Fowell Buxton, and nearly all the leading abolitionists of England, at that time were misled by him. William Howitt, however, soon saw through the impostor, and openly denounced him.

Closely occupied as Garrison of necessity was, by his paper at home, and ruinous, almost, as it was for him to leave his post, he still thought it so important that this nefarious scheme and its agent should no longer delude the British public, that, at all risks, he resolved to come over to England for this purpose. In May, 1833, accordingly, he came, a stranger, and unauthorised by any influential body, and having here, as in America, to commence a warfare against a countryman, and against a cause which had seized upon the public mind as favourably as it had done at home. Fortunately, however, the false is seldom as bold as the true; and Cresson, who knew perfectly well the real nature of his and the society's designs, made but a feeble opposition to this unlooked-for and formidable enemy on new ground; and in three months his career in England was brought to a sudden and inglorious end. He left this country for America, a convicted impostor, and covered with shame and disgrace. Garrison's visit to England, on the contrary, was crowned with success: his simple, earnest manners and demeanour, in which truth and moral greatness were so forcibly impressed, instantly recommended him and his cause to every kindred mind; and shortly before he left this country, he had the satisfaction of receiving a most emphatic protest against the lately triumphant Colonisation Society, signed by Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Macaulay, Cropper of Liverpool, George Stephen, William Smith, Lord Suffield, Daniel O'Connell, and others. He had many most interesting and friendly interviews with Wilberforce, shortly before his death, which took place while he remained in England. He lived only a few weeks after he had signed the protest; and Mr. Garrison has been heard to say, that he considers it as one of the melancholy privileges of his life to have attended that good man's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Poor Clarkson, at that time blind, and in a feeble state of health, could not credit the deception which had been practised upon him, and refused to sign the protest. Afterwards, however, having recovered his sight, and being able to read and judge for himself, he addressed a long letter to Garrison, which was published in 1840, indignantly reprobating the deceptive course pursued by the Colonisation Society, through their agent in this country.

During his visit to England, Garrison became acquainted with George Thompson, and impressed by his zeal, moral intrepidity, and wonderful eloquence, besought him to visit the United States, and to become a coadjutor with him, and the little handful of persecuted abolitionists there—"to come over and help them," as the apostles would have said.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him, and on his arrival in New York he found placards posted through the city, stating that "the Infamous Garrison" had arrived, and was to be present on a certain evening at a public meeting, "and the friends of order, therefore, in the city"—*alias*, the friends of slavery —"were invited to assemble and hurry him to the tar-kettle." The whole city was in a state of excitement; the hotels were filled with ruffians from the Southern States, who uttered publicly the most terrific threats against him. No soul interfered in his behalf; on the contrary, the daily papers were filled with inflammatory articles, calculated only the more to inflame the public mind. There is something perfectly sublime in the spectacle of one man, who has no other rule of conduct, under any circumstances, but peace and love, standing alone, as it were, in an infuriated city, putting his life in his hand, trusting all to God, and fearing no man.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, September 19th, 1846.*

*Aberdeen Trades.*—Your readiness to allow working men to speak for themselves on measures they believe calculated to ameliorate the condition and advance the moral position of the working classes are duly appreciated in this northern latitude. Although you may not approve of all the details of the union of which I now give you notice, still it is hoped that the advancement of the main principle of co-operation among all trades will be satisfactory to you. Among towns which have been foremost in the cause of union, Aberdeen has steadily held a place, as is testified by the many and healthy trades' unions which it has reared and continues to nourish; yet, although a large portion of the working classes in this locality are thus in a position vigorously to maintain their ground, the majority remain "without strength," and in a lamentable state of disorganisation. Mainly on behalf of the latter a union has within these few weeks been set a-going, which although yet in its infancy, already casts the shadow of its coming utility.

The idea of a "Union of Trades' Unions" was taken from the "National Trades' Association," on the formation of which an attempt was made here to arouse the working bodies to a sense of the benefit of such an institution, but without success. The principle has again, however, been agitated, and there is every reason for believing that the efforts of its projectors will be rewarded with the most gratifying results. The bodies who have already given their support to this union are—masons, moulders, shoemakers, joiners, causeway-block-makers, ropemakers, printers, bakers, boilermakers, and sawyers, whose delegates meet monthly, representing upwards of 600 individuals.

The principles for which these delegates meet will best be expressed by an extract from their rules, where the object is declared to be—"1st, To cultivate feelings of unanimity and mutual good-will among all classes of working men, until unity of sentiment and unity of action become co-extensive with that unity of interest which belongs to labour. 2nd, To draw forth the sympathy and co-operation of every body of working men in Aberdeen, and systematically to apply the same in the redress of grievances betwixt employers and employed, either by pecuniary aid, or such other means as may appear best calculated for the accomplishment of that object."

For the proper carrying out of these objects, a committee of two delegates from each trade has been appointed, who meet monthly for the transaction of business. When a strike takes place (which must always be the last resort for the redress of any grievance), a voluntary subscription will be opened throughout the whole trades in connection with the union, which will be applied in supporting the aggrieved portion.

Some may ask on perusal of the foregoing, why have the Aberdonians confined themselves to a local union, when by joining the United Trades' Association, under the presidency of Mr. T. S. Duncombe, they might have had the benefit of a national union conducted on much the same principle? The best answer that can be given is, that the establishment of this union was not prejudice against the National; it will rather be found to occupy the position of a pioneer to that association. Many persons in this quarter are of opinion, that a better state of organisation among the individual sections of the working bodies than at present exists is necessary, so as to ensure the proper working of a national union of trades' unions; and, indeed, some of the trades in a more advanced state of organisation have declined connecting themselves with that union on this account, but have cheerfully given their influence in favour of the local union, in the hope that that object may be accomplished by it. It must be borne in mind, at the same time, that bodies may connect themselves with both unions, and, indeed, I believe some of them have already followed this course.—A CORRESPONDENT.

*Trade in Glasgow.*—Trade has been in the way of improving here. In certain descriptions of hand-loom weaving there has lately been an advance of from ten to twenty per cent.; but the lawn and cambric fabrics continue very dull, and no appearance of an advance. The bakers of Glasgow have got an advance of wages, and a reduction of six hours per day in their labour; and, besides this, their wages are paid in money, instead of partly in money and partly in provisions, as formerly. Their working hours are now ten hours per day. The same regulations are being adopted in Edinburgh, Paisley, and other towns. These are pleasing indications that the working classes are beginning to assume their proper place in society; but I am sorry I cannot say so much for the master-bakers of Glasgow. By their union they are keeping the bread dearer here than in any other part of the kingdom: the 4 lb. fine loaf is 8*d.*, while it is only 7*d.* in Edinburgh, Paisley, and other towns this month past. If the working classes do not co-operate, they will experience as little social improvement from commercial reform as they have from political reform. The advantages will be all swallowed up before they reach the working classes. There is, therefore, no hope for us but in our own co-operative exertions. When we are wise enough to work for ourselves, we will get an equitable share of the wealth which we produce; and those who are now our masters, will become willing to co-operate with us as brethren of one great family.—SAMUEL WELLWOOD.

*Short Hours—The Operative Bakers.*—By advertisement, both private and public, the operative bakers of this city recently warned their employers that, unless by the 8th of the current month they should agree to limit the working hours within five o'clock in the morning and five in the evening, they (the employed) should forthwith strike work. The result, we understand, has been that a large majority of the master bakers have yielded to the demand, and have practically established a regulation that from five to five shall henceforth be the working term of the day. This, including meal hours, has reduced the hours of work to about ten or eleven, and we understand that some of the masters have declared that they have not in any degree suffered by the reduction. Some ten or twelve masters still hold out, and some nineteen or twenty operatives are thus out of employment. —*Aberdeen Herald.*

*Kilmarnock* (September 2, 1846).—The skinners and tanners in this town have been suing these two weeks for a rise on their wages. The carpet manufacturers have granted their men the rise on the Scotch or Kidderminster carpets for which they have been suing these few weeks past. It is reported that the carpet-weavers throughout the kingdom are making all the exertions in their power for raising the prices of the Brussels' carpets 1*d.* on the yard. The strike of shoemakers (noticed in No. 27) is settled. The men working in several shops were obliged to give in, while the other men were more fortunate, having either got work in fair shops, or settled with their old masters. The committee of the Cheap Bread Association have issued a prospectus, calling on the public to come forward, and form themselves into the association, as it would have most beneficial results. There is, however, a complete laxity shown on the part of the public (to their shame be it said) with regard to the subject, and scarcely any shares have as yet been taken out. We look forward with interest to the fate of this society.—A. P. D.

*Flogging and the War System.*—The remarks of Mr. Fox Maule, in the House of Commons, respecting the death of the soldier Frederick John White, will not be without their effect upon the country. After a most patient and searching investigation, the coroner's inquest has terminated unsatisfactorily to the military authorities, and offered a complete refutation to the bold assertion of the secretary-at-war. A further impulse has been given to this matter of notoriety by the large and enthusiastic meeting in Exeter Hall, which has ended in the formation of the Flogging Abolition Society. Shall the brutality, so well exposed by the chairman, T. Wakley, Esq., be any longer tolerated? Shall fifty lashes be the *maximum*, and increased frequency of punishment the consequence? Shall it continue to be exercised on men who are lauded in the hour of danger as the avengers of their (so called) country's wrongs, and in time of peace are

lashed into obedience, in open day, almost within hearing of the legislature, and at a short distance of the world's metropolis? Forbid it Englishmen. While attempts are being made in high quarters to soften down this living atrocity, which not only degrades the men who are punished, but brutalises those who witness the cruelly revolting scene—where those of sterner frames faint away, while officers, with folded arms, and screwed-up nerves, look on with indifference, an infliction is practised on God's image, which the laws of civil society will not permit to be exercised on brutes; surely, while this inhuman degradation is so frequently inflicted, and for the most trifling offence, it does become the character of Christian Englishmen to try the lever of public opinion in an effort to rid the country of that long catalogue of crime and unbearable inhumanity denominated war, of which flogging is an adjunct. Will the people of this country continue longer lightly to esteem that precious life which their great Creator has given them to employ to his glory, their own happiness, and the comfort of those around them, "and who has made of *one* blood all nations of men," &c. This cruel and iniquitous system of war, alleged to be necessary for the protection of our native land, and even essential to our existence as a power amongst the nations, is not only a daring violation of the rights and liberties of mankind, but as contrary to the professed Christianity of the country, as the opening of the morning dawn to the blackness and gloom of midnight.—H.

*The File Trade and the Medical Charities.*—We are happy to learn that, on the recommendation of their committee, the file trade have very liberally voted to the Infirmary the sum of 100*l.*, and to the Dispensary 50*l.* The seasonable aid thus gratefully rendered to the institutions from which the working classes have derived so much advantage, will be very acceptable, as there is great necessity for augmenting the funds of both institutions. We trust that the file trade will not be allowed to stand alone, but that their example will be extensively followed. —*Sheffield Independent, Aug.* 8.

*The Decline of the Drama.*—At a time when the two principal theatres in the kingdom are virtually dead to the pure British drama, and publications favourable to the art are universally deploring its decline, it behoves us to endeavour to trace out the cause of this deterioration in the public taste.

And the most prominent fact that strikes us, on a review of this subject, is that the drama—the true legitimate drama—has entirely deserted the theatres frequented by the highest class of society, and descended—if descent it is—to such places as are supported by those who only can afford to pay out of their small earnings but a small sum for admission, after the day's toil, to see the ennobling creations of genius to be found in our standard drama.

How can we account for the noble attempt of Macready lately to re-establish the legitimate drama at one of our national theatres failing, whilst at a place like Sadler's Wells we see the artisan and his wife listening to the beauties of our poets, and supporting, by their hard-earned mite, a combination of high talent, and this surely to the disgrace of our aristocracy, who, while they throw away guineas to see an hour's pirouetting, and hear the singing of some favoured Taglioni or Grisi, cannot give shillings to see the brightest gems of their own much-bepraised, much-bevannted Shakspeare?

Is it that true intellectual drama is in future to be supported by that mighty engine for good or for evil, as educated or ignorant—that power whereat the proudest of the misnamed "God's anointed" must bow in reverence, as to a power in reality God-anointed, created by him to carry out the great purpose of his will—the people? It is one great sign of the times that the trust reposed in the privileged ones of the land—the hereditary rulers of the masses—born to toil not, but to live by the sweat of the workers, has by them been broken; that they have failed in their avowed purpose of teaching the people the road through life; and that, like a tree rotted to the core, they are gradually falling of their own corrupt weight; while the despised serfs, as they become more educated, and consequently nobler, higher of purpose, more intellectual, and better capable of governing themselves, shall spring up—a young and healthy sapling—enriched by the very rottenness of the old system, which has too long lain, like an incubus, on their strugglings after life and light.

If this be the true cause of the decline, as it is called, of the drama, what an additional spur to all workers in the cause of humanity to go on and prosper in their career of exertion in the cause of mankind! and what a stimulus to the people themselves, to find that they, instead of the exclusive few, are in future to be the supporters of genius, and to urge them to add their own exertions to those of their teachers, to make themselves capable of the highest of all tasks—self-government, and endeavour by acts of true greatness—not by violence—to conquer the system of oppression which has too long disfigured this otherwise happy and beautiful England.—J. W. H.

*Letter to Dr. Smiles.*—Hull, August 3, 1846.—Dear sir—I received the parcel, and note inclosed, as also No. 30 of the *People's Journal*. You are right, I do take it; to use an homely phrase, "I had need." I send it to a poor country shoemaker, eighteen miles from Hull, and he reads it to his neighbours, one a week; and I sometimes think I am better for the good wishes they send me. It would almost amuse you to know the history of this *People's Journal*. I can send six numbers for the same price (2*d.*), by the carrier, as I can send one; so, of course, I send six together. Well, this village shoemaker imitates the north country clergyman whom the post used only to visit once a week, and though he got six papers together, he only read one per diem to his neighbours; so the *People's Journal* is used—except, say one per week. —Your's truly, John Peck.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarrantee of the writer's good faith.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* Appendix.

## Notices.

A Portrait and Memoir of ELIHU BURRITT will shortly appear.

To Subscribers.—The Index Sheet, price One Penny, is now ready; also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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## Holidays for the People.



HOP PICKING. By C. H. WEIGALL.

## Holidays for the People.

### MICHAELMAS.

By William Howitt.

There have been merry times at Michaelmas; who would believe it? Yet there *have* been merry times at Michaelmas. Mayors and aldermen were then elected, and made their bows to each other; and be sure there were merry doings when mayors and aldermen were in the case. Stubble geese, like the aldermen, were now in prime condition; but being the weaker, according to the proverb, went to the wall, or rather to the kitchen, and twirled upon the spit. It was a jolly day in old Mother Church; — she ordered everybody that could get it, to eat a goose in honour of St. Michael and all the angels; we may suppose, because they were not such geese as to quarrel with their comforts in heaven at the suggestion of Lucifer. So in church and corporation, in abbey and town-hall, in farm and cottage, there was a universal eating of fat geese; and nobody that I ever heard of complained of the injunction. Queen Elizabeth was eating her goose when the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada was brought her; and no doubt she thought the Spaniards great and very green geese for having come there, and that they would be still greater and greener if they ever came again. Ever after, Queen Bess most assiduously ate her goose at Michaelmas, and probably with Spanish chestnuts, as people on the continent do now; or if she did not, she would not have repented it if she had, for it is a princely addition. Queen Bess ate her goose all the more punctually because it was an old saying and widely believed, that if you eat your goose at Michaelmas you would have plenty of money all the year round: and how could anybody desire a pleasanter way of replenishing a purse? Queen Bess in her day was dreadfully in want of money; and as this came to be seen, and not the less to be felt by those who had the taxes to pay, and as no more Armadas came to be defeated, people lost all faith in eating roast goose, except that comfortable faith which Robert Southey had when he addressed one in a sonnet, and asking himself where it could have been so bravely fed, was obliged to answer that he did not know, but added—

> Yet this I know, that thou art very fine
> Seasoned with sage, with onions, and port wine.

Jolly times, it is clear, then, there have been at Michaelmas. Into these, except in the city of London, there has been made a dreadful inroad by the Municipal Corporation Reform Act, which forbade all eating of Michaelmas goose in a corporate capacity. Driven out of convents and corporations, yet I imagine roast goose at Michaelmas finds a welcome reception in many a farm, gentleman's, and other private house. Roast pigs no longer run about with oranges in their mouths, crying "come, eat me!" but stubble geese really do seem to meet you at every turn, and cackle out invitingly that pathetic request. At markets and poulterers they crowd upon you; in lanes and on commons they nibble at your heels, and hiss to inform you that they are fat and foolish, and beg you to introduce them to a *sage*. They stand in flocks at stubble-field gates, and look imploringly: everywhere you are called on to note that they are no longer green, but have grown grey and corpulent, and have but one earthly desire left, and that is—to be done brown. There is no resisting this. The Michaelmas goose will find a warm reception wherever it goes to the end of the world.

But I much fear me that there are many houses where this portly visitor finds the door too narrow to get in. Someway, Roman Catholicism having so long gone out of fashion in England, we have forgotten many of its most sensible customs. Michaelmas has ceased to be anything of a holiday, except to landlords. A holiday! mercy on us! why it is rent-day! All may lighten their purses, but that is a process that with thousands does not much lighten the heart. It is quarter-day—

> At length the busy time begins,—
> "Come, neighbours, we must wag;"—
> The money chinks, down drop their chins,
> Each lugging out his bag.

Out upon Michaelmas for a holiday—why, it is only a landlord's holiday! They are the jolly fellows that glean the stubble, and catch all the fat geese. We are the geese to be plucked, and, perhaps, get a roasting! Oh, you lucky fellows, that can keep holiday at Michaelmas! Lucky fellows, you landlords! Who would not be a landlord, especially at Michaelmas! Heaven send us all to be landlords as soon as possible; and fill our purses for the whole year round by devouring stubble geese. At Michaelmas the landlord is plucking geese all day long, and the deuce a bit does he weary with it. If you pay quarterly, you pay at Michaelmas; if you pay only once a year, Michaelmas is sure to catch you. Then is the time for plucking and roasting. It is a solemn, sober, dreary, melancholy sort of time—is Michaelmas for everybody but landlords. There is laughter to be sure, but the laughter is the landlord's. You may tell it by the sound, without seeing where it comes from. It is a thick, mellow, fat-sided sort of laughter; it is not a tenant's laughter, nor anything like it. There are geese roasting in plenty, but then—they are in landlord's kitchens.

And yet there *have* been jolly times, even at Michaelmas. Nothing has degenerated so much in this degenerating world as Michaelmas. Landlords once had bowels. They knew how unpleasant is the operation of drawing a rent to the patient—pretty much like that of drawing a tooth—and they did their best to make it easy. They gilded the pill; they sweetened the physic—they roasted stubble geese for their tenants as well as for themselves.

Nobody, now-a-days, if their fathers had not told them, would have any idea how easily Michaelmas once was made to go over. It once was a gay day, spite of its being a pay-day. I remember, when a boy, how merry were our rent-nights. The supper table, at my father's, was set out in the large old-fashioned dining room, and in came one bright face after another, as if the thing, money, had not brought it there. We six lads were allowed to sit up on those nights later than usual, and to sit down with the whole rustic group. Never did any hours flow more magically than those. There were assembled the wits, the historians, the humourists, the rural patriarchs of the neighbourhood, and the whole country round, its doings, and characters, and traditions, passed in review. At one end of the table sate the stately form of the landlord, radiant with the mirth of the present, and the remembrance of the past; at the other, the mild

and maternal grace of one of the best and noblest of women, who thought, and felt, and lived, for every creature within the reach of her untiring sympathies. What knowledge of humble life have I gleaned at these times. How entirely do they seem in memory to have belonged to some better and more patriarchal age. How cold and formal do we seem now to have grown. Landlord and tenant do not know each other. Our acquaintance is with agents. We take premises, and never see from whom—we quit them, and never wish to see. We draw a cheque for the rent, and do not even catch a glimpse of the landlord's hand in a receipt, for the presentation at the bank makes that unnecessary. Thousands pay to agents and receivers; tens of thousands are waited on duly with book and receipt. To the poor, even quarter-day is abolished; or, rather, it is always quarter-day with them, for they pay weekly. There are courts and alleys innumerable called by the significant name of RENTS:—Farrer's Rents; Spongem's Rents; Mawworm's Rents; Fingerit's Rents—the term is emphatic. It shows the only idea of the possesors. To them they are not human habitations; they present to their minds no images of human and domestic life; they awake no sympathies nor speculations of what passes

> In huts where poor men lie.

They are merely so many man-traps to catch the paying animal in; they are machines for manufacturing rent.

In all our social improvements, shall we ever improve on this state of things? Will all our teachings and preachings ever draw us nearer together? Will civilisation and Christianity ever put a bridge of sympathy over the huge gulph between landlord and tenant, between grade and grade? Instead of *iron-bridges* and *chain-bridges*, which our science has raised, will our humanity ever throw a rainbow arch of soft brotherly affection from one craggy point to another of human existence? Thanks be to God, they will! The signs are upon us and about us a thousandfold. "The winter of our discontent," if not over, is rapidly passing. The buds and the early blossoms of the spring of a Christian civilisation, at whose root lies love, and on whose crown there shall rise harmony and abundance, is breaking with unmistakeable certainty. Every day puts forth some new shoot of hope, some fruit of accomplishment. The colossal statue of humanity is fast being dug out of the desert sands of ignorance, imposition, and contempt which had drifted over it through truly dark ages. We see, from day to day, the spades of industrious knowledge lay bare some new portion of the ancient right, some glorious members of the social frame, some divine feature of popular beauty. Already the head and shoulders, the arms of power, and the hands of subtlest skill, are set free from their earthly concealment. The form of man, august and godlike, is at least half revealed. It stands, once more awful in its majesty, calmly sublime in its intellectual grace, before the face of heaven and of men. The sun of Truth shines on it; the winds of Freedom fan it; the terrors of the future seize on corruption, and the awakened people gaze with reverent dread on the restored image of themselves. Where now are the epithets of the great unwashed; the rascal rabble, the swinish multitude? Where are the minions of usurped power—the chains, the dungeons, the uplifted axe streaming with patriot blood? What advocate of popular right is now borne through the Traitors' Gate? Where are the Peterloos of infamy? Where even are the corn-laws? Thick and fast fall the ramparts of injustice. Instead of these shameful evidences of a distorted social condition, ministers stand forth and declare that every reform must go on; trade must be freed; Ireland must have justice; the lash must be laid aside; education must be common and universal as our daily bread. While they talk of education, the people are educating themselves. They have their own schools, aye, and colleges; they—the multitude—are studying Greek, and Latin, and mathematics, and, best of all, the science of their own rights and interests. Those dens of crime and disease, the Spitalfields and St, Gileses of the metropolis, have been explored by the benevolent; and baths and wash-houses, and other purifying and sanatory measures are in active operation. The revelations of the Andover Union have shattered the stony heart of the anti-christian poor-law; within the last month three new parks for the people have been opened in the dense spinnery of Manchester. Capital punishments are threatened with speedy abolition. Thousands of earnest-hearted men are engaged in chasing down slavery, intemperance, injustice to women, war, and the other great scourges and retarders of our upward progress. It is their thought by night, their eager pursuit by day. Thus far the derided "march of intellect" is on its way. Can it ever turn back? Can it ever be impeded? As soon shall you turn back the sun. The millenium of mind is advancing. The masses are rising on the wings of education; all factitious distinctions must descend and be laid at their feet. The prophetic words of Burns are growing into things:—"come it will for a' that"—

> The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
> Are higher ranks than a' that.

And the same principles which are operating to restore the true gradation of ranks have already begun to restore the true distribution of property. Men are combining to possess as well as to deserve. The men of Leeds and London are practically teaching the benefits of association in trade; the Chartists, once the men of physical force, now taught the people how to purchase estates for themselves. On the plains of O'Connorville they have actually beaten their swords into ploughshares. By these same co-operative principles, educated mind will seize on the giant power of machinery, and will transform it from the taskmaster and grinder of the people to their general servant. He shall work; their charge shall be to watch and guide his movements. The world of God shall diffuse equally and abundantly its good things to all God's children. These are the natural fruits of science and general education, that are as certain as life itself. We may rest assured by all that has been done and is now doing, that

> The groans of nature in this nether world,
> Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
> Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
> Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
> The time of rest, the promised sabbath comes.
> Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
> Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
> Over a sinful world; and what remains
> Of this tempestuous state of human things
> Is merely as the working of a sea
> Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest.—*Cowper.*

With an animating voice of the future in our hearts, what are now the holiday pleasures that we can snatch for the moment? Let us, all that can, away into the country. The hop-pickers are at

work in the lovely fields of Kent, and other counties. Lively and picturesque groups are gathered together beneath the luxuriant bines. There is no need for us to envy the vineyards and the vineyard scenes of the continent, there are none of them that surpass the beautiful scenes, and the merry groups, of our hop-grounds. The tall and luxuriant hops, with their vine-like leaves, and their hanging clusters of flowers, standing in green masses on fair slopes, or borne in triumph by laughing children to the bins, are objects of rural beauty full of happy and pictorial suggestion.

The shortening day warns us that we must make haste to enjoy the glories of nature. Yet glorious is nature at this moment. The birds are silent; there is a solemn hush over the landscape that inspires a thoughtful mood. But the sun beams gladly on the woods and fields, that smile back upon him as in an old and confiding affection. The blackberries hang thick on the hedges; the mushroom springs white and fresh in the green pasture; the geometric spider hangs its web, and hangs in its web, on bush and tree. Never does the landscape look more attractive than now. The grass in the fields is of the deepest green; the corn is cleared from the uplands; the woods look dreamy; the streams run on in freshest brilliancy; the air is full of vigour and inspiration. You are no longer languid, and oppressed with electric heat; you feel as if you must run and leap, think and love. You want hearts tuned to the joy of your heart, minds overflowing with thought—you breathe in poetry, you pour out eloquence. Such is the soul of nature in the manhood of autumn. The true holiday now is to enjoy it. The vans which pour daily out of London set you the true example. With their looped-up curtains, their streaming ribbons, their bright colours, on they go, in trains of tens and twenties, all filled with happy people. Sometimes whole troops of schoolboys, or schoolgirls, fill them, who sing altogether, as they go out of the great Babel into free nature, in the joy of their hearts. Sometimes they are servants, youths and maidens, who have subscribed their penny a week to the association to which they belong for these rural expeditions. Sometimes they are young people of another class, mixed with husbands and wives, and even little children. They are all bound for Hampton Court, and Bushy Park, or to the still more favourite haunt of Epping Forest. They have music. It plays as they go, and they sing as they go. When the music is not heard, or the singing, there is a merry clatter of voices, of laughter, and jokes. What lords and princes are half so happy? Away they stream, van after van, with their sumpter-waggon trotting on, well stored, behind. All doors are crowded as they pass, to catch a glimpse of so much human enjoyment. Behind them lies the great brick wilderness, with all its labours and cares; before them, for one long day, the green wide forest. Anon they pour into it. They drive up to some well-known public house. They descend, form into knots of twos, threes, half-dozens, or scores, and away into the woods. Then it were a long story to describe all their wonderings, peerings, wanderings, exclamations, leaping over bushes, slinging at boles of trees, chasing of squirrels, fun, and laughter. Some soon seat themselves in the shade; other tender souls stroll on, through shady and mossy winding ways lost in one another. Who can tell the amount of enjoyment condensed into the hearts of that jolly company. But the time for dinner is come, and is not forgotten. There it is, spread under a great tree; and round gather the throng, and there is much mirth over getting seated; and then for the clatter of knives and forks, the popping of porter and ginger-beer bottles, and the foaming of Bass's pale ale. After dinner, pipes and cigars are lit, and the smoke curls up amongst the green boughs with a true holiday curl. Talk, and laughter, and broad jokes abound. After awhile there is a challenge for a leaping match, another for a race. The music plays, the day rolls on, and it is time to go. With green branches, stripped vigorously, and almost riotously, from many a tree, they dress and adorn their several vans, ascend, and away. If they sing in coming, they sing tenfold in going back. All sing—men and women—every heart is elate; with a humming, chiming, sonorous sound, as of so many great cages full of singing-birds, they roll back into the great engulphing city.

If any one were to ask me for the pattern of a holiday for Michaelmas, I should say—"Go and do likewise;" only being as much more sober, wise, and refined as you please. Send a company of congenial people into a forest on a fine September day, and be sure they will make a holiday of it.

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## SURVEY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

No. VI. *August—September.*

By Harriet Martineau.

I. It is much to be wished that in old nations a vivid sense should be kept alive in everybody's mind of what the public arrangements are for, and of what concern everybody has in them. Without this, such arrangements will become mere machinery; and those who manage it will become careless or tyrannical, while those who live under it will grow insensible to the benefits they derive from it, or be impatient under any accidental suffering that it may inflict. In a new nation, for instance, forming a government for itself, almost every man would see why taxes must be imposed, and why the amount is fixed as it is; and he would pay his taxes willingly, and with a sort of pride in contributing his share towards the safety, convenience and honour of the society of which he is a member. But if, for hundreds of years, no instruction is given to the nation about its constitution and its political duties, men will get to consider it a matter of course that their persons and property are to be kept secure, and that they are to share in the advantages of the social state: and, next, they will lose all pleasure in paying for their security and welfare, and even complain of the tax, and try to evade it. Nobody reminds them, and they do not ask themselves, what condition they would be in if there were no laws to secure their lives from violence, and their earnings from theft, and their children from injury. They forget what it would be to have no roads, no water but what they could fetch, no light in the streets, no public order, no safety from invaders, no protection on the seas, no peace on land. They forget that there is a set of public servants to do the general work of society,—a set of qualified and hard-working public servants, from the sovereign down to the tax-gatherer, who must be paid, and should be paid with hearty good-will, as doing the highest and most necessary work that is going on in the world.

In the same way, there is too little general understanding anywhere of the incalculable benefits brought by the institutions of Justice. The Law and the Courts are thought of with a sort of dislike, and without any recollection that it is owing to them that we can sit by our firesides in peace, go to bed with safety, walk the streets fearlessly, and do our work with hope of enjoying the fruits. In countries where there is no law, or bad law, men live in rags, and dirt, and idleness, lest their earnings and their comforts should be taken from them by force, and the women wear thick veils and are shut up, because there is no safety for them abroad. In such countries, there is no industry, no commerce carried on, except by powerful armed men, who can fight their way through life. The next worst state is that of such societies as are to be found in parts of Ireland, where the people do not understand what law is for, and who, therefore, do not value it, but rather hate it. They do not use it, and carefully guard it as a mighty benefit and protection, but defy it, and baffle it. and, in exact proportion, are life and property insecure. In such parts the honest working man is at the mercy of any one who may owe him a grudge: he may have his cow killed, or his house burned over his head, or his daughter carried off to the mountains; or he may be waked from his innocent sleep by men in masks, who drag him to a ditch and murder him. Because a great number do not know how to value law and justice, nobody can have the benefit of them.

In England, where the law has as steady and even a course as in any country in the world, we may be apt, if we do not take care, to grow indifferent to the benefit of justice, and to our duty in regard to it. We may be apt to shrink from any trouble, or expense, or annoyance, which we ought as cheerfully to undergo for the sake of public justice, as to pay our taxes in return for the benefit of government. I have known a man—an educated man who ought to have known better—agree to a negociation with thieves, whereby he recovered his property, and they escaped punishment,—being let loose on society to rob somebody else. I have known a woman—an educated woman who ought to have known better—try to make interest with a magistrate to have a case of theft hastened over for her convenience, instead of respectfully waiting on the course of justice and the interests of all parties. I have known a policeman bitterly complain, and with reason, of the selfish want of principle of householders who will recover stolen property by their means, and then decline coming forward to prosecute. He complained that the office of policeman was thus rendered intolerable; that he had to toil night and day, to undergo danger of life and limb, to incur the hatred of the profligate and desperate part of society, and then, after all, when his share of the work was done, to be denied the co-operation of the respectable, and the countenance of the magistrate and the courts. In all these cases, I saw ignorance, thoughtlessness, and fear of annoyance: and these are what I want to expose, and to have prevented by some plan for instructing everybody who enjoys the protection of law in his duty towards the law.

Till this is done, some good occasionally arises from startling incidents which would, at first sight, appear to act another way. Every now and then, an instance occurs of hardship inflicted under the regular operation of justice. Not only do such cases draw attention to faults in the law, and in those who administer it, but they cause thoughtful people to consider what a vast protection the law must, on the whole, give, if an occasional case of hardship strike them so forcibly. The bravest will feel that while every effort should, of course, be made to lessen the chances of hardship, they could cheerfully undergo it themselves, if it were their turn, through their deep respect and gratitude for the good of law and justice on the whole. I wonder which of us could bear, with courage and cheerfulness, such trials as the following which have happened lately; bear them, not with anger, contempt, and defiance, but a brave hope that in time such drawbacks need not ever attend upon an inestimable good.

A respectable tradesman, in extensive business, was brought up twice before a London magistrate, and committed for trial, in company with a fellow of bad character, on a charge of having picked a gentleman's pocket of a pocket-book. A host of friends testified to his character, and his circumstances were proved to be easy. He could only declare his entire ignorance of the whole transaction; and the impression was strong that the witness had made a mistake, either taking him for another person, or fancying that he saw him touch the pocket-book when he did not: but the magistrate had no choice but to commit him for trial. When we think of the mortification to a respectable man, and the dismay at home caused by such an event as this committal, we feel how much generous respect for justice is required to enable a man to bear up under his accidental share, in order that the pockets of society may not be picked. A cab proprietor, of good character in the city, was proved to have taken out of a field a grey mare belonging to another man, and sold her to a horse-dealer. Of course he was charged with horse-stealing. But it came out that the prisoner had mistaken this grey mare for a much better one of his own, which was grazing in the same field. The animals were of precisely the same height, and the same shade of dark grey; both had long switch tails, and both were blind of the right eye. This was a matter soon settled, but very vexatious while it lasted. A lady, who, as it happened, was an authoress, was annoyed in a walk by some women who made impertinent remarks on her bonnet, and who became more troublesome the more they saw she was annoyed, till they collected a mob about her. She desired a policeman whom she met, to bring the two ringleaders to a police-office; but he refused to do so, they being wives of policemen. For his refusal she charged him; and greatly surprised she was when the magistrate dismissed the case, with the observation that he perceived no sufficient reason for the charge. However this decision may be regarded, there can be but one opinion as to the mode of cross-examination adopted by the prisoner's counsel, though he afterwards disclaimed all intention of being "offensive." He asked many questions about the novels she had written, and her means of obtaining a livelihood, and declared that the whole affair was intended as an advertisement of her name and writings, by getting them mentioned in the newspapers. It matters little whether this low supposition is true or false. Its utterance is not likely to operate on women's minds as an encouragement to further the course of justice. It will probably be some time before any other lady will seek justice in a police court, at the hazard of being questioned about her occupations and income, and called an adventuress if it happens to be her lot to earn her bread. A young thief stole a watch, the other day,

from the berth of a cuddy servant of a vessel in the West India Dock. The boy is only ten years old; and the magistrate called the case a distressing one, and lamented that he had no power to take any other course than committing the child for trial, it being a clear case of felony. The prosecutor implored the magistrate to dispose of the case at once, as the vessel was about to sail, and it would ruin him to lose his place in her. He had rather lose his watch than be detained to prosecute. The magistrate said he had only a choice of evils; to let the boy loose, to his own destruction and the injury of society, or to ruin the prosecutor by detaining him from his service on board the ship where all his property also was. He could not undertake thus to punish an already injured man; and he, therefore, dismissed the boy,—an act very encouraging to thieves who prey upon sailors about to sail, and very discouraging to claims for justice. The next sailor who makes a complaint of the kind must be a hero,—prepared to lose his living for the sake of public justice. Some provision must, doubtless, be made for a case so flagrantly hard as this. But what can one say when one's memory recurs to the hardest of all such cases, when an innocent man is hanged, according to all the forms of justice, and under such evidence as that nobody doubts of his guilt? None who have heard will ever forget the tale of the young man who was convicted in America (then under British rule) of the murder of an aged gentleman with whom he had become acquainted on a journey. The young man was opulent, educated, high-minded, and of the fairest character: his intimate friends could not believe his guilt; but nobody else could doubt it. The old gentleman was last seen with him; the old man's bank notes were found in his pocket-book; and his own silver-mounted pistols were found in a ditch near the murdered body. The proofs of his innocence were clear when it was too late,—curious facts about exchanges of bank-notes and his parting with his pistols; but his own account of the matter looked most improbable, and availed nothing. He met his death calmly, regretting most the disgrace to his family. If his calmness was supported by an express willingness to be crushed under the action of a law whose unswerving course is indispensable to the security of all other lives than his own,—if he saw that, though unjust to him, the doom was just as regarded society, and could submit cheerfully from this consideration, he was in a condition of mind to which death could not come amiss, and quitted life embalmed in a truer honour than any potentate surrounded with praise and service, or the warrior expiring in the hour of victory. Something of this spirit should be in the breast of every citizen who is called to suffer more or less from the course of public justice, whether of loss or shame, or mere trouble and annoyance.

II. On the whole, I suppose men are and will ever be as various as they ever were, though we talk of certain ideas and manners as being prevalent at certain seasons of human history. It seems as if the men of our day cared above all things for the opinion of those about them; so that men will be anything—sober or profligate, homely or ostentatious, merry or grave,—rather than be wondered or laughed at. In our time, it is the greatest of all misfortunes to man, woman, or child, to be ridiculous in the eyes of neighbours. So, when the restraint of opinion is withdrawn, the incidents which occur are very striking, whether they are of a noble or ludicrous character. An instance of each lies before me. Lieut. Anneke, a Prussian artillery officer, of the highest honour, has refused to fight a duel. He was challenged merely on the ground of being the bearer of an unacceptable letter, the writer of which refused to fight. Lieut. Anneke's refusal was on the ground that duelling being now a mere custom arising out of antiquated prejudice, is a brutal act, unworthy an enlightened man in our day. The Court of Honour at Munster has decreed, by a majority of twenty-seven to three, that Lieut. A. be dismissed the service, he having virtually dismissed himself by avowing opinions which, however reasonable, are opposed to the arrangements of the king, to whom he has sworn fidelity; and Lieut. A. is dismissed accordingly. Peace be with him,—that peace which the world, old or new, cannot take away! Last week, the engine-driver and stoker of a train on the Great Western Railway made themselves shockingly ridiculous. They both got into a passion, and fought desperately on the engine, while it was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was impossible to get at them to stop them. Such a stage was perhaps never before chosen for the exhibition of silly passion. At last, the engine-driver, finding himself worsted, stopped the engine, in order to throw his adversary off, when the guards interfered, and delivered over the foolish grown babies to the authorities, who will hardly again intrust the lives of travellers to men who cannot rule their own spirits. There are not many men who would like to go to sleep, and open their mouths and snore in the market-place; not many men who would like to act Pantaloon, or any sort of fool, on the boards of a theatre; and it rather surprises one that there should be two on one engine who could make themselves so excessively ridiculous as angry men always are, on so very conspicuous a theatre. How ashamed they will be to think of it, as long as they live!

III. All institutions that have existed long among men have had their origin in nature; and it is only by keeping within a certain degree of nearness to nature that any institutions can be preserved. In proportion to their departure from nature is the certainty that they will fail and perish. Of existing institutions, none is more clearly traceable to nature than that of marriage: and indeed, from the clearness of this—from the fact that the numbers of the sexes are equal at the age of twenty-one (though varying somewhat from this before and after)—from this indication that there is one man for one woman at the proper time for marriage, it is usual to speak of marriage as a divine institution, independently of what is said of it in the bible. But how marvellously and how mournfully have men contrived to perplex and corrupt this simple and natural relation! For ages past, there have been marriages for state-policy, marriages for connexion, for money, for estates, for every convenience, down to that of the poor ditcher who declares, "I was as one may say devoured with varmint, and I married a wife to keep me clean." The notion of marriage for convenience has now such complete possession of the general mind, that a true love marriage is almost as a matter of course opposed, in those ranks of society where others than the immediate parties claim to be considered. And the consequences are such as appal the heart of every thinker. It has become the rule through many gradations of society to love in one place and marry in another; and this unavowed bigamy of course destroys the proportion under which alone marriage can be

general and pure. Of all infectious evils, laxity of morals is the most so: and the laxity here spreads, till the very idea of marriage is corrupted and debased. We hear of sales of a wife in Smithfield, the ignorant parties often really believing such sales to be legal; and the cases of bigamy are becoming frightfully common. And see what can happen even in America:—"At Philadelphia, on Monday, one German sued another for five dollars, the price of commission for procuring the latter a wife. The objection was, that the charge was too high. The plaintiff proved that the defendant stated his wish for a wife;—the former, in half an hour, brought a German, to whom the defendant was married in three days. The plaintiff was allowed his whole claim." In another rank, we see at this moment what happens. The potentates of Europe, and the politicians of Spain, have long been contending as to whom the little Queen of Spain should marry. It appears that she wishes to marry a cousin, who wishes to have her. She is compelled to marry another cousin—his brother. All night were her mother and other advisers busy in persuading her—in overcoming her repugnance to the marriage. At seven in the morning, she went to bed, overpowered and wretched. She is only fifteen years old. Her sister is only fourteen; and she must be married too, to please the King of the French, who wants to marry his youngest son into Spain. Is any one irrational enough to expect fidelity in marriages thus made in markets and palace chambers? And does not the contagion of inconstancy spread? And are we then to wonder at the increase of bigamy, of seduction, of child-murder, and of gross profligacy? Marriage, which was designed to protect the sanctity of the love of one man for one woman, has become the very means of obstructing such love, and destroying the sanctity of it. To the pure and simple, it may be all that it ever was: but to society at large, that which professes to be its chief moral safeguard has become a fatal snare. If it be asked, "what is to be done?" the answer is the old one which will never wear out: those who have grace must be the salt of the earth. Every man and woman who duly feel the holiness of that love which gives birth to human life, and who enter upon it with conscience and affections as awake as passion, may and will countervail a world of mischief done by profligacy. Every pair who uphold in their lives the true, original idea of marriage must command such sympathy from the best hearts as will shame the trafficking of the worst. If there are yet among us enough of the simple and the pure to reinstate the institution of marriage in its original sacredness, and separate it from its impious alliance with worldly interest, it may retain its name and place. If not—if the corruption spreads, and marriage is the name given to that legal prostitution which induces the illegal, some new name must be found for the genuine and holy marriage which must always remain while God ordains and nature exists.

IV. Many who read romances about the days of the Crusades, and whose hearts beat over the romance of history—the narratives of heroes like William Tell, who waged a holy war against the invaders of their country—are unaware that as great a hero lives in our day, and is conducting as holy and undying a struggle. How few care to read of Abd-el-Kader! yet who will venture to say that William Tell was nobler! The Emir Abd-el-Kader is the indomitable foe of the French, who have conquered Algiers, and colonised, or attempted to colonise, the neighbourhood. He is a Mahomedan, and hates the Christians. He is a native, and hates the intruders. He is a prince, and hates the conquerors of his country. He cannot drive them out; but he has done everything short of it. He leaves them no peace or rest. They in fact own no land but what they stand on. Every head that is put out beyond the cordon is cut off. Every straggler from the camps disappears. The settlers cannot till the fields, nor go on commercial errands; for Abd-el-Kader comes down upon them whichever way they go. A company cannot pass from camp to camp without its numbers being thinned. If there is a burning sun, Abd-el-Kader pounces upon the troops in their hour of lassitude. If wintry weather comes up from the mountains, Abd-el-Kader comes up with it, as if he rode upon the blast. If snow blocks up the way, Abd-el-Kader issues from the thickest drift. If there is a drought, he drives the foe far from the water brooks by harassing them, flank and rear. He is always on the eve of being caught: but no man has ever caught him yet, nor any Christian touched his white banner. His tribes are dispersed, his stores taken, his supplies cut off, his horses shot under him, his allies bound over to deliver him up; but he has always yet escaped. He is reported dead; but is presently seen and felt again. He has worn out and brought to disgrace French field-marshals; and caused, destitute as he himself is, an expenditure of men and money such as no nation can long endure for the sake of so wretched a colony. He has now sent a summons to the tribes of the south to be ready to renew the war against the invaders; and all but those who are within immediate reach of the French answer with fervour to the call. One cannot but look forward wistfully to see the issue,—to divine the lot and the death of such a man;—to watch whether his power of hope can sustain itself against such odds; whether he dies on the field, or in a cave of the rocks,—as a warrior, or a prisoner, or as one of Nature's princes in one of Nature's palaces. The only thing we know is that the man himself—his soul—will never be conquered. Being well assured of this, it would be endurable that his country and native tribes should be brought under European sway, if there were a fair probability that it would be ultimately for their real good. But it is for their invaders to show that it would be so; and till they do, our sympathies must inevitably be with the indomitable Abd-el-Kader, before whose majesty,—the native majesty of the soul,—every Mahomedan bows his head, and every Christian quails.

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## Poetry for the People.

### THE CLOUD IN FRANCE.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

While watching the sunbeams gaily dancing
  In the blue skies of pleasant France,
Delighted I saw a bright cloud glancing,
  Swift as a steed in the homeward prance;
Onward it went with a sunlit brightness,
  Over the billows to England's shore;
Onward it went with a rosy lightness,
  Speeding away, as the eagles soar.

Onward it went, through the skiey glory,
Of cloud-wove castle and misty spire,
Onward it flew o'er the shadows hoary,
Lighting them up with a smile of fire;
Onward it flew o'er the fog's dark tresses,
Fresh from its pinions scattering light;
Onward it flew through sky's wildernesses,
Lengthening of day and shortening night.

Oh, would I had been that cloud of splendour!
Would I had had its wings of flame!
Thus unto England I'd flown to render
Glory to virtue; to badness, shame;
With the brilliant gifts I bore around me
I'd shed a light on the good and free;
And with the lustrous zone that bound me,
Exposed the darkness of things that be.

Oh, would I had been that cloud of glory!
Would I had had its torch of light!
Then words of flame should have told the story,
Of mists so dark, and of suns so bright;
The fogs of doubt should be bravely lighted,
The mists of ignorance cleared away;
Till dark grew light and the wrong was righted,
And Cloudland blazed in the sunny ray.

*Paris.*

## THE NEIGHBOUR-IN-LAW.

By Lydia Maria Child.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds
Will find the healing that his spirit needs,
For every flower in others' pathway strewn
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own

"So you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny," said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper do not prove too much even for your goodnature, it will surprise all who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty!" replied Mrs. Fairweather; "she has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember: her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had borrowed the saving of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her greatest poverty, many were the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much good sense to marry. Then you know she feeds and clothes her brother's orphan child."

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane. "The poor child cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she were chased by the east wind. I used to tell Miss Turnpenny that she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap on the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane; "and it must be confessed that you carry it with you wherever you go. If Miss Turnpenny *has* a heart, I dare say you will find it out, though I never could, and I never heard of anybody else that could. All the families within hearing of her tongue call her the neighbour-in-law."

Certainly the prospect was not very encouraging; for the house Mrs. Fairweather proposed to occupy was not only under the same roof with Miss Turnpenny, but the buildings had one common yard in the rear, and one common space for a garden in front. The very first day she took possession of her new habitation she called on the neighbour-in-law. Aunt Hetty had taken the precaution to extinguish the fire, lest the new neighbour should want hot water, before her own wood and coal arrived. Her first salutation was, "If you want any cold water there's a pump across the street: I don't like to have my house slopped all over."

"I am glad you are so tidy, neighbour Turnpenny," replied Mrs. Fairweather; "it is extremely pleasant to have neat neighbours. I will try to keep everything as bright as a new five-cent piece, for I see that will please you. I came in merely to say good morning, and to ask if you could spare little Peggy to run up and down stairs for me, while I am getting my furniture in order. I will pay her sixpence an hour."

Aunt Hetty had begun to purse up her mouth for a refusal; but the promise of sixpence an hour relaxed her at once. Little Peggy sat knitting a stocking very diligently, with a rod lying on the table beside her. She looked up with a timid wistfulness, as if the prospect of any change was like a release from prison. When she heard consent given, a bright colour flushed her cheeks. She was evidently of an impressible temperament for good or evil.

"Now mind and behave yourself," said Aunt Hetty; "and see that you keep at work the whole time. If I have one word of complaint, you know what you'll get when you come home." The rose-colour subsided from Peggy's pale face, and she answered "Yes, ma'am," very meekly.

In the neighbour's house all went quite otherwise. No switch lay on the table; and instead of —"Mind how you do that—if you don't I'll punish you," she heard the gentle words—"There, dear, see how carefully you can carry that up-stairs. Why, what a nice, handy little girl you are!" Under this enlivening influence, Peggy worked like a bee, and soon began to hum much more agreeably than a bee. Aunt Hetty was always in the habit of saying, "Stop your noise and mind your work!" but the new friend patted her on the head and said, "What a pleasant voice the little girl has! It is like the birds in the fields. By and bye, you shall hear my music-box." This opened wide the windows of the poor little shut-up heart, so that the sunshine could stream in, and the birds fly in and out carolling. The happy child tuned up like a lark as she tripped lightly up and down stairs on various household errands. But though she took heed to observe all the directions given her, her head was all the time filled with conjectures what sort of thing a music-box might be. She was a little afraid the kind lady would forget to show it her. She kept at work, however, and asked no questions; she only looked

very curiously at everything that resembled a box. At last, Mrs. Fairweather said—"I think your little feet must be tired by this time: we will rest awhile and eat some gingerbread." The child took the offered cake with a humble little curtsey, and carefully held out her apron, to prevent any crumbs from falling on the floor. But suddenly the apron dropped, and the crumbs were all strewed about. "Is that a little bird?" she exclaimed eagerly; "where is he? Is he in this room?" The new friend smiled, and told her that was the music-box; and after awhile she opened it, and explained what made the sounds. Then she took out a pile of books from one of the baskets of goods, and told Peggy she might look at the pictures till she called her. The little girl stepped forward eagerly as if to take them, and then drew back as if afraid. "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fairweather, "I am very willing to trust you with the books, I keep them on purpose to amuse children." Peggy looked down, with her finger on her lip, and answered in a constrained voice—"Aunt Turnpenny won't like it if I play. "Don't trouble yourself about that. I will make it all right with Aunt Hetty," replied the friendly one. Thus assured, she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the picture-books, and when she was summoned to her work, she obeyed with a cheerful alacrity that would have astonished her stern relative. When the labours of the day were concluded, Mrs. Fairweather accompanied her home, paid for all the hours she had been absent, and warmly praised her docility and diligence. "It is lucky for her that she behaved so well," replied Aunt Hetty, "if I had heard any complaint, I should have given her a whipping, and sent her to bed without her supper."

Poor little Peggy went to sleep that night with a lighter heart than she had ever felt since she had been an orphan. Her first thought in the morning was whether her new neighbour would want her service again during the day. Her desire that it should be so soon became obvious to Aunt Hetty, and excited an undefined jealousy, and dislike of a person who so easily made herself beloved. Without exactly acknowledging to herself what were her own motives, she ordered Peggy to gather all the sweepings of the kitchen and court into a small pile, and leave it on the frontier of her neighbour's premises. Peggy ventured to ask, timidly, whether the wind would not blow it about, and she received a box on the ear for her impertinence. It chanced that Mrs. Fairweather, quite unintentionally, heard the words and the blow. She gave Aunt Hetty's anger time enough to cool, then stepped out into the court, and after arranging divers little matters, she called aloud to her domestic—"Sally, how came you to leave this pile of dirt here? Didn't I tell you Miss Turnpenny was very neat? Pray make haste and sweep it up, I would not have her see it on any account. I told her I would try and keep everything neat about the premises. She is so particular herself, and it is such a comfort to have tidy neighbours." The girl, who had been previously instructed, smiled as she came out with the brush and dust-pan, and swept quietly away the pile that was intended as a declaration of frontier war. But another source of annoyance presented itself which could not be quite so easily disposed of. Aunt Hetty had a cat, a lean, scraggy animal, that looked as if she were often kicked and seldom fed; and Mrs. Fairweather had a fat, frisky little dog, always ready for a caper. He took a dislike to poor poverty-stricken Tab the first time he saw her, and no coaxing could induce him to alter his opinion. His name was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighbourly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of doors without being saluted with a growl and a sharp bark that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house with her fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own door-step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would waken her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed she would scald him. It was a burning shame, she said, for folks to keep dogs to worry their neighbours' cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavoured to teach her dog to eat from the same plate; but Pink sturdily resolved he would be scalded first—that he would! He could not have been more firm in his opposition if he and Tab had belonged to different sects of Christianity. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head, and reasoning the point with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting to toleration; but the moment he was left to his own free-will, he would give the invited guest a heavy cuff with his paw, and send her home spitting like a small steam-engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own peculiar privilege to cuff the poor animal, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbour's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather, with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she; "I'll poison that dog—you'll see if I don't; and I shan't wait long, either, I can tell you! What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbours."

"I am really sorry he behaves so," replied Mrs. Fairweather mildly. "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "What do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it at me that I don't give her enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny, it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the neighbourhood. I am attached to poor little Pink because he belongs to my son who is gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighbourly I'll send him out in the country to board. Sally, will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like Miss Turnpenny to taste them."

The crabbed neighbour was helped abundantly, and while she was eating the pie the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning little Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," replied Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her, if I didn't keep a switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir for all his master's thumping and beating. But a neighbour tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set at a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of Peggy, said, "That will do very well for folks that have plenty of turnips to spare."

"For the matter of that," answered Mrs. Fairweather, "whips cost something as well as turnips; and since one makes the donkey stand still, and the other makes him trot, it is easy to decide which is most economical. But, neighbour Turnpenny, since you like my pies so well, pray take one home with you. I am afraid they will mould before we can eat them up."

Aunt Hetty had come in for a quarrel, and she was astonished to find herself going out with a pie! "Well, neighbour Fairweather," she said, "you *are* a neighbour. I thank you a thousand times." When she reached her own door, she hesitated for an instant, then turned back, pie in hand, to say, "Neighbour Fairweather, you needn't trouble yourself about sending Pink away. It's natural you should like the little creature, seeing he belongs to your son. I'll try to keep Tab indoors, and, perhaps, after awhile they will agree better."

"I hope they will," replied the friendly matron. "We will try them awhile longer, and if they persist in quarrelling, I will send the dog into the country." Pink, who lay sleeping in a chair, stretched himself and gaped. His kind mistress patted him on the head, "Ah! you foolish little beast," said she, "what's the use of plaguing poor Tab?"

"Well, I do say," observed Sally, "you are a master woman for stopping a quarrel!"

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," rejoined Mrs. Fairweather. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. It was one of those cold snapping mornings, when a slight thing irritates both man and beast. The cattle all stood very still and meek till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to strike her next neighbour; whereupon her neighbour kicked, and the whole herd were soon kicking and goring each other with all fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking while you are struck. Just so, I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning.' Afterwards, if my brothers or sisters were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, children. Never give a kick for a blow, and you will save yourselves and others a deal of trouble.'"

That same afternoon the sunshiny dame stepped into Aunt Hetty's rooms, where she found Peggy serving as usual with the eternal switch on the table beside her. "I am obliged to go to Harlem on business," she said; "I feel rather lonely without company, and I always like to have a child with me. If you will oblige me by letting Peggy go, I will pay her fare in the omnibus."

"She has her spelling-lesson to get before night," replied Aunt Hetty. "I don't approve of young folks going a-pleasuring, and neglecting their education."

"Neither do I," rejoined her neighbour; "but I think there is a great deal of education which is not found in books. The fresh air will make Peggy grow stout and active. I prophesy that she will do great credit to your bringing up." The sugared words, and the remembrance of the sugared pie, touched a soft place in Miss Turnpenny's heart, and she told the astonished Peggy that she might go and put on her best frock and bonnet. The poor child began to think that this new neighbour was certainly one of those good fairies she had read about in the picture-books. The excursion was enjoyed as only a city child *can* enjoy the country. The world seems such a pleasant place when the fetters are off, and nature folds the young heart lovingly on her bosom! A flock of live birds, and two living butterflies, put the little orphan in a perfect ecstacy. She ran and skipped. One could see that she might be graceful, if she were only free. She pointed to the fields, covered with dandelions, and said—"See, how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on the grass." Ah! our little stinted Peggy has poetry in her, though Aunt Hetty never found it out. Every human soul has the germ of some flowers within, and they would open, if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

Mrs. Fairweather was a practical philosopher in her own small way. She observed that Miss Turnpenny really liked a pleasant tune; and when winter came, she tried to persuade her that singing would be excellent for Peggy's lungs, and perhaps keep her from going into a consumption.

"My nephew, James Fairweather, keeps a singing-school," said she, "and perhaps he will teach her gratis. You need not feel under great obligation, for her voice will lead the whole school; and her ear is so quick, it will be no trouble at all to teach her. Perhaps you would go with us sometimes, neighbour Turnpenny? It is very pleasant to hear the children's voices."

The cordage of Aunt Hetty's mouth relaxed into a smile. She accepted the invitation, and she was so much pleased that she went every Sunday evening. The simple tunes, and the sweet young voices, fell like dew on her dried-up heart, and greatly aided the genial influence of her neighbour's example. The rod silently disappeared from the table. If Peggy were disposed to be idle, it was only necessary to say—"When you have finished your work, you may go and ask whether Mrs. Fairweather wants any errands done." Bless me! how the fingers flew! Aunt Hetty had learned to use turnips instead of the cudgel.

When spring came, Mrs. Fairweather busied herself with planting roses and vines. Miss Turnpenny readily consented that Peggy should help her, and even refused to take any pay from such a good neighbour. But she maintained her own opinion that it was a mere waste of time to cultivate flowers. The cheerful philosopher never disputed the point, but she would sometimes say—"I have no room to plant this rose-bush. Neighbour Turnpenny, would you be willing to let me plant it on your side of the yard? It will take very little room, and will need no care." At another time she would say—"Well, really my ground is too full. Here is a root of lady's delight. How bright and pert it looks: it seems a pity to throw it away. If you are willing, I will let Peggy plant it in what she calls her garden. It will grow of itself, without any care, and scatter seeds that will come up and blossom in the chinks of the bricks. I love it. It is such a bright, good-natured little thing." Thus, by degrees, the crabbed maiden found herself surrounded by flowers; and she even declared of her own accord that they did look pretty.

One day, when Mrs. Lane called upon Mrs. Fairweather, she found the old weed-grown yard bright and blooming; Tab, quite fat and sleek, was asleep in the sunshine, with her paw on Pink's neck; and little Peggy was singing at her work, as blithe as a bird.

"How cheerful you look here," said Mrs. Lane.

"And so you have really taken the house for another year. Pray, how do you manage to get on with the neighbour-in-law?"

"I find her a very kind, obliging neighbour," replied Mrs. Fairweather.

"Well, this *is* a miracle!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane. "Nobody but you could have undertaken to thaw Aunt Hetty's heart."

"That is probably the reason why it never was thawed," rejoined her friend. "I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarrelling, or a tenth part of the wickedness, there is."

From this gospel of joy, preached and practised, nobody derived so much benefit as little Peggy. Her nature, which was fast growing crooked and knotty, under the malign influence of constraint and fear, straightened up, budded and blossomed in the genial atmosphere of cheerful kindness.

Her affections and faculties were kept in such pleasant exercise, that constant lightness of heart made her almost handsome. The young music-teacher thought her more than almost handsome; for her affectionate soul shone more beamingly on him than on others, and love makes all things beautiful.

When the orphan removed to her pleasant little cottage on her wedding-day, she threw her arms around the blessed missionary of sunshine, and said—"Ah! thou dear, good aunt—it is thou who hast made my life Fairweather!"

## MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

(*Continued from page 168.*)

When the hour for holding the meeting came, he walked to it, accompanied only by one firm-hearted, true friend, who vowed never to desert him, let the peril be what it might. A furious mob of several thousands surrounded the hall, eager to wreak their vengeance upon him. But he stood in a panoply stronger than steel. He returned uninjured. It was an eventful evening, however, never to be forgotten; one of those occurrences in a life which give a colouring and a force to its after career. Garrison was a firmer and a more determined man from that day; and what was better still, the public mind was irresistibly drawn to the subject, and many, who had hitherto been waverers, now came forward as avowed partisans of emancipation. That cause was worth examining for which good men were ready to die.

A spirit was aroused which the slavery party had not anticipated, and a national convention of the friends of emancipation was called in Philadelphia. From every part of the free States, delegates assembled; and, amid peril and persecution, the present American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Garrison drew up its Declaration of Sentiments, and this, like seeds of fire, produced wherever it went, and it went far and wide, the most unparalled excitement.

If Garrison had sinned before, his sin was now tenfold. On all hands, the principles of thorough-going emancipation spread, and the cause soon after received a powerful ally in the person of George Thompson, who arrived in the autumn of 1834, resolved, like his friend, to use every power which God had given him, to bring into scorn and abhorrence the enormous guilt of slavery. His accession to the anti-slavery cause made an era in its history, and in proportion as that cause spread, and assumed a more formidable aspect, all the more fierce and unsparing grew its adversaries. Like a fiery blast from the tropics was sent forth the curses of the slave-holding States. Emissaries, vowing eternal hatred and immitigable vengeance, were sent from the South to stop, by any means, this alarming growth of free principles, and, to a certain extent, these efforts were not without their effect. During this year, 1835, almost every anti-slavery assembly was broken up by mobocratic violence, and the whole land seemed given up to anarchy. Dispersed, but not disheartened, the friends of the slave and of humanity took earnest counsel together, resolved to die rather than abandon a cause which they believed to be holy in the sight of heaven.

Thompson and Garrison were the especial objects of popular hatred, evidences of which, enough to appal the bravest heart that ever lived, were of daily occurrence. One morning in September, 1835, for instance, a gallows was found erected before Garrison's door, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the cross-bar this inscription—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes was intended for Thompson, the other for Garrison. Yet, through all this, these men were not daunted nor discouraged; their souls grew only the more earnest as danger and defiance thickened around them. Again we say—Thank God that spirits of this nature are found among men; they sanctify and ennoble humanity; and, were it not for such as these, we might despair of every good cause which has to be rescued from the hands of the wicked and the strong!

In the following month occurred that memorable mob outrage in Boston, which has left a stain on that otherwise noble and enlightened city. Some little detail of this we must be permitted to give, as it marks, in many ways, the characters of the two parties. There had existed, for some time, in Boston, a Ladies' Anti Slavery Society, the members of which were of almost every variety of religious opinion, and amongst them some of the most intellectual, enlightened, and estimable women of the city. These women—exemplary mothers, wives, and daughters—had been among the most active co-operators in the anti-slavery movement. The times and the temper of the times were such, that none unprepared to maintain their principles at any cost of slander and abuse, nay even of life itself, would have dared to join its ranks. These women were of that class; stedfast to what they believed their duty to God and humanity. The head of this little band, which has vindicated so nobly their right of meeting and free discussion, was Maria Weston Chapman, of whom Harriet Martineau says—"she is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishment, full of reading, and with strong and well-exercised powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook." This noble creature, at the head of her band of glorious women, had announced a meeting of their own body on a Wednesday afternoon. This announcement having been made from the pulpits of some of the anti-slavery preachers, various newspapers of the city took up the subject, and put forth violent articles

for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of the slavery-loving portion of the community. The shopkeepers, also, in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the meeting was to be held, petitioned the town authorities to prevent it, lest evil should happen to them and their wares. Placards were posted up, stating, that "that infamous scoundrel, Thompson, would hold forth that day, and that this was a good opportunity for the friends of the union to snake him out, and that a purse of one hundred dollars should be the reward of him who would first drag him off to the tar-kettle." Such was the spirit of the day.

It was the general belief that the lives of the ladies would be in danger, and when they applied to the mayor for protection at their lawful meeting, they were told that "they were troublesome." Troublesome, however, they were compelled to be, for their consciences obliged them to assert their liberty of meeting and free discussion. Mrs. Chapman, however, sent to every member a warning of the danger that awaited her, leaving it then to the discretion of all, whether they would attend or not.

A mob of many thousands, all in the garb of gentlemen, presented themselves before the hall, and even filled it before the time of meeting. "Five and twenty ladies," says Harriet Martineau, "reached the place of meeting by presenting themselves three quarters of an hour before the time fixed; five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob," with the most ungentlemanly violence. Thirty women were in the hall, which, being engaged for a private meeting, was now filled with a frantic rabble. Spite of this, however, the business of the meeting began. Mrs. Chapman read an appropriate portion of scripture, and put up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succour, and for the forgiveness of enemies. The clear, calm tones of her voice were heard amid hisses, threats, and curses, and the rudest insults. In the midst of this the mayor entered in the greatest agitation. He declared himself unable to disperse the mob, or in any way to obtain peace. He earnestly besought Mrs. Chapman to adjourn the meeting. The meeting, therefore, was adjourned, and the women, attended by the city authorities, left the hall, and passed through the mob, as best they might.

Garrison, who had come to this meeting merely to escort his young wife, but who had no intention of taking any part in its business, was seen by the mob, who, disappointed in not finding Thompson, at that moment the more immediate object of their vengeance, resolved now to seize upon him instead. He was hunted out of the hall; the cry, "Out with him! Lynch him!" was raised; the room in which he had taken refuge was violently broken into, and hundreds rushed upon him with a fury which seemed as it could only be appeased by blood. His non-resistant principles were now put to the test. One of his friends rushed forward armed in his defence. "My dear brother," said this good Christian hero, "you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and his omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

He at length fell into the hands of the mob: they hurried him to a window, with the intention of hurling him from it; but, at that very moment, one voice from amid the crowd exclaimed—"Do not let us kill him outright!" so he was spared. A rope was then put round his body, that he might more easily be dragged along the street. A minute or two afterwards, his young wife, who knew him to be in the hands of the mob, looked out from a window, and saw him. "He was," says an eye-witness, "in the extremest danger. His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body; brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as they hustled him along towards the tar-kettle, which was preparing in a neighbouring street; not a voice, not a hand, was raised to save him. The only words which escaped from the white lips of his wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will not deny his principles!"

The infuriated crowd dragged him onward; they were like a pack of wolves around their prey. In the midst of their yells and cries, a strong, authoritative voice said—"He shall not be hurt! remember he is an American!" These unlooked-for words excited some sympathy. "No, he shall not be hurt!" responded from one and another, and he was hurried on to the mayor's office, where it was evidently their intention to deposit him. But this was not the will of the many, and again the most violent efforts were made to gain possession of his person, his clothes were now literally torn from him, and, as it seemed, nothing less than life would satisfy them. Those who witnessed this disgraceful scene, assert that nothing could exceed the divine calmness, and stedfast courage of this brave man. His countenance at the time was like that of an apostolic martyr; there was something awfully beautiful in its serenity. He himself declared that it seemed to him a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ. Death did not present a repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained his soul, so that it was not only devoid of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy! This is the spirit of the true martyr.

He was at length deposited in the mayor's office, whence, being reclothed by the kindness of various individuals, who stripped themselves to cover him, he was conveyed to prison by order of the mayor, who, reasoning like a poor-spirited man, thought that, by treating him as a malefactor, he should pacify the mob. The mob, however, was not so easily to be pacified; another and more furious attempt was made to drag him from the hands of the city-police. Escape with life seemed impossible. The crowd was perfectly rabid with rage and disappointment, and it was only by the mercy of Heaven that he was saved, and that the city of Boston was preserved from the eternal stain of his pure blood.

At length, he was lodged in prison, where, with a good conscience, and a cheerful mind, he sate down in peace. In the course of the evening his friends came to sympathise and rejoice with him, through the grated windows of his prison. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part:—"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

The next day, after an examination for mere form's sake, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a time.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR
### FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—OCTOBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 2 min. past 6, and sets at 37 min. past 5, on the 1st; and on the 31st rises at 53 min. past 6, and sets at 34 min. past 4.—*Moon* rises at 45 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at 13 min. past 1, in the morn; and on the 31st, rises at 12 min. past 3, afternoon, and sets at 55 min. past 2, morn —*Moon's Changes*. Full on the 4th, at 6 min. past 10, afternoon. Last quarter on the 12th, at 8 min. past 4, morn. New moon on the 20th, at 44 min. past 7, morning. First quarter, 27th, at 10 min. past 3, afternoon. —*Mercury* a morning star on the 1st, then invisible throughout the month. *Venus* a morning star throughout the month. *Mars* a morning star throughout the month.—*Weather*. The moisture of the atmosphere increases as evaporation diminishes, and by causing clouds the effect of radiation is greatly reduced. Mean temperature, 48 deg 8 min ; highest, 68 deg.; lowest, 27 This month, which the Saxons called wine-month, and winter-fulleth, has been likened to April in its alternations of storm and tenderness—but the petulance of April is that of a child, laying itself, a moment after its burst of passion, in tears of repentance at our feet, and by its irresistible and smiling sportiveness, filling our hearts with the sunshine of its own . but the wilfulness of October is of a more matured and violent character, "black-browed and bluff." His hurricane outbreaks are followed by calms, that have more of sullenness than softness in them. The flowers fade from field and garden as he advances, and he strews his onward path like a conqueror, with the leafy spoils of the plundered forests.

1, Thursday.—*St. Remigius*, the great apostle of the French. He converted King Clodovius and the greater part of his subjects to Christianity, and for his learning and sanctity was chosen Archbishop of Rheims when only 22 years of age So much was he venerated, that his cruise was preserved, and formerly used at the anointing of the kings of France. He died, 535 Lowly amaryllis sacred to this saint.

*Events*—St Paul's, in London, dedicated in the presence of King Henry by Roger Black, its diocesan, 1240. Hare-hunting begins, and the beautiful pheasant becomes a legitimate object of pursuit to the sportsman. Mayor and assessors are to hold an open court, to revise the burgess lists, under the municipal reform act, some time between the 1st and 15th of October; three clear days' notice of such court being given. The revised list to be kept by the town clerk, and persons therein entered to be entitled to vote according to the act, from the 1st of November.

2, Friday.—Long-leaved starwort (*aster longifolius*), sacred to the guardian angels, flowers Summer bergamot pears ripe.

*Events*.—The execution of Major Andre, adjutant-general of the British forces, he was taken in disguise within the American lines, and hanged as a spy, 1780. The London University opened, 1828.

*Fair*.—Howden ; horses, cattle, &c.

3, Saturday.—*St. Dionysius*, the Areopagite, converted by St Paul to Christianity. The Athenian judges were thus called, from Areopagus, the place in which they assembled. Their tribunal was cut in the midst of a rock, round which seats were hewn for the judges, and the court was held in the open air; but they pronounced sentence in the night, that they might not be affected by the sight of the persons who spoke and defended themselves Wall hawkweed, dedicated to this saint, has now its autumnal flowering.

*Event*.—King's College, opened, 1831.

*Fairs*—Woodstock ; cheese . Dudley ; horses, cattle, wool, and cheese : Nottingham (three days); cheese, &c.

4, Sunday.—17th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service . Ezek. xiv., Mark vii. ; evening service, Ezek. xviii., 2 Cor. ii. The anniversary of St. Francis, founder of the Franciscans. Southernwood, so common in cottage gardens, and rustic nosegays, dedicated to him : this plant, probably from its peculiarly pungent and refreshing smell, is much used in Ireland about the dead.

*Event*.—Selkirk, the original of Defoe's " Robinson Crusoe," left on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, 1704.

5, Monday.—*St. Placidus*, a worthy of the Catholic church, to whom the star-like chamomile is dedicated. Trees are now felled, and the undergrowth of woods cut down and bound into faggots, for winter use. In the garden, decaying leaves and plants should be removed, bulbs planted, and flowers in pots taken into shelter. About this time horse-chestnuts fall, scattering their rich-hued and polished fruitage from the spiky shells, in seemingly useless abundance. It is said, however, that our Gallic neighbours have discovered the art of making potash of them, and that they also use them in dyeing.

6, Tuesday.—Late-flowering feverfew, sacred to St. Bruno, blows. Martin (*hirundo urbica*) migrates, but a few remain till the middle of the month.

*Biography*.—Louis-Philippe, King of the French, born, 1773—called to the throne by the voice of the people, August 9th, 1830, at the close of the glorious three days. Trained in the school of adversity, his majesty has carried to the court of the Tuilleries the simple manners of the citizen, and that sympathy with and knowledge of human nature which is only to be learned from personal experience of its necessities, and liberal intercourse with our fellow-creatures. As a lover of literature, science, and the arts—charitable, unostentatious, and in private life exemplary—he has won the love of his subjects, and the respect and admiration of the world. Nor must we forget that, though a soldier by profession, *peace* has no stronger advocate than Louis-Philippe. In other respects, his public conduct has excited great difference of opinion.

7, Wednesday.—*St Mark* (Pope). Indian chrysanthemum sacred to this day. Damsons and bullaces gathered. The seven stars, or Pleiades, rise about half-past six, p. m.

*Biography*.—The anniversary of the death of Zimmerman, 1795, author of the popular work on solitude. He was born in 1728, and has been described as a man of " sincerity, rectitude, and virtue."

*Event*.—Mounted on a she camel, his shoulders shaded by an umbrella, Mahomet makes his public entry into Medina, 622.

8, Thursday.—*St. Bridget*. On the evening of this day, it is customary, in the villages in Ireland, for the young girls to dress up an effigy of her saintship, which they carry from house to house, receiving at each some trifle in kind or coin, with which they extemporise a little feast and merry-making at a neighbour's cottage. Sweet maudlin dedicated to her. About this time the bright flowers of the French and African marigolds begin to fade, and the coming frosty nights soon cut them off.

9, Friday —*St. Denys*. Titular saint of France, famed for his devotion to the study of the polite arts and sciences He suffered martyrdom for the faith, being beheaded at Montmartre, in the neighbourhood of Paris ; after which, according to the legend, he walked two miles with his head in his hand. Milky agaric sacred to him.

*Event*.—The Eddystone lighthouse completed in 111 days ten hours, 1759, being the third erected on the rock so called. It is a round stone building, gradually decreasing in circumference, from the base to a certain height, like the trunk of an oak, from which Mr Smeaton, its ingenious contriver (a self-educated architect), states that he took the idea.

10, Saturday.—Cape acetris, sacred to St. Francis Borgia. Golden-rod (*solidago virgaurea*) may still be seen here and there in blossom.

*Biography*.—The birthday of the Quaker painter, Benjamin West, 1738. He was born at Springfield, a village of North America, and was only seven years of age when his genius developed itself. With the usual ardour of people who "cannot help themselves" when the talent with which nature has endowed them breaks forth, he forsook school, amusement, even his meals, for the love of this absorbing study, and continued to work on unaided by instruction till he was fifteen, when some friends were found to patronise his evident genius, and he was taken to Lancaster and Philadelphia, where, in his eighteenth year, he commenced as a portrait painter ; he afterwards removed to New York, when his friends found means to send him to Italy, in which country he studied three years, and finally settled in England. On the death of Sir J. Reynolds, West was chosen President of the Royal Academy, and continued to fill that office (with the exception of one year) till he died, March 11th, 1820, in the 82nd year of his age. His " Christ Healing the Sick," and others of his paintings, are now in the National Gallery.

*Events*.—Annual license to be taken out by bankers or other persons issuing promissory notes for money payable to the bearer on demand, and allowed to be re-issued. Half-yearly dividend on various descriptions of stock becomes due.

*Fairs*.—Leicester ; cheese, horses, and cattle : Weyhill ; sheep.

11, Sunday.— 18th after Trinity. *Old Michaelmas-day*. Proper lessons for the morning service · Ezek. xx , Mark xiv. ; evening service, Ezek. xxiv., 2 Cor. x. The floral calendar has now little but green leaves to offer the saints and martyrs, and accordingly holly is dedicated to St. Ethelburge, the patroness of this day.

*Events*.—The remains of Mary, Queen of Scots, removed to Westminster, 1612, her monument is but a few feet distant from that of Elizabeth. In 1296, a quarter of wheat sold on Old Michaelmas-day for 3*s*. 6*d*. ; a quarter of oats for 2*s*. ; a pound of wool for 3*s*. It was usual to eat furmity on this festival, a dish made of *new* corn boiled in milk.

*Fairs*.—Holbeach ; horses.

12, Monday. — Wavy fleabane dedicated to St. Wilfred. Woodcock (*scolopax rusticola*) begins to arrive,—" food for powder."

*Event*.—Columbus lands on Guanahani, one of the Bahama Isles, 1492; it was perceived at daylight, whereupon the admiral and his host struck up the choral hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus*, and landing with the royal standard in his hand, he knelt upon the ground as he pronounced the sacred word *Salvador !* How our heart goes with the old mariner, sailing chartless through unexplored seas, and coming now and again to the green islands

of an unknown world—no wonder that to his excited and enthusiastic imagination, its stars should seem moving lights, "somewhat resembling a torch, anon, a candle" leading him to new discoveries.

13, Tuesday.—Smooth helenium, sacred to the translation of St. Edward, King and Confessor. He was the first who touched for the king's evil, 1058. This royal quackery was continued till the time of George the First.

14, Wednesday.—*St. Calixtus.* Indian Fleabane sacred to this saint.

*Event.*—The anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, which decided the fate of England, and subjected it to the Norman yoke, 1066. The conqueror lost about six thousand men in the contest, but the number of English that fell was much greater. As a recompense for the slaughter of so many persons, William founded and endowed a monastery on the field of action, called Battle Abbey, and put into it a convent of Benedictine monks, to pray for the souls of the slain; but he refused the body of the brave Harold (who had perished with his followers) to his mother, and had it buried on the beach, whence it was removed by stealth, or purchase, and buried at the church at Waltham.

15, Thursday.—Sweet sultan, dedicated to St. Teresa (foundress of the reformation of barefooted Carmelites), in flower.

*Event.*—The birthday of Toricelli, the inventor of the barometer, 1608, This instrument is a glass tube, filled with mercury, hermetically sealed at one end; the other open, and emerged in a bason of stagnant mercury. As the weight of the atmosphere lessens, the mercury descends; and as it increases, ascends: the column of quicksilver suspended in the tube being always equal to the weight of the incumbent atmosphere. This simple machine is of great use in determining the changes of the weather, and in measuring the heights of mountains, and finding the elevation of places above the level of the sea. Mercury is the chemist's name for quicksilver, a very ponderous, volatile, fluid mineral, found in mines, particularly at those of Friuli, in the Venetian territories.

16, Friday.—Yarrow on this day dedicated to St. Gall.

*Events.*—The Houses of Parliament destroyed by fire, 1834. The unfortunate Maria Antoinette, Queen of France, beheaded at Paris, 1793, with circumstances of great brutality. At the fire-works exhibited there in honour of her marriage with the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI ), the streets were so crowded with people, that in their panic they trampled on one another, till they lay in heaps, while a scaffold overhanging the river broke down, and some hundreds were drowned. Near a thousand persons lost their lives on this occasion, April 21, 1770: an inauguration not less tragic than her exit.

17, Saturday.—Fox-hunting now takes place regularly. Ten-leaved sunflower, sacred to St. Anstrudis, still lingers in the garden; and old man's beard (as children call the grey, floss-like fibres attached to the seed-vessels of the clematis) overspreads the hedges like hoar frost.

18, Sunday.—19th after Trinity. *St. Luke.* Proper lessons for the morning service: Daniel iii., Luke iv.; evening service Daniel vi., Galat. iv. The fine weather that occurs about this time is called St. Luke's little summer. Rough agaric (*agaricus floccosus*), sacred to the evangelist, springs up at the roots of trees, in orchards, &c. In old pictures this saint is generally represented writing with a winged ox, or cow, by his side, probably to indicate reflection; and though most of the painted glass in Charlton church was destroyed during the troubles in the time of Charles, fragments remain in some of the windows of St. Luke's ox with wings, and goodly horns on his head; and it is not unlikely that, in bygone times, the inhabitants of Charlton made use of these rude instruments to express their pleasure for the holiday which the anniversary of the saint afforded them, and thus gave rise to the prevalence of these symbols at the fair, which takes place on this and the two following days. It is still a kind of masquerade, or carnival, and was formerly opened with a procession of horns.

*Fair.*—Haverfordwest; cattle, horses, and sheep.

19, Monday.—Tall tickseed is dedicated in old calendars to the virgin Saint Frideswide on this day. Quarter-sessions begin this week.

*Biography.*—The anniversary of the death of John, or Daniel, Day, commonly called the good Day, 1767. This worthy but whimsical individual was a block and pump maker at Wapping, and the founder of Fairlop fair, which is annually held on the first Friday in July around the famous oak so called in Epping Forest. It arose from his yearly inviting a party of his friends to dine with him, on beans and bacon, beneath its branches, from one of the largest of which he had his coffin made, and kept it by him for many years.

*Fair.*—Market Harborough: cattle, leather, &c.

20, Tuesday.—Yellow sultan, sacred to St Artemius, flowers. Nothing in nature is more gorgeous than woodland scenery at this season. The "kindling" of the leaf, as Howitt beautifully expresses it, lights up the forest with fresh glory upon the very eve of desolation. The bright red leaves of the wild cherry, the purple brown of the beech, the brilliant yellow of the hornbeam, and orange shade of the ash, beautifully contrast with the tawny hue of the plane tree, the brown foliage of the sycamore, and the pallid green of the oak, and remind us in their decay of the hectic on the cheek of consumption, glowing with a more perfect beauty the nearer death approaches.

*Event.*—Battle of Navarino, 1827.

*Fair.*—Devizes; sheep, hogs, &c.

21, Wednesday.—Hairy silphium, sacred to St. Ursula and companions. Swan's-egg pears gathered. Lime-leaves nearly all fallen.

*Event.*—Margery Jourdemain, Shakspeare's "cunning witch," condemned to be burnt at Smithfield, for furnishing love potions to Eleanor Cobham, wife of that Duke of Gloucester so famous as the patron of science and literature, 1441.

22, Thursday.—The anniversary of St. Mark, Bishop of Jerusalem, said to have been martyred, 156. Three-leaved silphium, sacred to St. Numido.

*Events.*—Alum first discovered to exist in the bowels of Ireland, 1757. Lilly, the astrologer, examined before a committee of the House of Commons, touching the causes of the fire of London, which he had predicted, 1666

23, Friday.—Bushy starwort, sacred to St. Theodoret, blows.

*Event* —Royal Exchange founded, 1667.

24, Saturday.—*St. Proclus.* Zigzag starwort dedicated to this worthy.

*Events.*—The Mansion-house founded on the site of Stocks Market, 1739; inhabited, 1752.

25, Sunday.—20th after Trinity. Proper lessons for the morning service: Joel ii, Luke iv; evening service: Micah vi, Ephes. v. This day is the anniversary of St. Crispin and Crispinian, two brothers, who came from Rome to Soissons, in France, for the purpose of preaching Christianity. Being desirous of preserving their independence, they worked at the craft of shoemaking, and hence are esteemed the patrons of this trade. They were beheaded about the year 308. In the Florilegium we find fleabane and meagre starwort dedicated to them.

26, Monday.—Late golden rod, sacred to St. Evaristus, flowers.

*Event* —The reform riots at Bristol, 1831, broke out, but did not fully develope themselves till the 29th, when the utmost violence and devastation prevailed; conflagrations appeared in every quarter; sparks and sheets of flame filled the air; thick volumes of smoke seemed to mingle with the clouds; while the heavens, for miles around, were one mass of glare from this unnatural source of light.

27, Tuesday.—Abundant-flowering starwort, dedicated to St. Frumentius, blows.

*Biography* —The birthday of James Cook, the circumnavigator, born at Marton, in Yorkshire, 1728. He was the son of a labourer, and early exhibited a predilection for a seafaring life. He first entered himself one of the crew of a collier, and at the breaking out of the war in 1755, we find him a common sailor on board one of his majesty's ships, but such was his perseverance and good conduct, that in four years he became master of the "Mercury," one of the expedition sent against Quebec. His leisure he made use of to rectify the defects of his early want of education; and by his skill and intrepidity raised himself from obscurity, and ultimately became one of the most scientific naval officers of the period. He was killed in a rencontre with the natives of Owhyhee, Feb. 14, 1779.

28, Wednesday.—The anniversary of the apostles, St. Simon and St. Jude: late chrysanthemum and scattered starwort sacred to them.

*Biography.*—The anniversary of the death of Locke, 1704. Ardent in the defence of the civil and religious rights of mankind, his writings have immortalised his name, especially his "Essay on the Human Understanding." His private character is said to have been one of the most stainless that ever adorned humanity.

29, Thursday.—Green autumnal narcissus, sacred to St. Narcissus, bp.

*Biography.*—The illustrious navigator and historian, Sir Walter Raleigh, suffered decapitation in Old Palace-yard, Westminster, 1618. His condemnation is an instance of cruelty and injustice unparalleled in our annals. He introduced the potato, which Hawkins had brought from America to England, into Ireland, and was the first who brought tobacco into vogue. He is said to have smoked two pipes upon the scaffold.

*Fairs.*—Burton-on-Trent; horses and cattle. Horncastle; do.

30, Friday.—*St. Marcellus.*

31, Saturday.—*All-hallow Eve.* Fennel-leaved tickseed dedicated to St. Quintin. On this eve, especially in Ireland and Scotland, many gentle superstitions prevail, and youthful curiosity expends its lore in charms, &c.; in endeavouring to penetrate the future. The burning of nuts, melting lead through a key, and sowing hempseed in a churchyard, are customary in both countries. In Ireland women vend yarrow, which, laid beneath the pillow, with certain spell words, produces in dreams the vision of the maiden or youth who is to be the after partner of the experimentalist.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, September 26th, 1846.*

*The Temperance Movement.*—There is no error operating upon the public mind that is more prejudicial to the progress of teetotalism, than the supposition that medical men, as a body, do not approve of it. Such a misapprehension is common to a large mass of our population; and it chiefly arises from the fact that they do not discriminate between the *dietetic* and the *medicinal* use of alcoholic fluids. Because the doctor prescribes for the sick man a glass or two of port wine daily, we are not, therefore, to infer that the same prescription applies to the man in health, but rather the contrary: not an article of the *Pharmacopœia* but might be presented for *dietetic* use, if such an inference in the case of wine might be permitted. The doctor has ordered A., who is debilitated, to take a solution of *quinine and vitriol;* therefore B., C., and D., who are hale and hearty, do the same: their plea is—"The doctor recommended it!" As a general rule, it may be said, that that which in disease acts as a medicine, in health operates as a poison. No medical man will dispute this theory. Medical opinion is certainly not unanimous upon teetotalism; and it would be strange were it so. Strong drink is sufficiently potent to influence both doctors in divinity and doctors in physic; and many of them have paid dearly for their experimental philosophy in relation thereto. I assert, however, and can prove, that a vast preponderance of enlightened medical opinion is entirely in favour of teetotalism, as a rule of health and long life. The public are deeply indebted to the energetic labours of John Dunlop, Esq., who has done much to embody the opinions of living medical men upon this matter: and various certificates, signed collectively by many hundreds of physicians and surgeons, might, without difficulty, be produced. The following, which has just been signed by many of the great *teachers* of physiological, medical, and surgical science, is an all-sufficient answer to those objectors who, perhaps, are too ready to palm upon the doctor the responsibility for their own mistaken notions:—

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, are of opinion—1st. That a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic, or fermented liquors as beverages 2nd. *That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c.* 3rd. That persons accustomed to such drinks may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually, after a short time. 4th. That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors, and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race.

Signed by—

Richard Bright, M.D., F.R.S., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, Bart., F.R.S., Sergeant-Surgeon to her Majesty.

Sir Wm. Burnett, K.C.H., M.D., F.R.S., Physician General to the Navy.

W. F. Chambers, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen and Queen Dowager.

Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty and Prince Albert.

John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen's Household, Physician to Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge.

Wm. Augustus Guy, M.B., Cantab., Professor of Forensic Medicine at King's College, London.

C. Aston Key, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Surgeon in Ordinary to Prince Albert.

P. M. Latham, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., L.L.D., Director General of the Army Medical Department.

J. A. Paris, M.D., F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., Lecturer on Materia Medica and Chemistry at the London Hospital.

Erasmus Wilson, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., London.

*And about Fifty Others.*

Let it never be said hereafter that medical opinion is against total abstinence from alcoholic drinks. And let those who have hitherto allowed an *imaginary* medical verdict to influence them, display a becoming readiness to be guided by that which, indeed, is *substantial.*

ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

Sutton Waldron, Shaftesbury, Aug. 26, 1846.

MR. EDITOR.—The title of your journal is the *People's.* Now, previous to the establishment of this paper, there had been so many claimants upon the pockets of the public constantly arising, and invariably purporting to be for the public's own good, which turned out ultimately so many catchpenny concerns, that I, in common with several friends, thought myself justified in ranking your periodical with the common horde. I think, however, now, that your journal has given sufficient guarantee for its stability and permanence, not only in the galaxy of talent whose contributions adorn its pages, but also in the genuine utility and uniform moral tendency of the articles that have from time to time appeared. And as your journal is, *par excellence*, the *People's Journal*, it is, I should imagine, open to the appeals of all classes of society. This, then, Mr. Editor, is the reason of my thus publicly addressing you; for my wildest literary day-dreams never carried me the absurd length of supposing that my lowly lucubrations were worthy, in a literary point of view, of a place beside the contributions of the stars among the forces of the *People's Journal.*

And now, Mr. Editor, look to my subscription, and you will see in whose behalf I am making this appeal. It is the subscription of a humble yet zealous follower in the glorious cause of education. It is that of one who has long been enrolled among the honourable body of the people's instructors; and thus you perceive his appeal is essentially selfish. But it cannot be helped. People suppose that a carpenter, a bricklayer, a mason—in short, a workman or tradesman of any sort—may easily be wronged; but nobody seems to contemplate the possibility of the national schoolmaster being wronged. It is so, however. There is, perhaps, hardly any class of men subjected to such an amount of contemptuous neglect as is the class of teachers. And this neglect is the more acutely felt, by the individuals composing that class being generally of a highly sensitive temperament, and, therefore, keenly susceptible of a slight, rendered the more galling in many cases from it being altogether undeserved. No effect, however, arises without a cause; and there must have existed cogent reasons to produce this general insensibility to the natural claims of the educator. Let us briefly consider the causes which have contributed to it.

The chief claim of the schoolmaster to his office has hitherto been his utter incapacity for any other. "Was there," says Mr. Heraud, "a bankrupt tradesman ruined by his own folly, or a sordid shopkeeper who had overreached himself in the pursuit of gain, and become insolvent, or a disappointed annuitant who found it at last needful to do something for a living—the common resource, the *dernier ressort*, was a school, not as a legitimate means of profit, but as a vile and loathed succedaneum for something deemed more honourable: to school-keeping, as the forlorn hope, the reluctant exile from all the other walks of life betook himself, as his only refuge from a world he had, and yet, loved too well." Thus it has been. With a heart not in his work—either too incompetent, or too indolent, to secure a place in the affection and esteem of his pupils—his only method of obtaining obedience has been an unsparing and degrading application of the rod. Who shall blame the parent for appearing indifferent to the blessings of what Milton calls "a complete and generous education," when his only means of obtaining it has been through hands brutal like these. The parent, in all cases, has too vividly in his memory the recollection of the time of torture it was to him, to be willing to allow his offspring to endure the same misery. This, then, is the solution of the mystery. The schoolmaster has not been respected, because he has not hitherto been entitled to any respect. I say *hitherto,* for, blessed be Providence, a better, brighter day has dawned for England, and the people begin slowly to comprehend the truth that a teacher requires almost as much apprenticeship to perform his task well, as a shoemaker does in order to perform his. In compliance with this idea, noble-minded individuals, whom to name would mar their pleasure, in conjunction with the National Society, and the Government committee upon education,

have established training colleges, where embryo educators may be fitted for their arduous task. Annually do these colleges send forth their "band of moral regenerators," to introduce a sweeping reform into the educational institutions of this country. Time has hardly elapsed sufficient to demonstrate their exceeding efficiency; but a tale is told in the rapid increase of numbers which almost invariably succeeds the appointment of any of these properly prepared teachers. The effect is at once apparent in the general order of the school, the increased intelligence of the pupils, and the rapid disappearance of that reluctance, and air of restraint and suspicion, which in many cases forms so prominent a featu e in our national schools. In the place of the latter, a generous and confiding simplicity, apparent at once in the faces of the scholars, takes the place of the sullen apathy previously prevailing there.

It is in behalf of this latter class of teachers that I beg, through the medium of your *Journal*, to appeal to the readers of it. Do not let the impression which you have hitherto had of the schoolmaster remain. His zeal and fidelity ought to entitle him to your respect and approbation, even if he lack that splendour of qualification which would command your admiration. Let not thorns be planted in the path of the teacher. His task is, heaven knows, arduous enough, without your assistance to make it more so. Give him all the encouragement you can, and it will, depend upon it, redound to your own advantage. If the teacher does *his* duty, he will inculcate love and obedience to you; and if you do *yours*, you will enjoin love, respect, and obedience to *him*. Thus will a co-operative system be to the advantage of both parties. Let the people of England be instructed while their ideas are capable of being moulded to the will of the teacher, and with the blessing of God, the progress of a few years will mark a new and happy era in the history of the British nation. Much that is low, debasing, demoralising, in the character of our working population, will disappear. No longer shall we see the blackguard crowds who defamate the agricultural and manufacturing villages, standing in knots on the Sabbath evenings, indulging in low ribaldry, or insulting passers-by. No longer will the sounds of indecent and irreligious revelry in public houses be heard —a scandal and disgrace to any Christian country. No longer will the workhouse be filled to overflowing with those who have been driven there by their own prodigality; and no longer shall the beggar be tempted by shame to risk the prison, and earn his bread by a miserable and degrading supplication.

But these results cannot be achieved, if the agent of this great reform, the schoolmaster, remain a scoff to the scoffer, a derision for the derider. For children cannot be made to entertain respect for the counsels and advice of their instructor, when his person is an object of contempt to their parents. This cannot be expected, and the looked-for reformation will not be effected until the schoolmaster attain his proper position in the esteem of the public. Oh! let it no longer be a subject for the sneer of the envious foreigner (envious of your riches, greatness, power, and magnificence) that your schoolmasters are ranked lower in the public opinion than the mechanic or tradesman. Emulate the conduct of almost any other country in this most important particular. The countries of Europe, inferior in everything else, excel you here. Oh! then, take the lead here, as you do in everything else, and let your title be "Patroness of the Worthy," as well as "Queen of the Ocean."

But, can we expect that men possessed of great intelligence and sterling moral worth will enter a profession where the scale of remuneration levels him with the meanest artisan. What sort of recompense is 40*l.* per annum for an intelligent instructor? Our doctors are well paid, our lawyers are well paid, and our clergymen are well paid—why should not our schoolmasters be well paid also? The physician can merely cure the body; the lawyer is exceedingly well remunerated for introducing discord into the various relations of society; and even the clergyman, who is deservedly well paid, can effect but little of the good that an intelligent and conscientious teacher can. Why should there not be a few good places in the scholastic line, as well as in the clerical, which would serve as a stimulus to the flagging spirits of the teacher?

And now, sir, trusting that I have not taken up too much of your valuable time and space, and merely premising that, should this short appeal find its way into the mind of one of the thousands of your readers, and induce him to reflect more deeply upon this important subject, my time will not have been lost. I remain,

A NATIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

*An Example to Employers.*—On Monday, August 31, Luke James Hansard, Esq., Printer to the House of Commons, gave a sumptuous dinner to the whole of his large establishment, consisting of 230 persons, at the King and Queen Inn, Brighton. The entire expense of railway return tickets (available from the preceding Saturday to the following Wednesday), dinner, tea, and beds, was defrayed by the above named gentleman, at an expense of 250*l.* But the greatest pleasure of this delightful excursion was contained in the speech of Mr. H., after dinner. The manner in which he spoke of "social progress" and the rights of labour, and the assurance that it was his pride, as it had been that of his grandfather and father, to give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," were alike honourable to him as a philanthropist and a Christian. In conclusion, he thanked his people for their exertions during the last year; hoped that as he increased in prosperity so would they; also, that they might meet again next year; and that they had been enjoying and would enjoy themselves at this beautiful watering-place. He retired, carrying with him the gratitude of all; the munificent gift being doubly enhanced by the kind and manly sentiments of the giver.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* APPENDIX.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

A PORTRAIT and MEMOIR of ELIHU BURRITT will shortly appear.

TO SUBSCRIBERS — The Index Sheet to Vol. I., price One Penny, is now ready; also

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

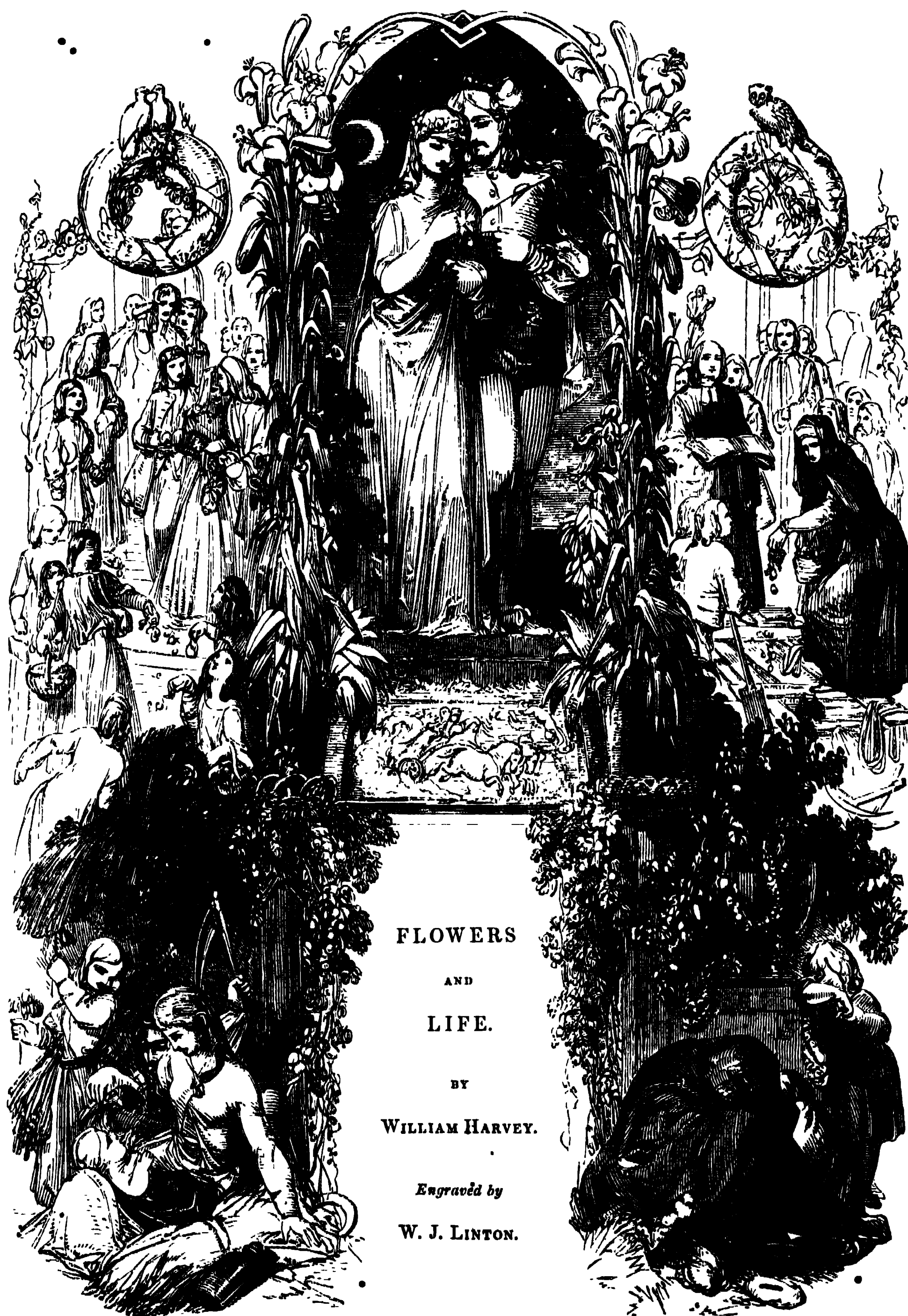
Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.





## AUTUMN WILD FLOWERS.

By Mary Howitt.

The autumn sun is shining,
Grey mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blowing still!

Still bright, in wood and meadow;
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams; by rivers broad;
On every breezy down,

The little flowers are smiling,
With chilly dew-drops wet,
Are saying with a spirit-voice—
"We have not vanished yet!

"No, though the spring be over;
Though summer's strength be gone;
Though autumn's wealth be garnered,
And winter cometh on;

"Still we have not departed,
We linger to the last,
And even on early winter's brow
A cheerful ray will cast!"

—Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
And toiling men grown grey!

Go forth, though ye be humble,
And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren
But some sweet flower is there!

Flowers spring up by the highway
Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in the dreariest wood;
They gem the dullest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
To nurture them with care;
They only need the dews of earth,
The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children;
For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
They will not be subdued.

—Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair was driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with thorns,
The little flowers were given!

That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade!

Thank God, that with the thistle
That sprang up in his toil,
The weary worker, Adam,
Saw roses gem the soil!

And still for anxious workers;
For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even on its dreariest paths,
Has flowers for them to cull!

## MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

By Mary Howitt.

*(Concluded from page 160.)*

The life of this truly great and good man has been so entirely devoted to the anti-slavery cause, that we cannot give a sketch of the one without tracing, in some measure, the progress of the other. The patience, the forbearance, the stedfast perseverance through good and through evil, the self-sacrifice, and self-renunciation, of the martyrs of emancipation, had drawn upon the cause the eyes of the whole country; and sympathy and conviction swelled their ranks every day, not with merely enthusiastic partisans, but with the most noble, the most intellectual, the most morally great men and women of the land.

In 1836, therefore, a new impetus was given to the anti-slavery movement, by the public labours of two remarkable women, who had become convinced of the guilt of slaveholding. These were Angelica and Sarah Grimke, the daughters of the late Honourable Thomas S. Grimke, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. By the death of their father, they inherited a large amount of slave property. In opposition to the laws of their country, in the first instance, they endeavoured to improve the condition of their slaves, by establishing schools among them, and introducing the habits of free society. But all their efforts were fruitless; the state of slavery around them could neither permit nor make availing their humane labours. Sacrificing, therefore, their worldly interests to their conscientious sense of duty, they liberated their slaves, removed them to a free district, where they would be able to maintain themselves, and then, with the small remains of their once noble fortunes, came to Philadelphia; where, naturally allying themselves to the emancipation cause, they became the most active and influential of its movers. They had also embraced the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, which, among other things, gives to woman a moral responsibility hardly acknowledged, at least, as far as action goes, by other religious bodies. They had thus been accustomed to speak in public, and their style of speaking was singularly impressive. Angelica, in particular, was a close reasoner and most eloquent declaimer. Before long, they conceived that duty called them to speak publicly on the subject of slavery—that system which from experience they knew to have horribly imbruted more than a million of their sex—and they, consequently, began to travel, and deliver their public testimony, both as Christian women and repentant slaveholders, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race. They came to Massachusetts, which became the principal field of their labours. At first, they addressed audiences composed exclusively of women; but so general became the curiosity to hear them, that immense assemblies of both sexes gathered wherever they spoke, and the most electric effects were produced by their energetic and powerful eloquence.

Alarmed at this strange innovation, and deeming it a dangerous precedent to be set to the women of the United States, the Calvinistic clergy of Massachusetts, connected with what is called "The General Association," issued a *bull* against them, in the name, and by the authority, of the apostle Paul, and warned the churches to give them no countenance in their unscriptural course! They defended themselves with great ability, and Sarah Grimke published an ably-written series of letters on the subject, entitled—"The Equality of the Sexes," which was the origin of what is called in America, the "Woman's Rights Question," and which has become, as will be seen, mixed up with the emancipation movement. Of course, it was now necessary for the abolitionists either to justify the course these powerful co-labourers were taking, or to join with the pro-slavery clergy in condemning and rejecting them. The great body of

the abolitionists, with Garrison at their head, bade them God speed! and thus established the principle of women being morally and politically equal to men. The clergy of the "orthodox" stamp still continued to show the most hostile spirit to the labours of women, and used every means in their power to get the management of the abolition cause into their own hands. They made a violent attempt at this in May, 1839, at the annual meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Society," in the city of New York, by denying that female members had a right to take part in the proceedings; but in this they were fortunately defeated. They then announced that, if the question was still carried in opposition to their views at the next annual meeting, they would secede from the society altogether.

The time of that meeting came, and will ever be memorable in the annals of the anti-slavery cause in America. The clergy had exerted every influence in their power to insure an overwhelming attendance of such as held their views of the question. The meeting was immense. The question immediately came on. Abby Kelly's name was proposed. She was a member of the Society of Friends, one of the most gifted and self-sacrificing of women, a noble creature in the noblest sense of the word, and one who has, since then, done more by her public lectures, and extraordinary labours, towards the overthrow of slavery, than any other lecturer whatever. She is one of those who, in the unshrinking achievement of good works, deserved, and will obtain, immortal honour. Such are the glorious women who have come forth on this extraordinary movement, clearly proving their own moral and intellectual greatness, whilst they undermine the strongholds of slavery, prejudice, and self-interest. The question was—should Abby Kelly sit on the committee? A large majority of votes decided that she should, and the clergy and their adherents immediately seceded, went to another place, and organised a society full of deadly hostility to the old one, giving it the name of the "American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society." Their first endeavour was to brand the old society as a dangerous body; as one which ought to be discountenanced by every friend of good order and religion. This new clerical society, unfortunately, like Elliott Cresson and his mission, has taken root in England, and has obtained the warm support of the Broad-street Committee, in London, which, singularly enough, is composed principally of the Society of Friends, who profess to hold, as one of their fundamental principles, the right for every human being to speak as the spirit giveth utterance, and who authorise, to the utmost, the right of women to enter the ministry, and speak in public. But truth is strong, nay, omnipotent, and these things must in the end be corrected.

No one individual in America has come in for a greater share of hatred and misrepresentation from this new and adverse party, than Garrison himself. It has been their object to crush him, and the violence of the Southern slave party has not been greater than the unkind, ungenerous falsehoods which they have circulated against him. We have heard, all of us in England, that he is a disturber of the public peace, a firebrand, an infidel, and on the last charge have the changes been most successfully rung. An infidel! because he believes that not *one* day in seven, but that *all* days should be kept holy! Are not many of us infidels in this same sense? A disorganiser and firebrand, because he rejects the use of all carnal weapons, and inculcates the duty of literally overcoming evil with good, and forgiving our enemies, as we desire God to forgive us! May the day soon come, when not only he, but we and the whole world, are "disorganisers and firebrands" of this description!

In 1840, the so-called "World's Anti-Slavery Convention" was held in London, and Garrison was appointed by the American Anti-Slavery Society to attend it, together with Lucretia Mott, and other female delegates—Lucretia Mott, by way of parenthesis, let us observe, is another of those remarkable women who have been called out of the retirement of private life, to stand forth boldly in this great battle of human rights. Never will the writer of this article forget seeing for the first time this extraordinary woman. Lucretia Mott, to her idea, must be an Amazon who, if full of intellectual power, and moral intrepidity, would want yet the graces of the true woman. She came; she was not above the middle size; in the plainest garb of a Quaker matron; calm, gentle, affectionate, and womanly in the highest degree. There was something absolutely subduing in the tenderness of her eye, in her soft smile, and low, pleasant voice; presently, however, the intellectual brow, the kindling eye, the beaming countenance, and the eloquent tongue, realised an idea of intellectual and moral greatness, and singleness of purpose, which wanted no Amazonian figure to complete it. She is now the writer's idea of a woman of the apostolic age; and hers, in reality, are the true characteristics of mind which those apostolic days called forth, as well as the present great struggle in America. Such was Lucretia Mott; but she was a *woman*, and the World's Convention would not receive her; nor, of course, any of her sister-delegates.

Garrison, as might be expected, refused, therefore, to appear in the character of delegate, either;—not on the ground of "Woman's Rights," but because the credentials given by the American Anti-Slavery Society were dishonoured, and he would not allow himself to go in as a privileged member, where others, having the same credentials as his own, were excluded. To have done otherwise would, according to his views, have been false to that society, and to the cause of the slave. He went, therefore, merely into the gallery as a spectator.

Strong in many noble minds was the indignation felt at this exclusion, and Daniel O'Connell and William Howitt, each of them, addressed letters to Lucretia Mott on this subject, which were widely circulated in America.

The great question of entire and immediate emancipation, since then, has made rapid progress through the United States. The true spirit of American independence is showing itself amongst accumulating thousands who have awoke as from a lethargy, and are exerting their strength to throw off this incubus of crime, and this moral disgrace, from their country.

The object of William Lloyd Garrison, and his colleagues, Henry C. Wright and Frederick Douglass, in this country at the present moment, is to rouse the sympathies of the British population, and, knowing the influence which public opinion here exerts in America, to secure for this sacred cause the full benefit of this moral agent.

The struggle is an arduous one, but the hand of God is for it, and it must prosper. Many remarkable features already attend it; it has called forth an amount of moral power and greatness, the effect of which cannot easily be calculated, but the result of which *must* be an immense march onward in the human progress.

Of our friend Garrison, let us conclude in the words of one capable of appreciating characters like his—"He is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet, but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears 'covered all over with the stars and orders' of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers." He is, in short, a true disciple of Christ, and in this lies his power and his greatness. Such men ennoble their age and their country.

## THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. II.

The ideas which have long agitated the camp of Democracy, when maturely considered, class themselves under two great doctrines; which, again, may be summed up in two words—*Rights* and *Duties*. Their varieties are numerous; the seeming varieties still more so. Schools, which start from the same point, and profess to have the same object, terminate, some in a new despotism, others in anarchy; some in the re-enthronement of obsolete faiths, others in vague and mystic aspirations after an indeterminate future: but all are, in one way or another, connected with the doctrine whose basis is the *rights* of the human *individual*, or with that which is derived from something superior to all individuals, superior to society itself. The former still rules throughout the ranks of democracy: it has hitherto reigned undisputed in England and America, uncontested but by a few eminent writers, who are little followed.* The second, more recent, and numerically weak, has yet, since 1830, gained all the pure select spirits of the continent. I think it is destined to triumph, and to organise democracy under its colours, from a religious point of view inaccessible to the former. This is sufficient to explain the spirit in which these thoughts will be written. I need all the toleration, all the habit of free discussion which distinguishes English readers, for, in examining the school which reposes on *individual right*, I shall, I repeat, shock many ideas received by the majority of the men of democracy, and shall be opposed to illustrious names, whose principles are generally regarded as unassailable. But the question is too serious for the necessity of examining it and discussing it freely, under every phase, not to be allowed. I have said that democracy is above all an *educational problem*, and as the value of all education depends on the truth of the principle on which it is based, the whole future of democracy is engaged in this question. No one can wish that it be lightly treated. No one can fail to perceive the importance of an explanation of the views embraced these fifteen years by many enlightened men in France, Italy, and Germany. It is only by a clear statement of all the ideas, of all the solutions, of all the aspirations which exist within our party, that we can hope to arrive at truth.

The doctrine which takes individual rights for its starting point has filled, especially in the last sixty years, an immense part, highly beneficial to humanity. Born, or to speak better, reduced to a formula at a time when the religious life of nations was still in great measure subject to colleges of priests of whatever sort, their political life to governments of whatever sort, their intellectual life to censors, and their industrial life to revenue officers, it has struck down, destroyed, or undermined all these. It has conquered—whether morally or actually, is of little importance, for every moral conquest must sooner or later become actual,—liberty of conscience, political securities, the freedom of the press: and now it has conquered free-trade. Here is a great and noble part in the history of the world which can never be denied to this doctrine. But the important question for democracy is not there. *Is that enough?* Are all these conquests the *end*, or are they not rather the *means* to enable them to attain the end? And if this is so, can the principle of the *I*, of *individual right*, if laid down as the basis of education, political and moral; can it, I say, guide man, can it associate men for that end, for those ulterior conquests? That is the question. For whoever examines things at all seriously, the doctrine of individual rights is essentially and in principle only a great and holy protest in favour of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy, it is impotent to found. It is mighty to break chains, it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love.

See before you men, free, emancipated, conscious of their faculties, acquainted with their rights, with God's universe open before them. What use will they make of their liberty? In what will they employ their faculties? Whither and how will they direct their march? Is not this question—the vital question for the human creature—still untouched? The doctrine of *rights* has given men ability to act; but what will now be their action? Is not this the problem whose solution we are seeking?

Behold nations strong and great, freed from all the fetters which prejudices, class interests, or the hostile ambitions of a few reigning families had cast around them. What use will they make of their freedom of action? Will they establish their nationality upon broad and active sympathies with the True, the Beautiful, the Just; or will they wrap themselves up in the leanings of a narrow nationalism, will they strive to encroach upon the rights of others, to absorb, to monopolise all power? Will they perceive that national and international life ought to form only two manifestations of one and the same principle, the love of what is good? Will they, in a word, take as their motto, *the weakening of all which is not ourselves*; or, *amelioration of all by all*; the *progress* of each *for the advantage of all*.

This is once more the question which democracy desires to solve; for democracy is not the liberty of all, but *government freely consented to by all, and acting for all.* What the world thirsts for at present is, whatever some may say, *authority*. All its insurrections are directed, not against the idea of power, but against the parody of that idea: against a phantom authority, a lifeless shape, which can no longer fecundate our lives. We desire to be guided; only we wish the best and wisest among us to be our guides. We desire to be associated as closely as possible in a common union in pursuit of a common object; only we wish this union to be freely accepted, this object not to be a fragmentary object, the object of a class or of the part. And far from delighting, as so many believe

* Carlyle in England; Emerson in America.

or pretend to believe, in disorganisation or anarchy, democracy—like the world, whose moving spirit it is at present—thirsts for unity; only, inspired by cruel experience, it preaches that henceforth no unity is possible where an artificial inequality reigns, where a spirit of domination on the one hand, of distrust and reaction on the other, prevent all community of ideas, and break humanity up into distinct classes, by giving them different interests.

The doctrine of individual rights is so incompetent to resolve the question as I have here laid it down, that it is terrified at the idea of government. For its publicists, government is a necessary inconvenience, to which they submit, on condition of giving it as little power as possible. In their theory, government, reduced nearly to the functions of a police constable, deprived of every initiative, has no mission but to *prevent.* It is there to repress crime and violence, to secure to every individual the exercise of his rights against any brutal attack of his neighbours—nothing more. And lest, seduced by the sweets of the power deposited in its hands, it should attempt to overstep these narrow bounds, they surround it with suspicion, with mistrust, with hostile local powers; they devote their whole study to organise a system of guarantees against its possible encroachments. Here is, properly speaking, no society; there is only an aggregation of individuals, bound over to keep the peace, but for the rest following their own individual objects: *laissez faire, laissez passer.* *

This is not the ideal we seek; no, certainly, it was not to attain the ignoble and immoral, *every one for himself*, that so many great men, holy martyrs of thought, have shed from epoch to epoch, from century to century, their souls' tears, the sweat and blood of their bodies. Beings of devotedness and love, they laboured and suffered for something higher than the individual, for that humanity which ought to be the object of all our efforts, and to which we are all responsible. Before a generation which scorned or persecuted them, they calmly uttered their prophetic thoughts; with an eye fixed on the horizon of future times, speaking to that *collective* being which ever lives, which ever learns, and in which the divine idea is progressively realised, for that city of the human race,† which alone, by the association of all intellects, of all loves, of all forces, can accomplish the providential design that presided over our birth here below. We are all pledged to one another. We all live for others; the individual for his family, the family for its country, the country for humanity. We all seek the law of our life, and with us (as in all that exists), the law of the individual is found only in the species. We are all climbing a pyramid, whose base embraces the earth, and whose point rises towards God. the ascent is slow and painful, and we can accomplish it only by entwining all our hands, by aiding ourselves with our united strength, by closing our ranks, like the Macedonian phalanx, when any of us fall exhausted by fatigue. Here, in this necessity, lives the legitimacy of democracy, of its aspirations after the emancipation, the elevation, the co-operation of all: here, also, is the secret of its inevitable power—inevitable as the accomplishment of the designs of God.

But if from these heights, where all human desires become purified, where the efforts, by which we strive to transform the medium in which we live, receive a religious consecration, you bring democracy down to the narrow arena of individual tendencies, giving it for arms individual rights, for object a mere theory of liberty; without a higher and common rule, you change its all-embracing, all-sanctifying nature into a something reactionary and hostile, you destroy its organic thought, its eminently social instincts, its thirst for general education, for belief, and for unity of direction, for the benefit of I know not what anarchy of peaceful men, in which man will begin by the worship of individuality, and will fall by degrees into the the abysses of egotism. And in the meantime you excite, you in some measure justify, the terrors and repugnance of the society you are desirous to gain over; you unconsciously sow hatred; you alienate from us superior minds,* who think democracy barren, godless, and consequently impotent.

I am aware that many who adopt the doctrine I am refuting, will be astonished at the consequences I deduce from it. They dream of the future much as I do; they examine themselves, and find themselves ready to devote themselves for others, for the future prospects of humanity, for the development of social instincts, for all that I declare to be the final aim of democracy. Were it not so, I should be wrong in all that I have written hitherto. These men are better than their doctrine; their heart is better than their head: it feels the *collective* life of humanity—it communes with it; it hurries them into a *practice* which contradicts their *theory.* But what assurance have they that others will do what *they* do? We have here to do not with the actions of individuals; we have to do with the value of a principle to be implanted in general education; we have to do with the influence which that principle may exercise on men already more or less corrupted by an education received under the state of things we desire to abolish, or by a total absence of education.

You speak, some will tell me, of unity of belief, and, consequently, of education; you condemn our distrust, our system of guarantees, our theory of liberty. Would you entrust the national education to the existing powers? Would you intrust to societies founded on privilege the initiative of future progress? And ought we, for fear of anarchy, to incur the risk of despotism? God forbid! The struggle for liberty is as sacred as human individuality: maintain it to the last. Wherever government—corrupt, or behind the age—has no mission to educate, beware of giving it one: surround yourselves with guarantees, so long as you can do no better. Only do not erect into a final theory what is but a sad temporary necessity; do not limit the problem to a mere overthrowing of obstacles. We are clearing the ground in order to raise a new edifice. We need liberty, as much to fulfil a *duty* as to exercise a *right*: we must retain it. But if you give to your political education a higher religious principle, it will become what it ought really to be—the ability to choose between the means of doing good: if you enthrone it alone, as at once *means* and *end*, it will become what some jurisconsults, copying paganism, have defined the right to use and to abuse. It will lead society, first to anarchy, afterwards to the despotism which you fear.

* Let things take their course.'

† *Civitas generis humani*; the expression of all great men, from Tacitus to Dante (*de Monarchia*), from Dante to Bacon.

* *e. g.* Thomas Carlyle, a democrat by every instinctive tendency, refuses democracy a future, because he confounds it with the school I am combating.

Suppose the rights of one individual temporarily opposed to those of another, how will you reconcile them, except by appealing to something superior to all rights? Here is the right to increase their wealth recognised in all: how will you solve, without appealing to another principle, the great and permanent question between the workman and his manufacturing employer? There is an individual revolting against the bonds of society: he feels himself strong; his inclinations, his faculties, call him to another than the common path; he has a right to develope them, and he wages war against the community. Consider well, what argument can you oppose to him consistently with the doctrine of rights? What right have you, from the mere fact that you are a majority, to impose upon him obedience to laws which are not in harmony with *his* individual rights and aspirations? Rights are equal for all: society can have not one more than an individual. How, then, will you prove to that man that he ought to confound his own will with the will of his brethren? By imprisonment? by the scaffold? That is to say, wherever society has not given education, *by violence*. Suppose one of those solemn crises which threaten the life of a country, and call for the active devotedness of all its sons—a foreign invasion, a violent attempt to substitute a tyranny for the fundamental laws of the state—some great and indispensable progress to be won for a suffering class: is it in the name of rights that you will call on the citizen to dare martyrdom? Is not the first of rights the right to life? You have taught him that society was constituted for the sole purpose of securing to him *his* rights; and now you demand of him to sacrifice them all—to suffer, to die, for the safety of his country—for the progress of a class which perhaps is not even his own! No; he will calculate the risks and the chances of success, and act accordingly; or he will declare himself a cosmopolite—will say—as, in fact, has been often said—"*Ubi bene, ibi patria!*"* He will carry his at his shoe-sole, and you will have no right to address to him a single reproach. The man has only been logical—consistent with the principle of the education you have given him.

Alas! what an historical commentary could I, the native of an enslaved country, append to the words I have just written! How much devotedness have I seen fade at the breath of adversity in the last fifteen years! How bitterly have I oft repeated, while contemplating these living ruins, the verse of Shakspeare—

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

They had risen, burning with youth and pride, indignantly shaking off the chains imposed on their intellect, on their conscience, on all their faculties; exasperated to see every path closed against them in future, and swearing they would fight and suffer unrelaxingly for the national cause. But without a firm belief in the duty of devoting themselves to the general cause, without a religious conception of human life, urged by the spirit of reaction, and the instinct of their violated rights, rather than by a social inspiration, how could they keep their promise? Two or three years' struggle exhausted those strong constitutions. Exile and persecution took out all the bright colours of the flag they had followed, instead of giving it the sacredness of misfortune. Disappointed hope filled them with a barren bitterness; and at every abandonment, at every desertion, they said to themselves—"*Why struggle for beings so corrupt?*"—not seeing that it is because men are corrupt we should strive to change them. By degrees they allowed themselves to be influenced, to be ruled by the atmosphere which surrounded them; they began to reckon what they lost in the struggle; they found that, for the uncertain gain of a few rights withheld, they risked the loss of their material career—of life, the source of all rights. Scepticism seized them, enchained them with its serpent coils. When it had subdued them, it transformed itself into egotism. Thus, saddest of all sad sights, I saw them die the death of the soul. Those only fell not who, taking the cross for suffering and for struggles, had smilingly bid adieu to *individual* life, to its joys, its dreams, its azure hopes.

And tell me, when you look at the nations which enjoy more or less liberty—tell me, oh my friends in the struggle—whence comes this incessant, ever-growing complaint of the *people*, of the laborious classes, of the millions who toil and suffer? Is there not here an energetic protest against the impotence of that incomplete doctrine which makes the *individual* at once means and end? Take France, for instance. There, for sixty or seventy years, the doctrine has had its philosophers, its moralists, its apostles, its warriors, its triumphs. 1789, 1830. Liberty has been won; the doctrine of individual rights has been incarnated, one may say, in every man. Why do so small a number profit by it? Why have the wrongs of the working masses remained nearly the same? Why have the revolutions directed by the middle class, by the bourgeoisie, been productive for that class alone? The bourgeoisie fought only for rights: it has remained faithful to its principle; and *its own* rights once won, it felt no need to extend them. The masses have remained excluded from the conquest. What becomes of rights for those who have no power to exercise them? What becomes of liberty of instruction for him who has no time to learn?—of free trade for him who has neither capital nor credit? To prevent the doctrine of rights from becoming a bitter irony for this man—and the name of this man is million—the middle classes should have thought of abridging the hours of labour, of raising wages, of giving a uniform and gratuitous education to the multitudes, of bringing the instruments of labour within the reach of all, of establishing a credit for the talented and honest working man. They have not thought of all this. And why should they have done it? Why should they have limited the exercise of *their* rights for the benefit of others? The lists are opened: 'tis enough—let him run the course who can. The men of 1830 are now called apostates in France: this is wrong. They have, I repeat, only been logical. They honestly opposed the government of Charles X., because it was directly opposed to the class from whence they sprung—to their right of thought, every instant violated—to the right to a share in the government, which their education, their talents, their callings gave them. These rights won, they rested. Can you, *according to their principle*, require more of them?

A great man, an Englishman, who in his own person sums up all the labours of the school, has replied by anticipation in the affirmative. He has given to the doctrine of individual right the support of a principle which he declares inherent in human nature, and which merits a separate examination. This shall form the subject of my third article.

* "Where's my welfare, there's my country."

## A FEW SKETCHES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By Abel Paynter.

*The Hague, September,* 1846.

I have always fancied that there might be a whimsical, as well as a poetical, picturesque. I am sure of it now, having seen Holland. But the difficulty of sketching becomes great, when a country, as ——— put it, "is so topsy-turvy," that every known combination and association must be done violence to, ere the pen-and-ink picture in the least approaches the reality. Mine will be poor and slight, I am aware: but they are taken on the spot, and of a land unexhausted by summer tourists.

There are many reasons why Holland will be always, I think, sparingly visited by the English. It is not in the high-road to any other place: it is very near: it is very dear: only twelve guilders to the pound, and everything costing a guilder, makes wild work with a moderate traveller's money-bag. But for "once and away" the visit will well repay the cost to all such as relish what is uncommon, and can include, in their list of sensations, the "pleasures of the plains," as well as the raptures of "the mountain and the flood." Let no one say, "My chambers of imagery shall contain only one room; and that, only one set of objects."

Every one desiring to enjoy Holland would do well to enter it by the way I took: that is, from Antwerp to Rotterdam, by "the interior waters," as the phrase is. The steamers are good; and the distance—if nothing befall—may be done in about ten hours, without terror of sea-sickness, save to those whom a voyage to Richmond, or on Windermere Lake, makes qualmish. What a day of pictures was my day! Dutch pictures, it is true: but of wonderful glow, and freshness, and motion. Among the other things which this tropical summer has been laid out to promote, travelling in the Low Countries must have been expressly attended to. I never saw so bright a sky: no, not even over Venice:—the air was diamond-clear; and just enough breeze upon the deeps, to swell the sails of the gay, queer-looking doggers, with their chestnut-brown hulls, and their green and scarlet rudders, and their primitive-looking crews, as they *lunged* along the water:—the red-roofed towns and farm-houses, —standing so low behind the dykes, that, to quote Hood, "they look as if they had been not long sown, and were only just coming up,"—might have been fresh cut out of marble—scarlet, salmon-coloured, and white; and the trees before and behind them (even by pollarding a tree you cannot make it wholly ugly) were as fresh in their blue and yellow greens, as if September had not come in. At Fort Batz—where we stopped to have luggage and passports examined—a handful of tidy soldiers, who came blithely drumming along the dyke, looked so showy and brilliant, that I could not help exclaiming—like Horace Walpole, when, after visiting a wax-work show, he caught himself watching a real woman at a window—"Lord! it moves!"—I must say, in parenthesis, that the custom-house officers who boarded us at Fort Batz were models of civility and patience; the latter not untaxed by one or two French actresses, who made as much coil about their wardrobes as if they had been in any danger, or of any value.—Then we had a specimen from North Holland on board: a famous old farmer, with a face as brown as a berry, and a substantial beaver three-decker, a stout suit of blue cloth, and a silk handkerchief clasped at the throat by two knots of gold filagree, which must each have been worth twice two pounds at least. So much for the eye. I pity the mind which would not be moved by the signs of indefatigable energy with which man has here struggled with difficulties:—the long lines of water embankment—every one maintained with the order of a dressed garden; the creeks judiciously cut where the best irrigation and draining are possible; the long fortifications of waving reeds, in themselves a beautiful object, with their spikes of deep copper-violet,—to pluck one of which, save at the right time and in the right way, is a misdemeanour:—these signs of indomitable resolution have a poetry in them which we English are particularly calculated to appreciate—the poetry of struggle. Italy gives us the poetry of supineness. And, as much that I saw reminded me of the Venetian islands, though wanting their pomegranate gardens, and their grape arcades, and their

> Figs which scent
> The noon like honey,

I could not help drawing out the contrast further: there nature so rich! here so niggardly!—there so glorious a climate! here one so ungenial! and saying, "What would the South be had her children somewhat of our spirit?" For the theory of races and compensations by no means suffices to make the hoper acquiesce in one part of the globe being left to squalid idleness, while another "keeps its head above water" (literally) by flourishing industry.

As the day got on, and the canals closed in, a more varied range of objects presented itself to relieve the monotony. Huge, dreamy-looking cows —dappled and white, and orange-brown—laying "their happy lengths along" in meadows, just as Paul Potter painted them, with a willow or so for background; and peeping above that, the sail of a barge, in some water-path not seen; small farm-houses, each with a fan of trimmed trees pressed against its face,—pretty and cool enough to look at, in such blazing weather, but which, under a gloomy, spongy sky, must, methinks, make a house unaccountably dismal and unhealthy. And then, what windmills! as grand and bold in their forms, some of them, as the Martello tower or lighthouse, which makes so capital an artist's point in many a beach scene; but fifty-fold richer in right of all their paraphernalia of hood, and wings, and balcony-girdle! brave, comely creatures! some of them thatched; and then, of that soft mouse-gray colour, than which nothing is sweeter to the eye: most enlivened by some *accident*,—of gay garment dangling from the sail; or jolly miller, with his scarlet waistcoat and his pipe; or some fair, ample miller's daughter, a creature not exactly for Alfred Tennyson to sing, but for Mieris, or Maas, assuredly, to paint. I have seen no single building, guiltless of architectural pretence, so sumptuously handsome as these windmills: and light them up with such a harvest moon as is now glowing—and bring along the canal beneath them a slow gliding track-boat, with its handful of life (and fire) on board—and the dusky figure of the poor little towing-boy, who trudges along the bank,—and you get a picture ready made, such as I, at least, shall always value as among the choicest in my gallery.

It was nearly six when we stopped at Dortrecht; a large and important place, the water-line bristling with craft, all decked with gay flags, for this chanced

to be a prince's birthday, and the sky-level broken by the tower of a church—architecturally very ugly, and staring with four great clock faces,—but still, from its height and size, very acceptable in a picture. Here, again, I was made to bethink me of the Lagunes, by the want of perpendicular lines. One gets used, I suppose, to living on slippery foundations: but I confess that to abide in a place where every house has a slouch, and every chimney a "list to port," would set my imagination going, on a rainy night, when the floods were coming down and the deeps rising, and in spite of all my trust in dykes and locks—in Man's energy sharpened by Providence!—methinks I should dream more than was comfortable of the once-upon-a-time submerged inhabitants of the district beyond that particularly spongy-looking corner, called the Bies-Bosch, where, as guide-books tell us, "72 villages and 100,000 human beings, were swallowed up" by the fury of the Rhine only four hundred years ago!

We reached Rotterdam just at sunset. I am not going to offer myself as guide to you—merely sketching impressions. Here I "realised" (as the Americans say) that I was in Holland, by another organ than the eye. Verily, the odour of gin, and a peculiarly faint tobacco, is the Dutch smell. Every land has its own associations of the kind. Ours is coal and smoke. The French, their wood fires. Germany its tobacco (with a difference—inasmuch as no German can bear a window opened; whence, in his house, an unaccountable fustiness, which my friend the Hollander lets out into the streets). Italy its scents, not Sabæan, which I will not dwell upon; however, strange as occuring among a people so nicely organised as to be intolerant of rose and lily perfumes. It needs not Mr. Holman, the blind traveller, to tell how a breathing of any one of these "generic airs" conjures up as much as a strain of music, or a face encountered long ago. Henceforth, Holland has an existence of its own, to my nose, as well as to my ear and mine eye.

From Rotterdam to the Hague was a lovely drive in the mellow moonlight. The perpetual stoppages of the diligence enabled me to peep into the roadside taverns, where the neatest of neat furniture, the cleanest of clean crockery, and large, fair, ample landladies, in caps and aprons white as snow, each ready with a hissing tea-urn, told such a tale of good living and daily comfort, that, but for the "reek" I have described, I could have fancied myself in the Arcadia of easy-going bachelors. Then the roads, paved with yellow bricks laid edgeways, might have been just scoured. If cleanliness *be* as closely akin to godliness, as the old saw assures us, then Holland must be Holy Land. Present this derivation, with my compliments, to the archæologists. It does not make against the ingenuity thereof, that the population here is by no means the most moral I have been among; neither the tradesmen the least ready to take advantage of a foreigner.

I had been told at Antwerp that I should find nothing eatable in this land of glorious cheese and golden butter.. But the Antwerpers spoke like true Belgians, who thus maligned the pantries of the Hague. Coffee out of a little barrel has rather a tipsy look, 'tis true—though the device threw a very exclamatory German party into screams of admiration; and cheese at breakfast and tea is calculated to dismay a cockney; but the fish is excellent, the meat juicy and tender, and the bread of first quality: though all nearly as costly as with us. The thirsty man, moreover, who is a teetotaller labours under sad dinner difficulties in Holland. Two lines of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* might be taken as a motto for the country:—

> Water, water everywhere,
> *But not a drop to drink!*

The very washed linen has a sickly, clammy feel. How different from the clouts I have slept under in the Tyrol; as coarse as the sail of a ship, but crisp and sweet from some mountain brook and thymy slope on a hill-side! Our table decanters are supplied from Amsterdam and Utrecht. This is well nigh as bad as being at sea.

Talking of the table of the *Hotel de Marechal Turenne*, I come now to a sadder object than the smiling Dutch faces, good-naturedly emitting most wonderful English, by which I have been mostly surrounded. I sketch it by way of duty—not pleasure. A hardened man is bad, a hardened woman worse, but a hardened child is worst, and a hardened English child worst of all—to an Englishman; especially when his pride is humbled by meeting the exhibition abroad. Here has been a party of such. Never did I hear the "*I can't bear this!*" and "*I won't eat that!*" style of table-talk in such vivacity—never such sharp cries for fish-sauce—such clamourings for a third glass of champagne—such eagerness to be helped first—though I have sat with some renowned epicures at table. They were two boys and a girl; the eldest not fourteen. Their parents were by, and a governess. "Heaven help them!" said I to myself, "what *will* they grow up into?" The sight of their snatchings and their scramblings, and their *hard*, knowing faces, might well spoil the dinner of a cross old bachelor. If this comes of parents travelling, and keeping their children with them, better for health, heart, and hopefulness, Do-the-Boys Hall!—for there, at least, was endurance to be practised. Prodigious genius is perilous enough, but prodigious sensuality worse. I was utterly downcast to see those children. They make my one blot on the Hague.

This is a quiet court-town: but not oppressively so, like Darmstadt or Carlsruhe—or others of the small foreign capitals—where a great palace overcrows wide and empty thoroughfares. The houses of the king and the king's kinsfolk stand sociably about in streets and squares, where less notable personages are also free to dwell. There is more than one good open space, half a dozen malls of very fine trees—delicious in these hot days, and by moonlight, "beautiful exceedingly"—and an old clumsy brick pile, the Binnenhof, with a gothic hall in the midst where Barnaveldt was beheaded, upon which I find my eye falling complacently oftener than upon such more academically pretentious palaces as those of Munich or Brunswick. The park, close beyond the theatre and best hotels, would be a paragon of a public garden, so rich and stately is its umbrage, did but the water run: but green-black canals, overgrown with duckweed, noisome with mud, and musical with frogs, were better filled up, methinks, could that be possible. A brilliant military band played in "The Wood," on Sunday, and all the Hague was out to shade itself, and to show itself. A more cheerful, clean, intelligent looking assemblage I never saw. The women were singularly well dressed—those of the poorer class, most substantially, instead of flaunting in flimsy Frenchified trumpery, like the shop-girls and servant-maids of what some have misnomered the People's Paradise—Vienna. No police seemed about—there was no riot: but no stupidity. The soldiers are excellently clean, and the number of fresh, intelligent old faces exceeds

what I have seen elsewhere, save in Zurich—where, I recollect fancying that the very children must be born some thirty years old, and the patriarchs emulate the centuries of Methusalem! Later in the day I passed more than one coffee-house, where quiet happy-looking family parties were sitting over *good* refreshments. Not gin, I beg to say—or my nose would have told it—and singing very nicely in parts, by memory. In short, there is an absence of pretension about all that I see, which would make the Hague a most welcome resting place, only for the dearness. For the lover of art, there is food for a week's *hard* pleasure (since learning pictures really justifies my epithet) in the Public Gallery and the Royal Collection. The last is made up of choice things: in particular the Hemlink pictures, seen with distinct recollections of those at Bruges and at Munich, took me back most irresistibly to the early days of art, when duty, and faith, and conscience went to the work of the painter, as well as into the closet of the merchant. But this opens too wide a subject—and I bound myself to try to send you pictures, not to tantalise you by imperfect descriptions of those many among you will never see. They have also good young painters in Holland: Waldorp, Schelhont, the Van Hoves, Ververt, and others—but a wretched state architect, if I am to judge from the back of the New Palace, than which, much better gothic is to be seen in many a confectioner's window.

There are no fine churches here. One, St. James's, has a clumsy eight-sided tower, worth mounting for the view, which the sea at Scheveningen, to-day as smooth as a glass, and blue as turquoise, bounds on the one side, and on the other—far in the distance—the smoke and the high buildings of Rotterdam. They seem to be perpetually at work to keep this church standing, from what the workmen told me, yet the tower is full of cracks, with all their care; and I should fancy the vibration of the great bells hardly safe, in damp weather, when the houses shake with every carriage that passes. But you would think me a croaker, were I to talk more of the great question of Holland—how it is to be kept dry? My paper is full, so enough for the present.

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## RAGGED SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

The inability of the poor to give their children education, and the neglect of these children by the public, have been productive of the most lamentable results. Crowds of vagrant children infest the streets of every large town, annoying the passenger by their clamorous solicitations, and harassing the police by the commission of crime. To remedy these evils, Ragged Schools and Schools of Industry have been established. By the former, in the day or evening school, it is proposed to civilise the ragged urchin, by picture lesson, reading, and moral anecdote, without any inquiry into the state of his stomach, or attempting to mend his windowed raggedness. The musing, melancholy Foster, speaking of the condition of the labouring classes, says—"In their present physical state there can be no education. Creatures starving in dirty rags, and herded in loathsome huts and cellars, are in no state for intellectual cultivation." But the supporter of the Ragged School seems to be of a different opinion, and in the report of the Ragged School Association there is a proud array of noblemen and gentlemen recommending their extension. We predict not that their efforts will be fruitless, but we turn with far more satisfaction to the contemplation of the Industrial School, where benevolence speaks naturally and intelligibly, and says "be ye fed and clothed," before it puts the horn-book or the catechism into the hand of the scholar. The Aberdeen Schools of Industry were brought into general notice by an article in *Chambers's Journal*, in November last, descriptive of a visit one of the philanthropic and talented editors of that popular journal paid to these interesting schools, which we shall probably describe hereafter more fully than we can now do; and its author, in a subsequent number, adverting to them, says—"It is very gratifying to know that the notice we speak of (the article referred to), has had the effect of attracting a greater degree of local attention to these useful institutions, and of inspiring a desire elsewhere to establish schools on a similar plan and for a similar purpose. In the whole course of our labours we have experienced no higher satisfaction than that which has been derived from repeated announcements of the practical value of that little article."

If such has been the satisfaction of the mere spectator and historian of these schools, how intense must the gratification be of those who were instrumental in their establishment. We now hope to show how they may be rendered productive of great *national* advantage.

The Aberdeen Industrial School originated on the suggestion of a local magistrate, who saw with dismay the progress of juvenile delinquency, and having discovered its primary cause, in the destitution of parents, recommended a school where the children of destitute parents should be fed, educated, and trained to habits of industry. The intelligent citizens of Aberdeen at once perceived the suitableness of the means to the end, and separate boys' and girls' schools, for seventy scholars each, were established. The success of these institutions led to the last successful attempt, at once to put a stop to juvenile begging, by apprehending every child engaged in that employment, and conveying him to a separate school. On the first day, seventy-five boys and girls eminently qualified for a Ragged School were entered, washed, fed, and disciplined; and on being dismissed in the evening were invited to return next day. A large proportion made their appearance—and, with a slightly fluctuating attendance, the numbers at present are upwards of eighty; and the average daily attendance is about seventy-two. These children, lately so ragged, ignorant, and depraved, apply heartily to their work and lessons, and exhibit a decent outward appearance, and scarcely has an instance occurred of any child at the Industrial Schools having committed any theft or breach of the public peace. All strangers are loud in their approbation of the system, and the working men of Aberdeen some time since procured a public meeting, to recommend a subscription in aid of the school, and collected upwards of 250*l.* from nearly 4000 subscribers. This is the sort of patronage we especially desire for Schools of Industry, and so long as they are so patronised there are no fears for their success. The intelligent operative can readily discover what is right in principle and beneficial in practice; and, when satisfied on these points, he is not backward in contributing according to his means. Thus have we given a brief account of the

rise and progress of the Aberdeen schools, but we think that we would leave our duty only half discharged if we did not inquire, if these schools are suitable for the class for whom they were established, would they be unsuitable for the operative who supports them? When the father and mother are following their occupations abroad, how many anxious thoughts have they for the little family at home. The eldest daughter is very careful of the baby, but the boys are given to mischief, and are apt to be led astray by evil company. "Oh, man!" said an anxious mother to the Director of the School, "if you would only take in the bairn to keep it out of harm's way, I would gladly pay for the meat and the schooling—for the goodman has good wages, and is no given to drink, but we are often out of the way, and there are so many dangers beset the bairn when we are not looking after it." She, no doubt, thought it hard that the poor should get for nothing what she would so cheerfully have paid for—and so think we. But lest we be singular, or not very plural, in our opinion, we pause till we know, whether what we have written is approved of—and if so, we have a few more thoughts and suggestions very much at the service of the *People's Journal.*

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## Poetry for the People.

### THE YOUNG POET'S HYMN.

*From an unpublished Opera, entitled "Life according to Law."*

By Ebenezer Elliott.

TUNE, LUTHER'S HYMN.

To live in vain! to live in pain!
To toil in hopeless sadness!
Is this the doom of God-like man,
Oh, God of Love and Gladness?
Not so the rose in summer blows;
Not so the moon her changes knows;
Not so the storm his madness.

From storms that rock the oak to sleep,
Thy woods their beauty borrow;
And flowers, to-day, unheeded weep,
Whose seeds will live to-morrow;
So man, by painful ages taught,
Will build, at last, on truthful thought,
And wisdom won from sorrow.

Else, what a lie were written wide,
By thy right hand, my Father,
O'er all thy seas, in crimson dyed
When Morning is a bather;
O'er all thy vales of growing gold;
Or where, on mountains black and cold,
Thy clouds to battle gather.

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### MAN IS A VAPOUR,

*Written at sea, on seeing a small white cloud rising from the land.*

A cloudlet rose from earth's swampy wells,
Hovering like a living thing;
But the air crept into its pory cells,
Severing it into particles,
Plucking its downy wing;
Till it faded from the gazer's sight,
Ne'er to unite.

Man is a vapour, by life's ray
Drawn into light. But through his frame.
Creeps Death and chemical decay;
His filmy substance shrinks away—
Going to whence it came—
Through earth and air, the world o'er,
To meet no more.

Is this the finish of our days?
Is there no life in our lost breath?
Has Mind, when set on earth, no rays
Elsewhere? A voice within us says,
"Thy answerer is Death"
If Death can tell us this,—Oh, why,
Would we not die!

R. L.

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### SONNET.

The delicate, fine perfumes of the Spring—
The starry primrose, worshipping the morn—
The heaven-blue tinted hyacinths, that ring
Glad peals from odorous bells, when May is born—
The violet, that greeteth every hour
O' the day, while bright-eyed April smiles and weeps
(Ruling the earth with fitful childish power),
But boweth down her languid head, and sleeps
Under her spreading leaves at full mid-day,
When glowing May 'gins guide the year along:
These subtle, soft, delicious odours stray
Over the soul, like sounds of heavenly song.
As Spring perfumes, or angel melody,
Cometh the memory of thy love to me.

J. M. W.

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### THE WAYFARER.

By Calder Campbell.

Wearily, oh wearily the Wayfarer doth go,
Up mountain steep, down valley deep, in sunshine, and through snow;
He hath no staff to lean upon, no guide to point his way;
What is he, then, this Traveller, that wanders night and day?
A wayfarer should buckle on his belt with mickle care—
Should bear a wallet on his back, to furnish needful fare—
Should hold a leaping-pole in hand, to stand him good at need,
And a cheerful heart within his breast, and stout feet for a steed.

But badly fares the Traveller who wanders to and fro,
With craven heart, which hath no art all straits to undergo;
Who looketh not to heaven high for guiding star and light—
Who leaneth on no staff of hope, but stumbleth through the night!
The Christian pilgrim, doom'd to pass o'er tracks of want and woe,
Hath still within his grasp a staff to teach him how to go;
And o'er his darkest journeyings a star sends radiance down
To cheer the dark intricacies of country or of town!

Take heart, oh, weary Wayfarer! take heart, and learn to know
That God can strengthen thee when faint—can raise thee up when low;
There may be wanderings of thought to make the purest err,
But He hath help for them and thee, if sought with earnest prayer;
Nor deem it sin, if dark at times the whole horizon seem—
Our human cares, our human fears, our human skies will dim;
Man's nature is of earth, at best, and earth will have its cloud—
Oh! lives there one who sigheth not—*sometimes*—for a shroud?

## TO A WEARIED WORKER.

"Rest?"—Thou must not seek for rest
Until thy task be done;
Thou must not lay thy burthen down
Till setting of the sun.

Thou must not weary of the life,
Nor scorn thy lowly lot,
Nor cease to work, because such work
Thy neighbour prizeth not.

Thou must not let thy heart grow cold,
Nor hush each generous tone,
Nor veil the bright love in thine eye;
Thou must not *live alone.*

When others strive, thou too must help,
And answer when they call;
The power to love God gave to thee,
Thou must employ for all.

"Freedom and Rest" thou wouldest have:
Freedom is service meet;
And rest of soul is but a name
For toil amid life's heat.

Unmoved to gaze upon the strife,
Is not true liberty;
To others thou must minister,
Wouldst thou be truly *free.*

In the outward world 'tis vain to seek
The Eden thou wouldst win;
That ancient paradise is gone—
Thine Eden is within.

J. M. W.

## A SUMMER DAY IN THE FOREST.

By William Howitt.

For many years it was my custom, once at least in the year, to enjoy one long summer day in the solitudes of Sherwood Forest. With one congenial companion, setting out at an early hour on foot, I have traversed the heathy hills, followed the clear streams—and nowhere in the world do clearer streams run—rested in the sweet shades of Harlow Wood, or in the ancient haunts of Birkland, where still stand trees coeval with Robin Hood and King John. There are no days in my life to which I look back as more full of true happiness. Such a day was a refreshment to the mind and the heart for months. In such a stroll, thoughts and feelings have sprung up that have had nature enough in them to diffuse themselves through the press far and wide. To show how much enjoyment may be gathered in one such day, I will describe one, and that spent in scenes that had chiefly solitude, sunshine, and a delicious air to boast of as their attractions.

There is a piece of scenery about eight miles from Nottingham, which very likely has attracted very little of the attention of the inhabitants of that great stocking-weaving and lace-weaving place, but which is to me very delightful. Entomologists often visit it in the summer, for it abounds in a variety of curious and splendid insects; but otherwise you seldom encounter anybody there, except it be a person from the adjoining farms, or the neighbouring village of Oxton. But I have traversed it summer after summer, and always with renewed pleasure. It is a remnant of the fine old forest of Sherwood, denuded, it is true, of its grand old oaks, but still studded with furze-bushes, carpeted with most elastic turf, and inhabited by a host of the wild denizens of nature. You first become aware of its picturesque beauty, by finding yourself at a little bridge, beneath which a most clear and swift trout-stream runs; and, arrested by that charming object, you look around and onward, and discover a long valley all filled with wild sedges, scattered with willows and alders, and showing afar off the glancing light of waters that tempt you to visit them. Below you the stream widens into a little lake, with an island in the centre, where you see the water-hens swimming about and enjoying themselves; and all about the margin of the water the tall hassocky sedge stands in such shaggy and isolated masses as Bewick delighted to draw. It is exactly the sort of scenery that he gloried in, and depicted over and over in the haunts of his water-birds, and always with new traits. Lower down, the prospect is bounded by woods and copses; but upwards, the valley stretches most invitingly—on the left bounded by green fields, on the right by heathy hills of true moorland grace.

When I last traversed this scene, it was in the middle of May. It was in the company of an old friend, who was as much a child about such out-of-door delights as myself. No sooner had we stepped off the highway than we set foot on the heath, and were surrounded by sights of beauty, smells of wild fragrance, and sounds of waters running and even roaring amongst the wild sedges of the morass. Here, close to the stream, was a shepherd's hovel, erected of heath and turf, and provided with a seat, where the summer sheep-washers took their meals. We entered and sate down, having around us only the heathy hills, the sound of those hurrying waters, and at some little distance two little girls, who watched the gate through which we had passed to this moorland—two little rustic creatures, who there wait all day long, and all summer long, to act as janitors to all passengers, whether mounted or not, and are rewarded with a few halfpence by the more liberal, and amuse themselves in the intervals of business with all sorts of childish contrivances.

Scarcely were we seated in our pleasant hut when there came birds of various kinds, yellowhammers, gorse-linnets, with their rosy breasts, pied wagtails, and the graceful yellow wagtails, winchats of the richest colours, titlarks, and wheatears—all came to drink and cool themselves. It was beautiful to see them in their happy freedom, believing themselves unobserved by man. Into the translucent waters they waded up to the very necks, twittering, and even singing, in their delight; and some stood perfectly still, enjoying the cool liquid as it streamed through their feathers; and others dipped, and fluttered it over their bodies, and made a ruffling and a scuffling in the brook that was truly delightful to see. As these flew away, others were continually coming and taking their places. It was evidently a fashionable bathing-place with them, and that obviously because the stream here was shallow, running over the clear bright gravel most temptingly and accommodatingly. It was a peep into the life of these lowly but lovely creatures which is rarely attained, and for the rareness of which we have to thank our tyranny. The happy creatures seldom stayed long; the sense of duty lay even upon them. They had their household cares, and their young families, in the bushes, and amidst the shaggy retreats of the moorland.

We went on, and the next moment came upon the banks of a sunny mere, out of which the wild

fowl rose in numbers, and flew round and round, and then off to more distant waters; and when they were gone, we perceived little voices that had been drowned in their louder ones. These were the cries of large flocks of ducklings, young teal, coots, etc., which they had left, and which went sailing to and fro amongst the tall pillars of sedge, and ever and anon emerging from beneath their drooping masses of leaves, with open beaks in pursuit of flies, with an active eagerness which made them proof to fear. It was beautiful to see them. Then came the cuckoo flying past with its cowering motion and leaden-hued plumage, and that quaint guttural note of which naturalists seem to have taken no notice, and which listeners are in general too distant to hear, catching only its more common monotone, whence it derives its name.

We plunged into the very midst of that mass of jungle, as it may properly be termed, stepping from pillar to pillar of sedge; for this singular grass grows up in solid masses of two or three feet high, whence its long, hard, grassy leaves hang all round, and overshadow the depths of the bog below. From crown to crown of these we went, enlightening each other on the wonderful use these stepping-stones of sedge must have been to our ancestors, in the old, far-off, uncultivated days of the country. Without them, indeed, many parts of forests would have been impassable. From crown to crown we went, now making a false step, and plunging, with cries and laughter, into the stream below; now scaring the pheasant from her retreat; and now startling the trout, as we came suddenly on a bend of the brook that wound through them. But we could not discover what we sought most earnestly, the nests of snipes that are said to be found here.

I said that few people, except the peasantry, are seen here; yet, while in the very midst of this wild morass, there came riding up the valley a lady and gentleman, seeming to enjoy the scene as much as ourselves, and certainly adding no little to its effect. Never, in my eyes, do elegant people show so well as when riding in such scenes. In the streets of great cities, or in the parks of the metropolis, they seem to make only a part of the pageant of the place, part only of one great mass of artificial splendour and human rivalry. Hither they seem led by purer and more elevated tastes, and call up far different feelings. You cannot but imagine them fond of the country, fond of domestic life, fond of all the poetry and reading which attaches to such a life; that they have hit on the true track of happiness, or rather, have not been beguiled by modern ambition and dissipation from it. Well, let them go, whoever and whatever they were: to me they furnished a delightful picture. I saw them them called out by the charms of the country, on this sweet, clear morning. I imagined all the heartfelt circumstances that attended their progress; their admiration of the beauty around them, of the fresh air, of the heathy hills, the affectionate associations and literary recollections which the time, the season, and the scene would call up, while they were hastening away again, perhaps to

> Some cottage home, from towns and toils remote,
> Where love and lore alternate hours employ,
> To snatch from heaven anticipated joy.

But wherever they went, we made our way out of the bogs to the solid ground they were now traversing, and thence to the hills, and there the scene which presented itself was like that which we may suppose in some enchanted land. The whole valley and open hills were scattered with heaps of the most resplendent gold; in other words, the gorse bushes were in full bloom, and not only filled the air with their rich orange-like odour, but every branch was covered with a profusion of such large and lustrous blossoms, as those who see the furze only in dusty lanes have no conception of. In the larch wood on the opposite side of the valley, we could see all the openings and ridings filled with this vegetable glory, just as if it were a fairy land itself, and all its green avenues were paths of woven gold. To talk of such a thing gives no adequate idea of its beauty. To contemplate this scene we threw ourselves down in a little glen on the turf, and lay and looked on the rich expanse. Here accident introduced us to a new pleasure. My old friend, who could not long be severed from his pipe, drew it forth, and calmly began to send up blue wreaths of smoke, that in their hovering stillness were typical of his own content. But other smoke, of a more turbid and rapid character, and the crackling of fire, and the rushing sound, as of a sudden whirlwind, close behind us, startled us from our repose, and made us spring to our feet. The lucifer match flung carelessly behind my old friend had ignited a stupendous gorse-bush, and never did painter behold a scene more fit for his pencil. The whole bush was, as it were, at once filled with fire. With all its greenness, and all its flowers, the flames devoured it with wonderful eagerness and rapidity. In a few seconds it was one mass of intense glory. It gave us a very vivid conception of the burning bush which Moses saw in the plains of Midian. The interior was one mass of white heat, the exterior streams of brilliant flame, mingled with columns of rolling smoke and fire. In a few moments it was burnt to ashes.

Charmed with the incident, we ascended to the hill-top, and set on fire another bush. Scarcely had it taken fire, when four men came running from a gravel-pit, amazed, as they said, that the forest had taken fire; and so enchanted were they at the beauty and vivacity of the flame, that they seemed transported out of themselves. Old men as they were, they snatched up pieces of flaming furze, and set fire to five or six other large bushes. The fire raged and spread; the whole hill-top was in a flame, and had it been night would have alarmed the whole country round. Having had our frolic, and seen not only a scene of wonderful and unexpected beauty, but how extremely inflammable this plant is, and, therefore, how readily whole tracts of forest might be laid waste by it, we were anxious to see the whole fire extinguished, and had some difficulty to restrain the excitement of these peasants, who now became more like wild bacchanals than sober Nottinghamshire labourers.

Suddenly the men, as if struck by one simultaneous feeling, assumed a sober look, and turned to regain the gravel pit and their labour. Astonished at this, I looked round, and at once perceived the cause. A large farmerly-looking man, on a large horse, followed by two greyhounds, came riding at a rapid rate over knoll and heath towards us. There was an air of authority and excitement about him; he had evidently been alarmed by the fire. "Who is that?" asked we. "It is Sir John S——'s bailiff," said the men, and were hurrying away to their work.

"Halloa! halloa! there. Wagstaffe! Beardall! Birks! What's this? What's this fire? Come hither! I say, come hither!"

The fellows looked aghast at each other—"There 'll be the d——l to pay, now—said they one to the other, and stood like so many posts, while the bailiff came gallopping up, his horse breathing loud, as after a smart chase, and his hoofs sounding on the heath as if careering over a hollow vault.

"What's this? I say," again said the large man, drawing suddenly up close to us. "How the d——l came this fire? I say. Eh! eh! Why the d——l don't you speak?" The man was a man of truly large dimensions, of a full, large, broad face, flushed with ruddy colour. His broad straw hat made his hot countenance show the redder and hotter. His ample plaid waistcoat, blue coat, and stout old boots, gave him a half-farmerish, half-bailiffish look. He had a stout dog-whip in his hand, and the greyhounds now having strayed somewhat wide after the rabbits which abounded there, he put the stock to his mouth, and gave them a whistle like that of a railway engine.

"What is it? I say, Bunting? What is it! I say, Wagstaffe—are the d——ls dumb? What *is* the cause of this conflagration, eh?"

"Ax those gentlemen," said the men giving us a look, and beginning with all their might to hew and shovel up the gravel.

"Can you explain it me, gentlemen," said the bailiff, touching his hat respectfully. "We can," we replied, and related to him what had occurred. "Lord-a-massey!" exclaimed the large man, "can that really be the case? What a *greyn* goss bush burn like a tar barrel! Dry goss, ivry owd wife and ivry baker knows 'ull tear away like lightning—but greyn goss bu'n a-that-ens! why I niver heard o' such a thing in au my born days!"

I asked him if he would like to see the experiment repeated. He replied, of all things. We took out a lucifer match, ignited it, and applied it to a bush near us. The bush stood at least seven feet high—it was at least two yards in diameter. It stood one of the most resplendent objects in nature, one stately pyramidal mass—all green and blazing gold with summer fronds and flowers. In a moment the fire crackled, flashed through the beautiful mass, flamed up like a furnace, and like a furnace, in another second was one intense, dazzling body of whitest heat, succeeded by red and rolling volumes of flame and smoke. In less than a minute it lay a heap of grey ashes.

"Lord-a-massey!" exclaimed the large man, "that beats anything that I'd an idea on." He sunk into deep thought, shook his head, and said—"Gentlemen, what you've now shown me is very surprising, and, let me add, very dangerous. If those oud fools of gravellers have been thus fired up by a sight like this, what may they not be doing when nobody's by? I tremble to think on't. Look, gentlemen, all round—far as you can see—are woods or young larch plantings. These are full o' goss—a touch of a match, and away they go in a low and a blaze, and not God Almighty—I was going to say—could stop 'em. Don't you see, gentlemen— don't you comprehend my meaning? The consequences might be tremandious!"

We admitted it. "And then," added he, "it's not these oud fools that I'm afraid on so much as young lads getting hold of this. If the lads getten a notion that they can make a blaze o' that-ens, they'll be trying it on, Lord knows to what mischief; and this part of the country, I can tell you, is dreadfully infested by youth."

"I should have thought not," said my old friend, who was evidently very much tickled at the idea of the country being infested by youth, as if youth was some noxious vermin. "I should think not, sir. It looks to me a very solitary country."

"O Lord, no, sir; you are quite mistaken. The villages on the forest sny* with children—they are as thick as rabbits in a warren. The country is dreadfully infested with youth. Halloa, there! stop, Jack; stop lad!" shouted the bailiff—suddenly breaking off his discourse—to a boy that was driving a spring-cart along the highway near. "That's my spring-cart, gentlemen, and if you'll go and take a cup o' tea wi' me, I shall take it as a particular favour. I must have some further discourse with you about this matter. We mun see what's to be done to prevent mischief. But first I must give these old fools a bit of a fright." Here he rode up to the edge of the gravel pit, and said—"Now, lads, mark what I say. This bush-burning might be dangerous if any vagabond chaps got to know on't. We might have au the plantations and au the corn sown bu'nt down. So mark! I expect yo'll keep it to yersens. Yo will?" They all touched their heads, for hats they had none on. "Well! do then—or, mark what I say—if it gets out, and mischief's done, yo are the first that shall come into trouble."

He turned and rode back to us—"Here, Jack," said he, "ride my tit home. We'll tak th' cart. If you'll oblige me by riding in it, gentlemen—its quite clean," said he, turning to us.

Presently we were going at a brisk rate over the forest ground—presently we passed through a gate into large inclosures which still, however, had a forest look. They were overgrown with heather, and the hedges were chiefly of gorse, and planted with double rows of Scotch firs. Anon we entered great Scotch fir-tree woods. The evening was fast coming down; deep shadow lay on the whole wild scene. Our conductor pointed out to us continually, as we drove on, that all the fences here were of gorse; that the openings of the woods were full of gorse; that it lined the road sides which we passed. "Only think," he repeated, "if any of these inflammable bushes took fire. The conflagoration would be tremandious. Why I seem to be living in a region where everything is rubbed with turpentine—I never gave it a thought before."

We endeavoured to calm his fears. We told him that such conflagrations had not occurred for a thousand years, and would not; as, indeed, they have not. We drove on. The odour of the pine woods came breathing on our senses; we could see on either hand wide brown shades and columned trunks of trees, but nothing more. Before us one narrow speck of light, far distant, showed that the road we were traversing still proceeded for a mile or more in a straight line. Over this ground we drove, the hooting of an owl, and the occasional tinkle of sheep-bells in some of the wild forest fields, all that caught our attention. At length we heard the barking of dogs; our driver suddenly turned aside down a sandy lane, and before us, looming through the shades of evening, stood a large mass of buildings—the farm-house, and barns, and offices of our host.

"Yoho!" shouted the bailiff; gave a crack of his whip, and a door opened across the ample yard, showing a bright blazing kitchen, out of which ran a boy who opened the gate, and in we drove. Here we ended "The Day in the Forest;" here we staid all night. But what further concerns our sojourn, our host, and other matters then and there arising, must be left to another paper.

* A provincial and very expressive word—derived from the old Saxon word to *snow*—implying that the things spoken of are fairly snewed down, they are so numerous.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, October 3rd, 1846.*

SIR—Feeling as I do, in common with the numerous admirers of your incomparable journal, extreme satisfaction at the interest you have shown from the very first in everything relating to education, and social and moral improvement, I trust that the following observations will not be considered unworthy of insertion in your pages.

Much has been said and written at different times upon the importance of education, and the respect and honour in which teachers should be held; but, with the exception of Mr. Ewart's remarks in a recent speech, the public attention has hardly been drawn to that part of the question which, more than any other, is deserving of consideration. I allude to the little encouragement given, particularly in our own country, to a most laborious, zealous, and painstaking class of persons, namely, those teachers who, whatever their attainments may be, have not undergone the orthodox process of an academical education. And until less partiality is shown to a particular class of teachers, I fear the cause of education will make but little effective progress. In the present state of things, by the encouragement given almost exclusively to clergymen, the principle is virtually recognised by the public, that a teacher cannot possess the requisite literary and scientific knowledge without having first passed through the ordeal of a theological course of training, and obtained a scholastic degree. That this is a very inadequate preparation to constitute a well qualified teacher, every one acquainted with our system of university education is well aware, particularly when the slender amount of real knowledge—"the small Latin and less Greek"—that the great mass of graduated clergyman carry with them from Alma Mater is taken into account. And yet it is from among these men that so many tutors and masters of grammar-schools are chosen, to the exclusion of the man of real learning and experience; the fact of his being "a scholar, and a ripe and good one," being a matter of secondary importance: so that the mere teacher, who depends solely on his knowledge and professional experience (qualifications considered all-sufficient in other professions), and who has not the recommendation of a *Rev.* to precede, and an *A.B.* or *A.M.* to follow, his name, is debarred from a fair chance of success in life. Indeed, so great is the prejudice and ignorance prevailing even among the self-styled well-educated persons, that it is by no means uncommon to find clergymen and graduates gravely and deliberately assert as an incontrovertible fact—nay, even as a flat truism—the incompatibility of sound scholarship with any other system of education than the one which they themselves uphold, and to which they owe whatever knowledge they possess. And yet, compare the present state of learning and science in England with that of Germany and France; and it will be found that our universities, with all their wealth and resources, are compelled to look to those two countries for the higher branches of knowledge.

But there is another point to which I would gladly call your attention; and this is, that, independently of the fearful odds the teacher labours under from clerical influence and clerical monopoly, he is not fairly and honourably dealt with by those from whom he has a right to expect protection and encouragement. For instance, University College, originally the University of London, was founded professedly on the most liberal basis. It literally threw down the gauntlet, and came forward in full panoply to combat prejudice and injustice in every shape. And how, think you, does University College behave to the teacher? Witness the treatment which the assistant-masters of the school experience at the hands of the present head-master. Within the last four years (the period during which the head-master has held this office) no less than seven assistant-masters have been dismissed, some of several years standing, for whose dismissal no other reason could be assigned than the caprice of one of the most capricious of mortals—the head-master—to whom these words of Horace might very aptly be applied:—

Dimit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

And although on two recent occasions the council of the college were made fully aware of all this, and notwithstanding the readiness with which the matter was taken up by a leading member of the council, the Earl of Auckland, and despite the notorious fact of the loss of nearly 100 pupils in less than three years; a fact which the annual report to the proprietors of the college will demonstrate); yet of so little importance is the teacher's cause, that the council in their wisdom saw no occasion for interference.

But, in addition to the difficulties that teachers labour under, by reason of their exclusion from the public exercise of their profession, they suffer also from various other causes, which operate strongly against them; and among these are the low estimation in which their calling is commonly held, and, consequently, the insufficient remuneration of their exertions. Perhaps, in proportion to the amount of physical and intellectual labour required, teachers are worse paid than any other class of the community. Indeed, private teachers are expected to undertake everything in these enlightened times—to be walking encyclopædias of literature and science; and their labours to be all but gratuitous.

Seeing, then, that so many impediments obstruct the teacher's path through life—viz., narrow bigotry and exclusiveness on the one hand, and the neglect in which he is allowed to remain on the other—there cannot be much difficulty in ascribing the imperfect state of education, both public and private, to its true cause; and however imperfectly, in this hasty sketch, the matter has been detailed, sufficient, I think, has been stated to make the readers of the *People's Journal* aware of the trouble and vexations with which the lives of a laborious and important class of persons are encompassed; and I have ventured to obtrude these remarks upon your notice, cheered by the prospect that, while the *people* may rely upon the advocacy of the eloquent and powerful contributors to your admirable journal, the time is not very far distant when justice will at length be done to the teacher. I am, &c., DIDASCALUS.

P.S.—I send you my real name and address, as I hold myself responsible for the statements contained in the above.

[*Of course, our columns will be open, if required, to an answer to this statement.*—ED.]

*Domestic Economy.*—I live in a manufacturing town where thousands of females are employed in our silk mills. They commence at an early age to earn their living, and have little or no time, when the toils of the day are over, to attend to domestic duties; and even if they had, their parents, from having gone through the same round of life as themselves, with as little time to spare, are mostly incompetent to teach them. It is true that of late such of them as have been brought up (or rather, as are bringing up) in our Infant and National Schools have learned (or are learning) a little plain sewing or knitting, but with respect to other domestic duties, such as the preparation of their food in an economical, varied, and palatable manner, the provident expenditure of their earnings, and general good and plain housewifery, they are almost, if not altogether, ignorant. What is the consequence? They grow up to young women; their whole education is confined to what they learn at the Sabbath schools—these, I am happy to say, in our town are numerous and prudently conducted—but more of them at some other time—and when they get married, their domestic duties have to be learned in the best way they can. Instead, then, of the females being, as they were before marriage, neat, lively, and active, they too often become domestic slaves without system, and the husbands, instead of finding those comforts which they ought to expect—and which they might have expected had their wives been out at service—often find a cheerless, unsystematic, and uncomfortable home. From this they are often led to resort to the beer-house or gin-palace, and both they and their families suffer for it. I speak principally in this respect of the poorer classes, but domestic economy is much wanted among those a grade or more higher. Your work is intended for the people. What a scope is there here for your female writers. What an opportunity for them to endeavour to ameliorate and improve the condition of their sisters in humble life. Give them the hint, and may their

endeavours (if they attempt it) prosper. Now, with respect to female education, great exertions have been made of late years to increase and improve the means of education, but it is principally, if not altogether, the education of the males, and little, if anything, has been done to extend and improve that of the females. In our own town we have an excellent grammar school, conducted by an able, worthy, and kindly-disposed head-master; and, as an improvement and addition to it, a modern free grammar school, also ably conducted. But these are for the higher and middle classes of males. For the higher and middle classes of females there are boarding and day schools, where, if the education given—or, rather, imparted—is of any but a mediocre kind, the expense is heavy, and oft too heavy for persons with large families. This would be the only evil, were the systems of teaching perfect, and always conducted with ability. But any person who knows anything of life, knows how little ability is generally required to conduct, or is exerted, in most female day schools; how many of the useless, and how few of the useful, branches of learning are taught. What have the females done, that they should not be *as well and cheaply* educated as the sterner sex? If the business of a schoolmaster is daily becoming a profession, why should not the duties of a schoolmistress be learned and practised as a profession also, and why should there not be training schools for mistresses as well as masters? Here, again, is a subject for your lady-writers. The anticipated alterations in the hours of factory labour will, if earned, give the poorer class of females more time than they now have, and good, useful, practical schools ought to be provided for them and the middle-class females also, at a moderate cost. Public attention ought to be drawn to these matters. I am glad to see Miss Martineau has broken the ice in her articles on Education, and I hope she and others will pursue the subject.—C.

*Macclesfield.*

Sir—If the enclosed is worthy of a place in your periodical, accept the same, with the respect and good wishes of, your's truly, W. Lovett.

SONG TO FREEDOM.

Ye sons of labour, rise! awake, if you'd be free!
Join hearts to hearts in holy zeal, and strive for liberty;
Strive for the freedom of your race,
Strive to give Truth her dwelling-place.
Unite! arouse your mental powers,
And *Truth* and *Right* will then be ours.

You've oft united been when despots urged you on;
In battle's gory ranks, *their* cause you've often won—
Scorning all fears your chains to bind,
And forging fetters for mankind:
But now direct your mental powers
To *free* this beauteous world of ours.

Shall *serfs* and *lordly power* be known in every clime?
Shall myriads of mankind be born to vice and crime?
Shall frowns and groans bright earth deface,
And we not strive to help our race?
No! we'll *all* exert our mental powers,
To purify this world of ours.

Though tyrants league in arms, give us but voice and pen,
We yet will make of slaves a race of glorious men;
Fearless and dauntless in the right,
And strong in truth and mental might—
Then onward, friends, despite all powers,
We'll gladden yet this world of ours.

*Liverpool Academy Exhibition.*—The exhibition of the Liverpool Academy for 1846 may, we venture to affirm, lay claim to superiority over those of several previous years, both in respect to number of works exhibited, and in the excellence of the pictures themselves. In addition to some of the best recent specimens by Lauder, Egg, G. Harvey, Ward, Johnstone, Creswick, Lee, Havell, &c., which have appeared in the London exhibitions of the present year, we have many works by artists, unknown to the metropolitan public indeed, but still bearing marks of skill and careful study. Among these we may mention "The Ejectment," by W. Davis, a scene of rustic life of great merit; a scene from *As You Like It*, by W. Windus; and another from the *Fairie Queen*, by W. Huggins. These are all the works of young men, whose efforts must be looked upon rather as indicating future excellence, than yet having attained that high standard of art to which they aspire. In addition to these, the portraits of Philip Westcott, the cattle pieces of Ansdell, and the water-colour drawings of W. Collingwood, may be mentioned as indicating talent in their several walks. One word in conclusion. We trust the committee will pursue the liberal plan they tried last year with such success, and which enabled the working men of the town to avail themselves of intellectual delights they had previously been deprived of, by reason of the high prices of admittance.—H.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* Appendix.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

Enfield, Sept. 15, 1846.

Sir—Permit me to give you a hint which, if acted upon, will, I think, please other subscribers to your excellent periodical as well as myself—viz., not to print at the back of the plates. It is carrying economy too far to spoil the plate for the sake of the page of print; for I consider some of the engravings to be nearly spoiled in consequence. Hoping my suggestion may be thought worth adopting, I am, sir,

An Admirer of the "People's Journal."

[The above letter is but one of a great number that we have received to the same effect. In *Punch* this arrangement has prevailed from the first. It will be remembered also, we announced long ago our intention of adopting such a plan, and did, in fact, commence it with No. 13. But the failure that occurred in the outset, in the printing of the exquisitely beautiful engraving from Raphael, coupled with the fact that we were not so far in advance with our illustrations as we desired to be, in order to give time to do full justice to the artists engaged, indisposed us to continue the plan just then. We are now, however, thoroughly prepared; and cannot, we think, better recommence than with the design in the present number, from William Harvey,

*The Illustrator of the "Arabian Nights."*

## Contents.



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PRICE THREE HALF-PENCE.

## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE MURDER DISCOVERED.

By Thomas Landseer.

## THE NIGHT IN THE FOREST.

### THE DEATH OF THE GAMEKEEPER.

By William Howitt.

(Concluded from page 196.)

"Caleb, my dear—Caleb, is that you?" called a female voice; and a plump little woman's figure darkened the blaze from the kitchen door."

"Ay, its mysen," replied our host, the bailiff. "Get tea, Lizzy, get tea. Here are two gentlemen—they'll stay all night."

"Oh, no! that we cannot!" we both exclaimed at once.

"You cannot!" replied the bailiff, as if in vast astonishment. "Nonsense!" added he, drawing out the word to the length of his own long figure; "but I say you must and shall, and so no more about that. Tea, Lizzy, tea, and summut to't;" continued he, advancing towards the kitchen-door. The good wife retreated to give orders; the next moment we stood in a large kitchen, in which a fire of logs of wood was blazing away, and around it, on benches, a number of farm men and boys who sate basking in the glow after the labour of the day. These men, and two or three fat, ruddy, red-haired servant-girls who were standing about, stared at us half-sheepishly. From the ceiling depended a huge rack covered with enormous flitches of bacon, and hams and pieces of hung beef depending in various places proclaimed that we were in a land of plenty.

Our hostess threw open the parlour-door, and the bailiff spread out his huge arms as if he were guiding a lot of sheep into a fold, and said—"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in." There was a wood fire also blazing in this ample parlour, and that most agreeably, for the nights in May are seldom too warm; and our hostess—a stout, fresh, comely, little woman—seemed as much pleased to see us as if we were old friends. The room was well furnished and carpeted, yet with a certain rudeness that smacked of the forest. On the walls hung various prints of racers, sporting scenes, and the portraits, done by some execrably bad artist, of our host and his wife. The tea-things were already on the table; one fat, rosy girl brought in the kettle, another a huge round of beef, and after it a pigeon pie, and down we sate. Mr. Caleb Stirland, for such was our host's name, plunging his knife into the pigeon pie, and begging my friend to help himself, or any one else, to beef, as they preferred it, broke out at the same time to his wife thus—"I say, Lizzy, do you know that we are living on the top of a barrel of gunpowder?"

"Oh, Lord! no my dear! what do you mean?"

"Well, then, on a tar-barrel, and may be in a blaze any minute?"

"Oh, Lord, no! good gracious, Caleb, my dear!"

"Well, then—but yo won't be frightened, Lizzy, wench—yo won't be frightened: well, then, in spirits of turpentine, in spirits of wine, in naphtha, in—but don't frighten yourself, Lizzy—and may be all in a blaze, like a tangle of tow, before you can cry whew!"

"The Lord above save us! Caleb, Caleb, what do you mean?" cried the terrified wife. The bailiff set his huge hands on each side of the pigeon pie, with the knife and fork standing erect in his sinewy grasp, and with a face full of broad humour, laughing eyes, and a look wandering from one to another of us, which said as plainly as looks could—"La, now! is not that fine? Have n't I set her a-wondering?"

"Well, then," said he, "I tell thee what, Lizzy—I've never been so much astonished since I saw old Watkinson's horse at the Green Dragon in Mansfield drop down dead, and die directly, as I've been to-day." And here, with a certain exaggeration, he related what he had seen of the gorse burning. In his account, the whole forest had been on flame to his thinking, or Oxton Hall, or Lincoln Minster; how he had ridden over hedge and ditch, and what it turned out. What a fright he'd given th' owd fools of gravellers; and then there was a significant laugh playing in his eyes, and on his jolly cheeks, at the fears he had feigned to ourselves of his gorse hedges, and woods full of gorse, and his tar-barrel similes. The man was an arrant humourist, and had no fear at all of the inflammability of furze. "Ah!" said he, at length, to put an end to his wife's fears, "its all fudge, Lizzy. Goss has grown all over this country these thousand years, and is the country burnt up? Not it. We're as safe in it as our grannies wor. But I tell thee, Lizzy, it is really a great sight, is a burning goss bush; and I propose that when the sarvants are all gone to bed, as we goen out into the combe there, at t'other side of the wood, and set fire to one."

The wife at first protested against it, and said it would raise the country, and what would Sir John think if he heard of it; but the bailiff scouted all this, for it was evident that he was a man that carried things pretty much as he would. Tea being, therefore, removed, and Mrs. Stirland having given the servant-girls permission to go to bed, the house was soon clear of them: the men were gone before. Mrs. Stirland put on her bonnet and warm cloak, and forth we sallied, the bailiff locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. I observed that he took a tremendously stout stick in his hand, and what he called a gawn in his other. This was a sort of wooden pail, with a long handle on one side. "What's that for, Caleb?" asked the wife.

"What for? To put the fire out, lass, to be sure."

The night was pitch dark. We descended into a lane, which was deep-worn between its banks of sand. These banks, however, we could not see; we could only feel them. Caleb, who took his wife by the arm, bade us come on behind them; and on we went, trusting to their guidance. Anon we came out into the open fields. We could, however, see nothing, and the bailiff bade us come boldly on, it was not many yards further. The next moment we stopped. "Here it is," said he: the next instant we heard the scrape of the match, and the bush was on fire. By the light of the blaze, we saw not only a stately gorse bush standing before us all in flame, but that we were in a hollow field, totally surrounded by woods. At the first flash of the flame, a flock of sheep, which were lying quietly near for the night, rose up and scampered away with a rub-a-dub sort of thunder of their hundreds of feet. The bush flamed up into the most rapid and intense light. The bailiff's wife gave a scream of consternation: the bailiff stood exclaiming—"By Guy! did you ever see the like of that?" The woods round were lit up as with day; the column of fire before us was ten times more fierce, brilliant, and amazing than by day. In the next instant it was gone. The ashes lay glowing on the earth; the deepest darkness surrounded us, and the bailiff's wife was full of fears that the sudden blaze might have been

seen. "'By whom?" exclaimed the bailiff. "Pshaw! who can see into this hollow over the tops of the woods?" He ran with his gawn a little way down the valley, and brought water which he cast on the ashes. There was not a spark left unquenched, and we began to retrace our way.

Presently the darkness, which had closed tenfold around us after the dazzling effect of the fire, began to disperse in some degree. We could discern the ground, dry and sandy, and the black fir trees around us. The breeze had risen, and sighed and moaned singularly in the woods. The deep lane again received us to darkness, and over our heads the black trees soughed dismally. When we issued from the lane near the house, the dogs in the farm-yard began to bark, perceiving us, and from the distant forest were answered by other ban-dogs. There was a wildness, an unprotectedness, in the scene which fell vividly on our senses. "Are you never afraid," I asked, "of being out thus in these woods alone?"

"Afraid! What should we be afraid of? There are a dozen of us—strong fellows, too, some of us; we have a score of dogs, and as many guns and pistols. By Leddy! the thieves would as soon think of attacking Nottingham garrison. Hark! that's the bark of old Brock, the bloodhound. Ha! in the morning you must see that fine fellow. That *is* a dog worth seeing! I'll tell you what he did last autumn only. Poor fellow! poor Lincker! he found him when nobody else could!"

"Well, let that rest to-night, Caleb," said the wife eagerly. "You shan't tell that to-night."

"Well, not till we are got into the house, at all events," said the bailiff.

"Nor then, either, do you hear, Caleb?"

"Yes, *then*," said the bailiff, "I'll tell it, spite of thee, wench."

"Then I shall leave you," said Mrs. Stirland.

"So be it, chuck, so be it; but set us a sup of brandy on the table first, and let us have pipes. Our old friend here—where are you, old friend? —oh, there you are!—oh, you like a pipe, eh? The burning bush to witness—ha, ha!"

The stout yeoman unlocked the doors as he spoke. We were again in the parlour; the pine logs were blazing cheerfully; the good wife set on the table pipes and decanters; the bailiff fetched out again the round of beef; Mrs. Stirland bade us good night; and we sate down to a smoke and a talk. Caleb Stirland seated himself in a large easy chair, fished out from beneath its curtained bottom a couple of spittoons, one of which he pushed forward to my old friend; I myself, as no smoker, getting only a poke or two from Mr. Stirland's jokes.

"Ay, you must see that dog, Brock, in the morning. That is a dog. Lord! there'll never be a thief come near here while he's alive. Strong as a lion, red as a fox, true as the day, he'd track a thief to the bottomless pit, if need were, and hold him there, too, till you came up. Ah, poor Lincker! he found him when nobody else could. Job Lincker, gentlemen, was our keeper here. Seven years Job had inhabited the little cottage down by the Rainworth water, where Sam Mugriff, the keeper, lives now. Job was as true in his line as Brock is in his. He scoured the woods and the open forest—ay, there were plenty of all sorts of game in his time—partridges, pheasants, grouse, wild ducks, and what not. Job and old Brock! By Gar! nobody need come shooting, or fishing either, here in vain. There's plenty o' trout in the Rainworth water, and the dams below here, when you've a mind for a day's fishing. Well, Job kept the coast clear; but Job, like other foolish young fellows—and very young he warna, neither—must fall in love; ay, that's a game that leads gamekeepers astray, as well as poachers. And in this case there were those that didn't hesitate to call Job the poacher, for he fixed his fancy on one that a good many others had fired their fancies on; and one, it is said, and may be it's true, she was to be married to. But Job was a persuasive chap, and once alongside of this Fanny Jackson, he soon made the game his own.

"But laws-a-me! what a place he'd gone to for a wife—to no other than Sutton-in-Ashfield. Gentlemen, you know Sutton-in-Ashfield, five thousand population, and not a respectable person in it."

"Pooh!" said my old friend, "not a respectable person?—pooh, pooh—there are many, scores, hundreds, thousands! Why I was born there myself."

"I beg your pardon, my good friend—were you really? but then you've left it. Aye, *I* remember when there *were* respectable inhabitants there—oh, ay—but then, like you, they left it.

"Nothing of the sort," exclaimed my old friend, testily, "I tell you there are plenty of respectable, excellent, estimable people there."

"Well," resumed Mr. Caleb Stirland, "there may, but what I call a respectable man is a man of a thousand a-year. How many of these do you reckon?"

"Oh!" said my old friend, "we'll not dispute that point—the respectability of a thousand a-year —if that's your standard; pray go on, sir."

"Well, sir, Job went to Sutton, and from Sutton he brought his wife—and as pretty, well-behaved, loving a creature she was as ever sun shone on."

"And respectable?" demanded my old friend.

"No—something far above it—she was a good 'un. She was as handsome as a gipsy queen, cheerful as a May morning, sung like a lark, had a voice like a nightingale, and was as busy as a bee from morning till night. It did one good to go past that cottage of hers, and see her pretty face, and what a little paradise she had made of it. But the rapscallions that Job had snatched her away from, vowed vengeance; and very soon, all these woods, and the forest, that had for years been as quiet as the land of green ginger, swarmed with poachers. Bang! bang! went guns i' th' woods, now here, now there, and sometimes in two or three places at once. We were up and off one night after another, every man of us. By the help of Brock we soon laid hold of some of my chaps; they were clapped into Southwell House of Correction because they could not pay the fines, but this did not at all mend matters. To begin wi' Sutton is just as well as to begin with a hornet's nest. That pragmatic little firebrand, Jerry Brandreth, that had his head taken off at Derby for his doings, once was a fine fellow amongst them, and as to gleaning out rapscallions out of Sutton—good Lord! what fools we were—only think, four or five thousand on 'em! Well, the more we resisted 'em, the hotter they came; the more we took, the thicker they came. Pheasants, hares, fish, all became scarce; at last my chaps began to cut up th' young trees in the plantations. 'Now, my lads,' I exclaimed to mysen, 'now we shall have you, for this is a transportable offence.' Well, we watched, we caught 'em, and we transported a few on 'em, for they had maimed some of our cattle as well as trees. But what then? Did that cure 'em? Not a bit of it! Where we had had one before, we had a score now—and talk of setting fire to goss, they set fire to the ling on the

forest, and it burned clean away for seven miles, with game, trees, and some sheep into th' bargain. Lord-a-massey! if you had seen it at night: how the flames ran and roared along in the wind. How the smoke rolled, and made black shadows like giants and devils dancing in the fire, and what with blazes here, and pitch darkness there—sure enough you'd ha' thought it were the infernal regions, and nought else.

"Well, this seemed to satisfy them for awhile. We thought the storm was blown over. The ling sprung fresh and green over hill and dale. The old oaks, with their smoked and singed trunks, many on 'em put out again, fresh as if Maid Marian was a-looking at 'em; and autumn came, and game was again plentiful. But just at this time, in comes Job's wife one morning, as missis and mysen were sitting at breakfast, and asks after Job. 'Job!' says I, 'why, wench, thou should know best where he is.'"

"'I wish I did,' said she, and her colour went, and she looked like a corpse. He had never been at home that night. After dark he went out, as usual, with his favourite dog, Cockfoot—he gave him that name because he always cocked up one fore foot when he set game—and when she woke, early in the morning, he was not come back. From four o'clock she had been up, traversing the woods and the forest, but nothing could she hear or see; nobody had seen him.

"Lord-a-massey! my heart jumped into my mouth. 'He's done for, sure enough,' thought I to myself; but I did not let her see how it touched me. I tried to comfort her; told her to sit down and get a good breakfast; that no doubt but he was on the track of some scamp, and had got some one to join him, and they might have gone a good chace. I would mount my mare, and be off to find him. But all I could say didn't cheer her; she wouldn't eat; but said she must go home to feed the birds—they had a heap of canaries, and goss-linnets, and piping bullfinches—and milk th' cow.

"I up and off, helter-skelter. I met carters, and asked them, if they had seen Job. No! I went to where men were at work i' th' woods. I gallopped over the forest, and asked the people that are always gathering bilberries, or sticks, or cutting ling, or what not. Not a soul had seen Job!

"It was about two o'clock, on as fine an autumn day as ever shone on the old forest, as I came out of Harlowe Wood on the side next to Fountain Dale, and the scene of the Curtal Friar and Robin Hood. The birch trees that skirt the wood hung in bright yellow over the brown heath. The waters glanced merrily down the valley amongst the green bogs. The larks were up in the air, singing as heartsomely as if it were spring, and woods, and sky, and everything looked as if God meant us all to be happy in such a world. At this moment, and as this thought crossed my mind, what should I see but Fanny Lineker sitting in the green fosse, close by the gate under the woodside. As I caught sight of her, she started up—I shall never forget that face till my dying day—and said in a husky voice, 'Have you heard of him, master?' Oh! God knows I would have given my best field at that moment to be able to say, yes. But I could not, and I was choked—my heart seemed choked and as if it would split. At the sight of my looks, for I've no doubt I went as pale as a sheet, the poor woman sate down again with a groan.

"I got off, and tried to comfort her. I told her that no news was good news. Nothing could have happened to him, or the dog would have come home, and *somebody* would have seen something connected with it. It was all of no use. She had been hurrying all round the forest, and to all his commonest haunts, all the morning, and she was now quite worn out with fatigue and trouble. When she recovered herself a little, she told me that she had fancied that she could trace Job's footsteps across the bogs below, and up this way. We went together to look, but I could see nothing. 'It's nothing but an Indian,' said I, 'Fanny, that could track a footprint here, on this dry sand, and over the bog there. I see nothing.'

"'But Brock,' said Fanny; 'but the blood-hound, sir, he could trace him.'

"'By Garr!' I exclaimed, 'that I should never have thought of that. To be sure, that is the very thing. Get up behind me, and take fast hold on me, that thou doesn't fall off, and we will get him, and set him on the track.'

"Away we went, as fast as I could, with poor Fanny behind me. The whole neighbourhood now had heard the news that Job was missing, and were running eagerly to our place. Fanny had said, 'God send he may be come before we get home—he may, sir, don't you think he may?' 'To be sure,' I answered, 'not unlikely;' but the number of people that met us on the inquiry, knocked that last hope out of us. We rode on as silently as the eager inquiries of farmers, gentlemen, and work-people would let us. When we reached Job's house, Fanny leaped down of herself, and ran in as if she had lost her fatigue. She brought out one of Job's shoes; and Brock, who had been fetched by one of our men, was set to smell of it, and to trace Job's course from the door.

"Brock wagged his tail with pleasure on smelling at Job's shoes, and began to snuff along the ground, but it was of no use. There had been too many people trampling about since. I told all to stand still, and took the dog a little beyond them, and then led him across the track where they had been. In two minutes he began to snuff eagerly, gave mouth, and went off up the very way towards the forest. 'I knew it! I knew it!' cried Job's wife hysterically, and wringing her hands, followed after. I bade her be calm, and the rest of the people to keep back and keep quiet, so as not to confuse the dog. Judge my astonishment to see the hound go steadily on the very track that Job always took to Harlowe wood. He issued on the open forest, traversed the bog by a single track that Job fancied nobody but himself knew to be passable, and took his way to the very gate of the wood out of which I had come. As he came near it, his pace became a rapid gallop, his look fierce and tremendous, his bark became a terrible howl, that went through me like a knife. I felt as if I had ice in my heart, and in every vein of my body; my knees trembled and knocked against the saddle so that my horse started, and was difficult to hold. The gentlemen near me gave looks at each other, and said in a low voice, 'He's there!' Poor Fanny! poor Fanny! she came on wild and fast. Many gentlemen offered to take her up behind, intreated her to get up, but she would not. She was a desperate woman, and deathlike and haggard she ran on by the side of my horse, and kept up with the fleetest. A strange and unearthly howl from the dog, in the wood, made us speed forward. We did not stay to open the gate, we leaped the fence, and plunged on in the direction of the sound. There was the dog standing, half sunk in leaves and bilberry bushes, as if turned to a stone. 'What is it? What is

there?' cried several voices. 'We can see nothing.' But at this moment, poor Fanny Lineker sprung forward with a wild shriek, and sunk down by the dog in a swoon.

"We leaped from our horses, and ran to her. Gracious heaven! there, sure enough, was Job! The but-end of a gun first was seen protruding from the leaves—a hand next was visible. We softly lifted away the insensible woman; pulled away bilberry bushes and withered leaves that had been thrown upon him, and there lay the murdered man.

"Gentlemen, how we brought away the wretched wife, and the dead husband, I must leave you to guess. Poor Fanny—you may believe she had a terrible time to pass through. Some thought she would never get over it, and others said it would turn her brain. But it did neither. She is still living, and working for her bread in Mansfield—but such a weak, such a withered, aged, altered creature, you would not know her, gentlemen, you would not know her, had you seen her before."

"But how had that been done?" we asked.

"Ay, that I have to tell you," said the bailiff. "It was evident that poor Job had been knocked on the head with a cudgel, or the like heavy weapon. His hair was all clotted with blood at the back of his head; and the doctor who was sent for from Mansfield found his scull dreadfully fractured there. Well, now was to find out the villains. I was sure they lay in Sutton, and so it proved. One of the gentlemen, in leaping the old railed fence of the wood, saw a small rag and a metal button sticking fast on a splinter of an oak post. He took it, and now produced it, saying that that probably was from the coat of one of the murderers. It was a small piece of sun-burnt, brown, coarse cloth, with a metal button on it, and had evidently been torn from a coat-lap of some one in too great a hurry to notice it.

"'Put the dog on the track of the murderers!' cried one. 'Ay, ay!' cried many voices, 'set him on; let him hunt them out, and'—with indignant oaths—'let him tear them limb from limb.'

"'Stop!' I cried, 'that won't do. That is a very delicate matter. We must not give way to our anger. We must not have it said that we hunt men, not even murderers, with bloodhounds here in England. It would soon be said we were as bad as the Spaniards in Mexico, or as Carolina slave-drivers. No! that won't do: but Brock may help us still, and no harm done.' I drew from my pocket his muzzle and a cord, which I foresaw might be wanted. These I put on, and said, 'Now we may let the dog guide us, and wrong be done to nobody. Let some gentleman ride off to Mansfield, and tell Jack Mettam, the police officer, to meet us at Sutton town-end, and we may leave the rest to him.' 'I'll do that!' said the doctor; and away he spurred over the forest towards Berryhill, and so for Mansfield.

We now let the dog smell at the rag, and endeavoured to put him on the track. It was agreed that none but myself and two of my men should follow the dog, that we might not excite attention by the appearance of such a crowd. The dog soon got a scent, and went off, as we expected, in the direction of Sutton. A man by turns kept hold on the cord fastened to his collar; and a rough walk enough he gave us of it. He did not go along the highway, but struck right through the woods, over fields and hedges, and along byeways, till we came to the place appointed at Sutton town-end. The doctor had done his errand well. There stood Mettam and a stout constable. It was now dark, and we proceeded cautiously, Mettam and his man following at some distance, myself and one of my men going on with the dog, the other man going on alone before: we thus escaped, as much as possible, notice. Luckily the streets were very clear of people; and, favoured by the darkness, we proceeded through the place, till the dog turned down an alley at the farther outskirts, and stopped at a particular door. Here his impatience was so great as to cause us some trouble; but by the aid of Mettam and the constable we forced him away from the place, and my two men conveyed him homewards as fast as they could. As soon as the dog was off the ground, we entered the house, and found the very fellow at work in his stocking-frame to whom the rag belonged, and with the very coat on his back.

At the first sight of us, he turned deadly pale; but when he saw Mettam take out the rag, and lifting up his coat-skirts, show where it was torn from, he gave himself up for lost. This fellow, to save his own neck, soon turned king's evidence; and, by his confession, his three companions were quickly secured. It came out that this very fellow had gone down near Job's house in the evening, and, on Job coming out for his nightly round, contrived to be seen distantly by him, and then made off. Job, as they expected, gave chase, seeing only this one fellow, and he without a gun, and rashly pursued him into the very wood in question, where the other three lay in ambush; and the moment he entered, knocked him down with the but-end of their guns. The next instant they despatched his dog in the same way, before the poor animal, who was at his master's heels, could turn to escape. Thus no guns were fired, no noise of any kind made, and no alarm being received by any one, they hastily tore up bilberry bushes, scraped together fallen leaves, and throwing them over the murdered man and his dog, made off. As it happened, no one saw them—but God. What was strange, when we came to see the place again, poor Fanny, when I found her by the wood, was within five yards of the body of her murdered husband. It was only on the other side of the fence."

When the bailiff ended his story, we found ourselves awaking as from a dream. The fire was out, the pipes were out, and we withdrew dismally to bed. All night I lay and dreamt of fights, and scuffles, and chases after bloodhounds in darksome forests. I awoke, and what a morning sun was glancing and dancing through the curtains! I sprung to the window, and what a different scene to the forest of last night! My window opened into a charming garden, sloping down the hill, full of flowers, dews, and humming bees. I saw the wide expanse of Sherwood Forest looking, with its heathery hills, dark yet beautiful. There seemed to hang over it the poetic spirit of a thousand years. The sun beamed and glittered over fresh woods and down moorland dales, endeared to me by all the charms of early youth and early friendships. Below lay pond after pond, where the trout leapt after the May-fly, and scores of wild fowls, skimming aloft, and then alighting, dashed the crystal water up in myriad drops of glittering silver. In the room below, the jolly face of Caleb Stirland, and the buxom, kindly bailiff's wife, greeted us to a true country breakfast; and in half an hour we were careering, in our jolly friend's chaise, through the fresh forest air towards Nottingham.

It will be seen that Caleb Stirland is one of a numerous class in this country whom mischievous

institutions place in a false position. That which places him thus, is the Game Laws. Full, himself, of the finest elements of true English character,—good-hearted, generous, fond of fun, and disposed to live and let live; hospitable to his friends, benevolent and tender to the poor,—yet as the bailiff of a great landed proprietor, all his views and hopes in life are bound up with a zealous discharge of his duties. From a lad educated—as far as he was educated in anything, for he was originally but a poor wood-cutter's son—in these particular views of things, he is a zealot for the preservation of landed, game, and other manorial rights; and looks on all of the working class, on this account, with suspicion. To him they are so many polecats and weasels that want to destroy game; and he would rid himself of them with as little mercy. Hence his particular dislike of Sutton-in-Ashfield, which consists, almost exclusively, of the working classes—a population which has been much neglected, but which is now doing much to educate and improve itself. To set such men as Caleb Stirland right we must set right the institutions of the country; and, first and foremost, ABOLISH THE GAME LAWS.

## THE IMAGE OF GOD IN EBONY.

By GOODWYN BARMBY.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them"—*Genesis*, i., 27.

SLAVERY, in its modern form, exists most strictly in the slavery of the blacks. That slavery should exist in any form is abhorrent to the free spirit: that it should exist in a christian land, in the nineteenth century of christianity is a strange fact: that anything approaching the shape of its discussion should be required seems astonishing to the liberal and enlightened mind. But while the British Isles have washed their hands of this stain in the emancipation of the negroes of the West Indies, the Southern States of the American Union still challenge the civilised world to a discussion of the subject. That discussion has commenced in earnest, and will never cease until the black is as free as the white, when they can again march onward together to further conquests on the moral battle-field of liberty.

In the grand charter of creation, man is declared to be in the image of God. Man, as male and female, is created in the divine likeness. There is no difference made between the black and the white. There is no exception introduced between the image of God in ebony, and the image of God in ivory. Why, therefore, is man's law different to God's law? Why is there a superiority asserted of one race over another? Why is one bought and sold as a chattel by the other, and why are such purchases esteemed lawful by any portion of humanity? While slavery of the negroes exists, in the absolute mode it has manifested itself, in any part of the globe, these questions demand discussion, even in those countries which are not practically connected with their operation; as humanity is integral, and ever responsible for the action of any of the members of its entire body.

The ability of generating similar children to the parents is allowed by all naturalists to be the most sure criterion for determining the species in animals of red and warm blood. This self-continuing power—this ability to perpetuate by generation—belongs to all the races which constitute the human species, however various in colour, anatomy, or mode of existence. There is consequently but one species under which the human kind can be classed; and the differences which appear in the European, Arab, the Mogul, the Negro, and the Hyperborean races, are according to the region of the globe they inhabit, and can only constitute geographical varieties. The superior adaptibility of the negroes to art in contradistinction to science; the peculiar configuration of their heads; the appearance of the intermaxillary bones, at a period of life when with Europeans the signs of their disjunction are completely invisible; the height and small size of the calves of their legs; and their crisp and woolly hair, have been brought forth as arguments for their inferiority. Such specious adducements, such interested sophisms, have no weight, however, to support an iniquitous traffic, and a foul desecration of the image and temple of God.

That varieties of organisation, however, are conjoined with certain differences in the development of the moral feelings and intellectual powers may be allowed fully. But such varieties of material organisation, and differences of spiritual development, are contingent, not essential. They are the result of climate, food, employment, and other conditions, whose effects are gradual and relative, and not decided and absolute. They offer no defence for the slave-market. They present no plea for the slave-driver's whip. Many of the American slaves, from the intermixture of blood through the intercourse of the sexes, have become almost as white as their masters, and nearly every trace of their African origin is effaced. These, however, although probably the sons and daughters of the planters themselves, are whipped, and advertised for when they run away, as much as the full caste negroes. It is thus seen that colour and organisation are not the question, but that the unjust thirst for riches is the true motive of the participants in negro slavery. It is this infamous motive which enslaves three millions of human beings in America; which makes them chattels; which debars them from all political rights; which prevents them the liberty of marriage; which prohibits them the forming of a legal contract of any kind; and then, with a superlative wickedness, would destroy the soul as well as the body, by making it a felony punishable with death to teach a slave to read.

Among the negro race, with all their disadvantages, many examples may be adduced which prove their intelligence, ingenuity, and bravery, and indicate that under other circumstances they would not be of that inferior grade which they are now said to be. Among these examples there is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Napoleon of the blacks. He has written his name in history. There is also Lislet, a negro of the Isle of France, who was named Corresponding Member of the French Institute, on account of his meteorological observations. A negro, likewise, named Hannibal, distinguished himself as a colonel of artillery in the Russian service. The American United State of Maryland has produced two eminent blacks. The first of these was named Richard Banneker, the author of an almanack, and celebrated for his astronomical calculations. The other was named Fuller, and was an extraordinary example of quickness of reckoning. Being suddenly asked, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was twenty-seven years and some months old, he gave the answer in

a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained. "Have you not forgotten the leap-years?" said the negro. The omission was supplied, and the result of the sum then agreed with his answer. Thomas Jenkins, the son of an African king, became a stipendiary Scotch schoolmaster, instructed himself in Latin and Greek, and finished his studies at college. Lott Cary, a Virginian slave, instructed himself, made himself useful in business, saved money, purchased his own liberty and that of his family, and afterwards assisted in founding the African colony of liberated blacks, at Cape Monserado, of which settlement he was elected vice-agent. Phillis Wheatley, a young negro girl, a slave at Boston, manifested much talent as a poetess: she also translated from the Latin. Paul Cuffee, another Boston slave, accumulated a considerable property by trading in merchant vessels, manned with blacks, and also distinguished himself as a friend of the civilisation of Africa. The chiefs of the "Amisted Captives," as they were called, whose story is mentioned at length in the American work of that worthy philanthropist, Joseph Sturge, appear also to have been intelligent characters. But we must not forget to mention Placido, the bard of Cuba. This negro patriot and poet, although less celebrated, was of a like spirit to Toussaint L'Ouverture. Delighted by his verses, the young men of Havannah subscribed together, and purchased his release from bondage. Placido, however, not only thought but felt. He desired to emancipate his race. In 1844, he was arrested and executed, as the chief of a conspiracy formed in Cuba, for the purpose of arousing an insurrection of the negroes. On his way to the place of execution he held a crucifix in his hand, and repeated aloud a solemn prayer in verse, calling upon God to rend the veil of calumny which was cast around him, declaring he was transparent before the Divine, but ready to submit if it was his will that men should blaspheme his dust. At the fatal time, he exclaimed, "Farewell, World! there is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire." His body was pierced with five balls, but remaining unkilled, he pointed to his heart and cried, "Fire here!" and fell dead, as at the instant two balls entered his breast. Thus perished Placido. His fate recalls the lines of the bard of Ireland, the country of the white negroes:—

> Rebellion! foul dishonouring word!
> Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
> The holiest cause that pen or sword
> Of mortal ever lost or gained!
> How many a spirit doomed to bless,
> Has sunk beneath thy withering name,
> Whom but a day's, an hour's success
> Had wafted to eternal fame:—
> As exhalations when they burst
> From the warm air, if chilled at first,
> If checked in soaring from the plain,
> Darken to fogs, and sink again;
> But if they once triumphant spread
> Their wings above the mountain head,
> Become enthroned in upper air,
> And turn to sunbright glories there!

Let it be distinctly understood, however, that we do not advocate a physical force insurrection of the negroes. Retaliation upon the whites will not benefit the blacks. Their chains must be broken by the moral power of public opinion. As it was in England, so must it be in America.

As has been previously expressed, humanity is integral and ever responsible for the action of any of its members. The emancipation of the American negroes is connected with the cause of liberty throughout the globe. When the European advocate of democracy points to the United States, as an example of the good operation of the system of universal suffrage, the answer is, that there are three millions of human beings, differing only in colour from the white mob, who are in the veriest state of slavery in that country. Can this be denied? Is it not then the duty of every friend of freedom, throughout every land of the world, to contribute a portion to that formation of public opinion which can alone alter such a state of things. While America has black slavery she is not the model republic. We might as well go back for an example to Sparta, with her Messenian helots.

It may be useful to inquire, what have been the doings of the emancipated negroes in the West Indies? In connection with a return lately furnished to the British Government, as to the number of emancipated negroes who have become freeholders, etc., in British Guiana, is appended a list of estates which they have purchased either in partnership or association. From this list we extract the following instances:—

*Perseverance Estate.*—470 acres, purchased by 63 labourers in association for 5000 dollars; and 260 acres, purchased by 109 labourers for 1715 dollars, in the same manner.

*Littlefield Estate.*—500 acres, purchased by 12 labourers in partnership for 9000 dollars.

*Lovely Lass Estate.*—500 acres, bought for 1715 dollars by 11 labourers in association.

*North Brook Estate.*—500 acres, purchased by 81 labourers in partnership for 10,000 dollars.

These are only examples from a list extending over five large foolscap sheets of paper. From the fact gathered from them, we see no cause to doubt the wisdom of these enfranchised blacks. They have even set an example to the working classes of the whites. In a country where little labour is required for the sustenance of life, they appear determined to discontinue the oppressive system of overworked hired labour. This they effect by becoming freeholders through co-operation, in association, in partnership. In all this there is no lack of wisdom. In all this the image of God in ivory might take a lesson from the image of God in ebony. In all this there is no reason to fear an emancipation of the American slave population, from what has taken place after negro enfranchisement in the West Indies.

The *Times*, somewhile back, had a long article on these negro associations in the West Indies, in which it endeavoured to prove their subversive tendency. In that article it said, truly enough, that "any returns on the large capital employed in raising the various products of the West Indies, and in preparing them for the market, where, as in sugar, a manufacturing process is necessary, must be dependent upon an adequate supply of steady, docile labourers throughout the greater part of the year, with such an extra supply at cropping time as will meet the increased demand of that important period, when a few days of neglect or deficiency may crush the hopes of the planter!" But do not the associated labourers understand this as well as the planters? Have they not a more potent and attractive interest in the success of the crops, as landed freeholders than as whipped slaves? Have, for instance, one hundred and twenty-eight emancipated labourers, co-operated together, with wise foresight, in the purchase for 50,000 dollars of the New Orange Plantation, Nassau, with the intention or likelihood of neglecting their crops? Certainly not. The world will find the supply of West Indian sugar better manufactured and better regulated by these emancipated co-operative freeholders, than

it ever was under slave labour, or hired industry. What has taken place in the West Indies may also take place in the Southern States of the American Union.

The time is at hand when the prejudices of class, party, sect, and colour will cease. The time will come when all will see the divine likeness under the black face—

> Like the shade upon the moon,
> Beautiful Maroon!

There is a future promised in which the internal shall surpass the external, in which the soul shall be above body, and the light of the spirit above the colour of the face. There is, in the meantime, a book wide open before us. It is the volume of present duty. It reads—"Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?" We have ill-treated and murdered the divine soul of our brother. That poor slave, that degraded negro is our brother. Let us bespeak him kindly; let us do him no wrong; let us pray the ever-living God to restore his spirit to life. Thus may our sin be atoned for. Thus may the image of God in ivory best show its divine likeness to the image of God in ebony.

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## Poetry for the People.

### SONNET TO IBRAHIM PACHA.

By R. H. Horne.

Prince—once our foe, for ever now our friend—
Thou see'st how peace is wiser far than war:
Heaven on Great Fratricides no blessing sends,
And future times will see them as they are.
What though the marble block, by patient skill
And art etherial, lift them to the skies;
Those works of *peace* true glory's ranks may fill—
The rest is wind, a battle-shout that dies.
Behold Napoleon! Victory chains, and brings
Before his feet, legitimate proud kings!
All free again!—frowning fresh tyrannies.
His art of war is blown up to the moon!
His works of peace remain—a nation's boon—
Impulse to intellect, and home's best prize.

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### SERVICES.—7. Devotion.

Not for itself
The flower is fragrant;
Never for pelf
Beauty is vagrant:
Each one for all!

Ever God herdeth
The profitless flowers;
God's moonlight girdeth
The silentest hours:
Love loveth all.

Love is not hired;
Love seeks no guerdon;
Love is untired;
Love hath God's burden:
Love cannot fall.

W. J. Linton.

## Homes for the People.

### HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. IV.

HOW TO EXPECT.

Whatever method parents may choose for educating a child, they must have some idea in their minds of what they would have him turn out. Even if they set before them the highest aim of all—exercising and training all his powers—still they must have some thoughts and wishes, some hopes and fears, as to what the issue will prove to be.

In all states of society, the generality of parents have wished that their children should turn out such as the opinion of their own time and country should approve. There is a law of opinion in every society as to what people should be. We have seen something of what this opinion was among the Patriarchs of old, the Spartans, the Jews, and others. In our own day, we find wide differences among neighbouring nations, civilised, and so-called, christianised. The French have a greater value for kindness and cheerfulness of temper and manners than the English, and a less value for truth. The Russians have a greater value for social order and obedience, and less for honesty. The Americans have a greater value for activity of mind and pursuits, and less for peace and comfort. In these and all other countries, parents in general will naturally desire that their children should turn out that which is taken for granted to be most valuable.

An ordinary English parent of our time, who had not given much thought to the subject, would wish that his son should turn out as follows. He would wish that the child should be docile and obedient, clever enough to make teaching him an easy matter, and to afford promise of his being a distinguished man; truthful, affectionate, and spirited; that as a man he should be upright and amiable, sufficiently religious to preserve his tranquillity of mind and integrity of conduct: steady in his business and prudent in his marriage, so far as to be prosperous in his affairs.

Now, this looks all very well to a careless eye: but it will not satisfy a thoughtful mind. In all the ages and societies we have spoken of, there have been a few men wiser than the average, who have seen that the human being might and ought to be something better than the law of Opinion required that he should be. There are certainly Hindoos now living and meditating who do not consider that men are so good as they might be while they think no harm of lying and stealing, and who are sorry for the superstition which makes it an unpardonable crime to hurt a cow. There are men among the Americans who see virtue in repose of mind, and moderation of desires to which the majority of their countrymen are insensible. And so it is in our country. We are all agreed, from end to end of society, that Truthfulness, Integrity, Courage, Purity, Industry, Benevolence, and a spirit of Reverence for sacred things are inexpressibly desirable and excellent. But when it comes to the question of the degree of these good things which it is desirable to attain, we find the difference between the opinion of the many and that of the higher few. A being who had these qualities in the highest degree could not

get on in our existing society without coming into conflict with our law of Opinion at almost every step. If he were perfectly truthful, he must say and do things in the course of his business which would make him wondered at and disliked; he might be unable to take an oath, or enter into any sort of vow, or sell his goods prosperously, or keep on good terms with bad neighbours. If he were perfectly honourable and generous, he might find it impossible to trade or labour on the competitive principle, and might thus find himself helpless and despised among a busy and wealth-gathering society. If he were perfectly courageous, he might find himself spurned for cowardice in declining to go to war or fight a duel. If he were perfectly pure, he might find himself rebuked and pitied for avoiding a mercenary marriage, and entering upon one which brings with it no advantage of connexion or money. If the same purity should lead him to see that though the virtue of chastity cannot be overrated, it has, for low purposes, been made so prominent as to interfere with others quite as important: if he should see how thus a large proportion of the girlhood of England is plunged into sin and shame, and then excluded from all justice and mercy; if, seeing this, he is just and merciful to the fallen, it is probable that his own respectability will be impeached, and that some stain of impurity will be upon his name. If he is perfectly industrious, strenuously employing his various faculties upon important objects, he will be called an idler in comparison with those who work in only one narrow track; as an eminent author of our time was accused by the housemaid, who was for ever dusting the house, of "wasting his time a-writing and reading so much." Just so the majority of men who have one sort of work to do accuse him of idleness who has more directions for his industry than they can comprehend. If he is perfectly benevolent, he cannot hope to be considered a prudent, orderly, quiet member of society. He will be either incessantly spreading himself abroad, and spending himself in the service of all about him, or maturing in retirement some plan of rectification which will be troublesome to existing interests. If he be perfectly reverent in soul, looking up to the loftiest subjects of human contemplation with an awe too deep and true to admit any mixture of either levity or superstition, he will probably be called an infidel; or at least, a dangerous person, for not passively accepting the sayings of men instead of searching out the true Word of God with the powers which God gave him for the purpose.

Thus we see how in our own, as in every other society, the law of Opinion as to what men should be agrees in the large, general points of character with the ideas of the wisest, while there are great differences in the practical management of men's lives. The perplexity to many thoughtful parents is what to wish and aim at.

Now, it must never be forgotten that it is a good thing that there must everywhere be such a law of Opinion on this subject, though it necessarily falls below the estimate of the wisest. Some rule and method in the rearing of human beings there must be; and if some are dwarfed under it, many more have a better chance than they would have if it were not a settled matter that truth, courage, benevolence, &c., are good things. Till the constitution and training of the human being are better and more extensively understood than they are, the general rule is something to go by, as the product of a general instinct; and it will work upon nearly all those who are born under it, so as to bring them into something like order. In our country, there is, I suppose, scarcely a den so dark as that its inhabitants really think no harm whatever of lying and stealing, or consider them merits, as is the case in some parts of the world. While we have among us far too many who thieve and cheat, and quarrel, and drink, we can scarcely meet with any who do not think these things wrong, or have not thought so before they were too far gone in them. On the whole, the law of Opinion, though far below what the wise see it might be, is a great benefit, and a thing worthy of serious regard in fixing our educational aims.

This prevalent opinion being a good thing as far as it goes, having its origin in nature, there can be no doubt that a good education, having also its origin in nature, would issue in a sufficient accordance with it for purposes of social happiness. As human beings are born with limbs and senses whose thorough exercise brings them out in a high state of bodily perfection, they are born with powers of the brain which, thoroughly exercised, would, in like manner, bring them out as great, mentally and morally, as their constitution enables them to be. There must ever be innumerable varieties, as no two infants could ever be said to be born perfectly alike; and perhaps no two adults could be found who had precisely the same powers of limb and sense: but out of this infinite variety must come such an amount of evidence as to what is best in human character as would constitute a law of Opinion, higher than the present, but agreeing with it in its main points. Let us conceive of a county of England, where every inhabitant should be not only saved from ignorance, but having every power of body and mind made the very most of. The variety would appear much greater than anything we now see. There would be more people decidedly musical, or decidedly mechanical, or decidedly scientific: more who would occupy their lives with works of benevolence, or of art, or of ingenuity: more who would speculate boldly, speak eloquently, and show openly their high opinion of themselves, or their anxiety for the good opinion of others. The more variety and the greater strength of powers, the clearer would be the evidence before all eyes of what is really the most to be desired for men. It would come out more plainly than now that it is a bad and unhappy thing for men to have immoderate desires for money, or luxury, or fame, or to have quarrelsome tendencies, or to be subject to distrust and jealousy of others, or to be afraid of pain of body or mind. It would be more plain than ever that there is a soulfelt charm and nobleness and happiness in a spirit of reverence, of justice, of charity, of domestic attachment, and of devotion to truth. Thus, in such a society, there would be an agreement, more clear and strong than now, in all the best points of our present law of Opinion, while there would be fuller scope for carrying up the highest qualities of the human being to their perfection.

Moreover, as men are made every where with a general likeness of the powers of the mind, as with the same number of limbs and senses, there must come out of a thorough exercise of their faculties a sufficient agreement as to what is best to generate a universal idea of duty or moral good. No varieties of endowment can interfere essentially with this result. The Hindoo has slender arms, with soft muscles, and cannot do the hard work which suits the German peasant: yet both agree as to what arms are for, and how they are to be used. The Red Indian can see, hear, smell, and taste

twice as well as factory children or ploughboys; yet all will agree that it is a good thing to have perfect sight and hearing. And, in the same way, the African may have less power of thought than the Englishman; and the Englishman may have less genius for music than the African: but not only is the African able to think, more or less, and the Englishman to enjoy music, but they will agree that it is a good thing to have the highest power of thought, and the greatest genius for music. In the same manner, again, one race, as well as one individual, may have more power of reverence, another of love, another of self-reliance; but all will agree that all these are inestimably good.

It follows from all this, that parents must be safe in aiming at thoroughly exercising and training all the powers of a child. If it would be safest for all to do so, in the certainty that the result would be in accordance with the best points of the law of Opinion, it must be a safe practice for individuals; and they may proceed in the faith that their work (if they do it well) will turn out a noble one in the eyes of the men of their own day, while they are doing their best to help on a clearer and brighter day, when the law of Opinion will itself be greatly ennobled.'

Here I must stop for to-day. But I must just say a word to guard against any hasty supposition that when I speak of exercising (as well as training) all the human powers thoroughly, I contemplate any indulgence of strong passions or of evil inclinations. It cannot be too carefully remembered that what I am speaking of is human Powers or Faculties; and that every power which a human being possesses may be exercised to good, and is actually necessary to make him perfect.

It will be my business hereafter to show what this exercise and training should be.

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## A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Most persons have, at some time or other, tried to imagine what this far-famed city of Constantinople is like. It is an object of strong interest to the historian, the poet, the painter, the moralist, the politician—and perhaps few places on earth are more worthy their attention than Stamboul, appropriately styled—"The Queen of Cities."

To all those of our readers who have an hour and a shilling to spare, we say confidently—"You cannot spend either better than in a visit to Mr. Burford's Panorama, in Leicester Square."

The few moments necessary for traversing the long passage and ascending the stairs are sufficient to bring your mind into a fitting frame for intellectual enjoyment; or, if they do not suffice, take a seat and rest yourself in the hall. Your spirit wants expansion or relaxation; you would fain escape from the actual, the ordinary, the near—into the ideal, the extraordinary, the distant. You wish to see "the City of the Sultan;" nothing is easier said; but unless you are a *charge d'affaires*, or a rich and independent man, or a merchant, or, at least, a travelling agent, the probability is, that few wishes are more difficult to be attained. Come, then, and see what the enchantress, Art, has done for you. At the top of that flight of stairs she will show you Constantinople. Not a picture of it in a frame; but *the city itself*, as it is at this moment—with its glittering roofs and minarets, ample domes, gardens, palaces, and mosques, and its glorious environment of seas, mountains, and islands. By a wave of her magic wand, she has transported you in a moment to the top of the Seraskier's Tower, and you gaze in astonishment and delight on the matchless scenery, stretching for miles around. Is not the illusion perfect? But do not let us think of the word *illusion* just now. Some other time we will look out sharply for the joins in the canvas, and wonder at the cleverness of Mr. Burford and Mr. Selous. Surely the poet sings truly—

> We mar the brightness of our joy
> By tracing its cause too well.

Stamboul, like Rome (her mother and her rival), occupies seven hills; and the elegant tower on which you stand, is on the loftiest of the seven. You could not be in a better situation for viewing the whole magnificent scene. Look abroad. The sky!—the sea!—the earth! How clear and bright! Is this a home for despotism? Can it be that men born here are slaves? Slaves to bad princes and bad passions? Alas! for the desecration of this sanctuary of the beautiful!

> 'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the sun;
> Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?

*Can* he smile on them? Does he not smile on them "from morn till dewy eve?" Like other parents, he is most partial to his naughtiest children; as he proved when he let that good-for-nothing youth, Master Phaeton, drive his own four-in-hand; whereby he set the world on fire, and dashed out his desperate brains; an affair which took place somewhere in these orient parts.

What a soft breeze comes to us from the Bosphorus! It is *not* a mere fancy—there *is* an odour of orange and citron groves. And hark!—the *muezzin's* shrill cry to prayers.

Eagerly the eye wanders across the Bosphorus to Scutari. That fairy-land of palaces, with their white walls and glittering roofs, and gardens with their dark cypress groves, is reflected brightly in the blue waters; while behind it tower the lofty mountains of the Asiatic Olympus. That was anciently Chrysopolis, or the Golden City; a name applicable even now; for it is the abode of many of the wealthiest moslems of Constantinople.

Slowly the eye passes away from Scutari; and sweeping along the Asiatic coast and its mountains, rests on the white top of Mount Olympus, towering above the others. It rests here, to give the mind time to entertain the thick-coming thoughts (roused by the mere name of Olympus) of Homer, and that early world of gods and god-like men which he gave us, and which we would not willingly let die. To us, gazing from the Turkish Seraskier's Tower, in the nineteenth century, the snow-capped Olympus, over the sea, yonder, is far more than a fine object in the distance. It brings to memory that other Thessalian Olympus—Dwelling of Divinities! Ah! the Greek thunder-god, from his cloud-veiled throne, there, will, ere long, see beneath him, man's god-like slave—Steam—work greater wonders than his dreaded bolts ever wrought! He shall hear man say to this servant of his—"Go"—and he goeth with the swiftness of thought;—"Do this"—and he doeth it with the precision of infallibility; and it will be a work of benevolence, and not of anger or revenge.

The adjoining mountains stretch along the Asiatic coast as far as the eye can reach in that direction; and you turn slowly, following the line of

the horizon, where the bright sky touches the waters of the sea of Marmora, until you come to the point where the European coast begins. This fair expanse of water is the famed Propontis. How delightful it would be to spend many a long summer day sailing on its bosom, lingering among the coves and inlets of either shore, and finding everywhere traces of the vast bygone empires of Greece and Rome! How attractive, too, are those islands rising out of the smooth water! They contain the marble quarries; and this circumstance is erroneously supposed to have given its modern name of Marmora to the old Propontis; the fact being that Marmora is a Celtic word, meaning "the wide sea," and is probably an older name than Propontis. Following the European line of coast, from the horizon towards the spectator, the first object of interest is the ruined castle of the Seven Towers. Only three of these towers now remain, but the building is too far off for us to distinguish its parts. Its name is associated with all the horrors of despotism and cruelty. It was for ages the Turkish Bastille and state slaughter-house; over its entrance might have been inscribed Dante's famous line,

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

Think of the court-yard within these walls, called "The Place of Heads," where the heads of the victims were piled up till the heaps sometimes rose above the walls, and then let us rejoice that the days of such wretched brutality are past, even in semi-barbarous Turkey. All foreign ambassadors who became obnoxious to the Porte (Russians especially) were imprisoned in the castle of the Seven Towers. Indeed this seems to have been a place of safe keeping for all seizable objects of terror, for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes thus, in a letter from Constantinople in 1717, during her husband's embassy there:—

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands notwithstanding the misfortune which befel a very fine one intended for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must have some considerable project depending on it. They fancied it the body of God knows who; and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered on this occasion, and the mummy was committed close prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since. I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it, but I hope mine will pass without examination.

To particularise all the objects of interest within sight would require a volume; but some few we must mention—each being a nucleus for historic, poetic, or philosophic thought. The triangular form of the city is easily recognised—taking the point of the seraglio as the apex, and the line of the ancient walls of Theodosius II.—extending from the sea of Marmora, across the land, to the Acqua Dolce, or sweet water, at the head of the port, or Golden Horn—as the base. The size of this triangle has been greatly exaggerated. Tournefort, indeed, makes it three and twenty miles in circuit; but recent and more exact accounts make it ten miles less. The writer of the article "Constantinople," in the Penny Cyclopædia, reminds us that "the treble walls and ditches on the land side, the extensive gardens of the Seraglio and other palaces, the large court-yards of the Royal Mosques, the Hippodrome, and other vacant squares, materially diminish the extent of ground covered with houses." But this triangle, the ancient Constantinople, is no more the whole of the present Constantinople, than the City is the whole of London. Galata, Tophana, Pera, and Scutari, are virtually parts of Constantinople; as Wapping, Southwark, Westminster, and that undefined region called the West End are parts of London.

The Seraglio, as seen from our position, looks like a large maze of gardens, groves, and irregular extensive buildings. What the gifted Lady Mary Montagu said of it more than a hundred years ago is correct now; although later female writers (Miss Pardoe and others) may have a little more to say about the interior:—

I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress trees—which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round and set with trees, having galleries of stone: one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the Divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are, at least, as many more.

Near the Seraglio is the Mosque of St. Sophia, the most famous, but not the most beautiful or most striking-looking of the many mosques which we see before us. "The dome is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet in diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble; the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of parti-coloured marble, and the whole roof mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down." St. Sophia is one of the very few ancient monuments remaining. It boasts the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, which the Turks hold in great veneration. Probably they forgive his christianity in consideration of his foundation of the city, which their great conqueror, Mahomet the Second, made the seat of his empire. At the time of its capture by that Sultan, in 1453, the church of St. Sophia was to the Greek hierarchy what St. Peter's at Rome was to the Roman. Mahomet, through policy or pride, or a mixture of both, took care to preserve this magnificent church. He converted it into a mosque; and it is likely that many a christian, suddenly brought over to the faith of Islam by the cogent argument of the sword, defrauded Allah and the prophet, within the walls of the new-made mosque, by addressing their prayers secretly to the figures of the saints, still very visible in the mosaic work. Gibbon has a fine passage descriptive of the triumphal entry of Mahomet II. into Constantinople, from which we quote the following:—

At the principal door of St. Sophia he alighted from his horse and entered the dome; and such was his jealous regard for that monument of his glory, that, on observing a zealous mussulman in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished him with his scimitar, that if the spoil and captives were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. By his command the metropolis of the Eastern Church was transformed into a mosch; the rich and portable instruments of superstition had been removed; the crosses were thrown down; and the walls, which were covered with images and mosaics, were washed and purified, and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or on the ensuing Friday, the *muezzin*, or crier, ascended the most lofty turret, and proclaimed the *ezan*, or public invitation, in the name of God and his prophet; the imam preached; and Mahomet II. performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars (Constantine Palæologus).

Of the other mosques, the most beautiful, as seen from our point of view, are those of Achmet, Bajazet, Solyman, and Nouri Osmanya.

A conspicuous object in the landscape is the aqueduct of Valens—a remarkable remnant of ancient power and skill, still used for the purpose for which it was built.

It were well that we moderns imitated the an-

cients in the solidity and grandeur of their works of public utility. The aqueducts, sewers, and roads of a thousand years ago ought to shame the English into a better exercise of their organ of constructiveness.

The Seraskier's (*i. e.* commander-in-chief's) Square is the ancient forum of Theodosius. As the guide-book says—"It now contains within its walls the residence and offices of the seraskier and general staff, a fine parade-ground, in which three battalions can manœuvre, a long range of barracks (painted blue) for 5000 men, a military hospital with 400 beds, a barrack for the police, a prison, and a battery of twelve pieces for firing salutes (which are seen under an open shed)."

The beautiful and lofty tower on which we stand is in this square. It was built in 1828 by the late Sultan. Watchmen are stationed on the top all night, to look out for fires, which are very frequent and very extensive, as nearly all the houses are built of wood.

Having given this slight sketch of the Panorama of Constantinople, we will not attempt to fill it up, but will now conclude with the hope that some of our readers will be tempted to visit this interesting exhibition, and that they may be as much pleased and instructed by it as we have been. J. M. W.

## THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

By Andrew Delap.

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward—forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change!"—*Locksley Hall.*

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."
*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

To the world at large, the telegraph room of a railway must be imbued with no small degree of mystery. The wires, after running so many hundred miles, seem suddenly to dip into it with quite the at-home air of a traveller stooping to enter his own lowly porch. How vague, and yet how poetical, must be the ideas which exist in the minds of the pleasure-seeking people who crowd the railway stations on gala days of the nature of the proceedings in these rooms, in which the subtle breath of electricity gives its responses through brazen lips!

We fear much disappointment would result, however, from an inspection of the telegraphic machinery, as little is to be seen which at once strikes the eye, or that appears at all commensurate with the effect which it produces. If we go into the telegraph room of any of the railways—say, for instance, that of the South Western, at Nine Elms—we find two or three tables, occupied with as many mahogany cases, containing the different apparatus; under the tables a corresponding number of batteries, from which spirals of wire proceed, and connect them with the telegraph, and the conducting wire which we see in the open air.

These telegraphs are on two principles. The one the invention of Professor Wheatstone, and called the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph; and the other that of his partner, Mr. Cook. As it appears to us, however—and as, indeed, it is generally considered—that the professor's invention is much the most effective of the two, we shall confine ourselves to its description, following, for the sake of scientific clearness, as nearly as convenient, the account of it as given in the *Introduction to the Study of Chemical Philosophy*, by Professor Daniell.

The Electro-Magnetic Telegraph consists of two parts—the *Communicator*, and the *Indicator*. The former we will consider in the room with us ready to forward a message; the latter at the end of the conducting wire, at however great a distance that might happen to be. First, then, of the communicator. We see before us a brass circle of some six inches in diameter, moving freely at the upper end of a brass pillar. The circumference of this circle has twelve notches cut in it, which are filled with pieces of ivory, or hard wood; so it presents an equal alternation of conducting and non-conducting substance. A brass spring presses against the circumference; one of the communicating wires is connected with this spring, and the other with the brass pillar; and the voltaic battery, which in all Professor Wheatstone's experiments consists of a few elements of very inconsiderable dimensions, is interposed anywhere in the circuit. On the surface of the circle the twenty-four characters of the alphabet are marked, and the same number of radial pins are provided for the convenience of turning it with the finger; and a stop is placed, so that the finger applied to any one of the spokes shall not move it beyond a certain point. On turning the circle, the spring passes alternately over conducting and non-conducting divisions, and the circuit is correspondingly completed, or interrupted; or in other words, the electricity, instead of proceeding in a continual flow, beats like a pulse along the whole length of the conducting wire. The proper adjustment being made, whenever a letter is brought opposite to the fixed stop, by applying a finger to its corresponding spoke, the same letter appears upon the dial of the indicator.

The indicator, which we will place at Southampton, forms the second part of the invention, and the one to which Professor Wheatstone exclusively lays claim. It consists of an electro-magnet, formed of two soft iron cylinders, two inches long, and half an inch in diameter, round which is coiled a considerable quantity of copper wire covered with silk, the extremities of which wire are connected with the conductor, which proceeds from station to station of the telegraphic line. We have before seen, from the peculiar action of the communicator, that the electric current beats in a regular pulse along the wire, which pulse, upon reaching the soft iron cylinders, turns them into a magnet, which attracts a small piece of iron called a detent; immediately on the pulse ceasing, the soft iron cylinders lose their magnetic power, and the detent flies back, in consequence of the reaction of a spring. By the continual beating of the electric pulse, and the consequent alternating magnetic and non-magnetic state of the soft iron cylinders, the detent is caused to move backwards and forwards, which action is converted into an intermitting circular motion in a single direction, by means of two drivers acting on a toothed wheel. To the whole a dial is attached, which dial advances a step or letter whenever the attraction acts or ceases. On the circumference of the dial the letters of the alphabet are engraved; the whole instrument is inclosed in a case, and a brass plate is placed before the dial, in which a small aperture is cut, allowing a single character only to be seen at a time, and any required word may be spelt by making the pulse of electricity act upon the detent the number of times or spaces that alphabetically lie between each letter. Thus, for instance, if the word "give" had to be sent, the communicator first pulses the letter *g*; it must then be turned round two spaces to come to *i*, through eleven to come to *v*, and through nine to come to *e*, and so on.

If we watch the manner in which a message is communicated, the precision with which all this complicated machinery works appears wonderful. At the Nine Elms Station an attendant receives a slip of paper, with the words written on it that you wish forwarded. He goes to the little brass communicator, which is very similar to a ship's steering wheel placed horizontally; he turns the spokes as many times as he requires letters to spell its different words, and tells you in about as short a space of time as we have employed describing it, that your message has been received. At Southampton another attendant, attracted by an alarum, which always rings to draw attention to a coming message, watches the indicator, in the face of which is a little opening, much like that in an old-fashioned eight-day clock, which shows the day of the month. To this hole letter after letter comes in rapid succession; these the attendant writes down (the conclusion of each word being marked by a star), and your communication is completed. A letter and its copy are, in fact, written as contemporaneously as if a manifold letter-writer had been employed. The only difference between the manifold writer and the electric telegraph being, that in the former case your copy is traced at the distance of the thickness of a sheet of paper; in the latter it might be at the whole diameter of the earth!

Those who are unacquainted with the nature of electricity imagine that the wires which they see running parallel to a railroad are all that is necessary to complete what might be called the Highway of Thought. But it is not so. The electric fluid starts from the voltaic battery, threads with the speed of light all the delicate machinery we have described, delivers its message, and would be glad, one would think, to escape the further bondage of man by dispersing itself in the earth. Not so: the idea transmitted, the labour accomplished, it seeks to return again to the point from which it set out. After passing through, and working the indicator, it proceeds along a wire to where it is connected with a plate of zinc buried in the ground. From this point it starts on its mysterious journey through the solid earth towards its home, like the carrier pigeon taking its flight through a way unknown; but, guided by what we might daringly call an unerring instinct, it reaches a similar plate in the earth, from which it is conducted perpendicularly upwards along a wire, and enters the battery at the opposite pole from which it departed, thus completing what is called the circuit, and which circuit might extend as far as it is in the power of man to lay down a conducting wire.

The power which either earth or water, or the two alternately, possess of completing the circuit was discovered early in the last century, but it was first employed for telegraphic purposes by Professor Wheatstone in 1842, when, by means of Waterloo Bridge, he passed a wire from his lecture room in King's College to the shot tower on the opposite side of the river; the two ends of the wire, attached to two zinc plates, were then buried in the mud of either shore, and the water and earth completed the circuit as effectually as if a metallic conductor had been employed for the returning current.

It has often struck us flying past in the train, and gazing upon the wires, now cutting against the sky, now painted like delicate nerves upon the dark green trees, how much we might speculate upon the secrets they are conveying. Perhaps, as we survey them, some royal message

Lives along the line.

Perhaps—oh, vile antithesis!—'tis only an order for so many dozen of lobsters; or, it might be the issue of some gigantic speculation in the funds; or, borne upon its rushing arrow, the tender billet of the lover, as in old romance.

Had we the power to witness the diorama of humanity, which in silence is continually moving past, what secrets would appear, what petty cares and sorrows, what common-places of commerce, what joy-giving messages; perchance, what terrible revelations. Tawell, flying from his murdered victim, would have seen for an instant the shadow of the Avenging Angel as he passed.* Our brain staggers as we attempt to realise so fanciful a vision. Slowly the swift shuttles of thought, which mentally we have seen traversing the wires, disappear, and before us the monotonous telegraph stretches from post to post, until its perspective vanishes in the blue and misty air.

Year by year we are increasing this nervous system of our island, and we are already longing to extend our empire over the sea. Experiments which have been made by Professor Wheatstone, in the Portsmouth dockyards, leave no doubt of the practicability of laying down a submarine telegraph. Perfect insulation of the conductors has been obtained, and messages sent through the depths of the sea. In a short time the telegraph will certainly be laid down between Dover and Calais; can we doubt that the day will come, when it will traverse the widest ocean—stretch from continent to continent—from the old to the new world? When that time shall arrive, another agent will be at work, more potent than even the printing press, in furthering the ends of civilisation, and promoting good-will among men. Nations will live in daily correspondence with each other, and jealousies—instead of gathering to ungovernable heights before explanations can be exchanged—will be assuaged and dispelled by discussion. It will, in fact, prove to the passions of nations what the lightning rod does to the storm—a safe and gradual conductor and dissipator of the sudden and unlooked-for danger. And then, as Mr. Cobden finely observed, in a late speech in France—"The fate of nations will no longer wait upon the trembling finger of the diplomatist, and war will become more and more repugnant to the feelings and interests of mankind."

The very principle of the electric telegraph is no small sign of the pacific tendencies of humanity, and of our advancement in civilisation. All the telegraphs of old are associated either with scenes of blood and rebellion, or the secret policy of governments—they were the beacon fires which spread from hill to hill, and lit up the flames of rebellion, or the semaphores of more modern times which put fleets and armies in motion. The electric telegraph is rather the servant of the *people*—it speaks between man and man, and busies itself with the everyday affairs of his life; its tendencies are to draw the nations together, and knit them in one enduring confederation.

Such is, then, the power which the Prosperos of science have called up for the service of man. A spirit more marvellous than fairyland can show. An Ariel or a Puck to traverse the fields of air faster than a beam of light—a gnome who trudges through the solid earth to do our bidding—a spirit who realises more than the visions of the poet, and who, when you call him from the vasty deep, *will* come.

* The intelligence of the murderer's presence in the approaching train was indicated by the telegraph of the Great Western Railway.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, October 10th, 1846.*

*The Duke and his Statues.*—Verily, John Bull is more liberal to his "great men," than were they of Greece and Rome, of old, to their warriors. He, honest soul, can appreciate talent of a certain kind—he can see the glory of murdering fellow-creatures because they do not happen to speak the same language as himself; the trade of man-slaying receives every encouragement from him—he never tires of heaping honours upon the head of the man who, with bishop-blessed banners, is most successful in destroying the "natural enemies" of Britain, or devastating a peaceful people because they will not trade with us in a drug to their own destruction. And should some daring one, in high places, venture to hint that this lavish expense might be better employed in educating the people, founding hospitals, or other benevolent designs—lo! in a twinkling, the British lion, by dint of sundry kickings and pinchings, is made to roar "like any sucking dove"—the adventurous spirit who has created the fearful display is quieted in an instant, the useful animal is soothed to sleep again, and all goes on as before!

Twelve thousand pounds for another monument to the Duke—another monument to the madness of Britain—a madness happily past, and, it is hoped, never to return to disfigure the earth. Oh, that the intended statue might be made appropriate! Then would the christian hero-worshippers see in its true colours the homage which they pay to the man of blood. Heaps of human skeletons should compose the column—on its sides should be depicted weeping orphans, bereaved widows, every crime that has disfigured human nature; while to surmount the whole, the genius of war might be placed, smiling at the havoc made by the folly and wickedness of mankind.

Not that we would cast obloquy upon the duke. His grey hairs and fast-flitting spirit render him sacred. As he has done, so shall he be judged; and it is not for man to say what shall be the verdict of the great God upon him. May he not be weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

Still it grieves us to see that this admiration of war—a spirit which we hope is fast dying away before the noble efforts that are making to crush it—still remains in the breasts of some; that there are many still so zealous in the wrong path. It grieves us that the aristocracy have not yet learned their vocation: neglected genius may be driven to such desperation as to commit self-murder; millions may cry out for bread, and strive still harder for the bread of intellectual life; but no helping hand is held out to them, no gentle words of encouragement to the almost helpless moral infant, bewildered from the first blinding effects of light—all their energies are concentrated in Mammon and self-worship.

Yet it teaches the people one great lesson. To depend upon themselves. Truly, God helps those who help themselves. Let them go on in their efforts at moral improvement, intellectual progress, and enlightenment, and the day of the tyrant is passed. What earthly power can resist the struggles of mankind, now in their germ, to obtain their natural birthright of freedom and independence? Bigots may rave and frown on their efforts, but the people have the consciousness of truth and justice on their side, and, with that knowledge, bid defiance to all attempts to stop them in their progress to their natural state as the rulers of the earth. There are some good men and true still working with them in their glorious cause; and though feeble may be the first upshoots of the great tree of human progress, although hopeless may seem the task of nourishing the tender sapling, and keeping it unblighted from the breath of winter winds, still, like the grain of mustard seed, it shall spring up to a gigantic monarch of the forest in our own happy England, and the whole earth shall find shelter and peace under its protecting branches.—J. W. H.

Sir—Allow me to congratulate you on the success of the *People's Journal*, in which you have "taken time by the forelock," and commenced your labours just as the working classes were about to understand their duties and interests. I say, and I speak the feelings of many, we are proud of *our Journal*, of its honesty of purpose, of its writers and pictorial embellishers, and, above all, proud of the object which it advocates—the physical and intellectual enfranchisement of the working classes. In looking back upon the past, the history of the people presents a lamentable picture: toiling to satisfy the animal cravings, and those of the lowest kind; no care, no provision made by those in power for supplying the wants, mental or bodily, of the producers of wealth, but in their place a pitiless grinding, a prohibitory mandate, a "thus far shalt thou come, but no further." It has been said, that all great and lasting reforms must spring from the people themselves; if so, it contains a good omen for the success of the present, of which there are distinct signs throughout Britain and continental Europe. The people only require honest guides to go onward in peaceful conquest, till misery and injustice are banished from the earth.

If the following lines, which contain the hopes and wishes of one of the *crew* of the national vessel, are fit for insertion in the *People's Journal*, you are heartily welcome to them; but if not, they at least show that some appreciate your labours.—George Guthrie, Jun.

*Edinburgh.*

LINES TO THE EDITOR AND WRITERS OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

God speed ye in your holy cause, ye lifters of the poor
From out the abject bondage that hath held us long secure;
For centuries have we toiled along till hope had sicken'd—died,
And tyrants strong said scornfully, that sure our prophets lied
When they did tell of coming times, when knowledge, like a spell,
Will lower the mighty mountain and raise the lowly dell—
When man will cease to prey on man and love's true power be felt,
And kindness prove a furnace strong where all bad passions melt;
When swords will leave their scabbards bright ne'er to return again,
And busy hands will fashion them but to war with the waving grain;
When man will quit the battle-plain, nor heed the trumpet's blast,
And live in peace with all mankind where'er his home be cast.
Then will the dreams of holy men be verified on earth,
And man will yield no reverence then but to the power of worth.

* * * *

The noble sound of peaceful arts, where all shall earn their share,
And crime and want will ne'er be heard in that Elysian air,
Oh, then will come the happy days that good men saw afar,
That cheered them on life's dreary stage—the pilgrim's guiding star.
God speed the leaders to that goal where all must come at last,
If e'er we reap our labour's price—reward for sufferings past.

* * * *

*Workmen in Carriers' Establishments.*—Numerous and powerful are the talents employed to ameliorate the sufferings of the working classes. While oppression has been exposed and denounced, sorrow and distress have been elevated, and the physical condition of thousands has been improved; and that improvement has been evinced by corresponding lively feelings of gratitude on the part of the poor towards their rich and generous benefactors. Though numerous are the evils which have been exposed and remedied, yet there are others of a fearful magnitude permitted to afflict society with unmitigated severity, and are productive of the worst consequences. For instance, where will you find a number of individuals so debased and utterly neglected as those employed in carrying establishments. 365 days and nights, with little intermission, are those poor white slaves doomed to work every year. To talk to them about moral or intellectual improvement is all a farce; it is worse—for what can be more cruel and insulting than to tell such people that they ought to avail themselves of our mechanics' institutions, and athenæums, and public parks, in order to improve their intellectual faculties and their physical powers? To these are denied the comforts of the Sabbath, the hallowing influence of divine ordinances, the pleasures of intellectual improvement, and the social influences of friendly intercourse. It is high time that the society formed for reducing the hours of labour turn their attention to this portion of our suffering fellow-creatures, and, if possible, explode the system which has doomed such a large portion of our fellow-countrymen to moral degradation and death. If the united efforts of all the merchants and tradesmen in this kingdom had been brought to bear upon these unfortunate

creatures to oppress them, it could not be done more effectually. The greatest outcry is raised against slavery abroad, and flogging at home, and very justly too; but where upon the face of the globe is there greater cruelty manifested towards any species of men than those employed by carriers? Surely it cannot be that the proprietors of those establishments are naturally worse than other men, or are more indisposed to imbibe the great and noble principles which are actuating society, and prompting to acts of benevolence. If it be ignorance of the true and correct principles of commercial enterprise which is the cause of all this suffering, we hope some of your able correspondents will never cease to write and instruct such men in their duty to their fellow-men, until a reformation takes place in the establishment of every carrier in the kingdom.—J. L.

*Building Societies.—A Warning.*—SIR: I think it necessary to direct your attention, as well as the readers of the *People's Journal*, to a class of evils that has lately come under my notice, whereby the working man is cheated out of his hard-earned pence by a company of swindling rogues, who style themselves the friends of the working classes. I will just give the readers of the *People's Journal* an account of a building society that started some time since, stating in their bills that any poor man, by paying 9½*d.* per week into their society, could ensure for himself a comfortable home, worth 120*l.* A number of poor men joined this society, which had for its name the Rock Building Society, and was held somewhere by, or in, the Hackney-road. These poor men continued to pay into the society for a considerable period of time, when all at once the society broke up, and the swindling rogues bolted with the money, and nothing more was ever heard of them; but the poor men were put off from time to time with promises that the money should be handed over to them. I happened to know four of the poor men myself, and therefore can, if required, fully corroborate my statement. But enough of this at present; and I hope, sir, that as your very excellent paper is an advocate for the rights of the people, you will insert this article, by a poor but sincere friend of the people in your journal, as it may prove a warning to all your hard-working readers to shun alighting on that rock which is likely to split, I mean the Rock Building Societies, which are likely to give way, and precipitate their unfortunate dependants into the Slough of Despond. I remain, sir, JOHN WORD ROWE.

*Birmingham People's Instruction Society.*—SIR, Seeing that you take such great interest in all that bids fair to do good to the people, I thought you would, perhaps, find room in your *Annals of Industry and Progress* for a short notice of the "Birmingham People's Instruction Society." This institution was founded, in January, 1846, by a few friends of the people, all of whom, with one exception, were operatives. The advantages offered are a reading-room, open every day (Sunday excepted) from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and furnished with the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, the *Local Newspapers*, *Dispatch*, *News of the World*, *Illustrated News*, *Inquirer*, *Punch*, *People's Journal*, *Chambers's Journal* and *Miscellany*, *Hogg's Instructor*, *Sharpe's Magazine*, *Shilling Magazine*, *Art Union*, *Tait's*, *Prospective Review*, &c. There is also a circulating library consisting of 450 vols., evening classes, and lectures.

The Instruction Society is open to every one without distinction. The terms are 1*s.* per quarter, or 1*d.* per week. Females are admitted to library, lectures, and classes, on the same terms. No extra charges are made for any additional benefits, the classes being conducted on the mutual instruction principle.

The New Meeting (Unitarian) Sunday School Committee having generously offered the use of their school-rooms for this purpose, free of rent, and also volunteered to furnish coal and gas, the committee of the Instruction Society have been enabled to carry out with spirit their benevolent intentions. Success has attended their exertions—130 have enrolled themselves as members, and a much larger accession is expected during the coming winter months.

When it is considered that a large proportion of the inhabitants of all large towns is composed of young unmarried men, living in lodgings where they do not feel they are welcome to spend the whole of their spare time, and to whom the streets or beer-houses are alone open, the desirableness of such an institution is at once apparent. —J. G. BROOKS.

*Penny Exhibition of Art in Liverpool.*—SIR, I have seen a paragraph in your excellent journal of a "Penny Exhibition of Art in Liverpool," and hope we shall soon see the *metropolis* and many other towns follow the example, and enable the working classes, at the low charge of a penny, to see what progress art is making in England. But there is another step which I know many would like to see taken, and that is, an exhibition of young men's productions—young men, under a certain age, who are progressing in the art—to allow them to contribute something *original.* And I know of nothing that would encourage and improve young artists more than a thing of this kind. How many have entirely given it up for want of encouragement; and how many would gladly contribute to it! It will be the great step to improvement; competition would ensue, and each would do his best. By this I have little doubt a good exhibition might be had in a little time. I am, sir, T. B. W.
*Kendal, Sept.* 11, 1846.

*A Library and Reading-room*, containing a selection of the best books, and leading daily and weekly papers, and magazines, at the low charge of 1*d.* per week, has lately been established at *West Bromwich* by G. S. Kenrick, Esq. It is the same gentleman who is President of the Central Temperance Association—the largest association of its kind in existence. He employs four lecturers and one missionary constantly, and is editor of the *Temperance Gazette*, a paper rapidly increasing in circulation, and one calculated to do much good. *Pro bono publico.* —R. W.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarantee of the writer's good faith.*

*The leaves of the Annals are properly paged for collection at the end of the Volume, to which they form an* APPENDIX.

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

TO SUBSCRIBERS — The Index Sheet to Vol. I., price One Penny, is now ready; also

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Price One Shilling each: both may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD.

FROM THE PICTURE BY DELAROCHE.

## THE EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD.

This noble picture by one of the best French painters, Delaroche, needs but little explanation. It is the morning of the execution of him who first won the people's ear and heart by his devotion to their cause, at a time when friends of the people were few, and such friendship highly dangerous; of him who, as the time approached of the long threatened collision between the kingly prerogative and the national instinct for liberty and progress, turned suddenly round, attached himself to the Court he had previously denounced, and became the greatest, because the ablest, of public oppressors. Honours and influence were showered upon him; until the whole civil government of the country was in truth as effectually in his hand, as was the religious in the hands of Laud. Britain has passed through many a sad and terrible period, but perhaps, none was so intolerably grievous as that when Charles I. ruled, with Strafford and Laud for his chief advisers. While the archbishop went on cropping men's ears, and slitting their noses, for the expression of opinion on religious belief, Wentworth's ambition aspired even to the whipping of the most illustrious of his political opponents. He would have silenced a Hampden by the lash. "In truth," he says, in one of his letters to Laud, "I still wish Mr. Hampden, and others to his likeness, were well whipped into their right senses. And if the rod be so used that it smart not, I am the more sorry."

A few years, and the growth of the power they so little understood, and so much despised—the power of the English Parliament—brought both into the position shown in our engraving. Laud is holding up his hands towards heaven in benediction on the devoted head that bows before him. A few minutes, and Strafford dies on the block the death of a traitor to the people; three years more, and Laud will follow him.

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## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

National education is announced to be the paramount object of the present ministry. Such is the declaration of a party, which, though not permitted to carry out, originated the great measures which have been brought to a successful issue. The pledge thus given, reasoning from late political analogy, will be redeemed; if not by the party putting it forth, by the national legislature, provided that public opinion bear with sufficient force upon the object. The breath of the united intelligence of the people must fill the sails of the state-vessel, let who may be at the helm. How many voyages, which, till the power of that intelligence prevailed, hung in remote and uncertain expectancy, has that vessel accomplished?

To inspirit us for the great work before us, let us look back on what has recently been done. Catholic emancipation, a long and angry battle, has been fought and won; and freedom, having loosed religious restriction, went forth and unfettered the slave. The Reform Bill let the purifying waters through borough and corporation; free trade has broken down the barriers of protection, and breathed a brighter atmosphere on commerce through the whole world. Coincident with this political progress, science has spread its mighty arms abroad, bringing the remote together, scattering the local prejudices which luxuriate in isolation, and uniting energies and intelligences which could not co-operate till facility of communication was secured. A principle is newly in action which almost realises the poet's fancy—and not only "wafts a sigh from Indus to the pole," but effects the wafting while the sigh transpires!

How impossible to pause upon this review—to look around on much that has arisen—to look forward to still more in perspective—and not feel that the course is clear for a race in which accelerated speed will trace the path, and yet more important objects form the prize. Time was, when to observe the course of human advancement was like watching the hour hand upon the dial: it was only at stated periods that progress could be perceived. It is now like marking the advance of a rapid and resistless tide, which sweeps off old obstructions, and throws forth from its unfathomable waters unguessed treasure. Time was when the masses were of as little account as the waste lands, and from the same cause—ignorance of the value and economy of cultivation. They were held as so many coarse and common tools, fit only to be put to the rudest purposes and treated accordingly. Lord Morpeth has well observed that there has been

> Too much monopoly in what concerns mind: that those studies and pursuits which contribute so much to the intelligence, to the refinement, to the enjoyment, to the elevation, of the human being, should no longer be considered the property of peculiar classes, but should be brought home to the doors of all our workmen, to the hearths of all our cottages; that, no matter what the walk of life, no matter what the trade, means and facilities should be afforded for that instruction, that complete moral education, of the whole character, of the whole man, which shall qualify him to be a good christian and a useful citizen.

That strange anomaly in state policy, the absence of a system of national education, is about to be removed. The reproach of long legislative neglect and indifference will, it is hoped, be compensated by the magnitude of the measures about to be put forth. Education, to be national, must be of universal application; to be that, it must be untinctured by sectarianism. This will form the great difficulty with which it will be necessary to grapple: the protectionists of opinion will each lead his division of antagonism into the field against the friends of religious freedom. The people, then, must do their part to strengthen the hands that will strike for them; they must feel that their moral life is about to begin; for feeble and desultory have been hitherto the endeavours directed to that work of all-absorbing interest. It is but as yesterday that in the British Parliament a grant for 70,000*l.* for the royal stables passed without a division; while at the same time, and by the same voices, 30,000*l.* was voted for the education of the people—for the education of millions—among whom Bacons and Lockes, Newtons and Miltons, have probably perished again and again for want of the appliances necessary to mental vitality.

The time for class education, like class legislation, is past. The spirit of universality is abroad, and will spread its wide wings over the interests of education. The form of education must be that which is best calculated to develope and exercise all the powers of human nature—a nature, how various soever in the detail, alike upon the whole; agreeing in the metal, differing only in the mould. The reasoning faculties, the moral feelings, the physical powers, demand equal development in all, without reference to social, any more than to local latitude. Every member of the state ought to have a mind

trained to the exercise of reason and reflection—opened to the sense of rectitude and responsibility—and a frame developed by the appliances essential to health. The details of knowledge may be contingent; the power to seize and assimilate it must be certain. The kind of knowledge may be left to the peculiar idiosyncracy; but the general capacity must be strengthened and expanded—the appetite healthily awakened and properly supplied—the tongue taught to speak, the ear to hear, the eye to see, the heart to feel, the mind to think aright. Under the various biases of natural genius, some will seize the pen and some the pencil; the orator and the linguist will arise here—the mathematician and musician there: but developed minds and frames, capable recipients for all the elements of moral and material improvement, must be everywhere; and with these will co-exist sympathetic tendencies—a spirit of christian fellowship, hitherto little known.

The inequalities of educational advantages, as much as the inequalities of wealth, have led to the indifference and disregard, the covert or avowed contempt, the open or secret strife, in which the human family have hitherto existed. The best feeling towards a deficient brother has been pity—a feeling proverbially akin to contempt; contempt leads to injury, injury to retaliation and hatred; and thus the chain of moral mischief is completed. The identity of interests, and the happiness to result from perfecting that identification, lies with education. When all are recognised as accredited and qualified workers in the great temple of human advancement, the proud petty vices of the present state of society will die out.

Wealth and rank may bulwark their possessor; but he ever feels struck with involuntary respect (proportioned to his capacity for appreciation) in the presence of intellect. The man, however humble, who shows that he holds the natural patents of nobility, wields a power, before which the material advantages of wealth, and the artificial distinctions of policy, stand in abeyance. This power, like the influence the human eye is said to possess over the lower animals, is a "great fact," which affords evidence of the inextinguishable supremacy of the principle of moral power (in which we include mental power, for they are only perfect in union); showing that we need only the necessary appliances for placing it in the ascendant, to give it an influence, predominant as it is imperishable, and under which all other human attributes will seriate in their due order.

Some concurrent circumstances of gratulation are present at this juncture. War, which, while it carries butchery abroad, leaves barbarism at work at home, has rolled away like a lowering storm from our horizon. With a disposition to peace, and facilities for social and commercial intercommunion, has grown a mental vision favourable to the recognition of faults at home and merits abroad, for which at one time the national optics were not peculiar. "We are every day more disposed to look beyond this island life of ours, and not to refuse that which when weighed has been found not wanting, because it was not originally our own." The seeds of a system of universal education might have been, ought to have been, sown earlier; yet, perhaps, at no time hitherto has the soil been in a better state for their reception. The necessity for national education is very generally recognised—it is proclaimed to be the great legislative object of the day; and the people are eager to be admitted to the privileges—they thirst to drink at the great fountains soon to be set flowing. We are indebted to Dr. Hook for an example of liberality, which will, we trust, strike an emulative, we would rather say co-operative, chord in every clerical breast. He says—

If the Church of England claims a right to the exclusive education of the people, it becomes her duty to seek to supply the funds required, by appropriating her property to this purpose. Our bishops are bound, upon this principle, to go down to the House of Lords, and seek powers from the legislature to sell their estates. * * * It would be better for the Church to have a pauperised hierarchy than an uneducated people; and never would the hierarchy be more respectable than when pauperised in such a cause.

As Lord Castlereagh would have said, Dr. Hook points to "the feature on which the question hinges," when he says that the state, while recognising the necessity for religious education, can itself give only literary and scientific education, and on this declaration must its proceedings be based. The pastors of each sect, left free to pen their own fold for religious instruction, will, in "agreeing to differ," diffuse the principle of harmony throughout their flocks, invest the schools with a free atmosphere, and preserve to all that moral and intellectual culture which are eminently auxiliary to the development and support of the spiritual. Mr. O'Connell is said to have aroused and irritated the theological tiger in Ireland; we trust he is not prowling elsewhere. "To a certain extent education must be a secular concern—the business of laymen and statesmen, not of ecclesiastics. Is geology to be based on sectarian principles? Is the Newtonian system to be placed under theological control? Must the authority of pastors over science and history be recognised?" Surely not. Other aims are theirs, and can be best followed out by their exclusive devotion to them.

The national plan will, of course, present a graduated scale of schools, from the infant-school up to the college and gallery of art. England will remember that she has embryo Barrys and Reynoldses, Hiltons and Haydons, as well as Adam Smiths and Arkwrights; and she will make provision for the development of all—recognise, as has long been the case on the continent, the necessity for artistic cultivation, as "an essential accompaniment to all intellectual cultivation;" and, whilst giving manual facilities, remit nothing that will tend to promote "the higher object—the philosophy on which it rests, and by which it is regulated, both intrinsically and in its relations to other departments of human thought and action." We will hope, too, that a wise liberality will raise the educator to his proper position, and that the minister of instruction will be selected as a guide to the path of honour upon which they are about to enter, and reap reward in proportion to the value of their moral vintages. "Noble and national objects," says Sir Martin Archer Shee, "are not to be effected by common and contracted means; the stimulus must ever be in proportion to the exertion required; and they must be themselves honoured, who are expected to do honour to their country."

Education, when universal—the thronged highway of *all* the children of the state, each furnished with the fullest means for the development of his powers, and looking to that development as the grand interest of his existence; the mode by which alone he can gain the power to serve God and man—will give an impetus to human advancement, of which the present age, progressive as it is, can form but feeble conception. The light of Christianity will lead men to co-operation as to a common

centre; where, if "the strong labour for the weak," it will be doing a work that is alike blessed and blessing; where "the idle and incapable," those denizens of ignorance and rank neglect, will be unknown; where "rogues and spendthrifts" will, like fossil remains, be mere matter of curious research; and where "the children of folly" will exist only like the mummies in the British Museum, as effigies of some very obstinate believers in the immortality of error and prejudice.

Moral and intellectual ambition has no limit. We were going to compare the philosophic cosmopolite to the Alpine traveller, who surmounts height after height, only to behold others more heavenward; but we would rather liken him to Milton's angel, who

> Through the vast etherial sky
> Sails between worlds and worlds with steady wings.

But not only will progress be marked with new and unguessed triumphs, but abuses, like weeds, will be trodden down. Past mistakes, as refuse committed to fire, will vanish before future discovery and dilating intelligence. The Joseph Sturges of no distant day may behold the evil, which the present excellent reformer so properly denounces—the property qualification—merged in the educational qualification, furnished by an honourable course through the national schools, which would go near, if not quite, to the establishment of universal suffrage; in which, perhaps, women, as well as men, might by that time deserve to be included. With these advances, that feudal enormity, the fratricidal law of primogeniture, would fall, and yield to the primordial rights of moral worth and mental power.

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## THE TWO STONE-MASONS.

*(From the French.)*

MARCEL and Bastien were stone-masons, who had worked together for several years in a yard belonging to one of the most celebrated builders in Paris. They were clever workmen and good friends, and they would often assist each other at their work. Between their wives, however, there was no such friendly feeling. Madame Bastien joked incessantly with the gossips of the district on Madame Marcel's conduct. She called her a fool, a niggard, a hypocritical despot, under whose sway her husband bent like a slave. Madame Marcel, though she never said anything openly about the frivolous character of her neighbour, regarded her as a public gossip whose tittle-tattle was dangerous, as a madcap who thought of nothing but her own pleasure, and who took no care for her family, except in things absolutely indispensable to life. The principal source of division between the two women was Madame Bastien's jealousy of the comfort and cleanliness which always appeared in her neighbour's house, and of the modest and strictly proper behaviour of her three little girls. It often happened that her own children were seen by Madame Marcel, striving together in the streets, far from their home; and more than once Madame Marcel had taken them home, to the great humiliation of their mother, who did not like to be surprised with her house in disorder, and her clothes dirty, when, at the same time, might be seen, spread out at the foot of the bed, the finery destined to figure next day at a ball.

Every Sunday, Bastien took his family to one or other of the most frequented houses of entertainment in the environs, where they would stay to a late hour, and spend in a single day the earnings of a week. His wife's attractive prattle, her fresh and smiling face, and the attentions she received, gratified his self-love; while she would feel as happy, as triumphant, as does the high-born coquette who, in the gilded saloon, attracts all eyes, and wins universal admiration.

Marcel and his wife passed the half of every Sunday at home with their family, to fulfil their religious duties, to regulate their expenses, and to calculate their savings. The mother sought to fill up the leisure of her daughters by pleasant and instructive reading. After a good luncheon, they would go on foot to the *Jardin des Plantes*, or to the borders of the Seine. Sometimes they would go as far as the forest of Vincennes, and there, towards evening, on the fresh grass, under the pleasant foliage of the trees, they would spread out the rustic collation which they had brought with them. The sacred bond of family union was strengthened, their hearts expanded, they laughed, and they embraced each other. At sunset they would return, happy and refreshed, to their home.

Of course, when Marcel and Bastien met on the Monday at their work (the latter often did not make his appearance till the day was half over), they would talk over the pleasures of the preceding day. Bastien, with pale face and stiff limbs, would enumerate with pride the bottles of wine he had drunk, the games of billiards he had played, the country-dances his wife had danced, and the sports his little boys had enjoyed. Marcel, calmer and more fit for work, would talk of his walk to the wood of Vincennes, of the collation which, though so humble, had charmed his wife and family, and of the amiable qualities of his little girls, which they owed to the care of their excellent mother.

"Stop, Marcel!" would Bastien exclaim. "Don't talk to me of such out-of-the-way women as despise people's pleasures. You let your wife lead you like a child, and I can assure you, your comrades don't think the better of you for it."

"I am no more led than you are, my friend. Our tastes differ, that's all. You like drinking and merriment—I like the fields and the shade of the trees. It would not suit me to see my children mingling in the sports of the tea-gardens. Every one is allowed to guard his own treasure, and I know of none more precious than the manners of my children."

"These grand speeches show plainly enough, my poor Marcel, that you are nothing better than your wife's parrot. She is niggardly, and vain, and despises her equals. She reads books, and thinks herself too learned to talk with her neighbours."

"Who is his wife's parrot now, Bastien? Because she loves her own pleasure before everything else, and spends all that you earn, your wife finds fault with those who are orderly and economical. But never mind, we can't help our wives' opinions, and we need not be worse friends because they disagree."

"Certainly not. You are a fine fellow, Marcel, I must say that, and that's the very reason I can't bear to see you so ruled by your wife. But as you say, our wives' opinions are their own, and let us remain always good friends. Give me your hand upon it."

"With all my heart."

One day, when the two masons were working for a wing which was being added to one of the hospitals, they observed with interest the distribution of soup, by the Sisters of Charity, to the poor of the district. A considerable number of poor people, seated on stone benches alongside the walls of the hospital, received each a jugful of the soup. Some ate, or rather devoured, the pious offering with a wooden or metal spoon with which they had provided themselves; others, who could not procure even that necessary utensil, used oyster shells, which they had found in some corner. It was a painful and a touching spectacle! a terrible lesson for those whose passions and foolish prodigality lead them to misery! a precious example to the opulent, who, by thus making useful their broken meats, and the crumbs which fall from their table, may soften the woes of suffering humanity.

"It must be owned," said Marcel, "that the poor have great resources in Paris."

"Aye," replied Bastien, "that's just the reason there's so many do-nothings and vagabonds. If the rich gave them less, they would be compelled, like us, to cut stone, and to bear the heat and cold of the work-yards."

"But charity does not single out. She gives food to those who are hungry."

"One must be hungry indeed to debase oneself to such a degree as to come crowding pell-mell, to the door of a mansion, or to those stone benches, to devour soup, for all the world like so many brute beasts. For my part, I never could so debase myself."

"You say so now, when you are receiving your five or six francs a-day. But let an accident happen —a severe wound, or a long illness—and you will speak in a different tone. As the proverb says, 'Hunger drives the wolf from the wood.'"

"It is certain that if one thought of all that might prevent one from working——"

"One would be more economical—eh? Well, that's just what my wife says to me. It is in the time of harvest that we should lay by for the bad season. As another proverb says, 'If you would never be thirsty, keep a pear ready for your thirst.'"

"Pshaw! a foolish proverb. I should be very sorry never to be thirsty, particularly when I go to the public house. I don't like to put off my pleasures to the next day, and when I have hold of them I never let them go till my purse is empty. I am young and strong, and in constant work. I'll save some other time—meanwhile, *Vive la joie!*"

Conversation on this subject did not change the opinion of either of the friends. Each maintained his own—Marcel, uniting in purpose with the best of wives, saved as much as he could, and dreaded nothing so much as having to fall into a position which would oblige him to have recourse to charitable assistance. Bastien, quite as proud, but though of a sturdy and decided character, under the influence of the merry gossip whom he congratulated himself on possessing for a wife, and led away by exciting pleasures, spent all that he earned, and feared not for the future. His physical strength, and high reputation as a workman, gave him confidence, and if his purse was emptied on the Sunday, he would work hard the rest of the week, so as to provide for the necessities of his wife and children. It is true his boys were ill-enough clad, and did not yet know how to read; while Marcel's daughters, clothed in modest attire, the work of their own hands, were celebrated for their neatness, and graceful and pleasing deportment. Under the dictation of their mother, they would write out passages from the best moral books, and would try to recite them to their father in the evening, when he came in from his work; refreshing him, after the labours of the day, by their success and their caresses.

Faithful to their promise, the husbands never shared the differences of their wives. But at last, perhaps, these differences might have succeeded in breaking the agreement between them, had not Bastien, who did not pay his rent regularly, been obliged to remove to another street. His new lodging was a humble one, on the fifth story. Marcel remained honestly established in his, the third story of a respectable house; where he had gathered together, through his economy, some good furniture, linen more than enough for their wants, and even some plate. Every week he added a little to the store, which for several years he had been laying up in an admirable savings' bank.

Now it happened that, to the great mania for building which had long reigned in Paris, there succeeded a time of great depression in the trade. Workmen could no longer exact high wages. Profits also were reduced one half. It became difficult to procure work. Many workmen left Paris for the cultivation of the fields, from which the desire of gain had drawn them. As a climax of misfortune, there came one of the severest and longest winters experienced for a long time. Marcel and Bastien were three months without being able to work a single day at their trade. In vain they went to the different yards of the builder who had employed them for so many years. He was himself a sufferer from the pressure of the times. To the failure of work was added increase of need, owing to the fearful rise in the price of fuel and provisions.

What were now the sufferings of Bastien, and his wife and children? How terrible were the privations they had to endure! Shut up in their gloomy dwelling, which was every day robbed of an article of furniture, sold to buy bread, the father, the mother, and the three little boys, shivering before the temporary warmth of a few pieces of lighted turf, soon suffered all the horrors of extreme want. Then, but too late, they repented of the prodigalities of the season of plenty. Bastien attributed their distress to the thoughtless coquetries of his wife: she ascribed their ruin to her husband's passion for drink and play. And during their mutual recriminations, which often amounted to harshness, and even menace, their poor children, half dead with cold, were crying for bread.

It was different with Marcel and his family. Their peaceful home was warmed by a good stove, and the severity of the season was not felt. They were provided with all the necessary provisions of life; they were warmly clad; and, by means of their former economy, they could now procure occasionally a load of fire-wood, coffee for their morning meal, and sometimes even a bottle of wine. Marcel had given up the glass of brandy which he had been accustomed to take when he was in full work, saying gaily, that "there was no need to oil the wheels of a carriage out of use." In fine, harmony, comfort, and gaiety, reigned in that peaceful family, in spite of the hard times; and they had no other trouble than that of being obliged to break into the little treasure they had deposited in the savings' bank. But they promised themselves to make it up, as soon as work should begin again in the yards.

The prolonged severities of the winter had caused so much suffering, that it became necessary to increase charitable relief. Among other instances of benevolence much talked of, was that of a jeweller, whose opulence was equalled by his philanthropy. This old man, disguised in coarse clothes, and aided by his servants, distributed at noon every day, on the Quai de Gèvres, four hundred basins of cheap but very nourishing soup. He also gave a twenty-sous piece to every mother carrying an infant. This curious and interesting spectacle drew together a great number of people; some led by misery, others by admiration of the noble act of humanity. Among the rest, Marcel and his wife went to enjoy the sight of this beautiful picture of Christian charity. At the appointed hour they were at the Quai de Gèvres. There was a great crowd of people. It was heart-rending to see the eagerness with which all these unfortunates stretched out their suppliant hands to receive the first aliment they had lifted to their famished lips for four and twenty hours. Marcel surveyed the long files of sufferers who were devouring the soup. He recognised several of his neighbours—workmen reduced to this humiliating position. But what did he behold? Could it be possible? Were those indeed Bastien and his family seated there, satisfying their hunger with the offering of charity? A cry of grief and surprise escaped from Marcel. It struck the ear of his comrade, who looked up and perceived him. The poor fellow reddened, cast down his eyes, and seemed ready to sink to the earth. At the same time, his wife had perceived the woman whom she had so ridiculed, whose economy she had so censured. Her countenance changed; it was covered with remorse and confusion. She was about to fly, and hide herself in the crowd. Madame Marcel advanced to her, and stopped her.

"Why be ashamed, neighbour?" she said in a gentle and touching voice—"are you not a mother? Oh, why did you not apply to your old friends?" These words went to the heart of the poor woman. She burst into tears, and could not speak a word.

In the meantime, Marcel had pressed Bastien in his arms. Without a word of reproach, he drew him away—him and his three children—and said in a voice choked with emotion—"My friend—my comrade—to be so reduced! Come—come home with me. You shall share what I have; I can make more yet. And you shall repay me when you get work again—when you will—never, if you like. Only spare me the pain of seeing you a beggar."

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The two families were united under Marcel's roof. There the duties of hospitality were exercised by delighted, and received by grateful hearts. There were strengthened the ties of a lasting friendship. Soon better days dawned. The work-yards were opened. The sacred debt he had contracted, made Bastien work with double zeal and assiduity. He never rested till it was paid. And for interest, Marcel would accept nothing but a pressure of the hand.

Bastien now discovered that there were pleasures truer and surer than those of the public-house. He became as careful as he had been extravagant; as gentle, as good, as he had been rough and passionate. His wife, now solely occupied with her household duties, and the education of her children, acknowledged the value of economy; since it not only places above the reach of want, but affords the inexpressible happiness of being able to relieve the wants of others.

## Poetry for the People.

### TO OCTOBER.

By Hugh Macdonald.

[The following lines are by the author of the poem entitled "*Gudesake let's Agree*, a song for Working-men, by One of themselves," published in the *Annals*, p. 27, vol I.—Ed.]

Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
  Clad in glowing mantles sere—
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the West when day's descending—
  Thou 'rt the sunset of the year.

Beauteous are thy row'n-trees glowing
  With their beads of coral dye;
Beauteous are thy wildrose bushes,
Where the hip in ripeness blushes,
  Like a maid whose lover's nigh.

Sweet to see thy dark eyes peeping
  From the tangled blackthorn bough;
Sweet thy elder's purple fruitage,
Clustering o'er the woodland cottage;
  Sweet thy hawthorn's crimson glow.

Fading flowers are thine, October!
  Droopeth sad the sweet bluebell,
Gone the blossoms April cherish'd,
Violet, lily, rose, all perish'd—
  Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
  Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm grey morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
  Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October!
  Music of the falling leaf
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its thrilling depths revealing—
  "Thus all gladness sinks in grief."

I do love thee, drear October!
  More than budding, blooming Spring.
Her's is hope, delusive smiling,
Trustful hearts to grief beguiling;
  Memory loves thy dusky wing.

Joyous hearts may love the summer,
  Bright with sunshine, song, and flower;
But the heart whose hopes are blighted,
In the gloom of woe benighted,
  Better loves thy kindred bower.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
  Death laid low my bosom-flower:
Life hath been a wintry river,
O'er whose ripple gladness never
  Gleameth brightly, since that hour.

"Hearts would fain be with their treasure"—
  Mine is slumb'ring in the clay.
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem it not strange this heart should weary
  For its *own* October day.

*Colinslie Print Works, near Paisley.*

## WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN DUBLIN?

By James Haughton.

It would be an easier matter to tell what the people are doing for themselves, than to reply, in any satisfactory way, to this question. And yet we would not have it imagined that the working men and their families, in the metropolis of Ireland, are altogether neglected by those who are bound by self-interest, as well as by duty, to see that misery and want do not raise their gaunt visages so openly in our midst as to undo all social ties, and altogether bar our claim to the title of being a Christian people. What we mean to convey is, that neglect is the rule, and those kindly and benevolent feelings which should characterise a people who were wise as well as virtuous, the exception. Dublin presents a beautiful appearance to the stranger. The Liffey runs through the city from west to east, and is walled in by quays built of granite, and crossed by several handsome bridges. Our public buildings are numerous, and some of them strikingly beautiful. Our principal streets are spacious, and well kept. Our squares are large, laid out with much taste and elegance, and surrounded by fine-looking mansions. The newer and more aristocratic portions of Dublin thus exhibit an appearance of architectural elegance, wealth, and comfort, not exceeded by many cities in Europe. The environs maintain this agreeable impression; for nature and art have done much to render the surrounding country almost all that man could desire. But, when we go a little deeper into the realities of things, we see much that is calculated to dispel first impressions; and to convince us that an amount of poverty exists in this metropolis, which loudly demands the exercise of benevolent feeling and benevolent action for its alleviation. The mind of the visitor is painfully impressed by the conviction that selfishness—rooted and ingrained selfishness—prevails in this city of palaces to an extent as criminal and besotted as in any other that could be named. We say *criminal*, for it is clearly the duty of the wealthy and the intelligent—we will not say, to feed and clothe the hungry and the naked—but to base the institutions of society on such wise and just principles, that all who are willing to labour, and to conduct themselves as honest citizens, shall be enabled to surround themselves with the comforts of life. We say *besotted*, for it surely is evidence of great folly on the part of the few, who are in possession of wealth and its accompanying comforts and luxuries, to leave the indigent many in such circumstances, that their hearts must be inevitably hardened, and their feelings embittered, by the constant struggle to sustain a miserable existence, while they see all around them that wealth of which they are the sole producers, and scarcely an atom of which remains to their share. It is fearful to reflect on the sad contrast of comfort and misery, of luxury and pinching want, which make up the sum of our population — a population which is rapidly increasing, and in which the increase of the wealthy portion is in a ratio greatly less than that of the poor. If this state of things be suffered to continue, it is easy to imagine that a spark may one day or other set the framework of society in a blaze that will involve all parties in one common ruin. This anomaly in our social system is doubtless, in a great measure, attributable to that thirst after wealth which makes men regardless of everything not palpably conducive to the promotion of their individual interests. This grasping disposition is deeply rooted amongst us; and we fear its poisonous influences are on the increase. To point out the means of uprooting this evil were no easy task; not because obvious remedies do not exist; but because the moral and religious sentiments of our nature have not been educated and called into action in the conduct of the daily business of our lives. It is true we have churches, and people crowd them in considerable numbers. We have eloquent preachers, who talk in abstract terms of morality and religion; and give some faint idea of the duties which these call for at our hands. It is the fashion to go to church—therefore, men go there; but it does not enter into their heads that the precepts there inculcated are to form any portion of their daily duties. And preachers are generally so courteous, so unwilling to wound the feelings of their hearers, and they speak in such general terms of the vices of society, that no individual ever imagines, in consequence of what he has heard in his place of worship, that he has any account to settle with his conscience. Thus the merchant goes on amassing wealth, often by means greatly at variance with the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" the distiller, the brewer, the publican, continue to manufacture and sell those poisons which are so destructive to our fellow-creatures; and, as the minister of religion is generally a partaker of these poisons, he never even whispers in their ears, that they are "verily guilty concerning their brother." The soldier lives in a constant preparation for doing violence to the command, "Love your enemies," yet the clergyman never denounces him for making himself an adept in the trade of murder, or for seducing, by mean and despicable devices, the only son from his widowed mother, in order to convert the man into an unreasoning machine, so that he may be made a fitting instrument for the destruction of his fellows. To visit such practices as these with christian reprehension, is not thought of; it would hurt men's feelings—it might awaken uneasy sensations in some dormant consciences; and our clergymen, as well as those in other places, are expected to make the road to heaven as smooth and as comfortable as possible. To insist on the constant practice of the christian duties, and to tell men they can never get to heaven if they live in the open violation of their duties, would be looked upon as entirely beside their duty. At all events, it is certain that the thing is seldom or never attempted.

We may be asked, what has all this homily to say to our text, "What is doing for the People in Dublin?" We reply, it has much to do with it, and with the condition of the people everywhere. Great poverty abounds. The multitude live in a condition not far removed from that of the lower animals. The rich are, generally, indifferent to this state of things. Selfishness is the root of the evil. This feeling is easily kept alive in men's hearts; and, instead of directing all moral and religious appliances for its counteraction, our ordinary education has a powerful tendency to foster and keep it alive. It lives in the bosom of the poor man as actively as in that of his richer brother; all are tainted with this evil principle; all have learned the mischievous maxim, that "a man may do what he likes with his own;" instead of being taught that it is incumbent on rational and *accountable* beings to study the comfort and happiness of their fellow-men; and that no man is warranted in doing as he will with his own, to the injury of others. Men are educated, by all the

customs of society, into the belief that *self* should be the great end of all their labours, and that in giving time and money for the relief of the distressed, they are doing some mighty work of merit, for which they are entitled to the unbounded thanks of the recipients. Hence, a general alienation of feeling between the rich and the poor prevails in Dublin as well as elsewhere; which is lamentable wherever it exists, and which must be replaced by sentiments more akin to christianity before men can be happy and contented, or society placed on a secure foundation.

We would not have it inferred that the wealthy and educated classes of Dublin are peculiarly hard-hearted, or indifferent to the wants of the poor; we believe this is not the case. We have many noble institutions for the relief of want and misery. But there is not an intelligent activity to prevent destitution, or to place the poor in such a position as would enable them to supply their own wants by their own industry. It is not charity the people want. It is employment they need; and such an improved education as would induce them to pay greater attention to their physical as well as their mental requirements. They need better habitations; and a taste for a higher degree of comforts than now exists must be acquired before this need will be supplied. They want to be made acquainted with the value of cleanliness and of a constant supply of pure fresh air. They need an education which would give them some insight into the laws of their being, and teach them to avoid the hurtful practices of drinking and smoking, which still too generally prevail. The latter bad habit is almost universal; the former has, to a great extent, been relinquished. To conclude this branch of our subject—if the rich would secure to themselves the affections of the poor, and thereby promote their own best interests, they must exhibit a greater anxiety, a more genial disposition, to do them good. They must realise the great truth, that "God has made of one blood all the families of man that dwell upon the face of the earth." That aristocratic hauteur, which proclaims, "I am better than thou," must be laid aside; the poor must be held in greater respect; they must be more fraternised with; if they are rude, it is because they are neglected; under a rough exterior, there is hidden many an honest heart. Let kindly influences predominate, and the great machine of social life will move on peacefully and joyously in its course.

We have stated that there are many fine institutions in Dublin for the relief of want and misery. A passing notice of these, and of some societies of a scientific and literary character, may not be out of place. The Fever Hospital, in Cork-street, is a large and admirably conducted establishment, standing in the centre of a large plot of ground, in an open and a healthful situation, on the outskirts of the city. Madame Stephens's Hospital is another extensive building appropriated to the relief of the sick poor. Meath Hospital, Jervis-street Hospital, Whitworth Fever Hospital, Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, the Lying-in-Hospital, the Eye Infirmary in Mark-street, Fleet-street Dispensary, the South-Eastern Dispensary, the Female Orphan House, and some other similar institutions, whose names we cannot now call to mind, attest the fact that a good deal of active benevolence is at work in Dublin. We have an extensive Lunatic Asylum for the relief of this most unfortunate class of our suffering fellow-men. Of our two Poor Houses, we need only say, that they are crowded with inmates, whose wants are, we trust, carefully attended to. Another institution of a similar character, deserves more than a passing notice. For, while all, or nearly all, the institutions we have named, are partially or entirely supported out of the public funds (some of them derive the greater part of their incomes from munificent endowments and private subscriptions), this one owes its existence entirely to the voluntary contributions of the citizens, and it has now been many years in existence. We allude to the Mendicity Institution, which was founded to do away with street begging. If all our citizens supported it as it deserves, by giving to it their contributions, and refusing assistance to mendicants in our streets, it would be found eminently calculated to effect the object in view. Here, no destitute person is refused food, and food of an excellent description is always supplied. Our streets are, notwithstanding, filled with importunate beggars, who are a blot upon our civilisation, and a disgrace to us in the eyes of strangers. But no real necessity exists for this outward manifestation of destitution, neither would it be long exhibited if thoughtless alms-giving were discontinued. It will be seen that much pains is taken in Dublin to mitigate the evils of disease, and to relieve the miseries caused by penury. But it must also be noticed that nearly all the means of relief alluded to are of a *curative* nature; there is a great want of intelligent action for the *prevention* of misery. Much of this is owing to the apathy and ignorance of the wealthy, and to the great difficulty experienced in the collection of funds for useful purposes from private sources; and government aid is only granted in accordance with the old-fashioned notions, that hospitals for the sick, and prisons for the guilty, are the best preventives of contagion and crime. By and bye we shall discover that prevention, both in a physical and a moral sense, is better than cure; and when our eyes are opened, it is to be hoped a better philosophy will guide us in future. We license, on the one hand, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks; and, by sanctioning their use, we spread crime and misery around. On the other, we build hospitals and prisons to put a stop to evils of our own creating. Vain and foolish policy! When we learn to proclaim the use of alcohol as a common beverage to be an immoral practice, the foundation of our physical and moral improvement will be laid, and not until then; all other remedies for the evils which afflict society will prove to be mere palliatives.

Let us now briefly notice some of the Literary and Scientific Institutions which adorn our city. Amongst these Trinity College stands foremost. It is a noble establishment, of large dimensions, and imposing appearance, both externally and internally. We do not enter upon any detail of its constitution or government—this would occupy too much space, and be foreign to our object. The principal points of interest to a stranger, within its walls, are the beautiful park, which is at all times accessible to the public; the museum, which has been recently placed under excellent management, and is well worth a visit; the examination hall, the chapel, the dining hall; and last, but not least, the magnificent library, which contains about 100,000 volumes of manuscript and printed books, including some of great interest for their rarity or magnificence.

Next in interest and importance may be mentioned the Royal Dublin Society, a noble and valuable institution, which has long been the nurse of arts and agriculture in our country. Here are drawing and modelling schools, which have fos-

tered much native talent, and educated many men who have proved an honour to their country. Here is an interesting museum and an excellent library; and within its walls are constantly delivered, by men of the highest attainments, and free to the public, lectures on chemistry, natural history, geology, agriculture, and other scientific subjects. The agricultural museum is well supplied. Cattle shows and an exhibition of farming implements take place on the premises every year. These are exceedingly attractive, and no doubt greatly advantageous in the formation of improvements in the various branches of agriculture. In connection with the Royal Dublin Society, and about a mile from Dublin, is the Botanic Garden at Glassnevin, one of the most beautifully situated places of the kind to be met with. A large sum of money has been recently expended in the erection of a beautiful range of conservatories, which is not yet completed. This garden is open to the public two days in the week, and is always accessible to members of the society and to their friends.

When speaking of Trinity College, we omitted to mention the Botanic Garden belonging to the university. It is a sweet spot, and is kept in the highest order, under the superintendence of Mr. Mackay, the author of an excellent "Irish Flora." Admittance is readily obtained by an order from any of the fellows, or from the professor of botany in the college.

While speaking of the Royal Dublin Society, we must not forget the claims of the Royal Agricultural Society, an institution which was founded a few years ago by the late estimable and truly patriotic Peter Purcell, who devoted much time to the improvement of agriculture in Ireland. This society has, we believe, been eminently successful in the promotion of that object. Numerous branch societies are now in connection with it, in all parts of the country.

The Royal Irish Academy is another of the interesting institutions of Dublin which tend to bring together the higher classes of society, and to diffuse among them a taste for the highest acquirements in scientific knowledge. Papers are here read to the members by our most distinguished literary and scientific men. There is an excellent library in the institution, and a collection of Irish antiquities; which is, we believe, considered to be the most extensive and valuable in existence. It comprises many articles of extraordinary interest, for their rarity and antiquity, or the historical associations connected with them.

Marsh's Library, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, is an institution not generally known to the public, or much frequented by readers; although gratuitous admission is freely accorded to all. Its shelves are filled with a large collection of musty tomes—musty in every sense—which are seldom opened. We believe the benevolent intentions of its founder have long since ceased to be of any public utility, and that it may now be considered as affording a sinecure to the librarians who have the care of it. The cathedral, which is a fine old pile, is interesting as the last resting place of the celebrated Dr. Jonathan Swift. It is much frequented on Sunday, on account of the admirable music which is performed there during service. Speaking of music, it may be said that the people of Dublin derive considerable enjoyment from that source of refinement. The higher classes have established for many years three amateur societies, at which concerts of the finest music, both vocal and instrumental, are frequently given, and numerously attended. The poorer classes have the advantage of enjoying fine music at their different places of worship; and a great number of trades' associations and temperance societies have bands, which afford a large amount of innocent enjoyment to the people.

We should not omit some mention of the Royal Zoological Society, whose gardens are beautifully situated in the Phœnix Park. The committee of this society deserve great credit for the liberal manner in which they have thrown open their garden to the people. The cost of admission on week days is sixpence; but with a degree of enlightened liberality, the advantages of which can hardly be too highly estimated, the committee have for some years past opened it to the public on Sunday at a charge of only one penny; thus placing an innocent and useful recreation within the means of the poorest classes, of which they have extensively availed themselves, not only without injury of any kind to the garden, but we believe with advantage in a pecuniary sense to the institution. It is much to be regretted that the wealthier classes in general take little interest in this society. It languishes for want of funds; so that the committee are unable to make it as largely instrumental in the promotion of zoological science as it might be. In our wealthy community a few hundreds a year cannot be collected for this useful purpose, although there are thousands among us who would never miss the trifling subscription-fee of one guinea a year.

We have pleasure in recording another instance of wise liberality on the part of the directors of another society, which has been greatly instrumental in promoting a taste for the fine arts in Ireland. We allude to the Hibernian Academy. At their annual exhibition of paintings the two last years, they threw open their doors for several days to the public, at a charge of only one penny. This boon was taken advantage of by many thousands of the citizens; and it was observed that the finest works of art in the exhibition attracted the greatest attention. Notwithstanding the crowds that attended, the greatest order prevailed, and no injury whatever was done to any of the paintings. This judicious regulation of the committee diffused a great deal of pleasure throughout the community; and, no doubt, created a love for the beautiful in many minds. It also added largely to the funds of the Academy. It is a great pity that the striking evidences frequently given by the people of their just appreciation of rational and civilising pleasures, are not more taken advantage of by government, for the extension of human happiness. Some enjoyments the people must have. They would soon lose all taste for low and degrading pleasures, if some little pains were taken to bring purer sources of enjoyment within their reach. The Royal Irish Art Union has already created a general taste for the fine arts. Its zealous honorary secretary, Mr. Stewart Blacker, has raised it to a high place in public estimation. The National Art Union for Ireland has similar objects in view; but it is calculated to interest a class of the people not heretofore thought of, in connection with such means of fostering refined tastes and feelings. To effect that object, the annual subscription is fixed so low as five shillings. The society is only one year in being; and during that period the large sum of upwards of thirteen hundred pounds has been subscribed. The committee have succeeded in inducing an eminent line-engraver to settle in Dublin to execute their work; thus establishing a branch of business in Dublin not heretofore practised in this country. It would

be erroneous to convey the idea that the working classes have, in any great number, taken a deep interest in the National Art Union, for this is not the case; but the committee look upon it as a means of elevating and refining the great mass of the people, which cannot ultimately fail to produce good results.

The Dublin Library, in D'Olier-street, combines the advantages of a library and a reading-room. The latter is well supplied with newspapers and other periodicals, and has been for several years chiefly supported by young men from among the middle ranks of society.

We have now taken a hasty glance at some of the institutions of Dublin which have a tendency to elevate and improve the national character.

It will be perceived that these are almost entirely devoted to the wants of the middle and upper classes. The poor have not yet been much thought of in relation to intellectual acquirements. To dig, and delve, and labour, in the production of wealth, has been deemed their fit employ; and they themselves have heretofore felt little disposition to gratify the higher wants of their nature. But the scene is changing. Our working men are awakening to a right sense of their dignity as human beings. A thirst for information has been created among them to a considerable extent, which will be deepened from year to year, as our system of national education becomes more and more developed, and its advantages seen in its practical results upon the rising generation. The model national school, in Marlborough-street, is admirable in all its arrangements. It is educating large numbers of the children of our poor; and it is constantly turning out, and spreading over the country in all directions, trained teachers, to carry forward the march of education, and act as the pioneers of a high state of civilisation and happiness, which we confidently hope will be realised in Ireland at no very distant day. The celebrated and excellent Archbishop Whately is an indefatigable patron of this admirable institution, and the amiable Dr. Murray is also its zealous supporter.

We now proceed to say a few words as to what the people of Dublin are doing for themselves.

Foremost in the list of their efforts for self-improvement stands the great teetotal reformation. The metropolis of Ireland, as regards the virtue of sobriety, is a model city for the empire. It is true that much drunkenness yet exists; but it is as nothing when compared with the habits of the working classes in that respect a few years since. The PEOPLE of Dublin are now a sober people; and if they maintain the principles of teetotalism with manly fidelity, they will provide a foundation on which their future happiness and prosperity will securely rest. They have established numerous benefit societies, the subscription varying from one penny to sixpence per week; the members receiving a proportionate benefit in cases of sickness. The deceased members are decently interred out of the funds; and widows receive a sum of money to enable them to embark in some little business. At the close of each year, the balances remaining in hand are divided among the members, reserving a small sum for contingent expenses. This mode of mutual assistance may not be the best that could be adopted; but it is simple; it is suited to the experience of our people, and it involves no risk of bankruptcy. These benefit societies foster a spirt of independence; and, as they are managed by committees annually elected, they create business habits in the members, and are also conducive to the formation of habits of economy, which is no light advantage.

There is in the city a mechanics' institution, which has been in existence about nine years, and is entirely under the management of that class of society for whose benefit it was established. By its constitution, one half of its committee must be operatives, the other half non-operatives. By operatives are meant working tradesmen. Newspapers are excluded from the reading-room; and all works of a party, political, or sectarian tendency are excluded from the library, which consists of a well-chosen assortment of reading on all other subjects. The library has been recently enriched by a valuable and extensive addition of books, which the committee were enabled to purchase through the princely liberality of a gentleman living in Liverpool, and who presented the institution with the sum of one hundred pounds. The only condition attached to his gift was, that an additional sum of two hundred pounds should be collected by the society. That condition was, after a little time, fulfilled; and the library was thus considerably enriched and extended. This institution is well managed. The annual subscription is ten shillings, which is received in quarterly payments. For this small sum, the members, and their wives and daughters, enjoy the advantage of an excellent reading-room, and of several courses of literary and scientific lectures throughout the year. The lecture-room is capable of holding about four hundred persons. This accommodation having been found insufficient on a recent occasion, when a popular Roman Catholic clergyman (the Rev. Doctor Cahill) delivered a course of lectures on astronomy, the large music-hall in Abbey-street, a building capable of accommodating over two thousand persons, was taken by the committee for ten nights; and the experiment was a successful one, as all expenses were paid, and a small surplus carried to the credit of the institution. In addition to these advantages, the members can attend six classes, for instruction in the French language, architecture, etc.; for each of which a small quarterly payment is made. The teachers are well qualified for the performance of their duties; so that our working classes, and the young men employed in shops and warehouses, have an opportunity of deriving much solid instruction during their leisure hours. The classes assemble each evening after eight o'clock. It has been long in contemplation of the committee to open schools for the children of their members; and this intention will, no doubt, be carried into operation at no distant day. It is at present delayed, in consequence of the insufficiency of the accommodation afforded by the rooms now occupied by the association, which comprise a portion of the Royal Exchange buildings. A subscription for the purpose of erecting new and suitable buildings has been on foot for a considerable length of time; and the trustees of that fund have about six hundred pounds in bank. As three thousand pounds will be required, there is no immediate prospect of success. This incident in the history of a most valuable institution shows in a striking light the apathy of the wealthy classes in Dublin, whenever the improvement of the humbler classes is the object in view. A foreign singer, or a contemptible mountebank, who could gratify a pernicious craving after excitement, would, in a short time, pocket a larger sum than would suffice to erect a fine and spacious mechanics' institution. Yet appeals for this latter

object are made in vain. The wealthy are heartless, or thoughtless. It is not long since that a miserable dwarf was exhibited in our city; and we have been informed that the speculators in his deformity carried away a large sum of money for his exhibition.

As building societies have been established in England, and found advantageous, our operatives have founded one, which promises to be attended with good results.

It is pleasant to contemplate the efforts which are being made by the PEOPLE to increase their comforts, and to elevate themselves in the scale of humanity. A weekly paper, in the interest of our tradesmen, was some time since set on foot. It was sometimes too personal in its allusions, and unjust in its censures; and it also advocated principles at variance with sound principles of political economy, in relation to wages and labour. But these errors will be corrected by time and free discussion. In some particulars they are already corrected. And even if men be wrong, it is well to see them manfully putting forth their opinions. These are the moral upheavings of society, which will, by and bye, settle down into the calm of right opinions and correct practice. It should be the inclination of all men who love their species rather to encourage than repress these efforts of the working classes to improve their condition; to mend what is erroneous in their views, and to lead them onward in the development of all their powers. By such a united action of all ranks and classes, the highest amount of happiness attainable in this world would be secured. No right-minded man will maintain that the present condition of great masses of the PEOPLE, of those who are the producers of all the wealth and all the comforts of civilised life, is one which should be perpetuated. It is true that, without their own co-operation, the working classes cannot be effectually improved. But it is the bounden duty, and it is the interest, of the wealthy, to place such an education within their reach as will give them correct views of their best interests, and induce them to co-operate intelligently for the fulfilment of the great end of our being—happiness in this world, and a preparation for happiness in the next. We may go on making professions of piety and religion for ever; but we shall be no nearer a fair claim to the name of christian, because of our churches and our meeting-houses, and our staff of religious teachers, unless we take into our consideration the claims of the working man for his fair share of the comforts he is mainly instrumental in producing, and until we endeavour in right earnest to insure them to him—not by acts of charity, but by such arrangements in our social institutions as will enable all who are willing to work, to live in comfort, not merely to exist as the pariahs of society.

*Dublin*, September, 1846.

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## OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROPOSED WHITTINGTON CLUB.

By William Howitt.

Club life is to be introduced into the city of London. It is no longer to be an exclusive feature of the West End. Aristocracy is no longer to monopolise it. Like all institutions which can boast of advantages, however those advantages may be mingled with drawbacks, the people are determined that it shall be made trial of by them. If there be anything worth having, the people of England are every day showing, more and more, that they will have it. For, what is good cannot be

> Too good
> For human nature's daily food.

Privileges are no longer to be exclusive. They are no longer to be like the grape and the pine in this country, grown in hothouses for peculiar mouths,—but like corn—for all. The better a thing is, the greater the reason that it should be the more extensively enjoyed. Such are the reasons which, no doubt, actuated the writer of the letters in *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper* to advocate the institution of a club in the city, under the patronage of Dick Whittington and his Cat. And why not? was asked and echoed by a thousand voices. Are money and common sense, are taste and enterprise, the sole growth of Pall Mall and its neighbourhood? Do country gentlemen only like to read their papers and their reviews under a handsome roof? Are *they* only fond of a good dinner; do they only prefer a palace to a pot-house? Not a bit of it. If intelligence, and public spirit, and a love of all that life has to bestow of good, physical and intellectual, are not to be found in the city of London, they are to be found nowhere. The proposition for a city club has been made, and accepted by acclammation.

I must confess that the announcement of this scheme startled and somewhat alarmed me, as it has done others. Every one who has considered the effect of club life at all, has been ready to acknowledge that it had its evils, and those of no ordinary kind. In this Journal [page 162 of vol. i.], those evils have been ably stated and feelingly deplored by a sensible contributor. It has long been seen that these palaces, where every splendour and every luxury were accumulated; where magnificent rooms magnificently furnished, the most *recherche cuisine*, the amplest supply of books and newspapers; where the best wines, and the *choicest spirits*, were alike to be found—and these only for men—had a most downright and mischievous tendency to generate a selfish and self-indulgent disposition. There was and is a blow aimed by them at domestic sociey; that there is no disguising, and which no honest man would wish to be disguised. The question, therefore, in my mind was, will these evils be introduced into the city, and into the middle and industrious classes?

So great are the material and even intellectual advantages to men offered by such institutions, that they will be eagerly seized upon if presented. There is no reason why the gentlemen of all ages and grades arduously employed in the various mercantile establishments in the city, should not, instead of being compelled to resort to close and steaming dining-houses, chop-houses, beef-houses, and the like, be able, at a still cheaper rate, to avail themselves of an open, airy, palace-like establishment, in which they had a personal interest. There is no reason why they should not, by the principle of co-operation, secure to themselves the best table, the best wines, the best assortment of newspapers, periodicals, and the like advantages, at their leisure hours—that when shops, and counting-houses, and warehouses are closed, they should not find in the place where they could take a cup of coffee or tea, a delightful retreat for a few hours over a book or at a lecture. Such advantages—nay, the half of them—would be

eagerly seized as soon as offered, and no power on earth could stop the movement. All social movements are onward. They are waves on the tide of public opinion. You cannot resist them; the only question is, how you can disarm them of attendant evils, and array them with new instrumentality of good? Club life, the question once agitated, must be introduced into the city; the clerk and the shopman will be brought into the circle of its existence. The only questions to ask are—Shall it be ordinary club life? Cannot a step be made towards disarming it of its evils? Most fortunately, the very originators of the scheme have themselves answered both these questions. They say it shall not be ordinary club life; it shall be disarmed of its worst features—or of as great a portion of them as possible.

In the first place, they resolved to place against the bill of mere bodily good fare, the true counterpoising bill of intellectual and social fare. They resolved that, besides mere eating, drinking, news, and politics, there should be added all the attractions and amenities of a good library, of *conversazione*, *soirees*, musical evenings, lectures, and classes for instruction. It should become at once a literary and social, as well as a restauratory establishment. But even then they perceived that it did not get rid of the objections to it on the score of injury to domestic life. The very advantages of an intellectual kind would only widen the gulph created by club life between the club and home—between men and women. And here let the reader pardon me the plain use of the plain term, men and women, instead of ladies and gentlemen. It is more concise and Saxon; and, in fact, I am much fonder of men and women than I am of ladies and gentlemen.—Well, the projectors of the Whittington Club saw that when men associated together; as they found at their club topics of deep interest, works of exciting and engrossing character; as they read and talked, their minds would consequently strengthen, widen, take in a more expansive horizon, embrace a more ample and important class of objects. Mind would wrestle with mind; the strong would encounter the strong, and strength would be elicited in the struggle. Out of the conflict of individual intellects the giants of the public mind would spring, more great, daring, and active than ever. In the meantime, by the force of these circumstances, by the attraction and the fascination which they would create, the men would be more and more drawn to the club, and from the domestic fireside. At home these circumstances would be acting in an inverse ratio, and producing their natural effects. They would not merely take the husband, the son, and the brother away, and a portion of their income with them, but they would do more and far worse. The women, deprived of the advantages thus conferred on the men, would stagnate and retrogade, instead of advancing. The men would every day become better informed; minds of an equal strength and of equal information would be made an absolute necessity for them. The women would not be better but worse informed, through the very privation of the society of this well-informed portion of society. The men would feel daily that their wives, sisters, and mothers were become less and less adequate companions for them. The women would feel it and be depressed. From such a state of things nothing but the worst consequences could result to all parties, and to society at large. The men, active, informed, taking in discussion and intelligence as their daily sustenance; the women, neglected, uncompanionised, dejected and degraded, would be more than angels, and more than women, if they did not grow querulous, peevish, and unamiable. The charm of domestic life would be dissolved—the very foundation of all social existence would be loosened.

It is the most satisfactory fact in the whole of this movement, that the originators of the Whittington Club saw all this clearly, and felt it as became enlightened and good men. They made it an essential part of their scheme that ladies should be admitted to all the privileges and advantages of the institution. They determined to base their movement not on the good of half, but of all society: upon the dignity and welfare of integral human nature. Ladies should not merely cast the charm of their presence on their *conversaziones*, their *soirees*, their lectures, but on their library, their classes, and their *table d'hote*. Nay, they went further—they recognised the great fact that there is no sex in souls, and resolved that women should make a part of their governing council.

By this bold and philosophical resolve, they have made two great moves in one. They have introduced club-life, deprived of its one-sided character, into the city of London, and they have given to woman that place and dignity in the social scale which has long been wanting for the true balance of existence, and which must be followed by the most refining and elevating effects. Taken, therefore, as a whole, this must be regarded as one of the most striking social movements of the age. It is a luminous evidence that society is really advancing. That the writings and the pleadings of the wise have taken deep root; and that MIND, independent of artificial and even natural distinctions, independent of even sexual differences, is receiving its due acknowledgment, as the actual manhood and real presence of the world; as that only which lives, and enjoys, and for which all other things live and serve. It is the *mens divinior*, which is thus at last placed on its true throne of eternal justice, and worshipped with the mingled homage of the intellect and the heart.

In thus admitting women to the *table d'hote* as well as to the saloons of music and instruction, the committee of the Whittington Club have broken the ice of a most dreary custom in this country. On the continent, it is well known that the *table d'hote* room of every hotel is the common ground of both sexes. There men and women, often perfect strangers to each other, sit down to the common table side by side, and partake the common meal, and practice the ordinary civilities of life, knowing and feeling that this intercourse has its true limit in the custom itself, and gives ground for no other claims upon any one, of acquaintanceship or otherwise. Here if ladies are in town, or in any town, they can enter no inn, coffee-house, or hotel, without being shut up in private apartments at an advanced charge, with a very Turkish sort of jealousy. There is an impropriety in their going alone, or in company only of their own sex, to inns and places of refreshment. The confectioner's shop, with its buns, and its basin of soup, is the only place really open to them. This is a great want; it is felt as such by ladies; it ought to be done away with, and this movement is the first step to its abolition.

I know that it will be said that such a free admission, and such a free mingling of ladies in a club-house, must lead to the worst consequences; to improper acquaintanceships; to improper advances on the part of insolent or designing men. The danger would be just as great as it is at a church

or a chapel, and no more. The very establishment of the custom itself, establishes with it its inevitable etiquette, and all the safeguards of propriety and decorum. The whole mass of individuals assembling there will assemble under the public eye as much as in Cheapside or Fleet-street. Ladies are just as much out of place there, and no more, than in the reading-room of the British Museum, where some of the best, the most intelligent, and most modest of them are daily to be seen. But the true answer to this is, the practice of the whole continent. No people are more punctilious in the rules of private life than the Germans—so much are they so that it is not thought decorous for a sister to keep the house of a bachelor brother—so much are they so that if a young gentleman who is in habits of intimacy in a family, happens to call when the young ladies only are in, or is shown into a room where they only are, the young ladies receive him standing, and remain standing till he departs—the circumstance being a sufficient reminder that it is proper that he should do so. Yet these very ladies, on any occasion when it was necessary, would feel no scruple in taking their places unattended at a *table d'hote*. Nay, so universal and so fixed, so safe and innocuous, is this custom, that our own ladies are found abroad everywhere taking advantage of it, and travelling where they please two together, without any gentleman, and in some instances quite alone. Moore's melody of "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," does not apply alone to Ireland in a past age—it is true of the whole civilised world now. It need not be said merely—

> On she went, and her maiden smile
> In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
> And blest for ever is she who relied
> Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

It may be said of the greater part of Europe; so much so, that a lady of our own acquaintance posted day and night across France, set sail from Marseilles, landed in Sicily, ascended Mount Vesuvius, took her way northward through Naples, Rome, and Switzerland, back, all alone—met with nothing but the utmost courtesy, and reached home as safe and sound, as if she had had a regiment of horse-guards in attendance. In fact, this stupid, unsocial custom of excluding ladies from our public tables is a disgrace to this country, and the sooner done away with the better, both for good manners and true enjoyment of life. The true way to meet the evils of club life, and to destroy its worst tendencies, is to introduce the influence of women into it—to make it thus approximate more to the character of home. When woman has diffused the charm of her presence, through the *soiree*, the *conversazione*, the musical evening, and the class, when she has also improved, expanded, and stored with interesting topics, *her* mind, it will be found that the husband, the brother, and the son, will be more and more ready to escort her home. The balance of the fireside will be restored to a great degree; and the book which interests the men at the club library will soon be carried thence, or from some other library, under the arm homewards, that the female portion of the family may enjoy it likewise.

But, after all, no form of public club life can fully remove from itself the objections lying against it on the side of domestic life. It is not to be expected that ladies can or will ever resort to them half so much as men. Their presence there may make narrower, but cannot altogether close up the social chasm. It is enough that this modified club life offers great advantages to men, certain advantages to both men and women, and tends to eradicate some of our most unsocial habits. The perfect balance of social life will require other advances, other measures, and another great step. The education of women of all classes must be better carried out. They must be educated more for intellectual companions; and that admirable plan of associated homes, which was proposed by Mr. Adams years ago, in the *Monthly Repository*, must one day be carried out. By this plan, a number of families living under one roof, and having one kitchen, one table, and one complete machinery of domestic economy, could each enjoy its private apartments, and come together to table; could enjoy the common library, and in the evening the music, or the conversation room, at a far less expense, and on a far more handsome scale, than they can now have their often contracted dwellings and scanty board. By this means—a similar scheme of which was also strongly advocated by Southey, in his "Colloquies," though only extending to unmarried ladies—small incomes would, combined, purchase luxuries, and means of health, knowledge, accomplishments, and refined enjoyment, to an extent now inconceivable. Schools and classes for the children of such associated families might be supplied with the best masters, and every good or embellishment of life be freely and widely diffused. Depend upon it, the domestic club, the home *conversazione*, the home concert, the home library, would soon become a powerful rival to the public club. Gentlemen would hasten home, to partake with their wives, mothers, sisters, and children, the pleasures of intellect and fireside delights; where the school, the library, and the well-stored private closet, had been building up minds in their nearest female relatives, as full of intelligence and of human interests as their own.

This is the next great movement which I feel assured the very existence and operation of clubs for all classes will make necessary. They will show its need, and will lead to its accomplishment. The true balance of social life can not be perfect, till woman has her natural and full influence in it—till her delicacy of taste and of manner, the charm of her pure presence, the brilliancy of her intellect, and the sunshine of her affections, are made the very atmosphere in which our own energies shall exist and our virtues flourish. The very onward current, which seems at this moment only dividing these elements of social being, will, unquestionably, in the end unite them; and the true secret of human happiness, of nicely-poised privacy and publicity, of labour and recreation, be there eventually found.

In the meantime, I would suggest to the promoters of the Whittington Club to constitute their Ladies' Council not merely of literary women, however popular or able, but to call into it the ladies of the most eminent bankers and mercantile men, and to let the Lady Mayoress for the time being be an honorary member of it. Every class should there find its representatives; and the sound advocacy of principles of progress, and of labour for the good of all, should be the only requisite for admission to this distinguished body. To those who may fear that such a position for ladies may in any degree unwoman them, we need only point to the ladies of the Society of Friends, who for nearly two centuries have occupied such a position, and exercised such functions; and ask where there are ladies more truly modest, refined, intelligent, and femininely good?

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, October 24th, 1846.*

THE ROCK BUILDING SOCIETY.

SIR—My attention has been called to a letter appearing in your last number, signed "John Word Rowe," in which it is alleged "that a Building Society started some time since, stating in their bills that any poor man by paying 9½*d* per week into their society could insure for himself a comfortable home worth 120*l.*; that a number of poor men joined this society, which had for its name the Rock Building Society, and was held somewhere by, or in the Hackney Road; that those poor men continued to pay into the society for a considerable time, when all at once the society broke up, and the swindling rogues bolted with the money, and nothing more was ever heard of them; but that the poor men were put off from time to time with promises that the money should be handed over to them."

The writer then proceeds to warn your readers "against alighting on the Rock," which he says is "likely to split," meaning the Rock Building Societies, which he states "are likely to give way, and precipitate their unfortunate dependents into the Slough of Despond."

I have never yet heard of any Building Society bearing the name mentioned in the letter, except that to which I am secretary, and the offices of which are at No. 26, New Broad-street, City. As that society has a branch at Hackney, it will, I believe, be generally supposed by your readers that it is the one referred to in the letter, and great injury might perhaps result to the society and its shareholders from such a communication having been published. Allow me, however, to add, that if the letter was intended to apply to the society, it contains a gross and utterly groundless statement. The society is in a prosperous condition its operations are based on calculations approved by the first actuary of the day—up to the moment I am writing, every fraction received from subscribers has been duly paid into the bankers—advances have been made to shareholders to the extent of 2100*l.*, on good and approved leasehold security, and beyond this amount advanced to shareholders, no sum has been withdrawn from the bank except for expenses.

Allow me, further, to add, that the society affords an excellent mode of benefitting the labouring classes, as I will take another opportunity of showing. As I intend making a thorough investigation of the affair, with a view of ascertaining whether, as regards any other society, there are grounds for your correspondent's statement, I beg to request you to favour me with his address by post forthwith, and to give to the communication a place in your next number, since it is most important to the interests of the society with which I am connected, that your readers' minds may be disabused, and that the facts should instantly appear in their true light.

I am, Sir, yours truly, JAMES MASON, Sec.

26, *New Broad-street, City, Oct.* 15, 1846.

[We have forwarded Mr. Mason's communication to the author of the letter referred to, and now wait for an explanation.—ED.]

*The Halifax Mill-masters and "Short Time."*—The Halifax masters have adopted a singularly ungenerous method of meeting the requirements of the operatives for the curtailment of the hours of labour in factories. They have issued an address to the workpeople, to the effect that, as "it has been repeatedly stated in the House of Commons, and at public meetings of the operatives, that the hands employed in factories are desirous of running short time, though it should be accompanied by a proportionate reduction of wages," they "have, in consequence, determined, subject to the concurrence of their hands, to reduce the hours of running from twelve hours per day, or sixty-nine hours per week, to eleven hours per day, or sixty-four hours per week; *paying all day-wages after a proportionate reduction.*" On two-thirds of the hands employed signing an agreement to work the shorter time at the reduced wages, the new arrangement is to be carried into effect. Of course the workpeople will not sign, and the mills will run long time as now; and it will be advanced as an argument in Parliament, that the operatives will not consent to reduced pay on condition of reduced hours of labour. We have said that this is an ungenerous method of meeting the wishes of the operative classes for relaxation from toil. It was not thus that the Messrs. Gardner, of Preston, acted. They reduced the hours of labour, and were gainers, even in a pecuniary sense, by their philanthropy—the production being greater, and the earnings of their work-people being higher, in the short than in the long hours of labour, in consequence of their greater wakefulness, vigilance, and industry. But the Halifax masters appear eager to gain not only in this respect, but also in the reduction of wages which they propose. They wish to gain at both ends; and in the winter evenings they also calculate, no doubt, upon the saving in gas and fuel. We cannot help stigmatising this as a trick—ingenious, it is true, but highly disreputable. But it can not in any way interfere with the ultimate success of the short-time movement. It is to the credit of the operatives that they have avowed their willingness to submit to a reduction of wages, *if* that should be found necessarily to follow from the reduction of the hours of labour. But they do dot admit that such will be the case. On the contrary, they point to the experience of the Messrs. Gardner as perfectly satisfactory on this head. Mr. Leonard Horner, the Government Factory Inspector, in his report of May, 1845, speaking of the reduction of the hours of labour from twelve to eleven hours, in Mr. Gardner's cotton factories at Preston, says—"The reduction from twelve to eleven began on the 20th of April, 1844, and has continued ever since. The declaration made is, that the same quantity of produce, and at the same cost, has been obtained by the master; and that all the workers, day hands as well as those who are paid by piece-work, earn the same amount of wages in the eleven hours as was done before by the labour of twelve hours. I saw both managers, and they not only answered every question, and every objection I made, most openly, but offered to lay their books of produce and wages before me. They unequivocally stated that their produce had been the same since they worked eleven hours as it had been in twelve; and they gave me the following results as to the earnings of their work-people:—

"The *Spinners*, per week.—From January 6th to April 20th, 1844, working twelve hours, the average earnings of each were 38*s.* 1*d.*; from the 20th of April to the 29th June, 1844, working eleven hours, the average earnings of each were 38*s.* 1½*d.*

"The *Weavers*, per week.—From the 6th of January to the 20th April, 1844, working twelve hours, the average earnings of each were 10*s.* 1½*d.*; from the 20th of April to the 29th of June, 1844. working eleven hours, the average earnings of each were 10*s.* 3½*d.*

"Mr. Heaton stated that in the spinning department the speed was increased 2 per cent. at the commencement of their working eleven hours, and the carding engines somewhat more. Mr. Jordan stated, that in the weaving mill there had been no increase of speed whatsoever.

"Facts being thus opposed to my preconceived theory, and they did not deny the correctness of that theory, so far as it went, I asked them how they accounted for the result that had been obtained. The explanation they gave showed that I had left out an important element, viz.—the extent to which vigilance and attention on the part of the workmen can influence the amount of production. They stated that, by greater assiduity on the part of the work-people while they are at their work, by coming punctually at the stated times, and by avoiding needless wastes of time throughout the day, the object was accomplished.

"I afterwards saw sixteen of the work-people, some spinners, and some weavers, who came to me at my inn, and they confirmed all I had heard from the managers. They enumerated the many advantages and enjoyments they derived from stopping an hour sooner at night; and among others, they stated, that whereas while they were working twelve hours, only twenty-seven people in the mill attended the night school, there are now ninety-six. The long continuance of the experiment is of itself a proof that Mr. Gardner is satisfied."

We trust that the Halifax masters will yet retrace their steps; and, recalling their deceptive proclamation, at once act in a straight-forward and generous manner, and re-

duce the hours of labour, without taking advantage of the helplessness of their work-people, and seeking to reduce wages already far too low. Let the people have shorter hours, and the question of wages will right itself.—S.

*The Condition of the Labourer.*—A meeting was held on Oct. 8th, at the Town Hall, St. Albans, ostensibly to organise a national movement for rendering the labouring classes independent of the New Poor Law. The chair was taken by Mr. Kentish, the Mayor; and the speakers were R. B. Cabbell, Esq., M.P.; R. Etwall, Esq., M.P.; Mr. Story; Rev. Mr. Collier; Rev. Mr. Upton (Baptist); Dr. Bowles; &c. Lord Ashley; J. Walter, Esq.; Mr. Wakley; Mr. Douglas Jerrold, and others, were invited, but could not attend. B. B. Cabbell, Esq., detailed the objects of the meeting. It was desired "that there should be no poor-law relief, but to relieve the industrious classes from the necessity of requiring it, by placing them in the way of securing their independence by economising their means, and of obtaining good and well-ventilated houses, with good accommodation, and ultimately the elective franchise, in exchange for their present incommodious and filthy dwellings." The hon. gentleman produced the draft of a bill to be laid before parliament, for legalising an institution, whose "members out of work should be paid half their average wages; in sickness, three-fourths; and in old age, half; on condition of certain monthly payments being kept up to the society: also, that members be assisted, when endeavouring to obtain work in distant parts of the country. All rights of membership to be forfeited, if the member be a drunkard, be convicted of a criminal offence, or neglect attending divine worship, if well. Other enactments provided for improved dwellings, to be obtained on the principle of building societies. The bill was comprised under three heads—a friendly society, a building society, and an assurance society." The scheme comprises the formation of a National Society, with district branches; the management of which shall be entirely in the hands of the working classes. It was mentioned in conversation that Mr. B. Cabbell had contributed one thousand guineas towards the proposed organisation. We shall watch the further proceedings of this association with considerable interest. If it be based upon free principles, and the consciences of its members may enjoy unfettered exercise, it cannot fail to be productive of much benefit. But we cannot help expressing a fear that the good promised will not be free from alloy.—P.

*Mutual Improvement Societies.*—The young men of Yorkshire are laudably exerting themselves in the work of self-improvement. The first "Quarterly Report of the Halifax Mutual Improvement Society" has been forwarded to us, from which we learn that they are now established in comfortable rooms; they number about 90 pupils—all young working men; the classes are reading, writing, arithmetic, and grammar; and in all these branches they are making rapid progress. The reading and writing class meets five nights in the week; the arithmetic class, three nights; and the grammar class, two nights. "The committee respectfully but earnestly solicit the co-operation of the friends of education, and the youthful population in particular, to come forward and assist them in carrying out the objects of the institution—viz., the mental improvement and moral elevation of the industrious classes of their neighbourhood."

The Leeds Mutual Improvement Society still progresses, and is making arrangements for increased usefulness during the ensuing winter. In addition to the German, French, and chemical classes, which had been added to the elementary branches of education, a drawing class has now been added; and several courses of lectures are to be delivered during the winter by friends of education in the neighbourhood. It is, in some respects, matter of regret that one of the most active members of the institution has recently left, to enter an educational training establishment; and the institution is thus deprived of his valuable services. Many other active teachers are, however, still left.

During the last week, another Mutual Improvement Society, at Hunslet, near Leeds, has come before the public; and celebrated its opening by a *soiree*, presided over by the Mayor of Leeds, which was very largely attended. The society originated like the others, whose progress we have already recorded. A few young men, desiring to improve themselves by mutual intercourse, met together, and formed classes for the study of different branches of knowledge, on the principle of reciprocation, or mutual interchange. Others gathered around them, and the society was formed. The committee have taken large and commodious premises in a central part of Hunslet, and have opened a reading-room, which is supplied with London daily papers, the local papers, and many of the best cheap publications of the day. A library is also in course of formation. The following evening classes are in active operation:—viz., the elementary classes, which embrace reading, writing, and arithmetic; grammar, composition, geography, and history; drawing (mechanical and ornamental); chemistry; and lecture and discussion class. The committee are also in negociation with individuals of literary and scientific attainments, for the delivery of lectures and papers on a variety of subjects.

The young men of Holbeck, another of the out-townships of Leeds, are also at work; and have recently formed a mechanics' institution, which is in a very thriving state, and numbers many members. Of this, and similar institutions, we shall give some brief account at a future opportunity.—S.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and not to express our own views, still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By *distributing our Prospectus as widely as possible* among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of Prospectuses for this purpose, free of expense.

2nd By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances) particular numbers that seem to the purchasers best calculated to promote the sale of the Journal in their own localities or circles. These will be supplied at 8s. per hundred, or carriage free at 10s. per hundred. To the

LOVERS OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

We commend for this purpose our next number, which will contain

A PORTRAIT OF ELIHU BURRITT;
WITH A
*Memoir by Mary Howitt.*

A Poem by Walter Savage Landor will immediately appear.

The Sketch of the Forest, by T. Creswick, R A., is in the Engraver's hands.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHERINE.

By the German Painter, H. Mücke.

## People's Picture Gallery.

### THE TRANSLATION OF ST. CATHERINE.

The noble engraving which we to-day present to our readers, is the embodiment, by the German artist Mücke, of a beautiful monkish legend connected with "the Holy Catherine," an illustrious lady of Alexandria, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Maximin, about A.D. 307. She was to have perished by the wheel, but it is related that upon the first turn of this terrible engine, the cords with which she was bound were broken asunder by the invincible power of an angel, and so she was delivered from that death. According to the chronicle, her body was afterwards translated by angels to the Great Monastery at the top of Mount Sinai in Arabia, where it remains to this day, in a fair tomb of marble. The true meaning of this translation most probably is, that it was carried by the monks of Sinai to their monastery, that they might devoutly enrich their dwelling with such a treasure, it being well known that the name of an angelical habit was often used for a monastic habit, and that monks, on account of their purity and functions, were called angels. The painter has, however, adopted the more literal and beautiful reading of the legend—for art has always a glorious faith, believing that which is most pure, and least entangled with material associations.

Upon the white wings of the angels, he has represented the body of the sainted martyr as gently borne along. The face of one of the bearers, full of compassion and love, is turned towards the wan features of Catherine; another tenderly supports her feet; and a third, sad and earnest in countenance, a little in advance, bears the gleaming sword of martyrdom. And so, with the gentle motion of a summer cloud, the glorious company float onward through the air. Beneath, the artist has depicted a low and dreary-looking shore, stretching out into a rainy and sorrowful-looking sea, fit type of the world from which her bright spirit has been delivered. In this picture we hail that great school of painting which is now springing up in Germany. We allude not to tricksters in their art who, like Peter Schlemihl, have lost their shadows, or those who can only see greatness and power in the galvanic contortions of Albert Durer—they will be forgotten as they deserve to be—but to those earnest, simple-minded men who seem to have pierced into the heart of nature, and discovered where her fairest springs of truth and beauty abide. Every picture such as this is a rebuke to the scoffing spirit which is abroad, and a heavy weight lifted from the hearts of those who have feared that within the iron grasp of material progress the finer idealisms of the brain must necessarily decay.

A. W.

## KATE OF KILDARE:

### A WIFE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

*(Concluded from page 251.)*

Robert's letter was read and re-read by both mother and child amid convulsions of feeling. Its tone was contrite and tender. Kate saw in it evidences of improved character, and her soul yearned to be beside him, to strengthen his better purposes. Gradually the emotions so fondly indulged subsided, and she thought of the kindly being who had brought her a letter so precious, so consolatory. Having obtained the means to meet the little debt, she watched for him the next day, and many following days, but in vain. Humble life is a quarry full of facts (the details of the present story are strictly such), and these facts are pregnant with evidence of the high qualities of human nature. Fastidious refinement, revolted by repelling circumstances, refuses to look into it: the habitual denizens of the scene behold self-denial and self-sacrifice as matters of common occurrence, and know not the moral value they bear. But who that can compare and reflect, but must pause at the spectacle thus presented. How does starvation every day go forth in this great city, amid all the temptations which trade can devise to allure luxury and invite expenditure, and urged to no outrage, return to its squalid covert to eat its unpalatable crust in patience, or in like manner bear its utter privation! How will honest independence and the domestic affections reject the wretched and degrading refuge which is all that society will extend to the reproachless poor, to die in the pangs of destitution, but with the feelings of the heart and home yet round them!

At last Kate and Howard, the postman, (he was worthy of the name he bore,) met again, and an acquaintance grew up. He soon appreciated her character, and sympathised with her sufferings, and these, in a nature like his, induced exertion in her behalf. He gained her the notice of a charitable society, through the means of which the closing weeks of her child's life were furnished with some comforts, and when death had set the seal on her sufferings, afforded the mourning mother requisites for the last sad duties.

Kate was now indeed desolate. The being who had filled so large a space in her heart, given motive for so much exertion, was gone! All her desire, all her hope now, was to make her way to Hobart Town; but how to accomplish that? The humble philanthropist, Howard, listened to her wishes, and pondered with almost parental kindliness the means to realise them. One evening he appeared with a cheerful smile, and a newspaper in his hand. He pointed out to Kate an advertisement—it was for a young woman to go out as nurse and attendant to an invalid lady returning to the colony.

"Go," said Howard, "tell your story in your own simple way. I know something of Mr. Beaumont, the party advertising—the lady mentioned is his wife. His father was an old master of mine, and got me the place I hold in the Post-office."

Kate felt a prescience that her path was plain before her. She was not mistaken. Her truthful earnestness, her ingenuous aspect, had their effect: her humble friend had not overrated his power or her own—Kate was engaged for the voyage. An

application to her stepmother gained her the means of an humble outfit; and once more hopes akin to happiness dawned upon her. The elements seemed resolved to spare one who had met so many moral storms: "a fair wind and a flowing sail" bore her on through a prosperous voyage; and a fine autumn day in the beautiful month of March saw the good ship come to anchor in Sullivan's Cove.

Few who had known Kate in her brilliant joyous youth would have recognised her in the placid, self-possessed woman, who landed that day in Hobart Town; still fewer would have guessed how powerful were the feelings silently at work in her breast as the time grew near for meeting the lover of her youth, the husband of her heart, for whom she had sorrowed and suffered so intensely.

Mr. Beaumont made it his first business to inquire about Robert, for the sake of one, who in the short period of five months had established herself in the esteem, and entitled herself to the gratitude, of those she served. He was pleased to find him among the men employed by his own firm: the pleasure was, however, damped by the mixed report he gained. Horrey was described as a man not without his merits, but as one not to be depended upon. With a charitable trust in the force of improved circumstances, and renewed association with his reproachless wife, Mr. Beaumont brought them together. Unhappily, Robert Horrey was already involved in fatal associations, which began to develope themselves soon after his re-union with Kate. Investigation was at work, and detection, though slow in following upon his delinquency, was only too sure. The joy, the hope, that visited her heart was of short duration. A second time she beheld her husband arraigned as a criminal. his trial was a searching one, and his sentence was deemed severe. But, as a superior man among the prisoners, he had met encouragement and indulgence; the abuse of these advantages had deepened the die of his offences, had denied justice any ground for mercy, and sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

This blow appeared to crush the wretched culprit; he was conveyed back to prison as if paralysed. Kate succumbed but as it were for a moment; there was a regenerating power seated in her high purposes, and infinite trust in divine support, which pierced even the dense darkness round her. It is remembered how she immediately sought the governor, and when denied access to him, passed the night on the steps of the door of Government-house, and in the morning won her way to his wife. There another triumph was reserved for Kate: her indomitable perseverance, her peculiar character, and irreproachable conduct, prevailed over every obstacle—the governor's heart yielded to the pleadings of his own wife and the wife of the criminal, and the sentence of death was commuted to banishment to Norfolk Island—an island lying on the east coast of New Holland, and reserved as a place of punishment for the worst class of male convicts.

The Beaumonts, with the commiseration and respect for Kate which her circumstances and character commanded, offered her an asylum in their service, but she declared she could enter into no engagement that might interfere with what was now her great object—to join her husband in his last wretched exile. In vain she was assured that it was a scheme impossible of realisation—that no woman had ever been admitted to the place, and that existence for her there would be unendurable. She proved that every obstacle was destined to fall before her untiring energies—she memorialised the authorities, she assailed every avenue by which pity could make approach to power, and at length was allowed to proceed to Norfolk Island. A residence of five years there made her the mother of two children; now it was that she found herself compelled to choose between conflicting duties. The moral life of her offspring depended on removing them from a scene so unfitted for their opening perceptions. It was enough for Kate to arrive at a conviction of what she *ought* to do: this was the fulcrum of the resolute will by which she accomplished so much. She came back to Hobart Town, and by employment as a laundress obtained support for her children: but amid her maternal duties and daily toils, he who filled the first place in her heart was never forgotten, and in an interview with Mr. Beaumont she avowed, that to see Robert once again at home and happy, was still the vision and the hope, the purpose and plan of her life. The unconquerable character of her attachment, and the triumphs it had achieved, checked the incredulity with which, in any other case, Mr. Beaumont would have received such an idea; but he had learned to look upon the humble woman before him, so meekly ignorant of her own magnanimity, as chartered by her virtues to hope where all others should despair, and unexpectedly he found himself in a position again to give her aid.

Mr. Beaumont was appointed to a commission of inquiry into the state of Norfolk Island. On his arrival there, it was among his first objects to inquire out Robert Horrey; he heard he was an altered man—he soon saw he was a dying one. Representations, backed by certificates from the medical man, and sustained by powerful and universal advocacy drawn from sentiments of admiration and regard for Kate, were successful—when Mr. Beaumont returned to Hobart Town, he brought Robert Horrey with him, and with what he had left of life and strength, the wretched man found refuge with his devoted wife.

For a time he rallied—to behold himself once more in the secure shelter of his home, beside that creature who, through "bad report and good report," had unchangeably clung to his destiny; and to see his little children at his knees, to feel the babe which Kate had borne to him since they last parted, on his bosom, created a powerful reaction. The springs of his better nature gushed forth, as if to refresh and purify the heart, the pulses of which were now numbered—to regenerate the spirit which was soon to pass from time and trial for ever. One month after their reunion, Kate received his last sigh. There was no violence in her grief; her sorrow was as serene as the hopes that soothed it. "Now," she said, there is but one more journey for me. He cannot come to me, but I shall go to him. When Robert and I meet again, we shall part no more."

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## TRAINING.

By John G. Whittier (the American Poet).

"Send for the millingtary!"
*Noah Claypole, in Oliver Twist.*

What's now in the wind? Sounds of distant music float in at my window on this still October air. Hurrying drum-beat, shrill fife-tones, wailing bugle-notes, and, by way of accompaniment, hurrahs from the urchins on the crowded side-

walks! Here come the citizen-soldiers—each martial foot beating up the mud of yesterday's storm, with the slow, regular, up-and-down movement of an old-fashioned churn-dasher. Keeping time with the feet below, some three-score of plumed heads bob solemnly beneath me. Slant sunshine glitters on polished gun-barrels and tinselled uniform. Gravely and soberly they pass on, as if duly impressed with a sense of the deep responsibility of their position as self-constituted defenders of the world's last hope—the United States of America, and possibly Texas. They look out with honest, citizen faces under their leathern vizors (their ferocity being mostly the work of the tailor and tinker), and, I doubt not, are at this moment as innocent of blood-thirstiness as yonder worthy tiller of the Tewksbury hills, who sits quietly in his waggon, dispensing apples and turnips, without so much as giving a glance at the procession. Probably there is not one of them who would hesitate to divide his tobacco-quid with his worst enemy. Social, kind-hearted, psalm-singing, sermon-hearing, Sabbath-keeping Christians; and yet, if we look at the fact of the matter, these very men have been out the whole afternoon of this beautiful day, under God's holy sunshine, as busily at work as Satan himself could wish, in learning how to butcher their fellow-creatures, and acquire the true scientific method of impaling a poor forlorn Mexican on a bayonet, or of sinking a leaden missile in the brain of some unfortunate Briton, urged within its range by the double incentive of sixpence per day in his pocket, and the cat-o'-nine-tails on his back!

Without intending any disparagement of my peaceable ancestry for many generations, I have still strong suspicions that somewhat of the old Norman blood, something of the grim Berserkur spirit has been bequeathed to me. How else can I account for the intense childish eagerness with which I listened to the old campaigners, who sometimes fought their battles over again in my hearing? Why did I, in my young fancy, go up with Jonathan, the son of Saul, to smite the garrisoned Philistines of Mechimash, or with the fierce son of Nun, against the cities of Canaan? Why was "Mr. Greatheart," in *Pilgrim's Progress*, my favourite character? What gave such fascination to the narrative of the grand Homeric encounter between Christian and Apollyon in the valley? Why did I follow Ossian over Morven's battle-fields, exulting in the vulture-screams of the blind scald over his fallen enemies? Still later, why did the newspapers furnish me with subjects for hero-worship in the half-demented Sir Gregor Macgregor, and Ypsilanti, at the head of his knavish Greeks? I can account for it only on the supposition that the mischief was inherited—an heir-loom from the old sea-kings of the ninth century.

Education and reflection have, indeed, since wrought a change in my feelings. The trumpet of the Cid, or Ziska's drum even, could not now awaken that old martial spirit. The bull-dog ferocity of a half-intoxicated Anglo-Saxon, pushing his blind way against the converging cannon-fire from the shattered walls of Cuidad Rodrigo, commends itself neither to my reason nor my fancy. I now regard the accounts of the bloody passage of the bridge of Lodi, and of French cuirassiers madly transfixing themselves upon the bayonets of Wellington's squares, with very much the same feeling of horror and loathing which is excited by a detail of the exploits of an Indian Thug, or those of a mad Malay, running *a muck*, creese in hand, through the streets of Pulo Penang. Your Waterloo, and battles of the Nile and Baltic—what are they, in sober fact, but gladiatorial murder-games on a grand scale—human imitations of bull-fights, at which Satan sits as grand alguazil, and master of ceremonies? It is only when a great thought incarnates itself in action, desperately striving to find utterance in sabre-clash and gunfire, or when Truth and Freedom, in their mistaken zeal, and distrustful of their powers, put on battle-harness, that I can feel any sympathy with merely physical daring. The brawny butcherwork of men, whose wits, like those of Ajax, lie in their sinews, and who are yoked like draught-oxen, and made to plough up the wars, is no realisation of my ideal of true courage.

Yet I am not conscious of having lost, in any degree, my early admiration of heroic achievement. The feeling remains, but it has found new and better objects. I have learned to appreciate what Milton calls the martyr's "irresistible might of meekness"—the calm, uncomplaining endurance of those who can bear up against persecution uncheered by sympathy or applause, and, with a full and keen appreciation of all which they are called upon to sacrifice, confront danger and death, in unselfish devotion to duty. Fox preaching through his prison-grates, or rebuking Oliver Cromwell in the midst of his soldier-court; Henry Vane beneath the axe of the headsman; Mary Dyer on the scaffold at Boston; Luther closing his speech at Worms with the sublime emphasis of his "Here stand I—I CANNOT OTHERWISE; God help me!" William Penn defending the rights of Englishmen from the bail-dock of the Fleet-prison; Clarkson climbing the decks of Liverpool slave-ships; Howard penetrating the infected dungeons; meek Sisters of Charity breathing contagion in thronged hospitals. all these, and such as these, now help me to form the loftier ideal of CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

Blind Milton approaches nearly to my conception of a true hero. What a picture have we of that sublime old man, as—sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of his friends—he still held fast his heroic integrity; rebuking with his unbending republicanism the treachery, cowardice, and servility of his old associates! He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth; he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the foot of the shameless, debauched, and perjured Charles the Second—crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forswearing at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends. Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves. Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting-place; for, even in death, the effeminate monarch hated and feared the conqueror of Naseby and Marston-moor. He was left alone in age, and penury, and blindness, oppressed with the knowledge that all which his free soul abhorred had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken, realising the truth of the language of his own *Samson Agonistes*:

> Patience is the exercise
> Of saints, the trials of their fortitude,
> Making them each their own deliverer,
> And victor over all
> That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

True, the overwhelming curse had gone over his country. Harlotry and atheism sate in the high places, and the "curses of wantons and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government

which had just ability enough to deceive, just religion enough to persecute." But while Milton mourned over this disastrous change, no self-reproach mingled with his sorrow.* To the last he had striven against the oppressor, and when confined to his narrow alley, a prisoner in his own mean dwelling, like another Prometheus on his rock, he still turned upon him an eye of unsubdued defiance. Who that has read his powerful appeal to his country, even when they were on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule which, at the expense of so much blood and treasure, had been thrown off, can ever forget it? How nobly does liberty speak through him! "If," said he, "ye welcome back a monarchy, it will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter over any people who shall resist oppression, and their song shall then be to others, 'How sped the rebellious English?' but to our posterity, 'How sped the rebels, your fathers!'" How solemn and awful is his closing paragraph—"What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss, 'The Good Old Cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not, I hope, seem more strange than convincing to backsliders. This much I should have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but with the prophet, 'O earth! earth! earth!' to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to, nay though what I have spoken should prove to be the last words of our expiring liberties—which Thou suffer not who didst make mankind free! nor Thou, next, who didst redeem us from being servants of sin!"

*Amesbury, Massachussets.*

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## THE CONDITION OF FACTORY WOMEN—WHAT IS DOING FOR THEM?

By S. Smiles, M.D.

The condition of our Working Women is one of the last subjects likely to force itself on public attention. For many reasons. Women are not agitators. They are not getters-up of public meetings, and speakers there; nor is it right that they should be. They do not make themselves heard through the medium of the press, as men do. They do not din their wrongs into the public ear; and the public, perhaps, forgets that they have any wrongs. If their lot be one of suffering, they suffer on—patiently, contentedly, often cheerfully—biding their time, till their turn comes in the match of progress and amelioration; which, we trust, is yet destined to encompass all classes and conditions—women as well as men.

Lord Ashley has done a great public service by directing the attention of the legislature to the working of women in the coal-pits; out of which he has succeeded in dragging them, to perform their more fitting duties at home, as daughters, wives, and mothers. There was only one expression of opinion throughout Britain on the consummation of that great and truly philanthropic work. Let us hope that the effort will not be the last in the same direction; and that public attention may be fixed upon the evils endured by women in other departments of labour, with the view of ameliorating, and ultimately removing them. We rejoice to perceive that the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, the excellent vicar of Bradford, in Yorkshire, has been recently labouring, and with good effect, to bring under public notice the moral and social condition of the female factory operatives of that town; and, as will be seen by a notice in our "Annals of Industry," that he has succeeded in forming an association, with the view of ameliorating the adverse conditions of their lot.

The factory system must be regarded as one of the most extraordinary social features of modern times. James Watt's invention of the steam-engine so enormously and so suddenly increased the production of power, that immense numbers of people were drawn together indiscriminately into all the seats of industry, within an incredibly short space of time, there to tend and to guide the machinery which capital had set in motion. Hamlets suddenly grew into towns, and towns expanded into vast cities. Within a circuit of six miles of Manchester, more than a million of this new population located themselves. The West Riding of Yorkshire swarmed like a hive. Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and numbers of other towns, sprang up into importance; and men, women, and children, crowded thither for employment—often thousands labouring under one master—the only bond of connection between them being that of hire, or weekly wages.

This sudden and immense change contained in it the elements of social disorganisation. In the first place, it acted injuriously on the domestic relations of life. Children, as soon as they were big enough to work, were drafted into the factories, there to engage in the daily routine of toil. Home, that nursery of the best affections of our nature, ceased to exercise any further influence over them; and when they now entered it, it was only to swallow hurried meals, or, on their return from labour at night, to sleep, again to be up before daybreak to work. Infants became regarded as so many extra labourers, to bring in so much extra weekly wages; and so soon as they reached the requisite age—whether the children were male or female—they were sent after their brothers and sisters into the factory. Children grew up into men and women without education; for the provision for this purpose is only of very recent date. No moral supervision was exercised over them in the factory; they became regardless of home, and regardless of parents—for they felt that they were looked upon mainly in the light of money-getters. Bad example spread among them—for there was little of good example to correct it; and thus immense populations grew up in the manufacturing towns—such as we now find them.

But the most deleterious influence of all was as respected the young females so employed. Take the common case of a factory girl. She has been brought up, or rather dragged up, from infancy, mainly under the charge of a hired girl, little more than her own age; for, during the day, her mother, too, has been employed in the factory. Before her mind or morals have been trained, without any idea of the happiness of a home—for there has been little or no parental fondness or dalliance about her path—her domestic affections untouched, her feminine delicacy untrained—she is sent into the mill to work, and contribute by her little gains towards the common store. Prematurely she acquires the sense of independence. She feels that her parents are in some degree dependent upon her, and her companions perhaps foster this idea. The domestic tie becomes gradually weakened. She sees little of her brothers and sisters, and affection towards them expires.

In a recent government report by Mr. Horne, he says—

"The child instinctively feels that it is used as a mere bit of machinery. Its affections towards the authors of its being are soon weaned and worked out. Brothers and sisters are separated at an early age—go to different kinds of work—and soon lose all mutual affection and interest, if any had existed. They often appear to know very little of each other, scarcely having had time to become acquainted since the period of infancy."

Thus removed from the influences of home, and thrown into the society of other young women like herself, whose vices she insensibly imitates, the girl gradually begins to assert her independence. Without judgment or sound principles, or without any sense of moral responsibility, to guide her, she disconnects herself altogether from her parents and family, and determines to have the spending of her own wages for herself. She joins three or four others in taking furnished lodgings, where, removed from the influences of a salutary opinion, and throwing off all restraint, she speedily becomes initiated into the practices and vices of her associates. She has no caste to lose. No class cares for her. No provision has been made for her protection from immoral example, or for her moral elevation in society. A wide barrier divides the factory class from the upper classes, who are, for the most part, as ignorant of their condition, as they are of the inhabitants of an unexplored country. No wonder that the influence of bad example becomes contagious, and that mischief is propagated far and wide.

The mischief does not stop here. Suppose one of these young women marries, and becomes a mother. She has received no domestic education—knows nothing of the arts by which a home is to be made comfortable—has not acquired a single branch of female knowledge—cannot prepare food, except in the most wasteful and slovenly manner—perhaps is scarcely able to mend her own clothes; for she has had no leisure or opportunity to acquire such arts. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more unfitted for the function and duties of a mother than such a woman. How can she be expected to rear and properly educate her children—to awaken those tender affections and sympathies, and to cultivate that purity of morals and manners, without which men, in this rough, hard-working age, are so apt to degenerate into something very nearly approaching the condition of the mere animal? Herself totally uninstructed, and her moral energies stifled from her cradle—her life a perpetual conflict with circumstances of the most adverse kind—she is now worse than helpless. Her influence on those dependent on her is exercised for evil rather than for good, and she becomes the careless and unthinking instrument of propagating still more widely the evils from which she herself has so grievously suffered. Her ignorance of the conditions of physical health is visited on her offspring, a large proportion of whom die young—the registrar-general's returns showing that in some of the large factory towns one fourth of all the children born alive into the world die under a year old! Her ignorance of the conditions of moral happiness is visited on the children who survive, who grow up, with souls unawakened, with morals untrained, and with minds uncultivated. And what becomes of the husband? In numerous cases, he becomes lost. He finds his home uncomfortable, and his means dissipated, from his wife's ignorance of domestic thrift and economy; he turns from his door to the nearest public-house or beershop, there to shake off thought in intoxication, and to snatch the brief and delusive comfort which he cannot find at home. That this is no exaggerated statement, the following relation of a respectable working man of Birmingham, Joseph Corbett, published in the "Report of the Government Commission on the employment of women and children in mines, factories, &c.," will sufficiently prove:—

"Children," says he, "during their childhood, toil throughout the day, acquiring not the least domestic instruction to fit them for wives and mothers. I will name one instance; and this applies to the general condition of females doomed to, and brought up, amongst shopwork.

"My mother worked in a manufactory from a very early age. She was clever and industrious; and, moreover, she had the reputation of being virtuous. She was regarded as an excellent match for a working man. She was married early. She became the mother of eleven children: I am the eldest. To the best of her ability she performed the important duties of a wife and mother. But she was lamentably deficient in domestic knowledge; in that most important of all female instruction—how to make the home and the fireside to possess a charm for her husband and children—she had never received one single lesson. She had children apace. As she recovered from her lying-in, so she went to work; the babe being brought to her at stated times to receive nourishment. As the family increased, so anything like comfort disappeared altogether. The power to make home cheerful and comfortable was never given to her. She knew not the value of cherishing in my father's mind a love of domestic objects. Not one moment's happiness did I ever see under my father's roof.

"All this dismal state of things can I distinctly trace to the entire and perfect absence of all training and instruction on the part of my mother. He became intemperate, and his intemperance made her necessitous. She made many efforts to abstain from shop-work; but her pecuniary necessities forced her back into the shop. The family was large, and every moment was required at home. I have known her, after the close of a hard day's work, sit up nearly all night, for several nights together, washing and mending of clothes. My father could have no comfort here. These domestic obligations, which in a well-regulated house (even in that of a working man, where there are prudence and good management), would be done so as not to annoy the husband, to my father were a source of annoyance; and he, from an ignorant and mistaken notion, sought comfort in an alehouse.

"My mother's ignorance of household duties, my father's consequent irritability and intemperance, the frightful poverty, the constant quarrelling, the pernicious example to my brothers and sisters, the bad effect upon the future conduct of my brothers—one and all of us being forced out to work so young, that our feeble earnings would produce only one shilling per week—cold and hunger, and the innumerable sufferings of my childhood, crowd upon my mind and overpower me. They keep alive a deep anxiety for the emancipation of the thousands of families in this great town and neighbourhood who are in a similar state of horrible misery. My own experience tells me, that the instruction of the females in the work of a house, in teaching them to produce comfort and cheerfulness at the fireside, would prevent a great amount of misery and crime. There would be fewer drunken husbands and disobedient children. As a working man, within my own observation, female education is disgracefully neglected. I attach more importance to it than to anything else. For women impart the first impression to the young susceptible mind; they model the child, from which is formed the future man."

Such is an instance, out of tens of thousands which might be cited, of the evils which we have attempted, however feebly, to depict. We know, from personal experience, that the case of Joseph Corbett is a most common one in all the manu-

facturing districts; and that he has not exaggerated it in any feature. Doubtless there are many extremely well-conducted, prudent, economical, and virtuous young women employed in the factories, who do honour to their calling, and who, many of them, contribute by their gains to the maintenance of their parents and families. But in almost all cases, the ignorance of domestic management is the same; from the circumstance of their time being almost exclusively spent in the factory, and away from the domestic hearth. The consequence is, that when these young women become wives and mothers themselves, results ensue such as Joseph Corbett has above so truthfully and graphically delineated.

The number of females employed in our factories is very large. It is estimated that the gross number amounts to about 300,000. From a statement made in the report presented to the public meeting in Bradford, above referred to, it appears that there are 98 factories in that town, and that in them 12,000 females are employed. Of these 1,000 are under 13 years of age; 4,500 are from 13 to 18 years of age; and 6,500 are above 18 years of age. 2,000 of those above 18 are married women; and, one of the most painful features of all, 1,200 of the same class are young women living in lodgings or lodging-houses, severed from all domestic connection, and often uninfluenced by any moral restraint. Nearly the same proportions, it may be assumed, obtain in other manufacturing towns; in some, from the peculiar nature of the manufacture, the proportion of married women is smaller; in others greater. But the average will remain about the same. In other words—one sixth of the females employed in our various manufactures are married women, spending their days in toil, away from home, and the important duties becoming them, as the managers of households and the mothers of families.

Such is the evil and its extent. What is doing, and what may be done, to remedy it, we shall endeavour to state in a subsequent article.

## Poetry for the People.

### OH, TO BE YOUNG!

By Richard Howitt.

Oh, to be young whilst good is growing,
And earth is some new wonder showing,
Whilst mind expands, and art advances,
And Time at new discovery glances!

David, inspired, had wondrous merit;
Homer was blest in his own spirit:
But Milton was the happier being;
His works by them unseen, their's seeing.

Oh, great New World! Columbus sought thee;
But what thou art could he have thought thee,
The image vast his soul possessing,
His heart had burst with too much blessing.

And yet another world was hidden;
Our world unto his glance forbidden—
Our mind, with its enlarged dominions—
Old prostrate creeds, old spurned opinions.

The Austral world in talk unstable—
In Cowper's day appeared a fable:
Yet there, through foam the steamer rages,
And routs the ocean-sleep of ages.

And on we press—to life before us—
And watch the dawn that brightens o'er us;
Midst knowledge vast, of Time's discovering,
And other near us largely hovering.

Oh, to be young! We seem but newly
Come on the earth, nor know it truly.
Whilst Memory yearly grows more wealthy,
And Hope more vigorous is and healthy—
As interest grows in human doings,
Midst Hope's designs and Memory's ruins,
Age on us steals, and Death presuming,
And blanks for us the centuries coming!

Oh, to be young! Still happier mortals,
Sons of the dawn, now burst its portals;
Born where the light is stronger, bolder,
Whilst we are waning, dimmer, older.
Upon our dust come these to trample—
Of mould etherial, soul more ample.

Oh, to be young! whilst good is growing!
And Time is some new wonder showing!
Now Darkness past, the old, is waning;
And wide and wider Christ is reigning.
Peace is a glorious chief—Creation
Fast hastens to its renovation—
Till man, new-born, in Love's endeavour—
Heaven and the earth are one for ever!

### A LAY FOR ERIN.

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

"And when the assembly came together, Ardri said, 'Hath one aught for the ear of the assembly?' and all were silent. And the words on the roll of the laws, and in the book of the Chronicles, were read. and the heralds cried aloud—'Stand any on Tobrad* for justice?' *And none answered:* and the assembly went forth, and the doors of the high chamber were closed."—*O'Connor's "Chronicles of Eri."*

Hast thou forgotten—
By grief overburden'd—
Hast thou forgotten, O Erin, the time
When thy free hills among
Echoed no word of wrong,
When light hearts blent with the light of thy clime?
Fierce were thy warriors then—
Every lone wood and glen
Rung with the clamour of war's rudest tone;
Proud hearts to hurl wrong back,
Prompt ones to clear its track,
Were in those brighter days, Erin, thine own.

Left long and lonely
With Grief and Oppression,
And soul-wasting Want, thy true handmaids to-day—
Darkness above thee,
Around all that love thee,
*Now* hast thou thrown spear and buckler away!
And with the bolder heart
Armed for that better part,
Chosen for thee by the wise and the brave,
Forward thy march is set—
God speed thee on it yet!
Fear not His aid in such conflict to crave!

Patience, thou tried one—
Hard word to the weary!—
Patience shall bring thee true glory at last!
Let the proud Saxon know,
Thou canst make rivers flow,
Purer than those that whelmed hosts in the past!
Rivers not murder-fed
Till they blush darkly red,
But such as—won from their bright source above—
Onward for aye shall run,
Till all beneath the sun
On their banks flourish in true brother-love!

* The ancient name of Tara.

SERVICES.—9: THANKSGIVING.

*(Completed.)*

Be thy thanksgiving
 Clear-voiced and sure;
The song of glad living
 Charm thee and cure;
 Through all look thankfully!

Thankfully joyant,
 Stout heart be thine;
Bow'd, be thou buoyant:
 God's sun doth shine
 Through all cloud joyfully.

Show by blithe sharing
 How you can value
The fruits of Love's bearing:
 Even so shall you
 Answer God gratefully.

W. J. LINTON.

## THE ROSHERVILLE GARDENS.

"Who does not love a garden?" inquires the late lamented Hood, in one of his inimitable fusions of the tender and the comic which he calls his *humorous papers:* and then he goes on to reply to this question, in the names of many of the mighty dead. Adam and Eve, I remember, set forth their love of Eden; and, I think, Semiramis talks grandly about her Babylonian Hanging-gardens; Plato speaks of Academus; Boccaccio, and Milton, and Lord Bacon, all declare they love a garden. The only person who declares that he does *not* love a garden is Hamlet's father's ghost; who, considering the circumstances, may be excused for his bad taste.

My respected fellow-creature!—why do you not love a garden? Because you are a great pundit, or a great politician; a great philosopher, or a great philanthropist? Because you think square roots, or word roots, or radical reforms, better than all the roots of the vegetable kingdom? Because any branch of the tree of knowledge—any specimen of the *genus homo*—is more worthy your attention than all the trees and flowers on this side Paradise?

We will not quarrel about a comparison. Mathematics, and philology, and politics, and philosophy, and philanthropy, are, I readily acknowledge, matters of more importance than a stroll in a pleasure-garden; *i. e.*, of more importance to some people. But there are many people—many thousands of people—at the present day, to whom a stroll in a pleasure-ground would be of more real service than folios, and problems, and scientific apparatus, and learned lectures—good as all these things are in themselves. England is famed for "arts and arms;" in one art only is she deficient to a great degree (I speak now of the *useful* arts), and it is one in which the French are very near perfection—*l'art de s'amuser*—the art of amusing themselves. It is not of much use to remind poor people of what their ancestors did in the days of good Queen Bess. Quoits, and football, and wrestling, are *not* the recreations for our weak and worn-out sedentary artizans of middle age, nor for their wives and little children; though the last may, by training, grow up to enjoy these sports. No: the operatives in many of our large towns are, we are sorry to say, much more likely to indulge in what Mrs. Caudle calls "the athletic game of cribbage" than in any other sort of athletic game. It is to these thousands of cribbage-board athletes that a garden is of real service. Such a garden as the one I am about to mention is to them, and to those who feel for and with them, an object of admiration and a fruitful subject of thought.

*Fine* ladies and gentlemen may despise Rosherville, because it is cheap, and easy of access to the lower orders. They will not go there, perhaps; and are contented with laughing at what they are quite sure must be the supreme bad taste of the thing. They hear of a "tower on a steep," "an Italian garden," "a wilderness," "a lake," various "lawns," "cliffs," "rugged precipices," "dark walks," "terraces," and "botanical gardens." All this made out of an old chalk-pit on the bank of the Thames, near Gravesend—made expressly for the multitudinous Cockneys who delight to go down the river to have a day's pleasure at Gravesend; thereby making that town as gay, and merry, and heart-easing, as it is unfashionable and *snobbish.* These fine ladies and gentlemen take it for granted that the Rosherville Gardens must be quite Cockney in style. The buildings, Cockney-gothic, or Cockney-Grecian; the cliffs and precipices, Cockney-romantic; the waters, Cockney-aquatic; the flower-beds, &c., Cockney-botanic. "Can anything really good in taste be relished by Cockneys? or be had for sixpence?" they ask; and they reply to themselves—"Certainly not. It is impossible! The Rosherville Gardens may do well enough for the lower orders of London; they get fresh air there, and are kept from the public-house; but it cannot be a place in which a person of cultivated taste could find any pleasure. It must be so thoroughly *vulgar.*" I think it very likely that most of these people, if they would take the trouble to go to these gardens, would be obliged to confess that, if Rosherville *is* vulgar, vulgarity is not such a very bad thing after all.

For my own part, were I a rich landed proprietor, I should esteem myself fortunate if, on my estate, there were a spot with such natural advantages for a pleasure ground, as the old chalk pits which have now been made into the Rosherville Gardens. In that case, under your favour, (or without it,) my very *fine* fellow-creatures, I would have a garden much in this style, for the delectation of such of my friends as could appreciate it. They should each have a key to it, and walk there unespied of men whenever they pleased—just as Rousseau's Julie allowed her particular friends to do in her own private garden; which was not so very unlike Rosherville, by the way, as a disparager of the latter might suppose. In one respect Madame de Wolmar's garden must have been inferior to Rosherville;—it had no prospect such as may be seen from the summit of the tower in the latter garden. No broad silver Thames, stretching away eastward to the Nore, and westward to London,—through about sixty miles of its course, bearing, at every five minutes in the day, vessels to or from the greatest commercial city in the world. Hours might be spent in the observation of the various ships, steamers, barges, skiffs, and boats, which appear and disappear in this immense panorama. Julie's garden had no such view as this over Kent to the confines of Sussex. There are not many prospects so animated, so extensive, so varied, and so beautiful as this, to be had throughout England. Perhaps the effect is enhanced by the feeling that a great

city, that London itself, is out there in the distance, though we cannot see it; and that it is she that sends forth all those vessels, and is the cause of all the life in the wide landscape before us.

It may be unnecessary to specify the particular arrangements of the Rosherville Gardens; suffice it to say, that real taste has been at work here. Probably some person of correct and acute perception saw it in its former state (a deserted chalk-pit—a very large one, for it contained about twenty acres), and felt how easily art might be brought to assist nature in the creation of a garden, where there was nothing then but a desert. The rugged sides of the excavation, which nature had covered with grass, and brushwood, and tangled trees of various kinds, have been almost untouched by art. Where the sides of the excavation are perpendicular, or overhanging, and rise to a considerable height (the guide books say to one hundred and sixty feet), art has not endeavoured to cover the bare, time-stained limestone, which has a very fine effect in the dim evening shade, or by moonlight, as it rises above you like a sea-coast cliff, apparently inaccessible to any animal without wings. There are, however, steep winding steps cut in the rock by which you can ascend the cliff in various parts; and I venture to affirm that few even of those persons who have been fortunate enough to visit Skiddaw and Helvellyn, and are apt to laugh at our *south* English ideas of a cliff or a hill, would consider it a mere joke to ascend the highest part of the Rosherville cliff, either before breakfast or after dinner.

As to the gardens themselves, they are very well designed, and beautifully kept. Extensive as they really are, they appear much more so, from the skill with which the walks are managed, and the variety of views which they present at every turn. The shrubs and flowers are very fine, and many are scarce and valuable. These attract the attention of the visitor, who feels that he shall never be able to see all that is to be seen. I could not help agreeing with a respectable middle-aged gentleman, who was looking from the top of the cliff the other day, and who observed to two ladies, his companions—"Why, you can't see this place, to take it easy, under a whole day, and that should be the 21st of June."

Besides these beautiful gardens—*in* them, but not *of* them—are various buildings for refreshment, dancing, and different sorts of exhibitions, a few wild animals, &c. At night, during the summer, there are fire-works; and, at different hours in the day, a band performs, for the delight of the visitors. There is an archery ground, and a shooting gallery; and there is always some extra pleasure going on—tight-rope dancing, slack-rope dancing, singing, jugglery, a balloon, or a flower-show, or a gala of some kind—which renders Rosherville a sort of Elysium to young Gravesend and young Cockayne. But perhaps it is the *very* young—the little children of each district—that revel most in these delights. I think the proudest despiser of the joys of the vulgar would find his heart melt to sympathy, at the ecstatic cries and exuberant rejoicing of infant Gravesend and Cockayne, when they are allowed to sit up late, to see the dancing and the fire-works at Rosherville.

Once more—"Who does not love a garden?" Of him I will beg pardon most humbly, but he must, indeed he must, go to see the Rosherville Gardens next season, if he would like to secure what a Roman emperor offered a great reward for—the discovery of a new pleasure.

J. M. W.

## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, AND EFFECTS OF THEIR TRAINING.

(*Continued from page* 214.)

We have in former numbers described the Industrial Schools in Aberdeen. We are now to consider some of the consequences of the peculiar features of feeding the children in school and sending them to their own houses at night. It has been said that religious instruction and moral training given to the child in school can have no beneficial effect so long as he is allowed to associate nightly with the worthless parent. We reply, that although some evils may result from this intercourse, yet the unnatural separation of parent and child is not without its baneful effects; and even if it were not so, we ask in what town are the wants of every indigent child anticipated, and all juvenile mendicancy prevented? Do not our large cities swarm with young beggars, and are not our prisons crowded with juvenile thieves? Until the workhouse and the hospital provide food and shelter to every needy applicant, the School of Industry is a necessary institution; and we are of opinion that the latter affords many advantages, both to the parent and child, which cannot be derived from the former, when they prohibit all intercourse, and suspend all the family affections. Before admission to the Industrial School, the child occasions his indigent parent much annoyance: always idle, he is ever in mischief; and always hungry, he is ever dissatisfied. Every meal is a scene of contention, and the sun rises and sets on family discord. Admitted to the school, all is changed; the parent pursues his occupation without anxiety, and eats his scanty meal in quiet. The child goes merrily to school, knowing that a plentiful breakfast awaits him. He spends the day pleasantly in work, lesson, and recreation, and at night he returns to his humble home happy and contented. Domestic affection is restored—the child is pleased to repeat the lesson he has learned, and the gratified parent is delighted to receive instruction. Often have we heard of such instances of improvement; and wherever parents are not utterly vicious, children should not be altogether removed from them. There are cases of such complete destitution and wretchedness, that no good can be expected from the connection. We have known two or three families inhabiting a single room—without bed or table—where all slept on the ground in the clothes they wore, and decency and self-respect were altogether wanting. From such scenes the child should be removed. He is there made to cater for his father's wants, and probably to minister to his extravagance; and so long as he frequents such squalid dens of iniquity, Industrial School training has no effect; a home in a respectable house should be provided, and the discipline of the school applied till his habits are reformed. Happily such cases are not so numerous as some imagine, and reformation has been effected in some which were deemed almost hopeless. Whenever an individual can be made to value a wholesome meal, change of raiment, and a comfortable bed, there is hope of amendment. But so long as his appetite is sated with strong drink, his person covered with rags, and the bare floor his only resting-place, he laughs with savage contempt at suggested improvement. Let the child be withdrawn from such a parent, whose very breath corrupts, and whose conduct utterly debases. But let not mere poverty, with its wants and its wretched-

ness, separate parent and child, for love and domestic affection alleviate many of its ills, and the mother's bosom is the best and happiest couch for the school-trained child: thither let him go when the school has impressed its lesson of duty, and induced its habits of cleanliness and industry; and let it be ever inculcated that the surest proof of his progress is to be found in the increase of the parents' comfort, and in the improvement of the household arrangements. Instruct the child to become a home missionary—to read the story-book and the bible to brothers and sisters, and to diffuse through the meanest dwelling the odour of sanctity—and we say that better missionaries cannot be found, for we have heard of many instances of their successful teaching.

The hospital-bred child has no such means of cultivating the moral affections. Cut off from all intercourse with his family, filial affection withers and dies, and a mother's love ceases to influence his conduct. He feels himself a unit in a strange society; and though all his wants are supplied, he seldom experiences any feeling of gratitude. The being constantly ministered to only increases his selfishness, and he knows nothing of social life till he is turned out to make his way in a world with which he is little acquainted. We never look at those splendid palaces for pauper children without being struck with their unsuitableness, and thinking how desolate the inmates must feel when they are dismissed. To descend in the scale of comfort is always disagreeable; but all their relatives are indigent, and to associate with them is to live in a wretched hut or miserable cellar. What becomes of so many hospital-bred children we know not, but we have heard of very few having raised themselves to a respectable position in society. It is unnecessary to pursue the contrast. Though hospital and workhouse education were unobjectionable, how few of the children of the destitute can obtain it. Edinburgh, with its numerous splendid hospitals, has hundreds of mendicant children roaming its streets, for whom Industrial Schools are about to be established—demonstrating the absolute necessity for such institutions.

We may now inquire what public good Industrial Schools are calculated to effect—what evil to prevent? Before answering these questions, let us look at the condition of the pauper child; and as one incident tells more effectively than numerous details, we may mention the case of a boy who was recently brought before a magistrate, accused of theft by housebreaking, and with having been three times previously convicted, and reputed a common thief. This mature criminal was only seven years of age! His crimes had outrun his age and understanding, and he was discharged, because he was deemed incapable of being tried for so aggravated an offence. His story was a common one. The son of a widow, whose parish allowance required to be supplemented by his begging, he spent his time in "seeking his meat," and while so employed had been made the tool of others in the commission of crime. Though exempt at present from punishment, the character he had innocently acquired will be urged against him when youth and inexperience cannot plead his defence, and he will, in all probability, in a short time be treated as a hardened offender, and his youthful limbs confined for a year within the limits of a cell, where, cramped and paralysed, his physical powers will be diminished and his moral and intellectual capacities little improved, and he will come out with even less ability to earn an honest livelihood than he had when first imprisoned,—and transportation, at no distant period, may be his expected fate. Such has been the lot of thousands—and such is the daily destiny of hundreds in this land of wealth and civilisation, where the starving child is sent out to beg his daily food; and in this debasing employment he is soon led to the commission of crime. When convicted, the only asylum provided is the prison. But the prison is no panacea for juvenile delinquency, the effect of ignorance and want. It is not even a palliative: and, if we may credit the inspectors and governors and chaplains of prisons, it is a positive incentive. If we look into the reports of these officials, we find that children of twelve years of age have been half a dozen times inmates of prisons; and if transportation did not at last interpose to break the connection, it would seem that the whole life of the criminal would be spent in going in and coming out of a place of confinement.

For the manifest evils arising from such a case and from hundreds of similar cases, the Industrial School is both the preventive and the cure. The generous spirit that dictates the institution of such an asylum, interposes no barrier to the admission of the necessitous child—nay it invites, it may be said it compels, him to come in, and the wretched wanderer there finds a shelter and a home. His hunger is appeased, his curiosity gratified, and his little hands are trained to industry. The wearisome days and nights of the prison-house are changed into gladsome days in the school among his joyous associates, and into happy nights in the humble dwelling of his widowed mother—vagrant habits are abandoned, and the juvenile delinquent becomes the docile scholar; no longer the pest of society, hunting the streets, and annoying the passenger, he is the regular attendant at school, and the delight of his teacher. Ask the citizens of Aberdeen what has become of the troops of vagrant children, usually to be met with in every large city, and they answer we have sent them ALL to the Schools of Industry. The right of every child to food, clothing, and education has been recognised. By giving food, the plea and the necessity for begging are removed; by teaching the rights of property, the vice of stealing is prevented. The public are thus freed from an intolerable nuisance, and the best interests of the children are promoted. Such are the results of industrial training, but it would be untrue to say that juvenile delinquency has been altogether removed, and we are not even so sanguine as to anticipate the period when it will be entirely eradicated.

The human heart is prone to evil; and after every attempt at juvenile reformation, there will still be need of the prison and the transport colony. Whether these corrective means are regulated by principles conducive to the prevention of crime, by deterring from its commission, and calculated to promote the permanent improvement of the delinquent, we cannot at present inquire. They are points of great importance, and we shall probably, at no distant time, give them our serious consideration. We have extended our observations farther than we intended; but the interesting nature of the subject carried us away, forgetting that we might not carry our readers along with us, and so may have lost our labour.

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INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND JUVENILE REFORM.

We have seen the beneficial influence of Industrial Schools in stemming the tide of juvenile depravity, by withdrawing the vagrant child from his vicious courses, and training him to habits of in-

dustry. But we have said that *all* will not avail themselves of these advantages, and that some will resist every effort made to reclaim them, and persist in such a course of criminality as will render coercive measures absolutely necessary. These determined delinquents should be treated in such a manner as would tend to their reformation, and at all events effectually prevent them from annoying the public. When liberty has been much abused, constraint should be unsparingly used—constraint sufficiently prolonged to render the impressions of prison discipline permanent, and not that short confinement which renders the prison a jest, and its discipline a mockery—which, in the words of the inspector of prisons for Scotland, is not only futile with respect to the reformation of the offender, and calculated, unjustly, to bring good prison discipline into disrepute, but is also very expensive to the country. Instead of sending the neglected child to prison for a few days, on account of some petty offence committed through ignorance or to satisfy the cravings of hunger, we would inquire into his moral, intellectual, and physical condition, and if on all these points (as in nine cases in ten we expect would be the case) we found him deficient, we should remit him to the Industrial School for six or twelve months, at the expense of the parent or the public. There fed, and trained, and educated, and starvation and neglect, the main causes of crime, removed, we should anticipate a moral reformation. But in some instances there would be disappointment, and the young delinquent might again appear before the magistrate, when, on conviction, a sentence of imprisonment should be pronounced; not of days or weeks —which impress only a prison taint which years of good conduct cannot wipe off—not one of those short imprisonments wh ch, in the opinion of the governor of the Glasgow prison, have no beneficial results, but, on the contrary, have the effect of hardening and depraving many who, with a more lengthened confinement at the outset of their career, might have been benefitted and reclaimed —but for a period of imprisonment long enough to insure, if possible, the correction of criminal propensities, the removal of bad habits, and the implanting and cherishing, by mental and moral training, habits and modes of thinking and acting which are likely to render the culprit a useful and respectable member of society.

The use of punishment is to deter from the commission of crime, and to correct and improve the offender. Short imprisonments do neither. Why then, continue them? Were the associates of J. C. D. (referred to in the report of the governor of the Glasgow prisons), awe-struck when they saw him, when eight years of age, sent to prison for ten days—or was he reformed or improved by that or the four subsequent imprisonments he endured before he was sent, at eleven years old, to the Perth prison for twelve months? Would it not have been better to have tried the effect of twelve months when he was confined for only ten days—or was any advantage gained by the hardening and depraving process of repeated imprisonments before the reforming imprisonment of twelve months was imposed? What was the cost of those several convictions, and what the amount of property stolen, when the little culprit was living on plunder, irrespective of that for which be was then convicted? It has been calculated that the public cost of a criminal ripened for transportation is about two hundred pounds; but who shall estimate the value of the stolen property plundered and squandered by the thief when luxuriating in his temporary freedom, and before detection brings him again acquainted with the judge? The system is so utterly useless as an example or a corrective, that we do not remember ever to have heard anyone defend it, yet it continues to be persisted in as if it were the most effective that could be devised.

But experience has demonstrated that even a lengthened imprisonment does not always effect reformation. The seclusion of twelve months, the admonitions of the governor, teacher, and chaplain, have fallen upon a listless ear, and the culprit leaves his cell as apt to steal as he was before he went in. Indeed, this is not to be wondered at: the prison certificate is a bad passport to respectable society or lucrative employment. Though willing to work, his service is rejected, or if accepted, his company is shunned by his fellow-workmen, and love of society makes him seek the companionship of his former associates who soon laugh him out of his recently acquired principles, and hurry him again into a new course of crime. There should, therefore, be a resting-place between the prison and the world, where the sequestered prisoner might pause and contemplate the scene before encountering its difficulties. But alas! there is no such shelter. For a long year he has lived apart from the world and all its vanities. Prosperity has succeeded depression, or depression prosperity. He was unconscious of the change. He has performed the stated task, and daily received the same amount of food, and, for anything he knows, the world, with all its busy interests and rapid fluctuation, might have stood still. And thus unprepared he is launched at once upon the stage, ignorant of the part he is to play, or the character he is to sustain. The wonder is not that he should soon fall, but that he should be able for any time to maintain a firm position. He may fall, and under any system some will fall, and, on conviction, should be transported. Now transportation has for its object the ridding the community of a bad subject, and it ought to have in view the ultimate reformation of the convict. It is this last we have to consider; and, to render it effective, we would propose the following scheme. The convict colony should not be too remote, and it should not be too confined. Canada presents great advantages. Its vicinity renders the cost of transport small; its wide uncultivated wastes afford extensive fields for colonisation; and there we would fix the site of our juvenile reforming colony. On one of its large rivers we would construct a Juvenile Delinquent School, to which every child under sixteen years of age should be sent, on conviction for a second offence. There he would be trained to a colonist's life. For some time the profits of his labour should be applied to defray the expenses of transportation; then the surplus earnings should be commuted to the value of land, and when he had earned enough he should become an independent settler, bound by no condition but to remain a colonist, and an observer of the laws. This plan implies a sentence of transportation for life. But so regulated, it would be one of restraint for a few years, and only so long as was necessary to qualify the convict for becoming a successful colonist. The cheering prospect of independence would stimulate his exertions, he would consider the place of exile his adopted country, and would not dream of returning home, because return, without leave, would forfeit all his advantages. We are no theorists, speculating idly on a subject we have not considered. We have seen the evils we have pointed out. We have seen the efficacy of some of the remedies we have described, and

we are persuaded that juvenile reformation can only be accomplished—

First. By providing liberally the means of moral, and religious, and industrial training, including food and clothing for the children of the poor. Second. In rendering prison discipline effective from the outset, and affording a refuge for the young delinquent, when he is discharged. And lastly, by transporting for a second offence every youth who refused the school training, and had failed to acquire in prison the ability to earn an honest livelihood, but returned to those evil habits which are inconsistent with the well-being of society. Thus have we sketched the causes and cure of a great national malady—the extent and evils of juvenile begging are known and lamented in every city in Great Britain. The advantages of early industrial training are beginning to be seen, and will soon be further proved, in Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee. The inutility of short imprisonments has been demonstrated on the experience of every one connected with prisons; the utility of lengthened confinement, and of a refuge on dismission, is self-evident; and the necessity of transportation in cases of determined criminal purpose is equally clear. The whole matter is before the public. It is discussed daily in every journal, and we have no doubt that the soundness of our views will be confirmed by experience, and that the legislature will, ere long, give it the benefit of its collective wisdom.

## Our Library.

### BALLAD ROMANCES.*

By R. H. Horne, *author of* Cosmo di Medici, Orion, &c.

Real poetry, like real gold, is a thing of such intrinsic value that there cannot be two opinions about it. It has chanced, however, that some poets have rendered for a time the pure ore of their souls less universally acceptable than it otherwise would have been, through choice of subject, perhaps, or mannerism, or style of phraseology. Something of this kind there may have been about the author of *Cosmo di Medici* and *Orion*. That he was intrinsically a true poet no person, who understood what real poetry was, ever doubted; nevertheless, spite of a noble epic, brimful of magnificent poetry, which he sold by tens of thousands at a farthing each, he has not become a popular poet,—or, more properly speaking, a poet of the people. We know men of the highest judgment who place *Orion* only below the old Greek tragedians; and we assert it, that there are passages in it equal to anything in the English language; yet for all that the author has not found in *Orion* the string which will touch the popular heart. He must leave the struggles of the Greek Titan, heroic though he be, and full of application as the whole is to every great struggle after the right, whether in man individually or collectively, and come down to the every-day business of human life, with all its strivings and endurings, its joys and its sorrows, and he will be the poet of the people, without reducing the value of his wares to the lowest coin of the realm. Men with sound hearts and large sympathies, like the author of *Orion*, are wanted; and his deep pathos and his quaint humour (and none has truer humour than he) applied to the every-day life of humanity, would win for him an influence and a reputation beyond twenty classic epics, were it possible for each to be superior even to *Orion*.

It is from this consideration that we welcome warmly this volume of *Ballad Romances*—the only lyrical productions of this author, we believe, which have yet been published collectively.

Our space will not admit of more than a few words of comment on each of the Ballads contained in this volume, and of but few extracts. *The Noble Heart*, the first and longest, and the *Ballad of Delora*, the fourth in the series, present so wonderful a contrast in design and execution, as to have excited considerable surprise that both should have issued from the same mind. But we know that the true poet must be capable of throwing his sympathies and his very being into his creations, and thus becoming, as it were, identified with them, living in their life, and necessarily presenting strange contrasts with himself. *The Noble Heart* is of Saxon simplicity in its language, its plot, and its characters. It is indeed so simple and bland that its power is not at first apparent. We read on smoothly and quickly, till the moral dignity of the principles which are being developed arrests our course, and changes the first feeling of mere pleasurable relaxation into a consciousness of grandeur.

Sir Ludolf, the hero of the *Noble Heart*, is sustained in his course by a self-centred power of conscious rectitude; a clear mind which seizes the right, separates the false and true, and governs his actions accordingly. To know the right is with him to do the right, no matter at what sacrifice. The course of the story, which is told with singular clearness and simplicity, shows him first called upon to decide between his love and his large possessions—and he relinquishes his broad lands; next, between his love and his high fame as a brave, chivalrous knight—and he risks and loses his knightly fame; and lastly, having relinquished for the *reality* of love the *shadows* of wealth and the world's honour, he is obliged to decide between the possession of her for whom he has sacrificed so much, and the certainty of exposing her to dishonour and death--and he sacrifices his love and his own happiness to her security. Finally, her true-heartedness solves the difficulty, thus making the title of the *Noble Heart* apply to each. This is a beautiful conception, and one of high moral character.

The ballad of *Delora, or the Passion of Andrea Como*, is in style, design, and result, one of the most original and powerful poems ever penned. It is full of savage strength and self-will, not displayed in bursts or starts, but in a sustained violence of passionate emotion, high-wrought and concentrated almost without parallel, and only stopping at the borders of insanity, with the death of its hero. In broken-hearted, passionate language, it reminds the reader somewhat of Tennyson's *Oriana*. It may also take rank with the *St. Simon Stylites* of the same poet, each of these poems showing what may be called morbid power,—not from morbidity in the poet, but in his choice of an extraordinary subject.

Andrea Como, a peasant, had been mysteriously bereaved of his bride, with whom, after long years of persecution and unwearied resistance to oppression, he was hoping to be happy. She had disappeared under the portal of a ruined tower, while playfully searching for flowers, and he never saw her again. In vain he searched; in vain he wandered the world over. He returned alone to watch

* Charles Ollier, London.

the spot where he last saw her; and there, through years, he sate, ever "fronting the archway." Travellers and peasants cast on him looks of pity, believing him mad; but let us listen to his most impassioned reason:—

> Delora, spirit of my heart!
> Delora, we can never part!
> I see thy form: angelic bare,
> Thou floatest 'mid thine auburn hair!
> Delora, templed shrine of bliss—
> Thou fled'st without one clasping kiss—
> And maddening space takes this and this!
> Delora!
>
> Oh, man of ease! oh, moderate fool!
> Stunted by dulness, led by rule,
> Carping at passion with a whine,
> How dar'st thou limit God's design?
> The self-poised sun, the changeless sea,
> Emblemed the elements in me,—
> But I am as a child with thee,
> Delora!
>
> Now I am old, haggard, and poor,
> Delora; now doth winter frore
> Knot up my joints: the wild wind whistles
> Through my coarse hair, and through the thistles,
> That, on the battlement forlorn,
> Nod like the shapes of warriors gone,
> In haze of twilight, even and morn,
> Delora!
>
> The wild goat cries i' the ruined hall;
> The fiend-faced wolf looks through the wall;
> The hoarse rooks sail and war and wail
> O'er the cleft towers, till evening pale;
> The goblin owl leaves her ivy old,
> Then to hoot in moonshine cold,
> While dim glides by Oblivion vast,
> Wan image of the spectral past!
> But ne'er one look on me he cast,
> Delora!

This is fine poetry, full of passion and imaginative imagery; and at this pitch the ballad is sustained throughout. This ballad of *Delora* was first published several years ago in the *Monthly Repository*, and excited great attention at the time, and was an established favourite with those who may be reckoned of our first poets and judges of poetry. These admired it, not alone for its strength and intensity of passion, but because it vindicates the claim of humanity to the power of concentration and faithfulness in love. When we bow our heads in shame over the unutterable degradations, miseries, and crimes which are endured and committed under the outraged name of love, we are almost tempted to wish that love might be annihilated, forgetting for a moment that the best part of our nature must vanish with it. But we "may not limit God's design." "Death is sure, and Love is sure," says an eloquent modern writer. Both must be met, each in its way, nobly. But how shall the dross be expelled from the pure gold of love? It is said that the philosopher's stone was not a dream, nor were the alchemists deluded—that diamonds *can* be made, and the metals are to be transmuted. If, then, the chemists are working these wonders in the physical world, may the poets become the prophets of the spiritual! Officiating like priests at the altar of humanity, they tell us that, in the sacrificial fires of passion, all that is vile and mean and sensual will vanish, and the pure flame ascend heavenward. And we see daily that wherever pure affection fills the heart, impurity of life is abhorrent—even impossible. There is great teaching in this. It is not by thwarting and overcoming the feelings implanted in humanity that it will be purified, but by exalting them from instincts into passions. Thus sublimated, human nature would present aspects noble and heroic; great might be its woes, but great also would be its felicity. It is not a paradise of ease to which this would lead, but a grand, progressive course, wherein sympathy in its most powerful form would be a strong agent. Thus it is that the Passion of Andrea Como is a delineation of a tragedy such as might fall upon a soul so purified and exalted; and it is because it paints humanity thus exalted and purified that this fine poem speaks to the heart like a prophecy.

The old chronicle of *The Death of King John*, printed by Caxton, forms the subject of the ballad of *The Monk of Swineshead Abbey*. It is told in this legend (apocryphal enough, but that is no matter) how King John had sworn that he would prove the loyalty of his subjects by doubling the price of corn; and how he would turn the cultivated land into forest; and how, sleeping at Swineshead Abbey, a monk, after vainly endeavouring to alter the king's mind, gave him poison, and performed the office of taker himself, and so both died. All this is told by the poet with the true spirit of the tragic drama infused into the simple power of the ballad style. The following is a good specimen of dramatic truth of character in the rough, bold speech of an English farmer, threatened with condign punishment for exclaiming against the king's tyranny, and at the same time rebuked by the holy father for thinking over much of the body and its needs.

> "Chop off my head!" the farmer cried,
> "But first my tongue must speak!
> Truth is for ever--nature's truth—
> What is man's life?—a week!
> So preached good Father Luke last eve,
> In words as strong as meek.
> Ye say the body should be held
> Sacred from taint or hurt,
> Yet do ye give it all vile names—
> What *is* this sacred dirt?
> But live somehow the body must,
> And as a body should,
> A good stout servant, and not dust
> While full of true heart's blood.
> Therefore, I say with Father Luke,
> Corn grew before men built a church,
> And souls, like birds, sang in the trees
> Ere they were caged and made to perch.
> Therefore I say, till crops have fair play,
> Endow no abbey or saintly shrine,
> For if it be built upon famine and guilt,
> 'Tis black as a bean-stalk, and naught divine."

Good, stout truths, these, of the worthy farmer's.

The following fine commentary on the difference between those times and our own is singularly applicable to the great struggle just ended, and to all now going on:—

> 'Twas willed—'twas planned—a deed was done
> Which never can be done again,
> In lands where despotism long since
> Was buried with its rusty chain,
> And barbarous age and ignorance
> O'er thought and speech no longer reign.
> A single will was once life's law
> And death's, because it wore a crown;
> Yet fate wrought fairly, for even then
> A single will could put it down.
> Now doth opinion, multiplied
> By thousands and by millions, take
> The world along, and tyrannies
> Like sands from out an hour-glass shake.
> Slowly, surely moves the mass,
> With so deep pressure, weight, and pain,
> As leaves indented in the earth
> Marks that no wheels need touch again.
> It was not thus when King John swore
> To double the price of God's free grain!

Very different from all this excellent argument—and yet it is excellent in its way—is the queer, random, half crazy story of Grandmother Grey and her four little ones, who, to their infinite amazement, caught a Woodland Elf and lost it again! What an antithesis is here—the author of *Orion* and the *Woodland Elf!*

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, November 7th, 1846.*

*Condition of the Female Factory Operatives at Bradford, Yorkshire.*—On Wednesday, the 7th ult., an important Public Meeting took place in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, Bradford, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, Vicar, the originator of the movement, the object of which was, to obtain public co-operation in the furtherance of a movement for the improvement of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of the female factory operatives of the district. Lord Morpeth, M.P.; Mr. Busfield, M.P.; Wm. Rand, Esq. (one of the largest mill-owners in Bradford); R. Baker, Esq., Factory Inspector; and many of the clergymen and Dissenting ministers of the town, with several of the leading manufacturers, were present, and took part in the proceedings. Lord Ashley had been invited, but he declined to attend, as he held opinions as to the necessity of shorter hours of labour in factories (a subject not ventured on by Dr. Scoresby's Association), which might possibly disturb the unanimity of the Meeting. Mr. Walker, a large mill-owner, an energetic advocate of a Ten Hours' Bill, was absent for the same reason. The Rev. James Cooper, Secretary of the Society, read a Report of the proceedings of the Committee, previous to the Meeting, from which a few extracts are subjoined:—

"With a view to promote plans for the furtherance of these objects, inquiries have been made by a preliminary Committee, in order to ascertain as nearly as possible the numbers of females of different ages employed in the town and immediate vicinity of Bradford. Our inquiries lead us to the following conclusions, showing that there are in ninety-eight factories, or employed by ninety-eight firms in the borough of Bradford,—

| | |
|---|---|
| Females under thirteen years of age | 1,000 |
| Do. from thirteen to eighteen .. | 4,500 |
| Do. above eighteen .......... | 6,500 |
| Total.............. | 12,000 |

Of these 2,000 are married women, and from 1,000 to 1,200 are young women living in lodgings or lodging-houses.

"By this large number of persons, it is to be feared that slender provision is made against sickness, old age, and the various contingencies of their condition. Only a few sick clubs exist among them, and these for the most part small and inefficient: though it should be stated, that in many of the mills occasional or weekly collections are made in behalf of such of the regular hands as are disabled by sickness, and to which the masters contribute. During the past five years, only 198 females, describing themselves as "power-loom weavers," have become depositors in the savings' bank; and only 123 of these remained on the books at the last half-yearly statement of accounts. It should not, however, be forgotten, that the earnings of a large proportion of the female weavers are thrown into the common purse of the family, and that deposits, therefore, may have been made by others, to which they have contributed.

"With regard to measures for their improvement, the preliminary Committee have considered that one important class requiring particular attention, is that of young women who come into the town from the surrounding neighbourhood, or from a distance, to obtain employment in the factories, and consequently have no natural home near their employment. These are obliged to find the best accommodation they can in lodgings, where, in the absence of parental guidance and protection, they are subject to many disadvantages, and exposed to dangers, often, alas! fatal to their virtue and respectability.

"For this class it is suggested *that comfortable boarding-houses may be provided*, where, at no greater cost than at present to themselves, they may be boarded and lodged, under the careful management of a matron placed at the head of each, whose duty would be to provide their meals, and *exercise a general superintendence of the establishment. There provision may be made for their evening instruction in domestic matters, and in religious and mental improvement.* A suitable library, and other means of social enjoyment and mutual profit, might be provided, and as little restraint exercised over their freedom as may be necessary for the general good order of the house. For the improvement of young women living at home with their parents, it is suggested that *evening schools should be established in existing school-houses for their general instruction, including needlework, and other domestic matters.*

"To aid in the formation of habits of prudence, economy, and forethought, it is proposed to establish *a general sick club for female operatives of all ages*, on the improved principles of assurance tables, regulating the payments to the age and capability of each insurer, and avoiding all needless outlay in the management; and with the same object also to facilitate and encourage deposits in the savings' bank.

"For the purpose of carrying out these and similar measures which may be adopted, it is suggested that *a General Board of Management be formed*, consisting of manufacturers and spinners and other gentlemen, including the clergy, and Dissenting ministers of the various denominations, and that *a Committee of Ladies also be formed* to aid in carrying out some of the objects in view.

"A mode of erecting boarding or lodging-houses suggests itself in the formation of a branch of the Metropolitan Association for improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, which would secure an interest of 5 per cent. on any outlay in building, or the same thing may be accomplished by an independent Association for the express purpose.

"These plans are suggested with the greater confidence, from their having received the general approbation of many of the principal spinners and manufacturers of the town, while the interest which these gentlemen expressed in the welfare of their female hands, encourages the hope of their effective co-operation."

Resolutions, embodying the above suggestions, were proposed and adopted by the Meeting. The Vicar, in his opening address to the Meeting, stated the vast importance of the subject. To give an idea of the enormous increase of the population of Bradford, he stated that in the course of two years there had been an influx of nearly 20,000 persons into that town and neighbourhood! "Hitherto," he said, "no special, general, or systematic care had been taken of the female operatives labouring amongst us. There had been no general system. They had been a class left entirely to themselves, except such portion of them as by some voluntary act chose to place themselves under some Christian minister. The others were left to the impulses of their own nature; licentious men and licentious women were left to the influences of their natural passions, and in many cases, he regretted to say, with very little restraint. He did not speak of their manufactories generally, for he believed they were very different from what he had alluded to, but he would venture to say that there were manufactories in Bradford in which there was a sad system of degradation amongst them. (Hear.) There were manufactories in that place in which the men had no restraint. There were manufactories in that place—he trusted they were few—in which the women had no restraint. Those things existing amongst them ought to be put down by the firm moral tone of the Christian people, so that such things could not exist in a Christian community. Meetings of this kind would be called to awaken the attention of females to this important subject. And moreover, by the progress of a work of this kind, any manufacturers who chose to unite in carrying out the leading objects which would hereafter be detailed to the Meeting, would find this necessary result: their manufactories and mills would assume a higher character; they would obtain a better class of hands, and altogether they would soon find advantages in comparison with other manufacturers in the place. The objects contemplated in the formation of an Association had been elsewhere tried, with the most beneficial results. He need hardly allude to the cases in America, particularly at Lowell, which he visited himself, further than to say that the condition of the females there was so beautiful, that though he went with many misgivings, he came away with the full impression that all that had been said with respect to the moral condition

and respectability of the females there, was fully and most amply justified. But besides the case of Lowell, we have had trials of something similar in our own country. The rev. chairman instanced a successful experiment made by Archdeacon Lyell, in a silk manufactory at Hadley, and he concluded by forcibly impressing upon the meeting the immense importance in a philanthropic and Christian point of view, and as bearing on the destinies of this country, of the subject brought before them.

Lord Morpeth proposed the first resolution in a feeling speech, and in the introduction he stated that he had had an engagement at that hour to attend an agricultural meeting at Keighley; but "when his attention was called to the 12,000 female workpeople in this town, he felt that they had superior claims, that they are more important objects, that they are nobler works of the great Creator's hand, than even the fat cattle and goodly beeves in the upper part of Airedale. Differences of opinion (he observed) to a considerable extent, have prevailed in this town, and in the whole manufacturing districts of England, with respect to the proper time to allot to the hours of labour in factories; but whether you fix the number of hours at twelve, at eleven, at ten, at nine, or at eight, still I think it would be felt to be desirable to protect those 12,000 female factory workers from the dangers and the temptations to which they are more peculiarly exposed; to provide means for their finding decent and healthy lodgings; to stand in the stead, as it were, in the case of the unprotected, of their natural parents and guardians, when they cannot resort to their kindly shelter —to provide for them when sick the facilities of medical attendance and medicine; to inculcate upon them lessons of forethought and prudence, and surround them, as much as possible, with the comforts, the privileges, the sanctities of a home. Lord Morpeth alluded to the remarks of the chairman respecting the state of the Lowell female operatives, and pointed out the difference of circumstances in their condition as compared with the female operatives of this country.

Mr. Jude Yates, an operative, appropriately took the opportunity, in a most judicious and conciliatory manner, of directing the attention of the meeting to the root of the evil—or, at least, to one of its most aggravating causes, namely—*the long hours of labour* in factories. He thanked sincerely the rev. vicar and the gentleman acting with him, for the active and encouraging part which they had taken in the endeavour to raise the moral and social condition of the factory operatives. But he feared these excellent steps were a beginning at the wrong end; and this was what he wished to say as expressive of the universal feeling of the factory operatives of the West-Riding—that however necessary it was that the female and all other factory operatives should be elevated from their present degraded position, yet so long as they were compelled to work so many hours, however laudable these efforts were, unless there was a considerable diminution in the hours of their toil, those efforts would prove unavailing to a considerable extent.

Several other speakers addressed the meeting in support of the several resolutions, the utmost sympathy being throughout manifested in the interesting and often painful details set forth, after which it separated, voting thanks to the Rev. Dr. Scoresby, and the two members of parliament who had honoured the meeting by their presence, and aided it by their counsels and encouragement.

*A way for the Poor to help themselves.*—SIR,—I beg to suggest a plan which, if carried into effect, will be of the greatest service to the industrious classes, and it has this merit, that it can be easily carried out. Every one acquainted with these classes is aware of the frequency of sudden calls for temporary loans. There are outfitting of children, purchase of a cow, setting up in small business, removing to a better seat of work, in short, numberless calls for loans. The loan societies so called in London, are mostly cruel swindling affairs, concocted by nests of broken attorneys and low speculators, who calculate on profits by suing all parties. Now it seems astonishing that while the working classes have twenty millions in the savings' banks at 3½ per cent., they should be driven to these extremities for money. I have not mentioned the pawn shop, but it is one of the monster evils of English society, and needs the power of the press to bring a remedy. I have tickets before me belonging to the poor where generally articles have been pledged at one-fifth their value, and of course fall into the hands of the pawn-broker. I have suggested *the addition of loan departments to every savings' bank in the kingdom.* They can be managed by the same officers at a trifling expense, by a charge of five per cent. and a trifle for commission, a vast sum may be realised, so great as perhaps in time to pay the poor rates or sustain an efficient system of national education. This would be nothing more than the application of the principle of banking (*i. e.* that the surplus funds of one party be used at interest by others), to the lower classes. The benefits would be incalculable. Due security could be taken and good characters required of borrowers. I sent a sketch of this plan to the benevolent Lord Ashley some time since, and he kindly promised to promote the plan. It is the aid of the press that is required to bring it thoroughly before the public.

P. S. I beg to recommend my plan of circulating the *People's Journal*, *i. e.* to take a copy for lending to the poor, which I put in a stout cover.—I am yours,

*Canterbury.* W. WELBY.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and* not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

JOHN SAUNDERS,

EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

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LOVERS OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

We commend for this purpose our last number, which contains

A PORTRAIT OF ELIHU BURRITT;

WITH A

*Memoir by Mary Howitt.*

A Poem by Walter Savage Landor will immediately appear.

The Skirts of the Forest, by T. Creswick, R.A., is in the Engraver's hands.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

By T. Creswick, R.A.

## People's Picture Gallery.

### THE SKIRTS OF THE FOREST.

By T. Creswick, R.A.

In no country, perhaps, in the world, excepting in England, could such a simple little landscape as "The Skirts of the Forest" be found. It is an admirable type of the sylvan scenery to be met with at every turn in our island. Showing just enough of cultivation to evidence the care of man, but unspoilt by what might be called a too great sophistication. In depicting woodland scenery, Mr. Creswick takes a very high stand in our noble English school. Wanting, perhaps, the depth and truthfulness of colour, of Ruysdael, he far surpasses him in his faithful expressions of different kinds of foliage, and in his knowledge of the play of light and shade, which weaves a golden lace-work on every inch of fern and greensward of our dear woodlands. Our town friends who are in the habit of visiting the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, will remember the many exquisite landscapes of this artist hung there. "The Garden Scene" in this year's gallery was, perhaps, one of the most beautiful specimens of his deep feeling for nature. Some of his finest pictures are, however, in the possession of Mr. Vernon, of Pall-mall, the munificent patron of native art.

Perhaps we shall not be thought out of place if we take the picture we give this week as a text from which to enlarge upon the characteristics of English landscape painting, in which branch of art we have a well-established superiority over other nations. This excellence doubtless results more from climate, the beauty of our atmospherical effects, and the variety of scenery to be found within the four seas which encircle us. To the perfect physical formation of the Greeks we doubtless owe those fine statues which have since held the world in awe; and in the mournful and expressive character of Italian beauty we see the source from which the divine Madonnas of Raphael's brain have issued. The models which nature has placed before us, we have equally taken advantage of. Where, in the wide world, can such rich landscape be exhibited as in the bosom of rural England. At every turn, we have pictures such as Hobbima would have coveted. Some, perhaps, will exclaim against their tameness; but Salvator himself would never have wished for more magnificent wildness than is to be found in Scotland, or more picturesque Wales. And then, again, what studies for water have we—from the clear beauty of the lakes, to the countless running streams which sing through the land. Each artist, obeying the impulses of his own heart, straps his knapsack to his back, and sallies forth to the fields he loves best; and there is choice enough for them all.

Copley Fielding takes him to the gentle undulations of mountain scenery, and watches the mist-wreaths roll away, or brushes the dew off the heather of the breezy and wide-stretching downs he loves to depict. David Cox is also a wanderer upon the uplands, but of a more gentle and cultivated kind. The ploughman driving his team up the brown shoulder of some hill in showery weather—the watery rays of the sun gleaming upon the passing share—are passages which he continually represents. All the thousand changes in our atmosphere are familiar to his pencil, and lend a charm to his pictures. Climate has certainly had no small hand in ministering to the excellence of this delicate painter. Constable has done for flat scenery what Cox and Fielding have accomplished for hilly districts. He might be called, with no small truth, the water-poet. There is a district in the neighbourhood of Pangbourne, on the Great Western Railroad, called "Constable's Country;" it owes this name to its abounding in fine river and canal scenes, with every one of which this painter has made us familiar in his pictures—pictures which on a summer's day are absolutely tantalising, from their suggestions of swift shallows and clear deep water in which to dive,

> Just
> Eluding water-lily leaves.

Weirs and lock gates he is particularly partial to. Who ever thinks of Constable, but a picture immediately rises to his mind of an old lock-keeper opening the gates, with his back gradually pushing against the lock-arm, chatting the while with the bargee, in his red woollen cap, who lazily sways the helm with his hip, the blue smoke from the little funnel of the cabin climbing up in quiet crooked wreaths against the shadows of the tree? He has given us such sketches a thousand times. To our own beautiful England, which has furnished him with such scenes, we must ascribe the eliciting of his genius. He found the fountain pure and he drank deeply. If he had lived in Holland, our friend Constable would have descended to paint dogger-boats, stagnant canals, floating "blue billy," and dead dogs! In Anthony, we have the representative of full sunshine—of days when the gilded vanes of maypoles and steeples seem silently burning themselves into the sky, and the gay flags hang like dead things upon the flag poles. We don't get much sunshine, it is true, and that, perhaps, accounts for our having no more than one Anthony—a pure worshipper of Phœbus. For forest scenery give us Harding, with his firm, nervous touches. How wildly he throws about the arms of the oaks—how gently he contrasts with them the silver birches running up beside their rugged neighbours like lines of light. To come, however, to our last and greatest example of the extent to which our climate more especially enters in producing our fine school of landscape painting, let us instance Turner, the more than English Claude. He is the only man who has ever succeeded in giving what the "Oxford Graduate" calls the "palpitating perpetual change" of our atmosphere—who, in the misty effects of sun-rise and sun-set, has presented nature to us in her glorious dreams, in which all hard realities seem melted into forms of ideal beauty. To look at his fine early pictures—his rivers of France for instance—it seems as if we were under the influence of some delicious melody. And then his water—who but Turner has given us all the magic of reflection? But if we go on speaking of the beauties of this great painter we shall outrun our space, which we fear we have already done. There are a hundred honoured names in English art which we have not touched upon in our hurried survey, but we have shown enough to give an idea of the characteristics of our landscape school, which never stood higher than it does at present, and we might safely take the dictum of "Modern Painters," that we can with success challenge even the old masters in this branch of art.

A. W.

## WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN MANCHESTER?

By John Bolton Rogerson.

No. I.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW—MUTUAL AID SOCIETIES—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS—SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.

Before we proceed to state what is now doing for the people in Manchester, it may not be uninteresting, for the sake of contrast, to take a brief retrospective review of the town and its inhabitants, as they appeared in by-gone days.

Manchester was originally a wild and thickly-wooded forest, untenanted, save by bird and beast; and about the year 72 it became the abiding-place of the Romans, who occupied it for a period of 300 years. In this time civilisation increased rapidly, and highways were constructed, connecting Manchester with various other towns. When the Romans found it necessary to abandon Great Britain for the purpose of protecting their own capital, the Pictish and Scottish borderers could no longer be prevented from ravaging the land, and the people summoned the Saxons to their aid, to enable them to expel the invaders. The Saxon allies, after they had driven out the Picts and Scots, took possession of a considerable share of what they had been instrumental in re-conquering, and the fort at Manchester was retained by them. The Britons aroused themselves, and succeeded in driving their false allies northward. About the year 593, when the country had been inundated by swarms of Germans, Manchester was compelled to submit to the Saxon power, and enterprise partially revived, after having been for a long period borne down by civil commotions. The Danes made Britain once more the theatre of ruthless invasion, and their ravages were heavily felt in Lancashire. They possessed the country for sixty years, and during that time Manchester and other cities and towns were in a great measure destroyed. The invaders were expelled by Edward the Elder, in 920, and that prince "repayred the city of Manchester, that sore was defaced with the warre of the Danes."

The modern history of Manchester may be dated from the conquest of William the Norman, who bestowed the place, along with others, upon one of his followers, William of Poictou. Re-grants were made by him, and the lordship of Manchester was shortly afterwards vested in the Grelleys; Robert de Grelley, the third baron of Manchester, being one of the "iron barons" who wrung the famous Magna Charta from the craven King John at Runnymede. This baron obtained permission from Henry III. to hold a fair in the town, and rendered many other good services to it. The "Great Charter of Manchester" was granted by Thomas de Grelley, in 1301; and though its provisions are now obsolete, it may be considered as the first measure which placed power in the hands of the people; one of the clauses being, that "the burgesses ought and may chuse a reeve of themselves, whom they will, and to remove the reeve."

It is not within our province to trace the progress of Manchester from a rude and barbarous state to its present position as the manufacturing metropolis of England. Its peculiar situation soon pointed it out as a place eminently adapted for manufactures, both from the great water-power which it could command, and the abundance of coal in the district. Before it obtained its celebrity for cotton fabrics, it was distinguished for its trade in linens and woollens; and from the fifteenth century it has been regarded as one of the principal seats of manufacture in the kingdom. It is, however, in the present century that those gigantic strides have been taken which place Manchester at the head of all other towns as a mart for labour. Fifty years ago, the commerce of the town was principally carried on by men of limited capital who personally attended the different markets with their goods, and lived with the utmost plainness and frugality. The warehouses were unassuming brick buildings in old parts of the town, and had originally been dwelling-houses of the more opulent inhabitants. Ill-ventilated courts and alleys were crowded by small manufacturers, and a single tenement was not unusually occupied by more than a dozen of them. The late improvements which have been made in the streets have let light into many of these dark nooks and crannies, and have caused as much confusion amongst some of the primitive occupiers as though a rookery had been demolished.

At the commencement of the last century, the manufacturers' apprentices, who were many of them the sons of small country gentlemen, and paid premiums, were treated in a way which would ill agree with the young men of the present day, and which it appears was little relished by the youth of that period. The style of living in the country was not so luxurious then as now, but the fare of the Manchester merchants was still humbler. The leading men were accustomed to be in their warehouses, along with their children and apprentices, before six o'clock in the morning, and at seven they retired for breakfast, which was composed of a single large dish of thick oatmeal porridge. Masters, children, and apprentices were each furnished with a spoon, with which they helped themselves without ceremony, and dipped their porridge promiscuously into a basin of milk which stood in the centre and served for all. As soon as breakfast was despatched they returned to their work, which was not of the easiest, the apprentices being employed to turn warping mills, carry heavy goods through the streets on their shoulders, and other laborious business which is now performed by porters.

Manual labour pursued in the houses of the work-people was, for the most part, superseded by machinery and extraneous power at the latter part of the last century, when the factory system was established, and a new era dawned upon the commerce of England. There are now more than a hundred factories in the town, and three-fifths of the establishments for spinning and weaving cotton are in Lancashire. So populous has the district become, that it is calculated Manchester and within twelve miles around it contain upwards of a million of people, and that a circle drawn around the town, at the distance of an hour's ride, comprises a more numerous population than a circle encompassing London at the same distance. Those who are accustomed to look upon Manchester as a place of constant noise and confusion, and populated by a vicious and degraded class of operatives, will be startled by the following quotation from a speech delivered at a public meeting in February, 1839, by the Rev. R. Parkinson, Canon of the Collegiate Church. He says—

Having had ample opportunity of observing and judging, and being in a position in which I can have no motive for a partial judgment, I maintain that if we can strike an average of all classes of our population, and the population of other districts, we shall find that the morality of this district will not be below

that of the most primitive agricultural population. I have the authority of a high military officer, and also that of other persons, for saying that the streets of Manchester, at ten o'clock at night, are as retired as those of most rural districts.

We cannot go along with the reverend gentleman to the fullest extent, though we believe Manchester might challenge a comparison, as to the peacefulness and general order of its inhabitants, with any other large town. We are not about to discuss the merits or demerits of the factory system. Much prejudice has been displayed, as well by those who condemn as those who uphold the system, but we are inclined to believe that the factory operatives are little inferior, either morally or physically, to those who are crowded together in other employments in great towns.

One distinguishing feature of the manufacturing system is its tendency to make men co-operate for mutual protection and benefit. It may interfere with domestic enjoyment; it may break in upon fireside happiness; but it leads men to form associations which provide for times of sickness and distress, and also for the burial of the dead. The largest and most extended of these societies is the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, which owes its origin to, and has its central government in, the town, though its branches or lodges are now established in the principal towns and villages of the United Kingdom, and in various parts of Europe, and in America. This order numbers 260,000 members, who pay their contributions monthly and fortnightly, and meet either in inns or temperance hotels, as the members of each lodge may think fit. A surgeon is connected with most of the lodges, and the members having not only medical attendance, but the means of procuring proper nourishments, the average number of deaths amongst them is less in Manchester than that of the adult population generally. Besides the Odd Fellows, there are several other societies whose objects are similar, though they are not so completely organised. It is calculated that one-fifth of the male adults are members of the Odd Fellows' society, and at least another fifth belong to the Foresters, Druids, Rechabites, &c.; a fact which speaks much for the provident spirit that prevails amongst the working-classes in Manchester.

There are several excellent charitable institutions in Manchester, at the head of which stands the Infirmary. The benefits of this institution extend to different classes of persons, and are not confined to the very poor. Patients are either received within the establishment, visited at their own dwellings, or furnished with advice and medicine on attending personally for them, according to the necessity of the cases. A Fever Hospital is connected with the Infirmary. There are Dispensaries for general purposes, as well as for distinct classes of disease, and all of them are excellently conducted. There is also a handsome building, situated near the Botanic Gardens, at the outskirts of the town, occupied as a School for the Deaf and Dumb, and an Asylum for the Blind. The Deaf and Dumb School was founded in 1825, and is supported by subscriptions and donations. Children of from nine to fourteen years of age are received and provided for gratuitously. It was formerly in the locality of the New Bailey Prison, and it was only in 1836 that the foundation stone of the present edifice was laid, though Mr. Henshaw, a resident in Oldham, had several years previously bequeathed 20,000*l.* for the purpose of maintaining an Asylum for the Blind in Manchester, when the inhabitants should be liberal enough to erect a suitable building. The money continued at interest until 40,000*l.* of 3 per cent. stock had accumulated, and a subscription was then commenced by which 9000*l.* was obtained.

Near the Collegiate Church stands a spacious old building, known as Chetham's Hospital, or more generally as the College. This hospital was founded by Humphrey Chetham, in 1665, and the building occupies the site of what was once the "Baron's Hall." Eighty boys are clothed, fed, lodged, and educated here, and when they arrive at the proper age they are apprenticed to a trade, and furnished with two suits of clothes. The boys have a healthy and cheerful appearance, and are remarkable for the peculiarity of their garb, which consists of a blue frock, yellow petticoat, and blue cap and stockings. There is an excellent library in the "College," which is accessible gratuitously to all, and contains some of the choicest and most valuable works extant. The books are not lent out, but a large and commodious room is at the service of those who may choose to frequent it. There is a Free Grammar School, which was founded at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by Hugh Oldham, LL.B., Bishop of Exeter. There are ample funds attached to this school, but the scholars are composed of the children of the higher and middle classes, and the education which is given is not adapted to the children of operatives. The Jubilee, or Ladies' Female Charity School, was instituted in 1806, for the education and maintenance of poor girls, and the number is limited to forty. There are several other charities connected with the town, which belong to the past rather than the present movement in favour of the people, and we need not, therefore, particularly specify or dilate upon them.

One of the most excellent charitable institutions, and that which affords the most immediate, though temporary, relief to the destitute poor, is the Night Asylum. This benevolent design was carried into effect in the winter of 1838, when two cases of extreme destitution forced the matter upon the attention of certain gentlemen who are ever ready to lend their aid to suffering humanity, and who lost no time in putting their sympathies into active operation. Every individual who has no home in which he can lay his head, whether an inhabitant of the town or a wandering stranger, may find in the Asylum, at any hour of the night, a temporary supply of food, and a couch whereon to rest his wearied frame. A record is kept by the superintendent of the institution, who registers the names of the applicants, their age, employment, the parish in which they were born and to which they belong, with the reasons for their applying at the Asylum, and their views for the future. All applicants, upon being admitted into the Asylum, are required to *wash* themselves in the room provided for that purpose, before receiving the allowance of the institution, consisting of half-a-pound of bread and a pint of coffee. Half-a-pound of bread is also given to each inmate before he leaves the Asylum in the morning. From the commencement to the close of the year 1845, 173,141 cases had been relieved. Of these, 13,599 were inhabitants of Manchester, and 159,542 were strangers; male adults, 122,501; female adults, 33,830; children, 16,810; artisans and mechanics, 76,984; and labourers, 44,381. In 1844, there were sheltered and relieved 22,140 persons; in 1845, 17,672 persons, or a diminution of about 21 per cent.; a result arising, doubtless, from the better employed condition of the working classes. The annual expenditure is only 404*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*, including every incidental charge for rent, wages, provisions, &c.:

or, for food relief, 1 63—100*d*. per head for each inmate. We cannot too strongly impress these facts upon the minds of all, showing as they do at what a trifling cost a vast amount of good may be conferred upon the wretched and the homeless.

A few weeks ago a public meeting was held at the Night Asylum to adopt measures for putting into practice a suggestion made at the quarterly meeting of that institution, for the establishment of a Ragged School, on similar principles to those which exist in the metropolis. A committee was appointed to carry the views of the meeting into effect; and, after having devoted much attention to the subject, they have resolved upon forming an Industrial School, on the model of the one so successfully established at Aberdeen.

The committee have felt that the name of "Ragged Schools" is open to objection; and, having been strongly advised against its retention, they recommend that the new institution shall be called—"*The Manchester Juvenile Refuge, and School of Industry.*" This name will be a great improvement upon the other, which carries a stigma upon the face of it; and there is no more powerful drawback upon any charity than to brand it with an opprobrious epithet. It is a too common practice to leave the feelings of the poor out of the question in such matters; and there is no greater fallacy than to suppose they are insensible to the pauper brand which is so frequently associated with otherwise laudable objects. The truly benevolent man seeks not for ostentation, but desires that his bounty should carry with it no self-abasing obligation to the receiver.

The committee conclude their address with the following words:—

By the adoption of such means as have been proved appropriate, we may certainly bring about a very improved state of things in our town, and especially among its juvenile population. Juvenile begging may be done away with. Industry may be substituted for idleness, and innocence for vice. The effects produced on the children will not be confined to them, but will spread to their parents and acquaintance. The community will derive increased power, order, and prosperity. The possibility of doing away with juvenile vagrancy is no dream of enthusiasm. What has been done in Aberdeen, under many disadvantages, may be done with greater ease in richer Manchester.

We heartily wish the committee God speed in their excellent undertaking! and we shall be greatly mistaken if the public of Manchester do not afford them ample means to carry out their views to the fullest extent. Immense sums have of late been raised, and are being raised, for all sorts of good purposes, and here is one which must speak directly to the feelings of every parent. Who that has an offspring growing about him in joy and beauty, can look upon their innocent gambols without thinking with a bitter pang on those desolate outcasts who know none of the sweets of childhood—whose fate is a bitter one from the cradle—no! cradle they have none—from their first weak cry, to their last moan of despairing agony? The young delights of existence are not for them. they are sent out to beg, or worse, whilst their more fortunate compeers are gathering in their harvest of education; they crouch in retired corners, in miserable dejection and weariness, whilst happy children bound laughingly into the glad sunshine; and at night they dread to seek their cheerless homes, lest their wretched parents should chastise them, because their day has been an unprofitable one. How many a degraded felon might have been a respected artisan—how many have been expatriated from the land of their birth, who might have conferred honour upon it—how many have paid the penalty of their crimes upon an early gallows, when they might have lived to a cheerful old age? Men of Manchester, you possess the power to remedy these evils; and we confidently leave to you the task of using it promptly and efficiently.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE MYSTERIES OF THE MACROCOSM.

By William Bridges.

Past and Future are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge.
*Wordsworth.*

There is a beautiful sonnet by Blanco White, of which the conception is, that even as the withdrawal of the sun's light is necessary to reveal to our senses the planets and the constellations, so the transition from life to what is called death, may open up to us a now unfathomable knowledge, which our very incarnation conceals from our view. Of all metaphysical difficulties, that appears to be the most difficult, to conceive the relations of space and time, the meaning of the word eternity, of omniscience and omnipresence; and in what manner that can be possible, which yet is conveyed by the very notion of Deity—that the past, the present, and the future—the eternal concatenation of causes and effects—must be for ever present in the mind of the Creator. To approach even to a vivid illustration of this—to bring nearer to our minds the notion and possibility of an ever-existent and imperishable sensible idea—of every fact, event, and circumstance, of nature and history—is an aim not merely for the metaphysician and the philosopher, but one to come home to the bosom and the business of every man whose common destiny it is to be, and to think, and to remember, and to anticipate.

These thoughts are suggested by a very little and unpretending work, which has just issued from the press, entitled *The Stars and the Earth,** in which is elaborated the *converse* of the very simple theorem, that the heavenly bodies become visible to us, according to their distance, in a space of time, varying from one second to thousands of years; that conversely, in like manner, the earth becomes visible to the inhabitants of those distant orbs in precisely the same periods; assuming similar conditions, and similar laws, in both cases. As light travels at the rate of 213,000 miles per second, the visible idea of the moon, 240,000 miles distant, reaches the human sensorium in one and a quarter second; that of the sun, distant 400 times as far, in eight minutes; that of the planet Jupiter, about 600 millions of miles, in an hour; that of Uranus, 1,800 millions, in three hours; that of the nearest fixed star, in the constellation of the Centaur, eighteen billions of miles distant, in three years; of Vega, in the Lyre, in twelve years; while a star of the twelfth magnitude, 24,000 billions of miles away, does not reach the earth for 4000 years. To sum up the periods and distances, we find that the light from a star, distant six billions of miles, reaches us in a year; 600 billions, in a century; and 6,000 billions in a millennium.

Thus, our author argues, granting that a being

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* The Stars and the Earth; or thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity. London: H. Bailliere, 219, Regent-street.

of unlimited vision regards our planet from a star of the twelfth magnitude, he beholds the actual events and existences borne to the eye, not of the earth as it revolves in the present day, but as it was four thousand years ago, when Memphis was founded, and the Patriarch Abraham wandered upon its surface. Thus, too, and this is the most solid and inevitable corollary of the propounded theorem, if we imagine the eye of God present at every point of space, the whole course of the history of the world appears to him immediately and at once.

*Present ubiquity thus appears to be the same as eternal omniscience.*

Before passing to the conclusions of the author, and to an historical illustration which occurs to us in reviewing this theory, which is not only poetically, but, according to analogy, metaphysically true, we must correct an error into which the author seems inadvertently to have fallen, and which might be made use of to upset and bring into ridicule his whole superstructure. He says, page 14, "When the sun rises, *i. e.*, when the first ray from the outermost edge of the sun's disc reaches above the horizon, about eight minutes elapse before it passes into our eyes. The sun, therefore, has already risen eight minutes, before it becomes visible to us." Now, by the *reductio ad absurdum*, if we take eight minutes every morning to see the sun when he rises, by analogy of calculation we must take 4,000 years every evening to see a star of the twelfth magnitude; which being absurd, the premises here are unsound. The author and the reader will find, as indeed is assumed in the rest of the work, that (the rays having once reached the earth) we perceive the sun, and all other bodies (allowing for refraction), as soon as they come within our horizon, ever after.

Let us, carrying out this strange and novel, yet most pregnant theory, imagine that, as in six days God made the heavens and the earth—and a day is with him as a thousand years—he now permits one created mind to behold the whole of the six millenniums of our history unfolded before him in the period of six days, conveying him first, like Mohammed, to the "seventh heaven," and thence giving him the power of almost instantaneous flight from star to star, till in six days he reaches the near and the present.

I. Traversing the realms of space, from a point 35,000 billions of miles distant from the scene of human life, there is first—not reflected, but in actuality present to this mind, the morning of the first day, and the childhood of humanity, when our first parents have not yet fallen, but when Truth is going forth conquering, and (so it deems) for ever to conquer. He beholds, in the garden of Eden, the father and the mother of all men, innocent, as yet; he sees the first, not to be the last, of fraternal murders. Onward moving, he beholds at noon the first rude temple and religious formalities of Seth and the spreading family of Adam—Enoch walks the earth, the first man after God's own heart; and the bare events of the first peopling of the earth are evolved, before competition has made daily fraud conventional honesty, and before ambition has aggrandised wholesale murder into the glory of conquest. The transactions, unknown to us, of the lives of Methuselah, and the father of Noah—the deeds of their cotemporaries, whose names are recorded on no human monuments, pass in review; and the evening and the morning are the First Day.

II. Now upon the stage of the world appears the second father of all men, from whose three sons are to spring anew the distant nations of the earth—the founders of the great empires of antiquity—the respective prototypes of the Hebrew, the African, and the people of the West. The noon of the second millennium is quiet and full of sunshine—the security that precedes the overwhelming tempest. For now the windows of heaven are opened, and the nations are swallowed up, save the germ of a new generation.

The new race of men is scattered from the ruins of its Babel, and he sees the foundation laid of the empires of Belus and Ashur, of Madi, Elam, and Mizraim. Babylon and Nineveh spring up stone by stone; and while civilisation is planting its foot in Media, and Persia, and Egypt, the evening and the morning make the Second Day.

III. The Shepherd Kings reign in Egypt, and Abraham is called out of Haran, and again out of Canaan, because of the famine. For then, as now, threatened the cry of "a measure of wheat for a penny, and a measure of barley for a penny, and see that thou hurt not the oil and the wine." The Assyrian empire is consolidated under Semiramis; Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed; and Joseph directs the councils of the Pharoahs.

At the noon of the third day appear the two greatest types of two different human conquests—the conquest of the sword and the conquest of the pen—Sesostris, the Napoleon of mysterious antiquity; Moses, the historian, the philosopher, and the lawgiver. The Egyptians are hardened, and their victims and slaves rescued; the channel of the Red Sea is traversed; and the decalogue is proclaimed amid the thunders of Sinai. Cleaving the eternal spheres, the favoured spirit beholds the early promise of Athens, Thebes, Corinth, and Lacedemon, and the Judges are reigning over the selected nation. Not unnoted is the Arabian Job, intensely illustrating, before the era of Christianity, the virtues and graces of Christian resignation.

In the afternoon of this day, while Gideon, Samson, and Samuel are seen maintaining the great character of the heroes of Judaism, the exploits of Achilles and Hector, the sorrows of Helen, Briseis, and Andromache, rivet the minds of the classical nations. Here the lofty pyramids are piled up to heaven by generations of slaves; and there the Phœnicians, under the guidance of stout hearts and souls indomitable, are spreading their name and planting the seeds of literature over the destined fields of everlasting renown. Eneas flees from Troy to be immortalised by the Homer of Italy: the poet-king is seen laying the foundation of the Temple of Jerusalem: and the evening and the morning are the Third Day.

IV. The glorious temple of Solomon rises, and his fame and his wisdom and his commerce penetrate even to Britain. The Assyrian empire is annihilated, and the foundation is laid of Rome, the future mistress of the civilised world. The day, moreover, is ushered in, as it is to be closed, by an Elias calling in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord;" and during the day and till nightfall, the song is ever renewed by the poets and the prophets of the stiffnecked people. The second temple is building by the remnant from the captivity—the Persian empire is growing to maturity—Rome is sacked by the Gauls. While High Priests reign and teach in Judah, Solon and

Lycurgus, Confucius, and Socrates, deliver their solemn laws and doctrines, and the triumph of liberty is achieved at Marathon. 'Tis evening. the brilliant career of Alexander proceeds and terminates—Carthage is levelled with the ground—the Ptolemies flourish and pass away—Cato, Sylla, Pompey, Antony and Cleopatra, live and move and have their being—Cæsar commands the homage of the world—the sun of the Augustan period passes down the meridian—a still small voice is heard proclaiming the advent of a greater than Cæsar; and the morning and the evening are the Fourth Day.

V. Christ is upon the Cross. He has come as a Saviour, and is received as a thief. His bishops and archbishops do not know him: would they know him now? Jerusalem falls by the destroying hand of Titus, and the Jews are scattered over the face of the earth. The Western Empire of the Romans is dividing the strength of Rome; but the Roman power still seems to advance, and now grasps all Europe, and rules from Britain to Palmyra. But the Goths are descending, and the foundation-stone of London is being laid! The Saxon in England is succeeded by the Dane—the Venetian, the Turk, and the Frank, are gathering power—the Koran and the Sword are making proselytes to a new faith which is yet to number millions.

Noon is past: and the sun is declining. The Saracens are in Spain—Charlemagne is Emperor of the West—Alfred rules in England—the monks grow learned as well as fat on the Cam and the Isis—Canute the Great is seen discovering that he is not God; and the evening and the morning are the Fifth Day.

VI. William the Norman seizes England, and feudalism sows its dragon's teeth. The Crusaders—the missionaries of the times—go to purify Jerusalem,—themselves so pure! Wycliffe, Dante, Petrarch, Chaucer, are paving the way for the Reformation. Ireland is conquered; the Magna Charta of the English nobility is achieved; and the Inquisition of Torture is established in the name of Christianity. The fields of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt resound with the tones of triumph and of agony. But now it is noon: Caxton has *printed;* and the voices of Luther, Calvin, Huss, and Knox, terrify the priests and princes. A Protestant establishment rises on the ruins of the Romish: the East India Company go forth in the name of Protestantism to destroy, to plunder, and to acquire glory. Shakspeare lives, writes, and dies. Cromwell is seen creating a kingdom for himself, and his son gives it away. Fire and plague are ravaging the metropolis of the world. The last of the Stuarts receives his final lesson, and England is no longer a monarchy but an oligarchy, with a king for a secretary. Mirabeau opens the gates of the French Revolution. now the Reign of Terror is consummated in the overwhelming genius of Napoleon; a thousand millions of money are spent in gunpowder, and the lion is at length devoured by the multitude of ignobler animals. Now the *letter* triumphs, but the *spirit* is not yet. Still ground to the earth are the faces of the poor, and the unfathomable abyss of legislation sends up its fœtid fumes to heaven. Byron is, and is not. Constellations spangle the firmament of human genius. The hour is pregnant with still mightier events and mightier moralities; but the evening of the Sixth Day is not yet, and the Sabbath is to come.

## Homes for the People.

### HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. V.

#### THE GOLDEN MEAN.

It is a large subject that we have to treat,—that of household education; for the main part of every process of education is carried on at home, except in the instance of boarding-schools, where a few years are spent by a small number of the youth of our country. The queen was brought up under a method of household education; and so was, no doubt, the last pauper who went to his grave in a workhouse coffin. Elizabeth Fry was brought up at home; so was the most ignorant and brutish convict that was blessed by the saving light of her pitying eye. Sir Isaac Newton, to whom the starry heavens were as a home-field for intellectual exercises, was reared at home; and so were the poor children in the Durham coal-pits in our own time, who never heard of God, and indeed could not tell the names of their own fathers and mothers. If thus, the loftiest and the lowliest, the purest and the most criminal, the wisest and the most ignorant, are comprehended under the process of household education, what a wide and serious subject it is that we have to consider!

The royal child must, of course, be trained wholly at home; that is, little princes and princesses cannot be sent to school. But, while reared in the house with their parents, the influences they are under scarcely agree with our ideas of home. The royal infant does not receive its food from the bosom first, or afterwards from the hands of its mother. She does not wash and dress it; and those sweet seasons are lost which in humbler homes are so rich in caresses and play, so fruitful in endearing influences both to mother and child. It is a thing to be remarked and praised by a whole court, if not a whole kingdom, if a royal mother is seen with her child in her arms; while the cottager's child is blessed with countless embraces between morning and night, and sleeps on its mother's arm or within reach of her eye and voice. The best trained royal child is disciplined to command of temper and manners; made to do little services for people about him, and sedulously taught that a child should be humble and docile. But the young creature is all the while taught stronger lessons by circumstances than can ever come through human lips. He sees that a number of grown persons about him are almost wholly occupied with him, and that it is their business in life to induce him to command his temper and manners. He feels that when he is bid to fetch and carry, or to do any other little service, it is not because such service is wanted, but for the sake of the training to himself. He is aware that all that concerns him every day is a matter of arrangement, and not of necessity; and a want of earnestness and of steady purpose is an inevitable consequence. This want of natural stimulus goes into his studies. I believe no solitary child gets on well with book-learning as a part of the business of every day. The best tutors, the best books, the quietest school-room, will not avail, if the child's mind be not stirred and interested by something more congenial than the grammar and sums and maps he has to study. And every royal child is solitary, however many brothers and

sisters he may have older and younger than himself. He has his own servants, his own tutor, his own separate place and people, so that he can never be jostled among other children, or lead the true life of childhood. And so proceeds the education of life for him. He can never live amidst a large class of equals, with whom he can measure his powers and from among whom he may select congenial friends. He passes his life in the presence of servants, has no occupations and no objects actually appointed to him, unless his state be that of sovereignty, in which case his position is more unfavourable still. He dies at last in the midst of that habitual solitude which disables him from conceiving, even at such a moment, of the state in which "rich and poor lie down together." Such a being may, if the utmost has been done for him, be decent in his habits, amiable in temper and manners, innocent in his pursuits, and religious in his feelings; but it is inconceivable that he can ever approach to our idea of a perfect man, with an intellect fully exercised, affections thoroughly disciplined, and every faculty educated by those influences which arise only from equal intercourse with men at large.

The home education of the pauper child is no better, though there are few who would venture to say how much worse it is. A pauper child must (I think we may say) be unfortunate in its parentage, in one way or another. If it knows its parents, they must probably be either sickly, or foolish, or idle, or dissolute; or they would not be in a state of *permanent* pauperism. The infant is reared (if not in the workhouse) in some unwholesome room or cellar, amidst damp and dirt, and the noises and sights of vice or folly. He is badly nursed and fed, and grows up feeble or in a state of bodily uneasiness which worries his temper, and makes his passions excitable. He is not soothed by the constant tenderness of a decent mother, who feels it a great duty to make him as good and happy as she can, and contrives to find time and thought for that object. He tumbles in the dust of the road or the mud of the gutter, snatches food wherever he can get it, quarrels with anybody who thwarts him if he be a bold boy, and sneaks and lies if he be naturally a coward. He indulges every appetite, as a matter of course, as it arises, for he has no idea that he should not. He hates everybody who interferes with this license, and has the best liking for those who use the same license with himself. He knows nothing of any place or people but those he sees, and never dreams of any world beyond that of his own eyes. He does not know what society is, or law, or duty: and therefore, when he injures society, and comes under the inflictions of the law for gross violations of duty, he understands no more of what is done to him than if he was carried through certain ceremonies conducted in an unknown tongue. He has some dim notion of glory in dying boldly before the eyes of a crowd; so he goes to the gallows in a mocking mood, as ignorant of the true import of life and human faculties as the day he was born. Or, if not laid hold of by the law, he goes on towards his grave brawling and drinking, or half asleep in mind, and inert or diseased in body, till at last he dies as the beast dies.

Here are the two extremes. The condition about half way between them appears to me to be the most favourable, on the whole, for making the most of a human being, and best fulfilling the purposes of his life. There are stations above and below highly favourable to the attainment of excellence; but, taking in all considerations, I think the position of the well-conditioned artisan the most favourable that society affords, at least, in our own day.

There is much good in enlarged book-learning; in what is commonly called a liberal education. If united with hard and imperative labour—labour at once of head and hands—it will help to make a nobler man than can be made without it: but a liberal education, enlarged book-learning, ordinarily leads to only head work, without that labour of the hands which is the way to much wisdom. The benefits too are much confined to the individual, so that the children of the wisest statesman, or physician, or lawyer are only accidentally, if at all, the better for his advantages; while the best circumstances in the lot of the well-conditioned artisan are the inheritance and the privilege of his children.

And again, the labourer may be so placed, in regard to employment, marriage, and abode, as that he may, possessing an awakened mind, be for ever learning great and interesting things from the book of nature and the word of God, while he has comfort in his home, and some leisure for training his children to his own work, and whatever else may turn up, so that they may grow up intelligent, dutiful, affectionate, and able continually to improve. The surgeon, the manufacturer, and the shopkeeper on the one hand, and the street porter, the operative, and the labourer on the other, may well work out the true purposes of life; but the condition which appears to me to be the meeting point of the greatest number of good influences is that of the best order of artisans.

That condition affords the meeting point of book-knowledge, and that which is derived from personal experience. Every day's labour of hand and eye is a page opened in God's best book—his universe. When duly done, this lesson leaves time for the other method of instruction, by books. During the day hours, the earnest pupil learns of God, by the lessons he gives in the melting fire, the rushing water, the unseen wind, the plastic metal or clay, the variegated wood or marble, the delicate cotton, silk, or wool; and at evening, he learns of men—of the wise and genial men who have delivered the best parts of their minds in books, and made of them a sort of etherial vehicle, in which they can come at a call to visit any secret mind which desires communion with them. And this privilege of double instruction is one which extends to the whole household of the chief pupil. The children of the artisan are happily appointed, without room for doubt, to toil like their father; and there is every probability that they will share his opportunity and his respect for book-knowledge. At the outset of life, they are tended by their mother, owing directly to her their food and clothes; their lullaby and their incitement to play. During the day, they are under her eye; and in the evening, they sit on their father's knee, and get knowledge or fun from him. In their busy home, all the help is needed that every one can give; so the real business of life begins early, and with it the most natural and best discipline. The children learn that it is an honour to be useful, and a comfort and blessing to be neat and industrious. So much more energy is naturally put into what must be done than into what it is merely expedient should be done, that the children are likely to exert their once-roused faculties to much better purpose than if their business was appointed to them for their own educational benefit. The little

girl who tends the baby, or helps granny, or makes father's shirt, or learns to cook the dinner, is likely to put more mind into her work than if she were set to mark a sampler or make a doll's frock for the sake of learning to sew. And so with the boy who carries the coals for his mother, or helps his father in the workshop: he will become manly earlier and more naturally than the highborn child who sees no higher sanction for his occupations than the authority of his parents. And how dearly prized are the opportunities for book-study which can be secured! The children see what a privilege and recreation reading is to their father; and they grow up with a reverence and love for that great resource. The hope and expectation carry them through the tedious work of the alphabet and pot-hooks. And as they grow up, they are admitted to the magnificent privilege of fireside intercourse with the holy Milton, and the glorious Shakspeare, and many a sage whose best thoughts may become their ideas of every day. They thus obtain that activity and enlargement of mind which render all employments and all events educational. The powers, once roused and set to work, find occupation and material in every event of life. Everything serves—the daily handicraft, intercourse with the neighbours, rumours from the world without, homely duty, books, worship, the face of the country, or the action of the town. All these incitements, all this material, are offered to the thoughtful artisan more fully and impartially than to such below and above him as are hedged in by ignorance or by aristocratic seclusion: and therein is his condition better than theirs. After having come to this conclusion, it is no small satisfaction to remember that the most favoured classes are the most numerous. So great a multitude is included in the middle classes, compared with the highborn and the degraded, that if they who have the best chance for wisdom will but use their privilege, the highest hopes for society are the most reasonable.

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## MISS BETSY BUSYBODY.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

It is interesting to watch the progress of one of the many new neighbourhoods which are arising around London. The builder comes with his line, and measures. The foundation is marked and dug out. About six in the morning shoals of dingy white-bloused labourers are seen making from town. The perambulating tin coffee shop meets their gaze at some convenient nook or cross-way, with its perfumes of chicory, and its ministrant old dame. They arrive at the seat of work, and the bright trowel rings an Orphean music upon the bricks. An Orphean music! for to its metal notes a little town arises, squares appear, places are positioned, terraces grow, streets manifest themselves, and villas are revealed.

The villas, and squares, and terraces, are first inhabited. But long before they are full, the streets become peopled. Impatient trade, driven by competition, flies from civicism, as a last resource to suburbanity. It lisps to its friends with the simplicity of a Damon, about the pleasures of the country; but it privately looks at its faulty ledger. Oh, how it hates the nasty, dingy, dirty, smoky town! With what virtuous indignation it seeks out, with a lynx eye, the situation of its shop in the new neighbourhood. First of all comes the baker, then the grocer, then the butcher, then the fruiterer, until at last fishmonger, pastry-cook, bookseller, chemist, and all the trades commercialise the scene. The red lamp of the surgeon shines through the laburnum trees of his little front garden. A brass plate upon Baskaville Villa announces "a seminary for young ladies," and a large board over Eglantine House informs the fond parent of "a classical and commercial academy for young gentlemen." To watch all this is legitimate vigilance; but the virgin lamp which Miss Betsy Busybody kept burning, extended its rays into other quarters of the new horizon.

Among the notables of suburban neighbourhoods are the names of the houses of which they are composed. After a profound investigation into this novel branch of natural history, we are able to divide these into five categories—the floral, the geographical, the nominal, the religious, and the miscellaneous. Of the floral class there is Violet Cottage, Rose Villa, Laburnum Lodge, and Magnolia House. This class is generally inhabited by flower-loving ladies, who blush fuchsia and smell verbena; or by old bachelor-like gentlemen, as dry as an hortus siccus, and as square and formal as their beds of tulips or their stages of auriculas. Not that in speaking light of these we would depreciate the love of flowers. The wisdom of him who knew from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall would warn us to forbear. God forbid. The love of flowers is a pure passion. It makes the garden an Eden again. But there is ever counterfeit for genuine, ever artificial for real. It is the affectation of the floral that we despise. It is the nondescript bloom on my lady's bonnet, or on her drawing-room paper, to the monthly rose of the cottage door. "Consider the lilies how they grow;" but give us the primrose and not the primula.

The second class into which the names of suburban houses divide themselves, is the geographical. Of this class there is Worcester Villa, Hanover House, Cambridge College, and Leominster Lodge. Reminiscenses of Bath become Bath-brick, and fond memories of Leamington are enshrined in cement and composition. Of the third category, the nominal class, there are more various inspirations. An old commodore retires upon his pension and inhabits Nelson House or Navarino Lodge. A half-pay major fights over again his battles in Wellington Villa, or Blenheim Cottage. A bewailing bachelor who lost his boyish love, and will never marry now, preserves her memory in his heart by residing in Elizabeth Lodge. In fact, all sorts of motives contribute to the nomenclature of this class. Of the fourth, or religious category, Ebenezer Cottage, raises itself. It is the pretty little rural residence of the worthy deacon of the methodists, Then there are Reliance Villa, Providence Lodge, and Zion House, and a host of others of the same class, all no doubt well intentioned memorials of Him who had no where to lay his head. Lastly, there is the miscellaneous class, which generally derive their name from particularity of situation, or special peculiarity of taste. Such are those honoured hovels which in that damp depth have received from their romantic and speculative proprietor the cognomen of the Vale of Health Villas. Such also is Prospect Cottage which looks upon or over a blank wall. Such likewise is Belle-vue Villa, the residence of Miss Betsy Busybody.

Belle-vue Villa did not command the scenery of the valleys of Kent or of the hills of Surrey. It stood where four cross roads met. It was the corner house of a row of separate cottages, which were fronted by a terrace, and was altogether a good site for observation. From one of the bed-room windows of this residence appeared the face of Miss Betsy Busybody. She was a spectacled spinster of some forty-eight years of age to the spectator, although her own chronology was either absent, or of some anterior date. It was rude of her young visitors to question her about it; they would grow old themselves some time. She might have been married fifty times over, but had never found the man she liked. The girls were so bold now-a-days that there was no bearing them. It was well for them to get married, but she was content to be as she was.

In thus noting some of the virginal vagaries of Miss Betsy Busybody, we do not mean to scale disrespectively the nunnery walls of old maids in general. Too much blasphemy has been uttered against old maids. There are many of the Vestal sisterhood who keep religiously burning the sacred fire of the Gods. There is many a nephew and a niece who have plenteous causes fervently to bless the maiden aunt. There is many a married sister whose best nurse and friend is the plain unwedded one. But Miss Betsy Busybody was not one of these. She was in these respects alone in the world; and this solitude, instead of bringing her nearer to God, had soured her disposition against God's creatures. She had, however, an old crony and gossip, in the shape of her laundress, Mrs. Blanch, a widow.

As Miss Betsy Busybody looked out of the window, Mrs. Blanch approached, and they were soon seated in conversation together, in the snug little parlour.

"And have you found out any more about the lady in the first floor at the butterman's?" asked Miss Betsy.

"Very suspicious person, marm," answered the laundress. "Blind almost always down. Never see her face at the window, except may be for a minute."

"And the gentleman. Can you make out his name? I always see him with my glass. He calls every day, between one and two."

"Every day, marm, as witnesses my own eyes. Nobody knows nothing of him."

"And the boy who leads his horse about. Have you questioned him?"

"Yes, marm; tried him times and often. And the young rascal—beg your pardon, marm—only grins, and pushes up his eyelid with his dirty finger, 'Anything green there,' says he, with a wink of the other eye; and that's all I can get out of him, howsumever."

"Very suspicious, indeed," ejaculated Miss Betsy, showing the whites of her eyes.

"And how does that widow at the terrace get all her new dresses, Mrs. Blanch?"

"Heaven knows, marm; and the old gentleman with his own cab, and the green livery."

"But the lady—person, I should say—Mrs. Blanch, in the butterman's first floor, she does excite my curiosity."

"Aye, marm, she'll turn out no good; my word for it. She'll leave in debt all round, as sure as my name's Bridget."

After some further conversation of a like nature the cronies separated. Mrs. Blanch had not departed long, however, before a gentleman's servant, in plain dress, knocked at the door, and leaving a brace of birds, a hare, and a note, hastily went away. The note read as follows—:

FREE TRADE CLUB, October 3, 1846.

MADAM—Accept the enclosed, and allow me to invite myself to the honour of dining with you, at five o'clock to-morrow. A recognition will excuse this intrusion.

Madam, yours truly,

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

*Miss Betsy Busybody.*

Much surprised was Miss Betsy Busybody at this epistle. In vain she worried her brain to think whom it came from. Was it old Caleb Curry, who was near making her an offer some thirty years ago, and who had since been in the Indies? Was it the old bachelor who showed her over his garden at Broadstairs, and as she stepped over a flower-pot praised her ankle? Was it her spencer-habited widower, who once ogled her over the way? No; it was an old acquaintance. Who could it then be? Some of her father's friends, perhaps, who recollected her when a child. However, the dinner should be prepared to-morrow. Everything of her best should be out—the diaper napkins, the finger-glasses, and those deep-cut decanters, and a bottle of her father's old claret, and one of his prime aged hock. Busy enough was she all the next day, until the dinner-hour arrived.

As it approached no guest appeared. It struck five—no guest had arrived. It was a quarter past—the game would all be spoiled. In a panic of punctuality she ordered it on the table, and its savoury smell was diffused all over the room. She seated herself, still hesitating whether to cut or not. At the minute that a slice of the breast would have been delicately carved for her own particular palate, a knock and ring were at the door. It opened, and the servant, quickly followed by the visitor, entered the room: the former presenting the following card to her mistress.

MR. CLEMENT CAVENDISH,

*Surgeon, etc., etc.*

From the card, Miss Betsy Busybody glanced to her visitor, and how great was her confusion, when she recognised in him one who might indeed be termed an old acquaintance, in the shape of the gentleman who so regularly visited the fair lodger at the butterman's. The matter was evident. The lady was an invalid. This was her medical attendant. His notice had been attracted by the observations of herself and by the inquiries of her agent and laundress, Mrs. Blanch, and this dinner was the punishment intended for her. The colour of confusion covered her, but she had the presence of mind to motion her unexpected visitor to a seat, and to commence the duties of the table. The good viands not least, but also the easy manners of her guest, made the meal pass off less disagreeably than might have been expected, and the dessert had not long been introduced, before the servant announced that Mr. Cavendish was called for on professional business. He left simply saying—"Good bye, Miss Busybody, many thanks for your good dinner: I am happy that we have made correct acquaintance." He needed not to have made a longer speech, she fully understood the visit. The affair was, however, noised about by the servants, and our heroine thought it right

to leave the new neighbourhood. She departed, however, a better woman than she had entered it, for she went away eschewing Mrs. Bridget Blanch, Dame Gossip, and Madame Scandal, her former visiting acquaintances.

It would be well if all our misunderstandings, like that of Miss Busybody and Surgeon Cavendish's, could be made up over a good dinner, as their's was. They would thus pass over much more pleasantly and quickly than they now sometimes do. Extend this view nationally. More roast beef—less rebellion: more plum-pudding—less plundering: more sauce one way—less sauce another.

Oh, that every new neighbourhood was one in nature as well as in name! Oh, that it was new in state as well as in date. Then we should have less scandal, and less cause for scandal. Then we should have fewer Miss Betsy Busybodies and Mrs. Bridget Blanches, and more Surgeon Cavendish, knowing the true, forgiving, irresistible way of converting scandal-mongers into acquaintances. Such new neighbourhoods will one day be.

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## A FEW SKETCHES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By Abel Paynter.

### No. II.—HALF A DAY IN HAERLEM.

I do not recollect ever having enjoyed half a dozen hours richer in pictures and impressions than those of my halt betwixt the Hague and Amsterdam. Forced, whether I would or not, to pass Leyden without a pause, the hour and a half on the excellently-managed railroad—in this how different from the iron ways of Belgium!—soon sped over. There is much to observe in such a transit. Betwixt the Dutch capital, and the magnificent commercial city of Amsterdam, whence I write, the road is in one place grubbed through the *dunes*, or sandhills—which the wind has heaped up on the sea-shore, and the resolution of man fixed in their place by planting them with coarse grass: in another it is carried over the enormous sluices between the Zuyder Zee and the Haerlem Lake, on the watertight strength of which the existence of a province depends:—the Traveller hearing, as he is whirled along, how these right nobly industrious Hollanders are proceeding in their vast enterprise of draining the Haerlemmer Meer aforesaid. You will see by this that I am not become tired as yet of the poetry of a flat country. The train of thought, indeed, it awakened, and the exceeding facility of the conveyance, set me down at the Haerlem station in a very happy frame of mind for the sights of the place.

They began almost immediately. Loitering down the sunny street from the railroad, in search of the "Golden Lion," I passed a stately house, with its windows and doors "staring wide," as people say,—while three or four of those clean and shrill-voiced creatures, who seem sent into the Dutch world to sweep lazy travellers out with their brooms, and to splash them over with pails of water, were setting matters busily to rights. Verily, theirs was a delicate and costly charge! The steps of the house were marble; and the pavement of the hall, and the pillars thereof, were marble also: and even from the street could be seen such a phalanx of huge china jars, and sumptuous chairs seated with velvet, and embossed with carved work, such Turkey table-cloths, and such curtains of fine net-work, as suggested what the inner sanctuaries must be, of a mansion entered through so gorgeous a vestibule. I found that I had looked into the house of the Great Man of Haerlem—the Master of the Horse and eke Woods and Forests of the district—who is a *virtuoso* in furnishing, picture-collecting, etc., to boot; and could have lingered, before it to the enrichment of *my* gallery, with the best will in the world, but for those busy creatures, with their water cataracts; who mistook my admiration of the house for curiosity with regard to themselves, and thought it proper to become energetic and irate accordingly.

The long street, in which stands this great house, ends in a very picturesque square, or open place, full of rich combinations of quaint building. The church of St. Bavon has been a good deal battered, 'tis true. Its east window is bricked up, and its central lantern is a frivolous, toy-like thing, by no means respectable as a piece of gothic building; but the whole looks striking, standing as it does close to the queer red and white Butchery. The latter is the handsomest meat-market I ever saw. Till lately, the Haerlemmers might buy their beef and mutton nowhere else: and the place was very richly decked, as befitting an edifice so important. The manner in which the large blocks of white stone are intermixed with the Indian red brick of these Dutch buildings is very pleasant to the eye. And here the tall gable, and the cock-loft windows, are notched and scrolled, and *curliqueued* (to use a child's word) most richly with such decorations. The frieze, made up with very well-cut bulls' and rams' heads, is capital, because thoroughly appropriate to the uses of the building. In another corner, hard by, stands the Town Hall, a more irregular and extensive mansion, with a broken line of front, a deep porch, and one or two heavy balconies. The houses generally are full-trimmed with stone-facings and festoons—the perpetual fan of trees, of course, not forgotten; though I noticed several coquettishly cut away, so as to make room for the eyes (or windows) to peer through. There seemed few people about: but I have seen no loungers in these Dutch towns to correspond with the three old gentlemen at the news-room window in England—or the loathsome cripples who hobble after you in France—or the black-eyed lazy painters' models, gossipping in the degraded portal of some dirty palace, who are used to travellers stopping to note them, in Italy; and rarely let him pass without a gibe or a "*Buon giorno!*"

The attraction to Haerlem was the Organ; and the capital little landlady of the "Golden Lion" packed me off at once to the church—where a party had that instant been collected to hear this far-famed instrument. I had time to look about me, ere called upon to listen. St. Bavon's, Haerlem, is as handsomely proportioned a parochial edifice as need be: very lofty and wide, and the roof vaulted with wood which has got that pleasant gray colour peculiar to this country, so far as I have seen; and which I suppose may be ascribable to the humidity of the atmosphere. A rich brass screen, with grotesques and vine tendrils, etc., separates the chancel from the nave, without spoiling the vista. The Organ has a much more magnificent case than it is now-a-days the wont to build. Truth lies between the old-fashioned trash of gilding and clouds, and cherubim with trumpets, which used to be heaped on the fronts

of these instruments; and the bald, formal boxes in which it is increasingly the fancy of the time to shut them up. It would seem as if the painters and decorators were far more associated with Music, in our forefathers' days, than now. There are harpsichord cases in being, painted by Rosa and Watteau. I have an old edition of Ranelagh and Vauxhall songs, with some of the best copper-plate book illustrations of the time. Now-a-days, the upholsterer and the lithograph-monger are the best artists who will condescend to give their labours to the musician. Might not the School of Design look after this, with a good grace?

There can be no question that the Haerlem Organ has been justly rated as *a* first, if not *the* first, instrument in the world. I doubt whether greater richness, clearness, and sweetness of tone be producible; or combination of stops which shall surpass in power and variety. The touch seems heavy: but the organ is a man's instrument; and by lightening the keys too much, some risk might be run of encouraging a poor and frivolous style, and of destroying that solidity of hand, which, in part, must ever be an affair of muscular strength. The great players, Buxtehude, Bach, and others, had to do with still heavier instruments. The *solo* stops are singularly excellent and mellow; in particular those which are apt to be too predominant and disagreeable—oboe, trumpet and clarion. The *carillon* (or chime of bells) stop is made a great marvel of by the guide books, and exhibited as such by the organist. There are other fancy-stops, too, with fancy names, which, translated, would afford no clear idea to any one interested in organ-building. And the town-player (who is by no means a Solomon on his instrument) will show off one after the other, to any person or party, commanding his fee of thirteen guilders, or one pound one and eightpence. The locality, too, in which the Organ is placed, is very good; the volume of sound has room to spread; but the imitations—on which uninstructed travellers dwell with so much zest—such as the cuckoo, the shepherd's pipe, the storm, and the like, are about as puerile and unworthy as the plaster Napoleon, with his cocked hat, or the gay old green parrot would be, among really fine statues: and all musicians will join me in wishing the great Organ of Haerlem a great player. The father of the youth who officiated for us, however, was described as far superior; but he is now rarely heard: and, indeed, to exhibit so gigantic an instrument is no task for a man of seventy-four.

The performance was pleasantly interrupted by the solemnisation of a Dutch wedding. To my English eyes this seemed an odd business. The party consisted of some twenty or thirty persons—bride and bridegroom both in deep mourning, the latter in black gloves—little children who would not be kept still on their little bench, but lounged up to the knees of the older people, and gave just as much trouble as if they had been at home—men who sate or stood as they pleased, with their hats on or off, as seemed good to them. The civil part of the ceremony had been transacted elsewhere: so we came in but for the exhortation. This was delivered by a comely Pastor, who arriving in his cocked hat, hung it up in the pulpit ere he began to hold forth; and really, to judge from the time he took, and the energy he bestowed on the subject, cannot have left out one duty, great or small. For three mortal quarters of an hour did his homily last. Let me not be irreverent, however:—there was one kindly creature in the party, of the tearful class, with whom the exhortation entirely succeeded, and who wept herself into something like hysterics. The Bride and the Bridegroom sate still, and looked, I must say, dogged, rather than submissive. Both were singularly plain—I say *singularly*, because I have rarely seen so many handsome, well-grown men, and fair women, as since I have been in Holland. The servant of the sexton's house, through which you must pass into the church, was worth the whole party put together, as a picture: an elderly woman, with a clear waxen complexion, deep gray eyes, soft dark eyebrows, and white hair, very neatly arranged within the wire-stiffened border of a rich lace cap: her clean dimity jacket, with a gay calico handkerchief by way of apron, making up a capital painter's figure, as she stood looking through the screen, and criticising the whole performance, methought, with a shrewd and *professional* expression of countenance.

Ere the Mrs. Dods of "the Golden Lion" has your dinner ready, there is a good deal to be seen in the Town Hall at Haerlem, even for those who do not, like myself, love empty old rooms and dark corners, and to fill these, with not merely the great emotions which belong to stirring times, but the common passions and desires of daily life. There is a quaint historical picture by Cornelius Vroom, of an entry into Flushing; valuable as a record of an old Dutch sea-triumph, and which as a painting may at least pair off with the similar subjects, by Gentile Bellini, I used to admire so much in the Academy at Venice. There are some fine portraits of the worthies and the chivalry of Haerlem, by Van der Helst and Franz Hals—as worshipful and grand an assemblage of gentlemen as was ever painted. Then there is a collection of books and manuscripts, containing sundry relics of Laurence Koster's early attempts at printing, on which the men of Haerlem are resolved to claim the credit of the invention. As I do not belong to Mayence, and have no Gutemberg blood in my veins, I freely admitted the claim while I stood there:—that I might have the pleasure of dreaming over those rude, brown pages. The world into which they were sent out was disregardful—some put it otherwise and say earnest—as compared with ours. But one may know from one's own sensations with regard to the wondrous doings of Steam, what a trouble of amazement, what a stir of hopes and ambitions and energies, the discovery must have excited in those who frankly accepted its practicability, and looked forward to a moderate extension of it as possible!—the full development hardly suggesting itself to the most enlightened, even in a dream. And one may be sure that there were good, conscientious, cautious souls, who rocked themselves in their elbow chairs, and groaned over their chests of half-a-dozen precious manuscripts, with the doleful certainty that from that moment the decline of learning and intelligence was certain to commence!

By this time dinner was ready:—and howsoever, brother Pilgrim, you choose to trifle with the punctuality of a landlord, never keep a landlady waiting, save you mean to be cut off with "empty shells," and her wrath over her spoiled cookery to be charged in the bill! She who keeps the "Golden Lion," at Haerlem, is one of the best of her race, but every inch a character. A short, zealous woman, running to and fro, on kind cares intent, without any visible use of her joints, and her rosy face serious with the exercise of bringing out her wonderful English, for her talk is a torrent, and in the language (she believes) of her guests. So heartily was my dinner set before me, and with

such indescribable coaxing ways, and little shrugs and gestures was I pressed to eat, that had it been "eye of newt and toe of frog," instead of clean well-cooked meat, I think I must have tried to make my way through it; while she fought over again her battles with the organist for his extortions —which kept strangers away, she shrewdly said— enlarged on the fine-lady airs and rudenesses of ladies' maids, described the Haerlem races, which had been held a day or two before, and with which the Prince of Orange had been discontented, and told out the bill of fare for a dinner of fifty, which she was to cook the next day for a wedding party. This led me to inquire about the funereal attire of the couple I had heard admonished so loud and long: and to mention that with us mourning must be laid by for the wedding-day. "I are believe," was her answer, "it muss parents been; noting else." But the clock struck—the time was up for the train to Amsterdam. I wish anyone may like my notes as well as I did the half day at Haerlem they try to record. In three quarters of an hour I was in the midst of Amsterdam fair.

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## Poetry for the People.

### AUTUMN.

Oh! have ye seen that fairest queen,—
With locks and eyes of hazel brown—
With cheek as bright as is the light
Of western clouds when the sun goes down?
The purple mist that his beams have kist
Hath the hue of her floating veil;—
Her russet pall in its ample fall
Sweepeth the dead leaves pale.

Crowned with the flowers of bygone hours,
Enriched with their rare perfume,
To every land with bounteous hand
She giveth, to consume,
Fruits from her store,—enough and more
For its use through the barren time
Of the winter drear,—till another year
Shall bring another Prime.

They say not truth who teach that youth
Alone is bright and fair;—
Young Spring, indeed, hath beauty's meed,
But Autumn hath charms more rare.
Autumna, the Queen! the still! the serene!
Autumna, the matron bright!
Her gracious smile into life can beguile
Buds sered by an early blight.

While yet she stays, let us sing her praise,
And love her as we ought
For her beauty's sake, which doth awake
Fond memories and high thought.
Thoughts of the past come thronging fast
As we gaze upon her face;
And the wise see gleams of hopeful dreams
In her melancholy grace.

And the Poet, still, o'er wood and hill
Will mark her purple veil,
And the ample fall of her russet pall,
Sweeping the leaves so pale.
He loves to be where he may see
Her locks and eyes of hazel brown,
And her cheek as bright as is the light
Of western clouds when the sun goes down.

J. M. W.

### ENCOURAGEMENT!

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

Speak not, in hale old England,
Despairingly or sad;
*Her* sons were ever hopeful,
*Her* daughters ever glad!
'Tis wonderous what battles—
What battles for the truth—
Have nobly been engaged in
By England's age and youth:
And ever from the turmoil
They took a step aright;
That step was ever *onwards*,
From England's hour of night!
And say not now, despairing,
"This thing can *not* be done;"—
Fear not, ye English people,
The battle *will* be won!
"Where there's a will,
There's a way."

'Tis true that, from dark alleys,
There comes a plaintive cry—
A moan upon the night-wind,
Beneath the dim night-sky:
'Tis true that in low dwellings
The waters have been stirr'd,
And souls of lowly dwellers
Are yearning for the word—
The word of Peace and Knowledge—
The word to make them free;
And there, amid the twilight,
They grope, but cannot see!
Up, Brothers! like the preacher,
Make sanctified clay,
And from the blind one's eyelids
Clear dusky night away!
"Where there's a will,
There's a way."

Lady, with milk-white fingers,
E'en *you* might join the band,
And do a deed worth doing
With that small, fairy hand.
Our "Ragged Schools" are round ye;
And sure 't would be good deed
To give your holy presence
And sow the tiny seed.
Ah! sow the tiny seedlet,
And, ere your locks are grey,
The good will come, returning,
In unexpected way.
Sisters of ours have ventured
With *courage, womanly*,
Amidst the darkest dangers:
Were they more brave than thee?
"Where's there's a will,
There's a way!"

(THE PEOPLE'S CRY.)

Come, brothers, come and help us
To reach your mountain height;
We have in this dark valley
But faint and flickering light;
We'll fear no stony passes,
Nor yet the steep crag-side;
A strength remains within us,
A strength as yet untried.
We'll heed no roaring torrent,
A-foaming down its spray,
But be of steady footstep
Up on the narrow way.
We'll grasp our lanterns glimmering,
Oh! help us in our part;
*And* YE'LL *find rich repayment*
*When we are heart to heart!*
"Where's there's a will,
There's a way."

*Chorley*, 1846. MARIE.

# The Week

*Ending Saturday, November 14th, 1846.*

FELLOW WORKING MEN,—The present, in many of its aspects, is a distressing and important period—distressing because it exhibits much misery amongst you—important because your condition is exciting attention and inquiry, and as the times call upon you to put forth your energies. The circumstances of the great majority of you are not only not equal to your merits, as a hard working body of men, but they are miserably beneath the lowest standard of remuneration, that could possibly be fixed as a reward for your toil. Your food is poor and scanty, and often you have none. The wives, who were the pride of your early manhood, have lost the bloom of health and the cheerful spirit, through the influence of want, an amount of labour, disproportioned to their strength, and the corroding anxiety these have caused. Your children pine, often ask you in vain for bread, are uncomfortably lodged, and the young and happy years that should be devoted to education and free enjoyment, are cursed and blighted by premature and unremitting labour and the miseries to which they are subjected, by by the wretched circumstances in which they are placed. Your burden is indeed a heavy one. The wonder is that you have patiently borne it so long, or otherwise have not quite sunk under its crushing weight. But, generally, you have done what is best. Rashness would destroy you, despair would disable you.

Yet what prospect is there of a termination to your sufferings during the present arrangement of things? Not any. The repeal of the corn laws will, it is hoped, increase our trade and the consequent beneficial effects be experienced; but this will not be a sufficient remedy, inasmuch as, when in full work, the wants of a family cannot be properly supplied; the wife will still have to labour hard instead of superintending her household, and the children will still be in the factory, when they should be in the school and play-ground. Besides this, it will be utterly impossible, from the lowness of wages while employed, to provide for periods of non-employment. This being the case, on the first stoppage or slackness of trade, destitution and misery will commence their unhappy reign. The manufacturer, the farmer, the landholder, will not lower their profits and rents, that your wages may be raised. The capitalist stands aloof. Statesmen do not seem, in the slightest degree, disposed to organise such plans as shall in reality be adapted to remove the existing evils. Whence then is your relief to come, and how is it to be obtained? *Permanent and general relief must come from yourselves, and to wait*, expecting *this from any other quarter, will only delay the period of your rescue.* If, then, you would be delivered from ghastly want, famine in the midst of plenty, oppressive and ill-requited toil, and a state of commercial serfdom; remember the language of Byron—

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

And, as you value your own happiness, that of your families and of the future generations of working men, begin immediately to use the means of relief yet in your power. Establish a glorious system of united capital and labour, which shall enable you to throw off your present burdens, place you upon a proud and happy eminence, and which will be, to future ages, a monument of what the minds, the hearts, the hands of the working men of this age have done; observing, they will admire and have cause to thank you. Thus will you acquire for yourselves, not the glory which attaches to such names as Cæsar, Alexander, and Bonaparte, but, true glory which will brighten with the lapse of time, and not, like this, grow dim; the glory of commencing an order of things producing peace, happiness, intellectual elevation, and exalted virtue. For the system which it would be desirable to see in operation would be one which would ultimately, combine moral and intellectual education with physical comfort; these being very closely connected and absolutely necessary to the complete disenthralment of the working man.

All this you can do. You have the power. In your united subscriptions, though small, there is a mine of wealth; which, well managed, may be converted into fruitful fields, flourishing factories, prosperous shops, schools for your children, reading rooms for your leisure, convenient cottages, and cheerful hearths. It is not to be expected that these things can be done all at once; but they will, assuredly, gradually arise out of your earnest endeavours. Not more certain than this are the revolving seasons, or the regular return of night and day. You are fast learning that the union of the great body of the people is all-powerful for the accomplishment of its object. Let them bid war cease—it will rage no longer. Let them decree the destruction of all selfish monopoly, and it will be done. Let them place their firm grasp upon unjust power, and the monster will fall a suppliant at their feet. Let them will their own deliverance from the cold embrace of poverty, and, relaxing his icy arms, he will stand powerless before them, and speedily disappear. Of course, it is here understood that the will must embody itself in action. Fellow working men, do you doubt this? Then look at the princely fortunes of the manufacturers, and the palace-like mansions of the great land proprietors surrounded by their extensive possessions; look through the length and breadth of the land, and your eye will in every direction meet evidences of the great wealth of the country; think of the immense cost of our government, of its pensions and salaries, of the great income of the queen and the different members of her family; supported by the enormous annual revenue of fifty millions; and if, astonished at the magnificent display, you inquire by what magic these are produced, the answer is that your labour is the grand and mighty source from which they spring, or which stamps upon them their value. *That labour which can effect so much for others, can accomplish all and even more than is needful for yourselves.* Indulge then no desponding fears. Stand forth as men. Exhibit courage to undertake the task of your own deliverance. Have confidence in yourselves. Believe in your own power. Form yourselves into societies, and by means of regular subscriptions raise a capital which will enable you to commence businesses of your own, whether as shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, weavers, gardeners, or farmers, &c. Give to the world an example of a firm, unwavering, wisely conducted, and successful union of the working classes. If you cannot have men of wealth at the head of your societies, you have men of wisdom and character amongst you; and, without bending the knee to power, or crouching at the feet of wealth, let it be seen that you can well lead yourselves. Put your hand to the plough, fan the spark of hope, calmly await the future, and there yet is deliverance.—I remain yours, in the cause of human progression and happiness,

GEORGE SMITH: Coventry.

### SHIRT WOMEN OF LONDON.

SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your journal, to call the attention of your readers, more especially those of them who sympathise with your sentiments in favour of co-operative modes of life, to an humble effort now being made with the view of bettering the condition of the shirt women of the metropolis. At the commencement of our undertaking you were kind enough to notice favourably a circular which we issued, setting forth our objects and intentions. Since that time we have not received anything like the support that might have been expected, from the commiseration bestowed upon the forlorn condition of the shirt women. It may, therefore, be desirable to reiterate our statements with a few additional particulars, in the hope that our appeal may be more strongly impressed upon those, who, like ourselves, are anxious to see something effective undertaken on behalf of the victims of a merciless system of cruelty and avarice.

I will now briefly state the objects we have in view, and the mode by which we shall endeavour to carry them out. We desire to see a Female Association, so that shirts may be made for sale and the profits secured to the workwomen, instead of the dealers. After a careful examination of the shirts sold in the shops we are convinced that we can supply shirts of as good quality and at the same price as those commonly sold; and can give, in the first place, 20 per cent. advance in wages, and after that we shall have remaining a profit of 20 per cent. to be divided after the

payment of expenses among the work people—that is to say, for a shirt at 4*s.* 6*d.* with linen collar, front, and wristbands, well made—we should give 1*s.* 2*d.* making, for which 10*d.* is commonly given, and we shall then have 1*s.* profit left. If then we could get sufficient support to carry out our wishes, we feel that the entire trade in shirts might be taken out of the hands of the present dealers, and instead of 3*s.* and 4*s.* a week, the shirt woman so employed would be able to earn 7*s.* or 8*s.*, and would probably have coming to her a bonus of profits of 5*s.* or 6*s.* more. We do not think that we at all exaggerate, when we make these statements, but supposing, in order that we may be on the safe side, we put down the earnings and profits at 10*s.*, any one who is acquainted with the condition of the needle women, will readily concede that this would be a very large and important addition to their present wages. Our only expense is 5*s.* per week rent, and the profit of five shirts a week will therefore pay the expences. The association could very well get up ten or twelve dozen a week, and would then be enabled to furnish employment to twenty-four females at the wages before-mentioned, the proportion of the expenses to each being 3*d.* per week. A reduction of the already small expenses might be effected in the sale of cotton, needles, and pins to the workwomen and others, the profits of which would amount to one or two shillings per week. Books are kept accounting for all monies received and paid, the disposal of stock, &c. Any customer will be allowed to examine these books, which will be made up quarterly. For ourselves, we feel that there is a remedy for the evils of the present system of shirt making, and we trust that the facts we have stated will produce the same conviction in the minds of those who shall read them. To all such we make our appeal, and earnestly invite them to co-operate with us in redressing the wrongs of the shirt women.

Hoping you will give this, or some portion of it, a place in your Annals of Industry,—I am, Sir, yours' respectfully, W. AINGER, Secretary, Female Association, 13, Denmark-street, High-street, Bloomsbury.

SIR,—That *Building Societies* are capable of achieving much social and political good to the sober and industrious "sons of toil," none will attempt to deny. There are, however, many objections raised against them, and perhaps with some truth; but our present object is not, to find fault with societies already established, on the contrary, it is briefly to lay our plans before the readers of the *Annals of Industry*, that they may "go and do likewise."

Inclosed is the first annual statement of the accounts of the Friendly Co-operative Building Society, which you may publish if you think desirable.

We limited our members to sixty, our rules were duly enrolled. The trustees entered into an agreement for a plot of freehold ground, pleasantly situate opposite the Woodlands, Greenwich, on the estate of Mr. Tyler. The plans and specifications were prepared by two of the members, Messrs. Tuckwell and Wells. The houses have sixteen feet frontage, and twenty-three feet ten inches deep; height of ground-floor nine feet six inches, chamber-floor eight feet six inches: front windows five feet six inches by four feet six inches, and double-hung sashes with hung shutters inside. At the back is a kitchen, having sink, copper, range, dresser complete; over the kitchen is a sleeping apartment with opening casements. Three register stoves for each house has been preferred on account of cleanliness, &c. In fact, everything is of the best possible quality, and workmanship in general good and substantial. The houses form three sides of a square, and the width across the streets from house to house, is fifty-two feet—road, twenty-eight feet wide: on each side a six-feet path, and six-feet fore court inclosed by iron palisading, with gates of a neat pattern.

The buildings were put up to contract amongst the principal builders of London, and Messrs. J. and W. Butler, Botolph-lane, were the successful parties. We fully anticipate keeping Christmas in our houses with good old English fare, as used to be; for the builders are under a penalty of 20*l.* per week, if not finished by the 14th December.

The sites of houses were allotted by ballot (with the exception of Messrs. Tuckwell, Wells, and Harrold: the society having originated with the latter), so that members might have an opportunity of making alterations whilst the works are in progress. This arrangement has proved a great boon. Water will be supplied to each house from the "Kent Water Works," at something less than 3½*d.* per week. The total cost will be about 210*l.* per house, exclusive of freehold. The trustees borrow seventy-five per cent. of the total cost, and pay five per cent. interest. This society is the most equitable in existence. Each member will be charged with the cost of his house, and the interest thereon, and credited with rent paid, until the amount borrowed shall have been repaid. The "conversion of rent into capital" was an idea of that extraordinary and gifted man, Jeremy Bentham; an idea which we have practically adopted, and which may be realised by other societies as efficiently, and perhaps more so, than we have done. Our experience is ready for the guidance of others, if they send us notice of their intentions.

We sincerely trust, through the medium of your valuable *Annals*, that the attention of the working classes will be centered on this important subject; and that efficient means will be taken to emancipate the toiling masses from the exorbitant demands of landlords—to release them from the lanes, alleys, and courts, of crowded cities—to enable them to become possessors of their own homes—to erect clusters of habitations amid the green fields, where the sober and industrious might enjoy all the advantages of town society, in addition to superior circumstances, and more healthful influences, for the more full development of physical and mental well-being.

The working classes pay fifty per cent more rent, in proportion to the accommodation, than do the middle or upper classes. This is a serious evil—a heavy taxation on resources already crippled. The means of relief are the same as we have adopted. Let benevolent and true men engage in this laudable undertaking, and we shall see before long poor, dejected and misled humanity rising in the prime of youth, in the beauty of manhood, never more to be enslaved by the votaries of Mammon, or blinded by avaricious cupidity.

Be temperate and frugal, my fellow working men. Shun the public-house and beer-shop: they glitter to deceive—deceive to effect your ruin—and ride rampant over the desolation of your homes. Join your mechanics' institutes—cultivate your mind: let self-culture be a reality. Sympathise with your less fortunate brethren—guide them aright—make them better sons, kinder fathers, and more tender husbands. So will your heart expand, and your mind dilate—till the emancipation of humanity from ignorance, capital, and competition, shall,

Like a sea of glory,
Roll from pole to pole.

I am, sir, yours, &c., ALEXANDER HARROLD.
*Greenwich.*

*A Jerrold Club*, on the basis either of the Manchester Athenæum or the Whittington Club, is proposed to be formed in Ashton-under-Lyne. The subscription to be 12*s.* a year.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By W. Hunt.

## CONDITION OF THE POOR IN LONDON.

By William Howitt.

The Report of the Committee of "The Health of Towns Association" on Lord Lincoln's Sewerage, Drainage, etc., of Towns' Bill, is just published.* It certainly unveils an awful spectacle to our view, especially of the condition of vast masses of the population of the metropolis. This dreadful state of things is the natural result of that mischievous course which the government of this country fell into and pursued for ages, of neglecting the social condition of the mass, even while that mass was rapidly augmenting, and directing all its energies and resources to foreign wars, and to party contests. Happily, the long peace that we have enjoyed has enabled the cries of the poor to come up into the ears of their rulers, and a spirit is now abroad which will impose upon government a more correct sense of its legitimate duties. The people are now recognised as of the first consequence in the state, and philanthropists are daily pressing on the attention of the legislature the real condition of things with an effect that cannot long be resisted. The present prime minister, on taking office, declared that the two subjects which demanded the most active attention of ministers were, the education of the people and their sanatory condition. What is that condition, this Report most frightfully displays, and before we advert to the remedies proposed by it, we will first look at the woeful realities which require these remedies, at the fearful wretchedness in which tens of thousands of the citizens of the most wealthy and most benevolent city in the world are daily and hourly living.

The first fact stated is that, spite of full employment and high wages, the rate of mortality in the districts of the metropolis inhabited chiefly by the working classes has, during the last eight years not diminished; on the contrary, has been actually increasing. Dr. Southwood Smith stated that, in consequence of the peculiar condition of the people in these districts, the fever which so frequently prevails amongst them has so much changed its character as to have become, as it were, a new disease. From the Report of the London Fever Hospital, just published, it appears that, during the year 1845, there was scarcely any part of the metropolis free from the visitation of fever; that in many instances it attacked and destroyed whole families; that in one of the cases recorded nine members of a family were seized with it, of whom six died; that it is certain that fever was prevailing in no less than eighty-two instances, in the houses and localities from which the patients were taken, and it was probable that this was the case with many more than could be ascertained from the patients themselves, because some were too ill and others too unobservant to give a correct account of the circumstances connected with their attack. From the evidence of Mr. Jeremiah Little, an extensive builder of third and fourth-rate houses in the metropolis, it appears that the average losses on the rent of such houses is one fifth, and that three out of five of these losses are from the sickness of the tenants, who are working men. When we penetrate into the real state of the habitations of the poor, and their mode of life in them, this prevalence of a destructive epidemic remains no longer a matter of surprise.

In the first place, the drainage is found to be extremely defective; a fact of itself sufficient to explain a thousand evils and destroying influences to the poor man. The jobbing in this department —that is, by the Commissioners of Sewers—is shown to have been monstrous; and the consequences of this jobbing to be, that not only has a terrific sum of the public money been expended, but the work itself so badly done that it has had continually to be repaired, and will probably have much of it to be done over again; while in the neighbourhood of poor houses there have been made drains of a far more costly character than was necessary, thus laying a great additional charge on the rent; or inducing the landlord to put up with defective drainage, or none at all.

The Report says:—

> Among the results of the inquiry by Her Majesty's Commissioners, perhaps at once the most remarkable and most instructive are the instances which it has brought to light of the waste of the public money, and the injury of the public health, consequent on granting to an irresponsible body the power to adopt or reject public works of the true character of which they are incompetent to form a judgment, and, at the same time, in the execution of which they have a sinister interest.

The Report then, in illustration of this charge, draws attention to some astounding facts. According to Mr. Butler Williams, civil engineer, upwards of forty miles of covered sewers have been built in Westminster within the last ten years, and that the Commissioners have, at a positive loss of 66,669*l.* 15*s.*, constructed deficient and inefficient sewers instead of those of the best build, and such as can be flushed with water. Mr. Leslie, one of the commissioners, states that a large proportion of the acting commissioners in this district are in practice there as architects, surveyors, agents, and solicitors! Such are the appointments to these important offices—as if it were the direct intention to create a job, instead of doing the public business thoroughly. Again, the King's College Scholars' Pond Sewer is another instance of this monstrous and wicked jobbing. Spite of the acknowledged excellence of a plan by Mr. Rennie, and

> notwithstanding the condemnation of this sewer by both their professional advisers, and after this official condemnation of it, the Commissioners have actually expended upon it nearly two hundred thousand pounds! The entire length of the sewer being 16,522 feet, they have spent upon a small portion of it, namely, 5233 feet, the sum of 70,104*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, and of the portion upon which this amount of money has been expended, it is stated that it is at the present moment an open, uncovered sewer, with the exception of 1009 feet recently covered in by Mr. Cubitt, at his own expense, with an outlet so bad, that the water is forced back during a considerable period—six hours—of each tide; a most disgraceful nuisance in a great metropolis. On the remaining part of this condemned line the Commissioners have spent the further sum of 100,000*l.* and upwards; leaving the evils of this sewer, which existed prior to the expenditure upon it of a single shilling of their money, still existing in their full force.

This is a specimen. There are numbers of other such disgraceful facts as to the jobbing in the sewerage brought forward. But none of these are more flagrant than the case of Hackney parish, which may be found in a *Letter to the Inhabitants of Hackney on the Sewer Rates*, published in 1841, by Masters, Aldersgate-street, and which we recommend to the perusal of the Committee. From that it appears that the parishioners of Hackney were put to 5000*l.* expense for additional sewers, which were rendered unnecessary by the natural drainage of Hackney brook and the river Lea; and therefore, at the time of the publication of this letter, not above a dozen persons had availed themselves of these sewers by conducting drains to

* Health of Towns' Association.—Report of the Committee to the Members of the Association on Lord Lincoln's Sewerage, Drainage, etc., of Towns' Bill. London: Charles Knight, 1846.

them. A fact already stated in this *Journal* is also pretty strongly surmised by this writer:—

It would seem as if the honourable corporation of the East London Water Works, having some ill-natured designs on the parish, had cozened the Commissioners of Sewers into absorbing all the *spring* water, in order that the East London *mixture* of water (by courtesy so called) and oxide of iron may be in large demand.

The money thus wasted, instead of promoting the sanatory improvements of the metropolis, tends directly to obstruct them. Builders are compelled to make much larger sewers for small houses than are necessary, that they may spend more money, and this extra charge having to be laid on the rent of the poor man's house, landlords do all they can to evade drains at all.

Thus, the drainage of poor houses being defective, the selfishness of water companies comes next into play; and instead of laying on the water constantly, as they ought to be compelled to do, at the high rates they charge—rates by which the New River Company has raised its original 100*l.* shares to the value of 21,000*l.* each—they lay it on only occasionally, so that all houses are obliged to have cisterns—another charge on the rental—or they are often totally without that water for which they pay so smartly. By standing in these cisterns, often of lead, the water spoils, and becomes frequently poisonous. The people, for want of water to wash themselves, their houses, and clothes with, contract habits of filth, and with them disease and death. The Report shows—and especially from the evidence of Mr. Hawkesley, the able manager of the water-works at Nottingham, where it is practised—that water may and should in all instances be laid on constantly; and that it can be done at a very trifling additional expense, both to the incalculable health and comfort of the people. Being always on, it is the surest preventive against fire, as it can be spouted over any house in all directions, instantly. A constant supply of water may thus, it asserts, be afforded at one penny per week per house, and that the inhabitants of Nottingham do have it at this rate, poor people being charged by their landlords one penny per week in the rent for it. By this means, too, it shows that all cesspools and their noxious effluvia may be done away, and every house, however poor, may have its water-closet. The Report exposes the want of such conveniences in yards and courts of houses, where there is but one place of retirement for the whole population, and says truly, that nothing can be more shocking than for a delicate and pure-minded woman, accustomed to cleanly habits and becoming decency, to come and live in one of these places. That it has a direct tendency to destroy health and propriety of feeling, and to deteriorate deplorably the whole moral character.

The Report next deals with the subjects of want of ventilation and with the smoke nuisance; which latter, notwithstanding all legislation upon it, has not been in the manufacturing districts, or indeed anywhere, materially abated. See now what is the condition of our swarming London population, when death enters their dwellings:—

The descriptions given by witnesses whose duties require them constantly to visit these wretched abodes, present to the imagination a picture of human misery and degradation, from which it would be the part of wisdom to turn away our eyes and thoughts, if such a state of things was inevitable and irremediable; but it is not irremediable, and it would, therefore, be both a folly and a crime not to fix attention upon it. Who can read such descriptions as the following without an emotion of horror, without a feeling of wonder, that this can be possible—nay, that it is the actual, that it is even the common state of things, existing at the present moment in this metropolis in hundreds and thousands of instances?

"There are some houses in my district," says Mr. Leonard, surgeon, one of the medical officers of the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, "that have from forty-five to sixty persons of all ages under one roof. In the event of death, the body often occupies the only bed, till they raise money to pay for a coffin, which is often several days. In the lodging-rooms, I have seen the beds placed so close together, as not to allow room to pass between them, and occupied by both sexes indiscriminately. I have known six people sleep in a room about nine feet square, with only one small window, about fifteen inches by twelve inches. There are some sleeping-rooms in this district in which you can scarcely see your hand at noon-day."

The same gentleman states the following as the consequences to the survivors, of the retention of the dead body in these crowded places:—

I remember a body being brought from the Fever Hospital to Bullin-court; the consequences were dreadful. This spring I removed a girl, named Wilson, to the infirmary of the workhouse, from a room in the same court. I could not remain two minutes in it; the horrible stench arose from a corpse which had died of phthisis twelve days before, and the coffin stood across the foot of the bed, within eighteen inches of it. This was in a small room, not above ten feet by twelve feet square, and a fire always in it—being the only one for sleeping, living, and cooking in.

Upon the 9th of March, 184-, M— was taken to the Fever Hospital. He died there. The body was brought back to his own room. Upon the 12th, his step-son was taken ill. Upon the 18th, the barber who shaved the corpse was taken ill, and died in the Fever Hospital; and upon the 27th another step-son was taken ill.

Upon the 18th of December, 1810, I— and her infant were brought ill with fever to her father's room in Eagle-court, which was ten feet square, with a small window of four panes: the infant soon died. Upon the 15th of January, 1811, the grandmother was taken ill; upon the 2nd of February, the grandfather also. There was but one bedstead in the room. The corpse of the grandmother lay beside that of her husband upon the same bed; and it was only when he became delirious, and incapable of resistance, that I ordered the removal of the body to the dead house, and him to the Fever Hospital. He died there, but there the evil did not stop. Two children, who followed their father's body to the grave, were—the one within a week, and the other within ten days—also victims to the same disease. In short, five out of six died."

Mr. John Little, the medical officer of the Whitechapel district of the Whitechapel Union, says:—

In the eastern part of the metropolis nearly the whole of the labouring population have only one room; the corpse is therefore kept in that room, where the inmates sleep and have their meals. Sometimes the corpse is stretched on the bed, the bed and bedclothes are taken off, and the wife and family lie on the floor. The consequence is most fatal.

Mr. Bastow, relieving officer of Bethnal-green, states that the majority of weavers live and work in the same room; that the children generally sleep on a bed pushed under the loom; that in case of death the corpse is stretched on the bed where the adults have slept; and the length of time during which the bodies are kept under such circumstances is a very serious evil.

I have known (he says) as many as eight deaths from typhus fever follow one death. A man named Clark, in George-gardens, having been kept a fortnight unburied, I was directed to visit the case. The house consisted of two small rooms, wherein resided his wife and seven children. Ann Clark, one of the family, was lying upon some rags, very ill of fever: she ultimately died. Shortly after, I found the mother and the whole of the children ill of fever: out of seven affected, two died. My attention was shortly afterwards directed to Henry Clark, of Barnet-street, who was a relative, and had taken fever, it was stated, by having attended the funeral of his friend. He, it seems, communicated it to his wife and two children, one of whom died. Next followed Stephen Clark, of Edward-street, who, having visited the above-named relative, and attended the funeral of their infant shortly afterwards, had fever; also his wife and three children, one of whom died."

Numbers of such cases are produced in evidence by the surgeons and parish-officers of different parts of London; but we may take the statement of Mr. Wild, an undertaker, as a specimen of these cases, and of the wretched condition of the poor population of London generally. He states that—

In three-fourths of the cases he has to visit, the poor have only one room; that frequently there is only one bed in the room, and that is occupied by a corpse. Often there is no sacking to the bed; when the people have to borrow a board or a shutter from a neighbour,

in order to lay out the corpse upon it: they have to borrow other necessary articles, such as a shirt. In cases of rapid decomposition, there is much liquid, and the coffin is tapped to let it out. This liquid generates animal life very rapidly; and within six hours after a coffin has been tapped, if the liquid escapes, maggots, or a sort of animalculæ, are seen crawling about: has frequently seen them crawling about the floor of a room inhabited by the labouring classes, and about the tressels on which the coffin is sustained. In such rooms the children are frequently left whilst the widow is out making arrangements for the funeral, and the widow herself lives there with the children; frequently finds them altogether in a small room with a large fire. The other day a little boy died of the small-pox: soon afterwards his sister, a little girl who had been playing in the same room, was attacked with the small-pox, and died · a poor woman, a neighbour, went over to see one of these bodies, and was much affected and frightened; she was attacked with small-pox, and died. The other day, at Lambeth, the eldest child of a person died of scarlet fever; the child was four years old; it had been ill a week; it died. Then came two other children. One of these children was taken ill, and died. The corpse was retained in the house three weeks, at the end of which time the other child also died.

Let it be remembered that those are but single cases out of a frightful mass, which every day and every hour, in all parts of the metropolis where the poor reside, is augmenting itself.

Such (says the Report) is the slaughter of the living by the dead, which goes on unceasingly. And these sufferers are incapable of helping themselves. They can neither alter nor prevent the wretched circumstances in which they are placed, nor raise themselves above them by any energy of their own. They are too impotent, too much depressed by the causes that destroy them, even so much as to raise a voice of complaint.

The Report goes on to show the mischievous operation of the window-tax on the construction of the houses of the poor; how it contracts the supply of light and fresh air; and how it operates —by cooping up the poisonous effluvia from filth, disease, and dead bodies—to infect the living system, and spread contagion. It shows, too, how unequally this tax falls on the poor: the poor, in fact, paying four times the amount that the rich do, for the same quantity of light.

Thus, bad drainage; bad admission of God's own light—which he sends down untaxed for the poor, but which our government intercepts and doles out in miserable modicums at a monstrous price; and so little space in their houses that they kill one another with contagion: these, added to their labour and poverty, are the daily evils to which the great mass of the richest of all cities in the world, and of most of our large towns, are exposed. The public must with one voice demand that this shall be remedied. The "Report of the Health of Towns Association" gives great credit to the provisions of Lord Lincoln's bill for the purpose, but points out additional measures as requisite. Of course, it urges strenuously the most thorough reform of the systems of drainage and of the construction of the houses of the poor; that a constant supply of water be laid on to every dwelling, and all cesspools done away with. They would have an Inspector of Nuisances appointed, and also an Officer of the Public Health; who shall be empowered to visit all houses, both of rich and poor, and inquire into all matters connected with health and cleanliness. That he shall inquire into causes of death, so as to bring the subject, if necessary, under the notice of the coroner. It is well known that many such causes are now carefully concealed, and the very end of a coroner's inquest thus defeated.

It is a disgrace to this country that in all these measures we have been long anticipated by our continental neighbours. In Germany, every nurse is bound, under severe penalties, on the death of the person on whom she has been attending, to proceed at once to the medical officer appointed by the government as inspector of the dead, and give him due notice of the fact. This officer at once proceeds to the house where the deceased lies; ascertains the cause of death, and the condition of the body. The law does not allow of a corpse being kept longer than till the third day, unless the officer doubts whether the person be really dead, in which case it is removed to the dead-house, and there remains till symptoms of decomposition show themselves. If there be fear of contagion from a corpse, the officer orders the funeral to take place at once. Coffins are kept in readiness, and are furnished at a most moderate price to all classes, at the government magazine in each parish; so that no delay in any case need take place.

The committee, in their report, believe that such officers as an inspector of nuisances, and an officer of health, would detect and prevent much crime, which now is fostered and escapes in the crowded and neglected haunts of poverty and depravity. There can be no doubt of it; and that many of the horrors which have lately been shown to be connected with the system of female prostitution, must, by the same machinery, be equally prevented. It is a singular fact that this, one of the most crying, offensive, and horrible evils of our large towns, should have been passed over in a report of a committee of the "Health of Towns Association" without a word. What monstrous evil has become more monstrously destructive to health and morals than this, and more demanding of sanatory regulations? If any one wishes to know what the system is by which the victims of seduction are supplied in thousands and tens of thousands, let him read the reports of "The Association for the Protection of Females," and a little pamphlet published by Mr. Logan, a missionary of the Home Mission, who has visited the abodes of such victims in London, Glasgow, and other large towns. The horrors and outrages committed on young and unsuspecting creatures in these hells, into which they are inveigled even by advertisements in the papers, as to good services, are not to be surpassed by anything in the annals of Inquisitions, or of any villany or crime. The subject demands the instant attention of government; and the frightful amount of drunkenness and disease that is by this means introduced amongst our population, should certainly not have escaped the attention of a committee of sanatory inquiries. The very measures, however, which they recommend will tend to break up this frightful system of unexampled horrors—this hidden source of crime, of murder, of demoralisation, and death. With this conviction, therefore, as well as of the many evils which it *does* expose, and of the value of the remedies it recommends, we earnestly exhort our readers to make themselves masters of the contents of this most important report.

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## THE PRIZES OF VIRTUE IN FRANCE.

By Julia Kavanagh.

In a preceding article on the working classes of France, we dwelt at some length on the dignity, independence, and love of literature and art by which they are characterised, but omitted speaking either of their moral feelings, or of the manner in which those feelings, when well directed, are generally displayed. This omission we now mean to repair; and an excellent opportunity for doing

so occurs in the recent distribution of the prizes of virtue, founded by Monsieur de Montyon.

The reader is perhaps acquainted with the nature of these prizes, yearly given away in France. If so, he must be aware that they consist of various sums of money, which, according to the will of the late M. de Montyon, who left a fund for that purpose, are delivered over by the French Academy to those individuals who have rendered themselves conspicuous by a series of noble or heroic actions. We say a series, because it has been wisely thought that an individual act of goodness, courage, or humanity, by no means constituted virtue, since such an act might as well flow from a momentary impulse as from the persevering practice of all that is noble, pure, and exalted, which is generally found to characterise real goodness.

On the 10th of September, of this year, the members of the French Academy accordingly held a solemn meeting, in order to award impartially, and to the best of their judgment, the prizes of virtue to the most meritorious amongst the individuals whose cases had for the last six months been submitted to their notice. These cases are stated to have been more than a hundred in number, whilst only four prizes and twelve medals (the name generally given to the lesser prizes) were distributed. Four prizes were given to single men, six to single women, and six more to married couples.

The highest prize was that of 4000 francs (160*l.*); one of 3000 francs (120*l.*), came next; then followed two prizes of 2000 francs (80*l.*) each; three medals of 1000 francs (40*l.*), and ten of 500 francs (20*l.*). Thus sixteen prizes in all were given away to different individuals, and the whole sum expended was equivalent to 19,000 francs or 760*l.* The meeting is stated to have been unusually crowded, and productive of much pleasure and interest to the numerous spectators of the whole proceedings.

Without entertaining a wish to discuss in this present paper the propriety of giving or receiving prizes for virtuous actions, it may not be out of place to mention two of the principal objections which have been raised to this institution. Not only has it been thought by some persons entirely needless to bestow any reward, and especially one of a public nature, upon virtue, but it has also been asked, whether to seek for such a reward does not naturally seem repugnant to the humble modesty of real excellence and goodness; whilst other individuals have gone so far as to assert that, if this principle be carried out much longer, the French working classes will henceforth do virtuous deeds merely for the prospect of obtaining one of the Montyon prizes. The first of these objections would be reasonable enough if it were true; but it is a well-ascertained fact, that the persons who have hitherto obtained the prizes, far from betraying any desire for publicity or reward, almost always shunned both, and never personally took any share in the proceedings necessary to forward their success. Indeed, in some cases, they have been known to respectfully, but firmly, decline this honour.

As to the objection that individuals will henceforth be actuated to do virtuous deeds by the hope of a reward, and not by the pure and disinterested love of virtue itself, we believe that it will be quite sufficient, in order to refute it, to give a brief narrative of the facts which induced the French Academy to bestow the great prize of 4000 francs on the old soldier and bootmaker, Miller.

This poor but noble-hearted man successively adopted five children, whom he and his wife, by their own unaided exertions, have brought up with the tenderest care. The first of these children was an orphan whom Miller found in the snow after the disastrous Russian campaign. Such was the excellence of the education he received, that this boy (now a man), is a commanding officer in one of the regiments of the French army. Another child, likewise adopted by Miller, is a parish priest in the country; a third is respectably settled in life as a bootmaker; and a fourth is a soldier. The fifth child is a girl abandoned in her infancy by her father, a brutal and profligate soldier, and rescued by Miller and his wife from vice and misery. When she had been with them for several years, her unnatural father, seeing the love and affection her adopted parents felt for her, took her away from them, and only agreed to restore her on condition of receiving a large sum of money. Miller was poor, but he gladly made heavy sacrifices to win back his adopted daughter, who has shown herself deserving of this love, and is now the comfort of the worthy pair in their old age. They are even thinking of settling her in life, and the 4000 francs Miller has received from the Academy will doubtless help to effect this desirable object.

There is in this obscure but useful life of the industrious old soldier a touching and more than common charm. In rescuing, as he did, five poor children, not only from want and misery, but also from vice and ignorance, in maintaining them through the most trying difficulties, and by untiring perseverance enabling them to assume that rank in society which they now hold, he did more than a good or humane action, he behaved with what the French have aptly termed, "intelligent virtue"—virtue which goes beyond mere present considerations, and aims towards the general, even more than the individual, good. The Academy was chiefly influenced by these considerations when it bestowed upon Miller the prize of 4000 francs. Yet who will venture to assert that the noble-hearted man thought of obtaining this paltry sum whilst devoting the whole energies of his being to the accomplishment of his task of usefulness? Living as he did in a remote province, he had perhaps never even heard of the Montyon prizes, and was unaware of their existence. Would, indeed, that virtue might be purchased at so cheap a rate as some seem to think! And if the prospect of a similar reward should induce even a few to imitate Miller's example, and thus, instead of dissolute or abandoned characters, give useful citizens to their country, we must confess that—however much it ought to be deplored for the sake of principle—we should greatly wish to see this plan of rewarding virtue and its followers somewhat more extensively applied.

Though we do not intend—notwithstanding our warm sympathy for the French working classes—to restrict to them feelings and virtues which it is to be trusted are as universal and widely spread as man and human nature; still we cannot, when reflecting on the beautiful instances of Christian love and charity displayed by the individuals on whom the French Academy bestowed the prizes of virtue for this year, refrain from acknowledging that great truth confirmed by Michelet in his book "*Le Peuple*," that the poorest amongst them are always the most ready to sacrifice their little all, not only where duty and affection call upon them to do so, but often for the sake of the first unhappy stranger who may chance to cross their path. Is this because the poor know best what it is to suffer? Because, having themselves fathomed the depths of human woe, they can grieve with

those that are sorrowful, and, according to the Apostle's precept, "weep with those that weep."

Of these was Anne Billard, an old dressmaker, on whom the Academy bestowed a medal of 500 francs, and who was so wretchedly poor that she has been known to live for days together on bread so nauseous that prisoners would have thrown it away with contempt, and on vegetables literally the refuse of the streets. Yet in this abyss of wretchedness and misery Anne Billard has done more in the way of true charity than many a daughter of luxury and wealth. An old governess who had known better days, for four years became her guest; then followed an infirm soldier who had long passed his seventieth year; and after him a poor Polish refugee, whose name Anne never even knew. In this manner have been spent the last thirteen years of her life; her unhesitating charity has made her poor, for she might now by her industry be above the reach of want; but, though growing infirm and old, Anne bears her lot without repining, she seeks no praise, and never speaks of the good she has done. Many persons have been found to wonder at the excess of her poverty, but to those who question her on this subject she merely replies—"It is the will of God!"

The same humble and disinterested spirit breathes throughout the whole conduct of the artisan Rouy, another of the individuals who received a medal of 500 francs. The parents of Rouy's wife had for several years, out of mere compassion, adopted a poor idiot girl, whom her parents, disgusted with her infirmity, had abandoned. When they grew old and helpless, and became unable to support themselves, Rouy cheerfully received them, with their adopted child. Shortly after this, his sister—whose husband was a very dissolute and profligate man—died, leaving a little boy behind her. The widower soon married again; and, after having had another child by his second wife, abandoned both, leaving them in the greatest distress. Rouy's conduct now became truly admirable. Not only did he receive under his roof his sister's child, but unwilling, through a feeling of refined delicacy many might envy, that the brother of his young nephew should want whilst he had a home, he likewise adopted him. Five helpless beings are now, besides his own family, dependent on Rouy; but, noble as his conduct has been, none have yet been able to persuade him that in acting thus he did more than his duty. And truly, is not charity a most holy and imperative duty?

Another striking characteristic of several individuals, to whom the Academy voted prizes, is the untiring devotion to the sick displayed by several noble-minded females, to whose sex it is for obvious reasons chiefly confined. Those women are mostly very poor, some of them are even weak and infirm creatures, but all have manifested in every circumstance the most sublime devotedness. What is more remarkable still, is that, though ever found in attendance on the sick bed of the unhappy and destitute, they live by their own industry, unaided and alone. We say "they;" because, with very trifling differences, the life of one of these noble women is that of all—a life of heroical charity.

Thus, whether we speak of Suzanne Monnet, who, in attending on her aged and infirm mother, first felt the sublime calling which bade her relinquish all earthly thoughts to devote herself to the sick and the poor; of Bertine Guidin, the deformed but noble peasant girl, from whose scanty earnings of fivepence a day, the best part has, for the last forty-three years, gone to the unfortunate of her parish; of Catherine Quéron, who—after sacrificing herself to the tormentors of her youth with that most admirable of Christian virtues, forgiveness of injuries—has, from her untiring zeal and charity, chiefly displayed at the epoch of the cholera, been termed "the providence of the village:" whether we speak of one of these, or of the three, words, when recording such deeds as have marked their obscure though noble existence, must ever grow cold or tame.

Catherine Quéron is however to be distinguished, even from her companions, by a very remarkable trait. She inhabits a village where a medical man is not always at hand; and influenced by this consideration, Catherine has made it her constant study, in her attendance upon the sick, to notice the various symptoms of disease, and the most effectual remedies to be applied. Her experience has at length grown considerable; and she has not only effected several remarkable cures, but even succeeded in saving many individuals whose lives had long been despaired of by the faculty. Struck with her sagacity and perseverance, the Academy voted her a prize of 2,000 francs.

We will conclude these remarks with another instance, which displays a singular degree of self-denial.

Fanny Muller was, in the year 1830, servant in a *hotel* of Paris. Amongst the lodgers of the establishment was an Italian officer in the service of France. He was suffering from a fearful wound, which it was Fanny's daily duty to dress: she thus contracted a kind of intimacy with him. After some time she learned that her master had given his lodger warning to leave. The Italian's last resources were exhausted, and he was now reduced to utter misery. Fanny earned about thirty shillings a month: out of this she had saved a pretty round sum, which she resolved to devote to the unhappy foreigner. Learning that he was able to give lessons in music, she took a small apartment for him, furnished it, and endeavoured to find him pupils—a task in which she partly succeeded. The Italian's youthful son was then in London with his mother, but on hearing of this he came over to Paris. Though the burden upon her thus grew doubly heavy, Fanny did not complain. She still continued to contribute towards the support of the Italian, and wholly provided for his son's education. But before long the wounded officer was unable to attend to his pupils, and consequently became entirely dependent upon Fanny. Her humble means were now exhausted; yet, hoping for happier days, she borrowed money from her friends. Things, however, went on from bad to worse. She was compelled to repay what she had borrowed. This she could only effect by sacrifices which in her position were immense; but still she did it, and the debts were paid. Fanny had long been betrothed to a young man of her native place (she was born in the north of France), named John Peter Wat. About this time he came to Paris, to claim the fulfilment of her promise, and to tell her that as he had from his earnings saved the sum of 2,000 francs (80*l.*), there seemed no reasonable obstacle to make to his plan of marrying immediately. Fanny loved her betrothed truly and sincerely, with all the fervour of her noble heart. She raised no objection to his request, but candidly told him all that she had done; how, but for her, the poor exile must have perished of want, and his son have remained in ignorance: she merely told him this, and then asked him what she now should do. "As you have done hitherto," was Peter Wat's reply. And giving her his 2,000 francs, he returned alone to his village.

Since then the exile has died: not a *sou* of Peter's savings remains—the whole two thousand francs have been expended for the Italian and his son. Fanny is still in Paris, where she labours assiduously to give the orphan an education befitting his station in life. Peter and she are compelled to live apart: their youth has been spent in this arduous task; and years of hard work for both must perhaps yet elapse before they can make up the small sum necessary for their outfit in wedded life. But still they labour on, cheered by a holy confiding faith, and a more than earthly hope.

Aid has come from the quarter whence they least expected it. A clergyman, who had known them both for years, struck with their patient devotedness, forwarded a notice of these facts to the French Academy. The consequence of this step was, a medal of 500 francs (20*l.*) awarded to Fanny Muller, in order to facilitate her marriage with Peter Wat. May heavenly blessings for ever rest on the noble-hearted pair.

Such are the individuals on whom the Academy has bestowed the prizes of virtue for this year. Of their patient devotedness, charity, and humility, the reader has been able to judge. Little did they think of a reward, when bent on the accomplishment of their noble task! And would, indeed, to heaven that, instead of sixteen, a hundred prizes had been distributed, not only in France, but in every Christian land; were it only in order that something more endurable and noble than the fame of blood-stained triumphs should live to be glorified and exalted for ever in the annals of mankind.

## THE PENCIL OF NATURE.

By Andrew Winter.

Under this title it is our intention to say a few words to our readers upon the sun pictures as produced by Daguerre, and by our own countryman, Mr. Fox Talbot.

Daguerre's process, familiarly known as the Daguerreotype, has been practised so extensively in this country within the last two or three years, that no explanation will here be required as to the general appearance of these pictures. All of us who have achieved immortality for ourselves for seven and twenty shillings (a morocco case included), without laying claim to more than the ordinary share of vanity, have been firmly impressed that, in taking a sitting of the great luminary for our portrait, the artist has looked too much on the dark side of things. The common remark upon showing your sun picture to friends is, "Well, it isn't a flattering portrait, but it must be like, you know!" and to this very candid criticism people have hitherto been obliged to submit; the mighty artist, Phœbus, of course, not being suspected capable of making a mistake.

Like most people who have a character for telling disagreeable truths, however, his company, in an artistic sense, came gradually to be avoided; and, like many others of his mundane brothers, he had nearly, in despair, flung away the pencil of nature. What was the use? His shadows might be more profound and impressive than those of Caravaggio—his details more delicate than those of the best Dutch painter who ever courted the inspection of a magnifying glass; but what signified all this, if the ladies would not sit to be made "such frights of."

In a happy moment, however, Mr. Beard thought of adding colour to the pictures: it was the Promethean touch which at once gave life to what hitherto had been an image, whose dull blackness reminded one of the ghastly lights and shades of an eclipse. The tinting, which is an after process, is accomplished with a brush, as in ordinary painting; the pigments being transparent, and consequently allowing of the shadows showing through them. These shadows, it is true, still retain a blackness which is not to be found in nature, but the advance upon the old system is immense.

As a great deal of the effect of these portraits, as pictures, results from the manner in which people go dressed for a sitting, we wish to give our readers a rule or two, which they would do well to bear in mind.

Avoid pure white as much as possible. Some ladies dress themselves out in snowy berths and spotless wristbands; but many a good picture is spoiled by the spottiness occasioned by the powerful action of this colour upon the plate. Violets have also the same effect upon it. A lady takes her sitting in a purple dress, and is astonished to find herself in a white book muslin in her portrait; this particular colour acting even more intensely than the pure light upon the prepared silver. The very best kind of dress to wear on such occasions is a satin or a shot silk, or any material, in fact, upon which there is a play of light and shade. Plaids always look well; and an old tartan shawl thrown across the shoulders, and well composed as to folds, would form an admirable drapery: but this is an artistic liberty which ladies are very loath to submit to. At most of the Daguerreotype establishments, articles of apparel, suitable as regards form and colour, were at first provided; but nobody would use them. "We wish to be taken as we are," was the invariable remark; and so they were stereotyped to their heart's content in a heap of finery put on merely for effect. We wish ladies would be a little less prim on such occasions. It is quite melancholy to see the care they take to brush their hair, and apply that *abomination*, fixiture, to make it "look nice;" whereas, if a good breeze had broken it up into a hundred waves, the effect in the Daguerreotype would have been infinitely more beautiful. And let them by all means abjure the system of making up a face for the occasion. The effect is painfully transparent. The mouth, so expressive in all faces, in these portraits is nearly always alike; and for the simple reason, that we put its muscles into attitudes which are not at all natural to it—we substitute a voluntary for an involuntary action; and, of course, stiffness is the result. If the ladies, however, must study for a bit of effect, we will give them a recipe for a pretty expression of mouth—let them place it as if they were going to say *prunes*.

Many people imagine that the Daguerreotype will supersede the labours of the artist. This is a very mistaken idea, the artists who hang out their specimens at the door, labelled "In this style, one guinea," will, without doubt, be entirely swept away by this powerful competitor; but with the province of the true artist it does not interfere. It must be borne in mind that the Daguerreotype does nothing more than copy nature in the most servile manner—it elaborates a pimple as carefully as the most divine expression. It has no power of selecting what is fine and discarding what is mean in its representation of any object, this, Art, in the best sense of the word, is alone capable of doing. As an auxiliary, however, the "Pencil of nature" is of infinite use to the painter. Some

of the best portraits we have seen of late have been copies from the Daguerreotype, the portrait of the Duke of Wellington in the white waistcoat, which is seen in every printseller's window, is a glorious example of what use it can be made as a handmaid of Art. In all matters of outline and light, and shade, these sun pictures might with great advantage be copied, and we should recommend those who cannot afford to have their portraits painted by first-rate artists to have copies taken from a Daguerreotype. They will be startled at the excellence of the general likeness and picturesque effect which an indifferent painter will thus produce.

The Talbotype, as the process is called by the friends of its inventor, Mr. Fox Talbot, only differs from that of the Daguerreotype in the material on which the sun picture is drawn. In the latter, as is well known, a copper plate covered with a preparation of silver is employed; in the former, simple paper washed with a chemical preparation receives the picture. We wish to draw attention to this latter process, more particularly as it is one which all travellers in search of the picturesque should avail themselves of, if they would wish to bring home with them faithful copies of striking scenes. A little *camera obscura* (which might be made to fold up and put in the pocket), and a quire or so of this prepared paper, and he is set up with materials for the production of a series of pictures, whose beauty of detail Gerard Dow would have despaired to have accomplished, combined with a most artistic breadth of effect. Any person might produce these "sun pictures;" and to ladies in particular, the art would be peculiarly fitted. All that the operator has to do is to place the *camera* opposite the object to be copied at the proper focal distance—slip in a sheet of the prepared paper—let it stop a few seconds (experience alone will teach the exact time)—and he draws forth a perfect image; which, however, like the tune in Munchausen's horn, is at first latent, and requires warming, &c., to draw it forth. As many of our readers might like to make themselves acquainted with this art, we give them the recipe for the preparation of the photographic paper as communicated to the Royal Society. It is as follows:—

*Preparation of the Paper.*—Take a sheet of the best writing-paper, having a smooth surface, and a close and even texture.

The water-mark, if any, should be cut off, lest it should injure the appearance of the picture. Dissolve 100 grains of crystallised nitrate of silver in six ounces of distilled water. Wash the paper with this solution with a soft brush, on one side, and put a mark on that side whereby to know it again. Dry the paper cautiously at a distant fire, or else let it dry spontaneously in a dark room. When dry, or nearly so, dip it into a solution of iodide of potassium containing 500 grains of that salt dissolved in one pint of water, and let it stay two or three minutes in this solution. Then dip it into a vessel of water, dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and finish drying it at a fire, which will not injure it, even if held pretty near; or else it may be left to dry spontaneously.

All this is best done in the evening, by candlelight. The paper so far prepared I call *iodized paper*, because it has a uniform pale yellow coating of iodide of silver. It is scarcely sensitive to light, but, nevertheless, it ought to be kept in a portfolio or a drawer, until wanted for use. It may be kept for any length of time without spoiling or undergoing any change, if protected from the light. This is the first part of the preparation of Talbotype paper, and may be performed at any time. The remaining part is best deferred until shortly before the paper is wanted for use.

When that time is arrived, take a sheet of the iodized paper, and wash it with a liquid prepared in the following manner:—

Dissolve 100 grains of crystallised nitrate of silver in two ounces of distilled water; add to this solution one-sixth of its volume of strong acetic acid. Let this mixture be called A.

Make a saturated solution of crystallised gallic acid in cold distilled water. The quantity dissolved is very small. Call this solution B.

When a sheet of paper is wanted for use, mix together the liquids A and B in equal volumes, but only mix a small quantity of them at a time, because the mixture does not keep long without spoiling. I shall call this mixture the *gallo-nitrate of silver*.

Then take a sheet of iodized paper, and wash it over with this gallo-nitrate of silver, with a soft brush, taking care to wash it on the side which has been previously marked. This operation should be performed by candlelight. Let the paper rest half a minute, and then dip it into water. Then dry it lightly with blotting-paper, and, finally, dry it cautiously at a fire, holding it at a considerable distance therefrom. When dry, the paper is fit for use.

As we have said before, the images produced upon the paper are at first invisible; they are brought out, however, by washing the paper again with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming it before the fire. The artist should watch the picture as it developes itself; and when it has obtained the required degree of strength and clearness, he should stop further progress with the fixing liquid.

*The Fixing Process.*—To fix the picture, it should first be washed with water, then lightly dried with blotting paper, and then washed with a solution of *bromide of potassium*, containing one hundred grains of that salt dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water. After a minute or two, it should be again dipped in water, and then finally dried. The picture in this manner is very strongly fixed, and with this great advantage—that it remains transparent; and, therefore, there is no difficulty in obtaining a copy from it. The Talbotype picture, it should be remembered, is a *negative* one, in which the lights of nature are represented by shades; but the copies are *positive*—having the lights conformable to nature. The copies are taken by placing the picture upon the prepared paper, with a board below and a sheet of glass above it, and pressing the papers into close contact, with screws. A great number of pictures might thus be obtained from the original; a fact of much importance, as they might be used as illustrations to books of travel with the greatest success, binding up with the letter-press like ordinary engravings. After a little time, the original, it is true, grows faint; but it can be renewed at will, by washing it again with the gallo-nitrate of silver, and then warming it.*

May our readers profit from the perusal of this article. It is in the power of any of them to secure for ever many a dear association—many an old shady nook in the garden, where dear parents used to sit—many a social group caught in a happy moment—many a dear face now buried in the grave: what would we not give, when these have disappeared — their vague echoes still dwelling in our hearts—that we might snatch them from the great tide of oblivion to which they have drifted? We would gladly, then, see this art become general; that each family might thereby have its inner life chronicled by an artist so faithful and so expeditious, and whose charges come within the compass of the great mass of *the people.*

## THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. III.

Bentham—the distinguished man to whom I alluded at the end of my second article—has given to the doctrine which I oppose, as condemning democracy to impotence, the support of a principle, which he thought identical with human nature. By the power of his *criticism*, by the multitude of

his labours, by the universality of the applications he made of the principle, and by the clearness of his method,—for this, in my opinion, is Bentham's great merit,—he is not the founder, but the real head of the school. Through all its numerous transformations, the study of which contains a complete refutation of the principle, St. Simonians, Fourierists, Owenites, Communists, all are followers of Bentham. They differ on the employment of the means—on the organisation that is to ensure the triumph of the principle; but that principle is the same with them all—*utility*. Man has a right to happiness here below: *well being*, the *greatest possible happiness*, is the object of all individual and social labour.

I know that the theory of *rights* does not find favour with Bentham by name; but for all who understand the spirit and not the mere dead letter of Bentham, this is evidently only a quarrel with the word, or, to speak more correctly, a quarrel with the manner in which rights were understood when he began to write. Those were the times of Blackstone: the right spoken of, by whatever name it was called, natural or other right, was a something indefinite, malleable, which was identified with I know not what primitive, unwritten contract between the nation, the aristocracy, and the monarch. And he, the man of written law, a mind fond of codifying in the smallest detail; he who very justly denied the existence of that contract, and who considered the legislation and organisation of society radically bad, was irritated by the very name of *right*, and has somewhere called it the greatest enemy of reason. But ascending to a more elevated sphere than that of Blackstone or any other temporary application of right—*right*, that is the *individual*—the two schools which I have called those of Right and of Duty, are distinguished precisely by this, that one takes for its starting point the *individual* man, while the other starts from a collective idea, from the mission of humanity to trace his path for the individual. Bentham's writings recognise no idea superior to the individual; no collective starting point; no providential education of the human race; no progress of all towards the realisation of the ideal of a standard of excellence. An understanding able to sound the depths of an idea, but of no elevated horizon, fed from his tenderest youth with the doctrines of Helvetius, evidently devoid of all religious sentiment, and disinherited of the common inspiration of humanity by his contempt for the past—how should he have dwelt upon anything but on the sensations, or on the instinctive sympathies and antipathies, of the individual? Bentham, then, viewed in his whole tendencies, belongs to that philosophy of the last half of the eighteenth century, which, in the name of individual feelings and rights, proudly stood forward against the falsehoods of a society without life, and which was powerful to make a clear field of what existed, and to throw out promises for the future, but powerless, as I think, to realise them.

Man, then, is a being susceptible of pleasure and of pain. To seek the former and avoid the latter is the law of his being; to calculate well, his wisdom. Society may facilitate and guarantee to him many pleasures; it may avoid for him many pains: its object is to organise every thing with a view to the greatest happiness principle for all. In this way the public interest will be confounded with private interests. The act from which the greatest number of pleasures are derived will be virtuous; that which produces most pain will be vice. This, if I am not mistaken, is a dry, crude, but faithful enunciation of the doctrine of Bentham, and of two-thirds of the present democrats, in its essence.

Its incompleteness as to knowledge of human nature—its omission of all the finest, noblest, most dignifying capacities of our soul*—its abstraction of the supreme law of the collective world, the continual progressiveness of thought—the very vagueness of this word *utility*, which receives a different interpretation from every individual, and according to time and place—are things with which I have here nothing to do. To the power of the principle in producing the social transformation which we all invoke, to that alone I wish to draw the attention of my fellow labourers. A complete estimate of a man like Bentham cannot be even sketched in two or three pages.

Now I can understand that in face of a society founded on privilege, organised with a view to a monopoly of enjoyment by the minority, one should say as a protest—"*No: society ought to see to the well being of all.*" To have said this boldly and without reservation is the glory of Bentham. But to come to a party which pretends to a future, which in its faith is already emancipated from all veneration of privilege and monopoly, which demands from its chiefs an educational principle for society to come; to say to such a party—"*teach utility, the love of pleasure, and the abhorrence of pain,*"—this is what I own I cannot understand.

What! we desire to be a reforming, renovating party; we are bound to be more noble, more high-minded, more virtuous—for thence alone we can derive the legitimacy of our efforts—than the men of the party we oppose; we complain that at every step we meet with egoism; we deplore the systematic warfare to which an unbridled competition, without any higher regulating principle, has reduced society; we are continually speaking of fraternisation, association, and love; and to remedy those evils, to realise an ideal superior to that which now exists, we seek our weapons in the arsenal of the enemy; we say, "*That flag, under which the heart of the privileged has become narrow, withered, and sterile, shall be ours; we will aggrandise it, so long as it covers us all with its shade!*" To attain our object we must go back to principle; must re-attach the nations, which now go about groping their way in empty space, to the laws of progress, to humanity, to God; must raise the now fallen moral sense; must revive a sentiment of duty in the heart of these men now sunk into calculating machines; we must hold out a worthy object to all that thoughtful youth, which, born in the midst of ruins, falls so soon into doubt and discouragement; we must reconstitute for man a moral existence by enthusiasm and love; for the old existence founded on privilege and inequality is now only dust and ashes. And shall we pretend to do this, and to get men to follow us, while saying to them, "*Weigh pleasure and pain, and choose ye?*"

Let us see: 'tis certainly the present time that we are forced to take for our starting point. 'Tis no new-born generation, issued from beneath the robe of Bentham, gifted with his good intentions, warmed by his Utopian philanthropy, that we have to teach. No, 'tis the world which swarms around us—suffering, enjoying, competing, coveting, envying: 'tis the existing society, with its masters, its servants, its men who have everything, and its men who have nothing. You have there, on the one hand, a minority which possesses by right of inheritance, by aristocratic tradition, all the ele-

* See Bentham's *Table of the Springs of Action.*

ments of wealth—land, capital, machines; on the other, the majority, possessing only its arms, its power of labouring, and reduced to hire this out on the terms imposed by the former, on pain of death by famine. Between these two classes, you who would transform society throw down the word *utility*, the greatest possible well being. How reconcile these conflicting interests? The utility of the landowner is to sell his corn for the highest possible price—the utility of the manufacturer is to produce the most at the least possible expense. What suits the one is monopoly, the prohibitory system: what suits the other is the lengthening of the day of labour, and the greatest possible diminution of wages. How will you, without sacrifices and privations, reconcile these two utilities with that of the workman, which requires not only the assurance of an abundant return for his labour, and the acquisition of hours in which to develope his intellectual, and satisfy his moral, faculties, but which must inevitably urge him to seek a progressively increasing share of the profits with his employer? There is clearly no question here of a balance, of something correlative in matter of interest. The question is one of concessions and privations on the one hand—of gain on the other. By what arguments will you convince the former that for them utility consists in sacrificing a part of their enjoyments? By placing before them, you will say, the security they will thus acquire for the remainder; for if they refuse to do this, they will run the risk of losing the whole by a commercial crisis, by a famine, by an insurrection of the working classes. I know it well; but, honestly, do you think the uncertain future has much share in the calculations of the individual? Do you think the vague prospect of the scaffold has prevented many assassinations? Do you think the prospect of a future revolution enters much into the calculations of a statesman who upholds a despotic government? Have we ever seen the fear of a glut hinder many traders from throwing their goods into newly-opened markets? No; man in general calculates his utility for the duration of his own life; he willingly repeats for his private behoof the saying of the diplomatist—"*After me the deluge*;" or if he goes so far as to see a black spot rising on the horizon, he says to himself—"Let us wait for the storm; if there is one, we will then see to it."

You have—the example has been quoted already, but to me it appears striking—you have an inheritance to divide. Divide it, says the system by the voice of Bentham, so that the subsistence of the rising generation shall be secured, the pains of disappointed expectation shall be prevented, and the equalisation of fortunes promoted. How so, pray? What measures will you take that, in this country where I write, there shall be no disappointed expectation, either on the side of the eldest born or of younger sons? That in every country there be no disappointed expectation on the part of the generation that is passing away, or that which is rising in the country?

I know that there will be loud outcries against this: the utility, it will be said, that we have in view is the *general* utility: it embraces future generations. The landed proprietor, the head of a manufactory, must feel that the question concerns not their interest, but that of all; the first-born will not think his expectation disappointed because an injustice has not been committed: man should desire, as far as possible, not *his own* well-being, but equality of well-being. *Should?* And why? Do you not see that you are appealing to another principle?—to a religious principle? Do you not see that you have invoked something superior to all the individualities that constitute your society; something superior to all the laws that you can promulgate in the name of utility; viz., *Justice?*

Again it is said, Justice and Utility are identical: Justice is the idea—Utility is its symbol, its outward sign. By preaching the latter, then, we by implication preach the principle. Yes; Justice and Utility are identical to the world, but not to the agent; in their final, but not in their intermediate results. In the eyes of all who can penetrate great historical events, the Crusades struck the first blow at feudalism; they were providentially made to further the progress of humanity. Does this prove that the thousands of crusaders who fell by famine and the sword in Hungary and Greece, even before they kissed the dust of the tomb of Jesus, reaped any advantage on their way? The fall of the Roman empire, again, was providentially an advance in the progress of the species; in the only way in which they then could draw near each other, the north and south of Europe came into contact, and by their shock prepared the way for a vaster world than the Latin world. Can we say that the millions of Italians, pillaged, crushed, enslaved by those who were then called Barbarians, would not have had a right to protest in the name of Utility against the law of circumstances which imposed martyrdom upon them? Utility, a higher degree of material and moral well being, is always the *last* consequence of a great revolution, of a great justice accomplished; but how many tears, how much bloodshed, how many sacrifices to attain it! The instinct of human responsibility, the instinct of Justice, may induce a people to sacrifice one or two generations on the field of battle, or in the slower and less brilliant martyrdom of civil struggle—of moral sufferings: but who will say to it: "*In the name of thy own advantage, sacrifice thyself! in the name of thy well being, die?*"

The obstinacy with which men perseveringly cling to an idea, often to a word, when once adopted, has something in it astonishing: one would say that, like the shipwrecked mariner in the immensity of ocean clinging to a fragment of wood, as to a plank of safety, so the human mind, struck with fear of falling into the void gulf of scepticism, seeks to make of that word, of that fragment of an idea, a pillow to rest on. I have known souls eminently religious, whose every feeling was stamped with the poetry of faith, whose every thought was an aspiration after infinitude, persevere, perhaps in consequence of a reaction against the God such as sectarians had painted him to them, in denying God, and in making of the great and beauteous universe a lifeless machine, a huge body without soul, floating over the abyss of annihilation between Chance and Fatality. I have many times met with utilitarians in theory—sincere, ardent, enthusiastic—who accepted all our belief in duty, in sacrifice, in a collective advance on the great ways of progress, and saying to me—"*That is what we desire*," without seeming even to suspect they had, speaking logically, no right to do so; that they could not spring from individual advantage to general utility without introducing into their theory a third term superior to the former two, which is not in it, and which, if introduced into it, would break it to pieces. Their heart taught them better than their understanding; or rather, their understanding had, without acknowledging it, long since abandoned a theory too

lightly adopted: the word alone remained with them; and that word annoyed and fascinated them by turns; that word persecuted them like Frankenstein's monster, demanding of them a soul; they wanted to give it our's; they would willingly have introduced Plato, the man "who talked nonsense," into Bentham. They acted like our Neo-catholics, who seek to introduce Liberty beneath the infallible mitre of the Roman Catholic Papacy.

But let me conjure you, my friends, think what you do. Here the question is not of you, but of all—of the now living, with their corrupt inclinations, their want of moral vitality—of those who shall come into life, a tablet virgin of all impressions, a white leaf without written characters, calling on you for a principle of education. And this principle of education can be but a definition of human life. Is life a sensation, a succession of sensations? or is it a finite manifestation of the eternal Idea, developing itself progressively through temporary forms? Is it a simple *fact*, without antecedents or consequences? or is it a *duty* to be fulfilled? Is it the search for happiness here below? or is it the accomplishment of a mission—the search for, and successive realisation of, the ideal, of the divine thought which presided at our birth, at the birth of those milliards of worlds that roll in harmony around us, and melt together into a unison of which we shall seize more and more? Will you say to these young men, will you say to your children—"*Calculate pleasures and pains?*" or will you repeat to them that beautiful saying of one of our party*—"*There is but one sole virtue in the world—the eternal sacrifice of self?*" Will you intrust their young spirits to the barren, godless formula of interest; or will you comment for them that great saying of Jesus—"*Let him who would be the first among you make himself the servant of all?*" This is what you are called on to determine. But in deciding, forget yourselves. Look to men such as you have them in general around you. Do not—because you live with our life, because unknown to yourselves you breathe the morning breeze of the day that is about to dawn—do not pretend that all which is found at the bottom of your heart arises spontaneously in the heart of the millions. Do not say, because you are ready to see your utility in martyrdom, that the Glasgow workman and his master, the Irish labourer and the middleman, the child who works in the mine and he who with a strap prevents him from falling asleep, will not find theirs elsewhere. *Martyrdom!* Your theory is disinherited of it. It cannot impose it on the individual in the name of his well being. Jesus is unintelligible to it: Socrates, if it be at all consistent, must seem to it like the *nonsense-talking* Plato, a sublime fool. There was, at the bottom of his cup of hemlock, something more than a calculation of pleasure or of disappointed expectation.

What I am about to say does not appear very scientific, but I could wish people would submit to take the answer to the problem from the words of a mother—a good mother—to her child. There, in that primitive instruction dictated by love, and in which God reveals himself by sudden illuminations that are worth many volumes—there, I think, will be found the condemnation of the principle of utility as the basis of education. Mothers know, and we also know it, that if happiness here below was the object of life, our world would be but a sad failure.

The life of man is a journey, whose end is elsewhere. Like the flower, it has its root in the earth, and must force its way through its element, to blow in a subtler element, air. Pain and pleasure, happiness and unhappiness, are the incidents of the journey. The wind blows, the rain falls, the traveller fastens his cloak, sets his hat on firmly, and prepares for the struggle; at a later time the storm passes off, a ray of sunshine breaks forth and warms his numbed limbs: the traveller smiles with pleasure—he thanks God in his heart. But have the sun and the rain changed the end of the journey?

Bentham and his school have taken the incident for the object. To speak more correctly, they have seized one of the results of a principle, and have said—"That is the principle itself." They saw that with every great *moral* progress of man, with every great conquest of the spirit of association and love in history, there corresponded, sooner or later, a material amelioration, an augmentation of comfort; and from this providential fact—which is but one of the means of verifying human progress, and which, I repeat, is almost always realised, when the immediate agent has disappeared—they concluded that we have only to make this fact the basis and the object of life. They began the problem at the end, and attempted to poise the pyramid on its apex. Their conduct somewhat resembles that of the child, who maintained that the two expressions—*to eat to live*, and *to live to eat*—were identical. How did they fail to see that by substituting the fact for the principle, they deprived themselves of what alone can produce the fact?—that, in order to realise it, a society is needed ready-formed and immutable, imbued with the principle?—that setting out with private interest, they must end either by making egotists, or by the absurdity of a private interest realised for the individual in the interest of those who shall live after him?—lastly, that one may indeed give an apple or a cake in the evening, as a reward to the child who has occupied his day industriously and well; but that if one were to think of saying to him—"*Thy object is the cake or the apple*," one should run the risk of seeing the child rob the neighbour's shop or garden as soon as he hoped to do so undiscovered? Here there would be but one reply—repression; and one would say that Bentham instinctively felt this, when he commenced the series of his labours by organising the Panopticon. But what sort of educational principle is that which is founded on repression?

No, it is not by speaking of interest and pleasure, that Democracy will remould the globe; it is not by a theory of utility, that we shall make the sufferings of the poorer classes, and the urgent necessity for a remedy, *felt* by the well-lodged, well-clothed, and well-fed classes. It is possible you may make them think your theory very ingenious; but between that and *action*, between that and devotion, is an abyss which you will never fill. Man, some one has said, is quite willing to admire knowledge, but on condition that knowledge shall not derange a hair of his head. So sweet is careless ease by one's paternal hearth, in the midst of smiling faces, when the storm blows without, and the driving rain beats against the strong panes of the window!

There were utilitarians, also, about the time of the fall of the Roman empire. Their formula was then *panem et circenses*—bread and amusements; and under the reign of that formula, accepted by the people, Rome, devoured by the gangrene of egotism, rotted and perished. Jesus came. He endeavoured not to save the perishing world by analysis. He spoke not of their interest to men

* Georges Sand.

whom interest had degraded. He laid down, in the name of heaven, some unknown axioms; and these few axioms *did* change the face of the world. A single spark of *faith* effected what all the schools of the philosophers had not even a glimpse of—a step in the education of the human race.

## THE LAW OF OPINION.

A TALE.

By Georgina C. Munro.

It was the last day of the assizes in a country town, and a man sat on the wayside a few miles distant from that town, his chin resting on both hands, his elbows on his knees, his gaze fixed on the ground, and his whole air betokening the extreme of despondency or sullenness. Perhaps of both; for though he was young, scarce two and twenty, there was a deep gloom on his brow, which might be referred to either feeling, and a lurid gloom was in the downcast eyes, while his cheeks were pale and sunken, through anguish of mind, not want or illness. His entire worldly possessions were contained in the small bundle lying beside him, tied up in a handkerchief. Truly all his possessions, for he had neither good character nor friends. At those assizes just terminating, he had been arraigned for murder—the murder of his dearest friend, the ascribed motive being the appropriation of a trifling sum belonging to the deceased. There was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against him, but a connecting link was wanting, and he was found "Not guilty:" a Scottish jury would have said "Not proven;" but no such middle course being allowed in England, the result was an acquittal. But what an acquittal! No hand was extended in friendly greeting; no voice welcomed him back to liberty, no eye looked kindly on him. He was restored to all the privileges of a free-born Englishman; but he was an outcast from the society of his countrymen. The law pronounced him innocent; but the public voice proclaimed him guilty, and renounced his fellowship. On being recognised that morning, he had been dismissed with insult from the miserable lodging whither he had betaken himself the previous evening. He had been reviled, hooted, and pelted beyond the outskirts of the town, and only saved from personal injury by the interference of the officers of that law it was assumed he had offended; and his spirit was chafed and his feelings wounded by the contumely with which he had been treated.

How long he had been there he could not have told: the shadows might have moved, but he marked them not—all was shadow now to him; while the flight of time was unevidenced by any diminution of the weariness of body or lassitude of mind which had bade him pause there to rest. There were footsteps along the road, and voices approaching, but he did not look up; at that moment he seemed not to care who the passers by might be. Suddenly one near to him pronounced his name and the crime for which he had been tried, coupled with opprobrious and insulting epithets. He started to his feet with his bundle in his hand, and looked wildly round him. Several lads were gathered in a semicircle, and one of their number having just proclaimed his identity with the object of universal detestation, they were gazing on him with looks of mingled aversion and curiosity. "Stand back, all of you!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, in a threatening tone, indignant at being stared at in that manner, like a wild beast.

They retreated a few yards; then, emboldened by distance and numbers, began to taunt and upbraid him with the death of his friend, and with many a degrading thought and evil passion which had never entered his heart nor his imagination, until stung to madness by their provocations, he raised a large stone which lay at his feet, though more with the intention of dispersing his tormentors than of injuring any one of them. A shout of defiance from the young ruffians strengthened his purpose, and already the missile was poised in his hand, when a voice seemed to echo that hated word "murder," but in warning, in his ear; then recalled in an instant to himself, he repulsed the temptation of revenge, cast the stone to the ground, and springing over the hedge, amidst a yell of exultation from the youthful champions of justice, bounded away across the country, over fence and ditch and field, in his headlong flight towards his home.

Home! What a world of meaning is conveyed by that single word? What does it not imply of hope and gladness, of sweetest memories, strong affections, and pure and stingless pleasures. And shunned and miserable as he was, even that unhappy being had a home, where dwelt those who were very dear unto his heart. But how might they receive him! The doubt had inflicted greater agony on his spirit than the bitterest taunts of his most savage persecutors. It was dusk when he entered his native village, and involuntarily he slunk along with a stealthy step, lest the sound of his foot might awaken animosity. Many weeks had elapsed since he was there last, and though all was still the same, it looked different to him. There were the same cottages with their low quaint fences, and walls draperied with honeysuckle and roses; but as he passed they seemed to frown on him somewhat of the abhorrence with which the once kindly tenants now would meet him. The village church, built on a rising ground, was soon observable, looking shadowy and spectre-like amid the gloom; and he remembered his childish awe, in years gone by, at the thought that he should one day be placed beneath the green turf which girt it round—now he would that he had been laid there then. There, too, was the blacksmith's shed, where he had so often loitered in idle hours; some work still detained the blacksmith at his anvil, and it was surrounded by loungers, talking eagerly—alas! he could but too well guess the subject of their conversation! A little shop, with oranges, eggs, cakes, bull's-eyes, and such kinds of sweetmeats, in the window, stood near: it was his mother's—he had not seen her since his arrest, and he knew that she had been very ill during the interval—ill through distress at the charge brought against him. Long ere this she would have known of his release: would she, could she, too, share in the general aversion he had excited?

With a faltering step he entered beneath the humble roof—the shop was empty, and he passed onward to the open door, which led into the inner room. At the sound of his footstep, a girl, who had sat crouching on a low stool beside the fire, rose and came forward, and on seeing him, flung herself into his arms, and burst into tears. She was his sister, his only one, and they had been a great deal to each other; yet as he kissed her cheek, he almost fancied she shrunk from the caress. He released her from his embrace, and approached his mother, who, ghastly pale and

looking, as she was, heartbroken, sat motionless as a statue in the ancient high-backed chair, which his grandmother used to occupy of old. Her countenance was so rigid, her form so deathlike, that he dared not, as he could have wished, fall upon her neck, but he knelt down at her feet, as he used to do as a child, when she would teach him those prayers he had too frequently omitted of later years. The poor woman laid a hand on either shoulder, and looked into his face. "Thank God, you have come back!" said she in a low voice—"thank God that you are safe! But, oh that I should ever have lived to see this day!"

"Mother, mother!" said the wretched man, hoarsely, "I am innocent—I am innocent of shedding blood, as when I lay an infant in your arms! Mother, say you do not think me guilty!"

"I hope you are not, Richard," replied the mother. "God only knows how earnestly I hope you are not."

And this was Richard Drewatt's welcome home, after all his sorrow, his sufferings, and his danger, and by those who loved him better than did any one else on earth. But the curse of imputed crime was upon him; and even his nearest and dearest could not feel towards him as of old. They were kind to him, however, and strove hard that he should perceive no difference in their mode of treating him; though, notwithstanding all their efforts, scarcely a minute passed without some involuntary betrayal of the change. For some days he remained quiet, without stirring abroad: he was, indeed, unfit for looking after anything. But while keeping still as death in the little room over the shop, the kindly-meant, but often ill-judged, remarks of the occasional customers—from whom his arrival was attempted to be concealed—reached his ears, telling him in what estimation he was held by former friends.

The village stood within two miles of a large town, whither he at length proceeded one morning in quest of employment, having stolen from his mother's dwelling before daybreak, like a thief escaping from prison, and gained the open country ere any of the neighbours were awake. Near the entrance to the town was the shop where he had learned and wrought at his trade of cabinet-maker, and he called there first, not with any expectations of success; for though his former master had given him a good character on his trial, he had not shown him any kindness afterwards; but Richard had nerved his mind to the effort to stem the tide of persecution, and assumed that, being acquitted, he must necessarily be considered innocent. But to his application, the master answered coldly that his place was filled up, and no more hands were at present needed. He went to another, and yet another, until he had been at every shop of the description in the town, but with equally bad success: in each establishment there was some one that knew him, and his application was cut short at once. The last of the number belonged to the former foreman of his old master, and his refusal of employment, though as decided, was more kindly worded than most others. Drewatt turned to go away, and yet he hesitated. "It is this unfortunate story against me prevents your taking me on," said he, at length. "Surely, sir, you cannot believe that I am guilty?"

"I do not myself," was the reply, "but I am sorry to say there is a feeling against you, and my men would not let you work with them."

Sad, and sick at heart, Richard stole back to his mother's house in the dim twilight. How different it was in former times, when from that very town which now rejected his proffered labour, he used to return every evening, tired perhaps with his work, but gay and happy, and to a home indeed made blessed by affection and innocent and spontaneous merriment. Now they were forced and very mournful smiles which greeted him; and he had scarcely voice enough to recal his disappointments, expected though they had been.

On the following morning he set forth again, on a similar errand, to another town, about twelve miles distant from the village. But the same ill-fortune still attended him: some really had no vacancy for workmen, some looked suspiciously at him—for his description had gone the round of all the papers—and then declined engaging him. One person there was, evidently inclined to give him work, who asked his name, looked queer on hearing it, and inquired if he had not been till lately in the employ of Mr. Dunn at C. Richard replied in the affirmative, and was told there was no employment for him there.

Yet more dejected than before, the unfortunate man retraced his steps, resolving without further loss of time to quit the village perhaps for ever, to prosecute at a greater distance from the scene of his rebuffs and insults, his search of an opportunity to earn his subsistence honestly, by the labour of his hands. His immediate removal was indeed requisite; for the fact of his presence began to be whispered abroad, and people were growing chary of sending their children to the shop, where a reputed murderer might be encountered, and were not over-ready to come themselves. And this shop being now the widow's sole support, loss of custom would be too ruinous to be lightly hazarded. Were we giving the rein to *invention*, we might have sought to work upon the reader's feelings by depicting such loss of custom as being the immediate consequence of the general feeling against Richard. But we are relating a plain unvarnished tale; and in this instance the worthy villagers did not thus visit the presumed misdeeds of the son upon his unoffending parent; though the school which Kate kept formerly had inevitably to be discontinued.

[*To be continued.*]

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## Poetry for the People.

### NATURE'S CARNIVAL.

By Andrew Winter.

Standing by the garden gate,
Little Mary scarce can wait
For her promised game of play
In the orchard blanched with May.

Oh, I see her, this way, that,
Glancing, whilst her old straw hat
Just a little mask hath made
'Thwart her brow of shifting shade!

"Now," says she, "I'm full of fun;
Take my hand and let us run."
Stooping heads and shading eyes;
Out behind, our hair, it flies.

Swift as swallows skim the grass,
In and out the trees we pass;
Sun and shade, like golden lace,
Falling on each rosy face.

Now the blossoms, white as snow,
Pelt us as we run below;
Nature holds her Easter day—
These her bonbons of the May.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, November 21st, 1846.*

*Infant Education and the establishment of Infant Schools.*—I have the pleasure of informing thee that, some time ago, I believe, in the commencement of the present year, the Rev. R. Ainslie, of London, secretary to the Congregational Board of Education, delivered a lecture in Bedworth, on "Infant Education, and the establishment of Infant Schools." The lecture was one of a very enlightened character. It was delivered in the Old Independent Chapel, a large place, which was thickly studded with attentive listeners to an exposition of the nature and capabilities of mankind, such as they had not been in the habit of hearing from the pulpit. The result has been the formation of an infant school, under the superintendance of a well-skilled and talented mistress. She has had great difficulties to contend with on account of the ignorance and prejudice of the people, and also of the committee. At present, however, it is progressing in a very satisfactory manner.—J. J.

*Mutual Improvement Society.*—The young men of Woodhouse, near Leeds, have imitated the example set them by the young men of other districts in and about Leeds, and formed themselves into a Mutual Improvement Society. A week or two ago, they opened their classes with about sixty pupils; and they have also established a reading-room, which is already well-frequented! May they prosper!—S.

*Saxmundham Spade Husbandry Association.*—The following notice of the Saxmundham Spade Husbandry Association may be interesting to the readers of the *People's Journal*. It originated at Saxmundham, a market-town about twenty miles from Ipswich, and has purchased a farm in the neighbouring village of Snape, comprising twenty-eight acres of medium soil, situated high and dry, and inclined to be light. This the society manures with the ooze from the Snape river, about two miles distant from the farm. This manure is well adapted for a light soil, as it is salt, and fat as butter. It costs them only sixpence per load, and the man employed in filling and carting it can earn the very high wage in those parts of twenty shillings per week, when many would be glad to get eight. There is a large barn and two cottages attached to the farm. The land looks clean, and the crops excellent. The society numbers forty members, who hold in shares. They have had their rules legally enrolled by the revising barrister for benefit societies. During the first year of their possession they cleared, after paying all expenses, the large profit, on so small a farm as twenty-eight acres, of 140*l*. This is a strong testimony in favour of the spade *versus* plough—a grand witness for the man against the horse; a great cause which has yet to be tried in the courts of equity. The society also has shared among themselves the consumption of five head of cattle fed upon their farm. The surrounding labourers who, instead of horses, receive the benefit of their capital, have reason to bless their association.—G. B.

*Foleshill Co-operative Stores.*—At Foleshill, a large straggling village, near Coventry, there are now, and have been for some time, six co-operative stores established. Five of these are remarkably prosperous. The members of these stores, thus quietly established in a retired nook in Warwickshire, amount in number to about 200. Each of them receives a dividend of the profits, averaging 4*l*. per head, every Christmas. Thus, as far as they have gone, they have been successful. Their next object should be an agricultural association.—G. B.

*Anti-Slavery League.*—Sir: I have just risen from a perusal of William Howitt's article on the Anti-Slavery League, and am prompted to ask how I (who am an imperfectly educated operative,) can aid in forwarding this grand design for hastening forward the "good time coming?" I have ever been most anxious that the man of colour should be raised to his proper position—be hailed as a fellow man—a *free* man throughout the universe; and I have for some time past felt that my class—the sons of toil—thought too lightly of the wrongs suffered by those other sons of toil, the poor despised, insulted, scourged slaves. Why does this apathy exist? Why has it so long existed? Not because the British artisan is callous as to the sufferings of his fellow man; not because he considers that it is a matter which does not concern him: but simply because the subject has not been placed in its true light before his mental vision. He has been dreaming that, as England has emancipated *her* slaves, the slave trade has become a mere matter of history; but he is now awaking to a sense of the leviathan size and power of the slave trade at this moment. And I venture to assert, and events will speedily confirm or give the lie to the assertion, that hundreds of thousands of working men in this country are ready and willing to help this glorious new-born messenger of peace and human brotherhood forward, till the shackles shall be struck from the limbs of the last slave, and universal man declared free, equal, and independent. Let us have a chance of testing our love for this grand cause—this doctrine of man's equality—and I apprehend that the slave will soon be free. With such examples as Wilberforce and Clarkson before our mind's eye, and with such earnest and zealous labourers bodily before us as William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglas, William Howitt, George Thompson, Henry Vincent, Elihu Burritt, and numerous others, the "League" must soon acquire a moral and numerical strength which will be felt wherever slavery in any form exists. Hail to the great-hearted men who have begun in this philanthropic cause! More power to their arms! May they go on increasing in power and numbers with the speed of lightning, till this heinous sin of slavery shall no longer pollute the church of Christ and disgrace the name of man!

If convenient, I should be happy to see a notice of a line or two on the last leaf of an early number, stating the head-quarters of the Anti-Slavery League. I apprehend that a branch will shortly be formed in Sheffield, but while we are delaying, slaves are dying—dying in *forced* ignorance of Gospel truth, as if they had no souls, or, having souls, they were systematically sent before their Maker in ignorance darker than their own skins, merely because their bodies are claimed as the personal property of professing Christians, and an intellectual, moral, and religious training would *reduce the value* of the slave.—I remain, yours truly,

*Sheffield.* CRESWICK R. CORBITT.

*Hints for Good.*—Some ladies of Marylebone have formed a committee to inquire into the state of the poor of the neighbourhood, and to minister to their necessities during the prevalence of scarcity and severe weather. For this purpose they have instituted a penny subscription, and have, in a short time, succeeded in raising 12*l*. The committee hope that this hint may be extensively acted upon.

*National Land and Building Association.*—This institution progresses very satisfactorily. Some influential persons appear in connection with it; and among them, Luke James Hansard, Esq., who has subscribed upwards of 100*l*. to promote the purposes of the association. An estate of about 100 acres, situated thirty miles from London, has been secured; and upon this it is proposed to erect the first village.

*Symptom of Progress.*—The British Organisation of the "Evangelical Alliance" has declared by a resolution almost unanimously adopted, "That no holder of a slave shall be eligible to its membership."

*The Ten-hours' Labour Question.*—At the recent annual *soiree* of the Bradford Mechanics' Institution, Lord Morpeth delivered an eloquent oration upon the benefits resulting from such institutions, and urged the operatives to avail themselves of the opportunities for relaxation after their daily toil. A correspondent thus expresses himself on the subject:—"Would that these recommendations could be reduced to practice! But how is this to be done? First, by giving the operative classes *time* and *opportunity* for attending the Mechanics' Institutes. This, I regret to say, is a point very much overlooked by the advocates of such institutions. For instance,

Lord Morpeth voted, in the last session of Parliament' against short hours of labour in factories; in other words, he voted for keeping the Bradford operatives in the factories till half-past seven or eight o'clock in the evenings; and then he goes down to Bradford and invites the operatives to attend the Mechanics' Institute. Why, they cannot; and for this good reason: that he and others have voted to keep them in the mills. There is a gross inconsistency here, which Lord Morpeth and many others seem altogether to have overlooked. When the operative is liberated from his factory late in the evening, he is exhausted, and fitter for sleep than for study. Supposing him to be anxious to attend a Mechanics' Institute, he must be washed and dressed, and walk to the Institute. He cannot reach it before half-past eight; and he must be to bed by half-past nine or ten o'clock, in order to be up again at five in the morning. To speak of factory operatives attending Mechanics' Institutes, under such circumstances, is something like a mockery. It is obviously a matter of impossibility. Hence *no* factory operatives are members of Mechanics' Institutes; nor will they become so, until the hours of labour have been reduced. I say it advisedly and decidedly, that those who vote in Parliament against short hours of labour in factories, are voting against the moral and intellectual improvement of operatives, and against the spread of Mechanics' Institutes and Mutual Improvement Societies; and eloquent speeches, however well meant, and rapturously received, will not mend the matter. The cause of shorter hours of labour is the cause of education; and they who are really in favour of the latter must prove it by voting for the former."—S.

*Warrington Mechanics' Institution.*—The honorary secretary of this institution has favoured us with the details of a plan adopted by the directors, with the view of encouraging and enabling the poorer mechanics of the town and neighbourhood to avail themselves of the lectures and entertainments provided by the institution:—"They have commenced a series of penny weekly subscriptions, the whole of which will be spent during the season in procuring literary and scientific lecturers, and musical and other entertainments, to which the subscriber, or any person sent by him with his ticket, shall have free admission. They will engage only performers and lecturers of the highest respectability and character in their several departments, the object of the directors being to procure rational enjoyment for the working classes at the lowest possible cost to each subscriber, and thus to familiarise their minds with productions of the highest excellence, and so give them that intellectual and moral elevation of character which is the object of all sound secular education." This plan may probably be adopted by Mechanics' Institutions generally with great advantage. In the commencement of the season Mr. Macready favoured the Institution by reading *Macbeth*. The theatre, which has been taken and fitted up by the directors, was crowded. Since then, Mr. Phillips has given his popular entertainments, and lectures also have been delivered.

*Cheap Tea.*—SIR: Allow me to call your attention to the new organisation instituted at Liverpool, for procuring a reduction of the duties on tea. These duties are excessive, amounting to 2*s.* 2½*d.* per pound. I suggest that this movement is deserving the energetic support of all those who are seeking to enlarge the domestic comfort of the toiling classes, and who desire to make the home of the working man more attractive than the public-house. It will be one of the greatest aids to the temperance movement that can be conceived; and I am pleased to observe that some staunch temperance men—among them Lawrence Heyworth, Esq.—are already in the ranks. You often suggest the propriety of *ladies* using their influence in various works of reform; is not *this* a movement in which they may legitimately exert themselves? Are *they* not peculiarly interested in the "free tea" question? Who among those that deny to woman the exercise of public influence, will call in question her right to assume a patriotism in the struggle for cheap tea? I presume that all necessary information, preparatory to action, may be obtained from the secretary, 1, Exchange-buildings, Liverpool.—P.

### SPARE THE POOR.

By J. BRADSHAWE WALKER.

[A Working Man, and the Author of *Wayside Flowers*, &c. —EDITOR.]

Our strength is labour, spare the poor
  From thoughts averse to love and peace;
Go oftener to the cottage door,
  Be brothers, let distinction cease.

The strongest might support the weak,
  Till strength would daily stronger grow;
A nation's faith would never break,
  Thus bound in one—the high, the low.

Forge ye no more the chains of hate,
  Your kindred worms to bind in pains:
Sin's night is surely wearing late;
  Creation's dawn will breathe again!

Why of their friendship record keep,
  Or read their faults with lightning eye?
Where treasur'd wrongs are old and deep,
  Disease and error festering lie.

From blighting scorn, oh, spare the poor!
  (For ye they toil from youth to age;)
God's love will thus abound the more,
  And Charity your time engage.

They have their sympathies, like you;
  Forgive them all their cheerless plaint:
Affection would, like kindly dew,
  Restore the erring and the faint.

A forest rank with human weeds,
  Your brethren still, oh, spare the poor!
Go, Luxury, learn their pinching needs,
  For this Heaven gave thy golden store.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and* not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarrantee of the writer's good faith.*

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By *distributing our Prospectus as widely as possible* among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of Prospectuses for this purpose, free of expense.

2nd. By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances) particular numbers that seem to the purchasers best calculated to promote the sale of the Journal in their own localities or circles. These will be supplied carriage free at 10*s.* per hundred.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE AVENGING ANGEL.

BY THE GERMAN PAINTER, RATHEL.

## THE AVENGING ANGEL.

This engraving is a German rather than a Grecian representation of the Nemesis of the mythology. According to the classical reading, she should be represented with a stern countenance, holding in one hand a whip and in the other a pair of scales, and her province was that of avenging crimes which human justice left unpunished. Rathel, the painter, with true genius, gives a natural embodiment to this beautiful and impressive allegory. His Spirit of Retribution is rather the Avenging Angel of the Scriptures, which pursueth crime unceasingly to its punishment. The manner in which he has treated this fine moral idea is grand in the extreme. He has represented the Angel holding in one hand the hour-glass in which, grain by grain, Time counts the approach towards the final day of retribution; in the other she holds the avenging-sword. The artist has daringly violated our ordinary ideas of flight in the upright attitude of the Angel; but in doing this he has only sacrificed a material verity for the purpose of exalting a moral truth. By this means he the more forcibly contrasts the calm aspect of coming justice with the perturbed flight of the murderer, who, even on the wide heath, flies darkly from his victim, pursued by guilty fear. The moaning wind sweeps across the waste, as expressed by the thistles which bend beneath its influence. This little incident is an example of the German fondness for bringing into harmony the aspects of nature and human feeling. With their better class writers, and with the most eminent artists, this sympathy between mind and matter is a very peculiar feature, and one in which the Greeks alone surpassed them.

And now let us say a word or two in answer to hints which we have received, that in presenting these master-pieces of art, we have adopted too high a standard of excellence for a portion of our readers—the Working Classes. Great minds want for their audience human passions, human sympathies—men and women, in short, as contradistinguished from mere gentlemen and ladies. Shakspeare, we find, is banished from the patent theatres, and has retreated to the unfashionable neighbourhoods of the Surrey Theatre and Sadler's Wells: there he is listened to with breathless attention—there his noble sentiments receive their full and deep echo in the applause of an audience, unpolished, if you will, but still true to nature. Macready, night after night, reads the plays of our great dramatist in mechanics' institutions! Who shall say, then, that what is really great and noble cannot be yet appreciated by the Working Classes? Indeed, if we contrast their amusements with those of the fashionable world, they seem to have the best of it; for all the West End has of late been running after disgusting dwarfs, the human tripod, and Vidocq the thief-catcher! We rely, then, and shall continue to rely, upon the working men for a due appreciation of our efforts in this department of our paper. To elevate the masses is our great aim; this can never be done by either writing *down* or painting *down* "to the meanest capacity," as the practice has hitherto been of popular Literature and Art. To familiarise the eye to what is Beautiful is to educate it. In doing this we are labouring in a worthy cause, for this knowledge of the Beautiful is the one great point in which our working classes are inferior to those of continental nations.

A. W.

## GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

By Franklin Fox.

### No. IV.—Madagascar.

St. Augustine's Bay is the great rendezvous on the coast of Madagascar for whale ships who put in there to recruit—that is to obtain a "fresh mess," a small supply of live stock, wood, and water. The bay is partly formed by a river, from the mouths of which (there are two) the shore stretches out to the left, forming a high bluff headland, and to the right branches into a cove wooded to the water's edge, and extends its low wavy line of bay and sandy beach far as the eye can see. This cove is as beautiful in appearance as it is the reverse in name, and in the associations that are connected with the tragedy enacted there. It was christened in the blood of four of our countrymen—the boat's crew of an English frigate—as "Massacre Bay." They were murdered by the treacherous and revengeful tribe of savages that frequent there, and inhabit a place called Tent Rock, a little lower down on the coast, and from which a party of them take their name. The canoes which they make use of are exceedingly light, made from the trunk of a tree hollowed out, and they manage them very skilfully. One of them ranged up within speaking distance of the "Endeavour," as we were sailing in, and a well-made copper-coloured fellow, who was standing up in his canoe, nearly naked, hailed us with all the authority of a harbour master. "What ship's dat? Who's captain dat ship, sar?" shouted he, as we swept past his little bark, leaving him gesticulating vehemently, and stamping with impatience at the laughter which his would-be magnificent air of command had excited on board.

"Let go the anchor," sung out the old man. "All gone," and here we are ready for our last weary toil, to wood and water for the passage home, and then "Hurrah! for Bedford—homeward-bound, and a full ship, my boys!" cry some; and "Hurrah! for Yankee land!" say the rest of us. "It's all the same—so roll up your shirt sleeves, and go to work, *Jack*," interposed the mate.

In the meantime, before the anchor was well down, we were surrounded by a fleet of canoes, and the natives, with their spears in hand, were swarming up on every side, and the ship was speedily crowded with them. It has been established as a rule, by vessels visiting here, that two of the natives should surrender themselves unarmed, and always remain on board as pledges of the good faith of their countrymen, and to insure the safety of the lives of the crew when ashore. Notwithstanding this, our captain was rather alarmed at the numbers that infested the ship, particularly as we were so short-handed; however, there was no help for it, and we had nothing left us but to be civil to them. Many of them brought shells of various descriptions, and fruits, chiefly cocoa-nuts and water-melons, which they bartered for all kinds of linen cloth or calico, indiscriminately designated as "clouty," brass buttons, powder (which they prize highly), or iron hoop for their spear heads. The squaws—nearly all of whom were well-formed, and many of them good-looking—were under the protection of hideously ugly old things, of what sex was always a matter of doubt to me, resembling superannuated baboons more than anything else. Some of the men stalked about the deck spear in

hand, and fine athletic, graceful-looking fellows they were: they would occasionally stop, when they thought themselves unobserved, and seizing one of the iron rings bolted in the ship's side, pull at it with all their might, thinking they had a great prize. Every now and then one would seize a sailor by the arm, and leading him apart with an air of immense importance, say—"Ah! you friendly the me?"

"Oh, yes," replies Jack.

"Me friendy the you—givcy the beef."

This was a capital argument for them, but they did not see the full weight of it when reversed by us, with an accompanying demand for water-melons.

The women display some taste for music, and have a large collection of tunes of all sorts gathered from the sailors of ships visiting there. Of an evening, twenty or thirty of them would group themselves together, lying about the deck in the moonlight, and sing these tunes with words of their own. Amongst the rest they had "Jim along Josey" (which was a late importation, quite new, and consequently a favourite), which was chaunted by them all in unison. The most striking thing they sung was a sort of Funeral Wail. One commences with a few prolonged mournful notes; the rest all join in, with a wild chaunting chorus; then the solo again, and so on alternately throughout. They keep capital time, and it has a fine effect when you catch the notes, mellowed by distance, breaking the silence of those calm, warm nights.

"As soon as you get through eating," said Mr. Studson to his boat's crew, who were at breakfast with the squaws alongside, and a hungry circle round them, some few days after our arrival, "as soon as you get through eating, I guess we'll go wooding, so light your pipes, and put the axes in the boat."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"All in the boat—let go the warp." Hoist the sail, and away we go from the muddy-coloured water of the rapid river into the clear sparkling sea round the headland, and follow the bold rocky coast in search of a fit place to begin our labour. This we found after an hour's sail. The cliffs gradually shelved down into sandy beach, and we glided—apparently almost touching—over coral beds wreathed with sea weed, and hauled our boat up in a little inlet, with a beautiful carpet of fine sand, and a thick wood in the back-ground.

It was now nearly mid-day, and the heat was most intense. There was a broad strip of dried sand above high water mark, between the boat and the wood, across which we had to pass and repass with our burdens. This became so heated that, to us who were barefoot, and sailors in hot climates are seldom otherwise, it was at last almost impassable. After every load we ran into the sea, and sat up to our necks in water to cool ourselves. The little keg of fresh water we had been supplied with was finished, and as there were trees enough cut down for our purpose, we started different ways in search of water. Two of us wandered away towards the cliffs, and found several springs bubbling up through the sand in pools of salt water. After a while we discovered a cave with a clear little rivulet sparkling though it: this was a glorious sight for us, and we laid and rested in the cool shade, and drank—and drank again. We retraced our steps to the boat after a while, and found that the rest had been equally fortunate, and had filled our keg with a fresh supply. By the time we had chopped the wood into lengths, and loaded the boat with it, 'twas nearly sundown, and we set off for the ship.

"I say, Mr. Studson," said Leigh, as we pulled along, "What a note 'twould be if them natives was to box the doctor (cook) up in the galley and take the ship."

"Yes—by gracious," said Studson, "we're the wrong side of the hedge this time, if they have."

"There's many a true word spoke in jest," said Jack.

"Stretch out, my lads," cried Studson, "we'll soon be on board, now—we're close to the ship."

That we certainly were, but not quite so near getting on board as we expected. Quite a different scene was presented to our astonished eyes. The savages, in the absence of the captain with the other boat's crew, had taken possession of the ship (not a very difficult matter, as the mate and cook were alone left on board), and a double row of fierce warriors and bright spears faced us from the ship on every side. As we approached they thre wsticks of wood and every missile they could lay hands on at us, and yelled out to us to keep off.

We laid on our oars—out of their reach—and looked at each other in silent bewilderment for some time.

"Well, I'm bless'd," said Leigh, breaking silence, "if it a'nt a case with us."

"What shall we do? Where's the old man, I wonder?" said Studson. "If they've pinned him ashore, we *are* in a mess. Those wretches will have ransacked the whole blessed ship. Take to your oars; we'll pull inshore, and find the captain if we can.'

"I think it wouldn't be a bad move," said Bill, "to pitch some of this wood away out of our road."

"Hold on with that wood, Jack. Don't heave them away," replied Studson.

"What, sir?" inquired Jack.

"Leave half-a-dozen sticks like that," replied Studson. "We shall want to use 'em for *persuaders*, like enough, before long."

The wood was all cleared out, with the exception of some stout handy cudgels, and we pulled inshore. We soon left the bay, and passed between the sandy flats that here bank the river, and are intersected by numberless tributary streams, some joining the other branch of the river, and the rest filled by the tide at high water. We followed the main branch, and stretched out manfully against the fast ebbing tide. None would acknowledge, though all felt, weariness from the heavy toil of the morning; nor did any of us allude either to the uncertainty of finding our captain, or to the dark side of the prospect before us. It was looked upon as coolly, after the first few minutes of surprise, as if it were a matter of every day occurrence.

We had pulled about a mile up the river, the banks of which had changed from sandy flats to green marshy ground, with trees and bushes, and were now close upon the cluster of huts that composed Prince Willy's plantation. We could see their cooking fires glimmering through the trees, and faintly catch the reflection of the natives' dusky forms as they flitted round before them.

"Come, boys," cried Studson, "let's get there. I guess we've got but dreadful little time to lose. Start her up, now, there's good fellows."

"Pick her up, my boys, that's the stroke," cried Harry; and answering to that never-failing rallying cry, which roused us up, and gave our arms fresh strength, we did stretch out right gal-

lantly. A few minutes brought us opposite the plantation. The captain's boat was there, tied to a tree on the river's bank. Ashore, some hundreds of the natives, their war spears in their hands, were grouped around, apparently in angry discussion with our captain and his little band, who were standing in the centre of them. The fierce and angry gestures of the natives, as they moved about among the trees or round the fires, rendered the scene no pleasant one for us to look upon.

"Darn'd if I don't think the old man's got hisself into a considerable fix here," said old Leigh, as the boat grounded on the grassy bank, and he jumped out with the warp in his hand.

"Yes," said Jack, "and if we ain't pretty spry, I guess they'll fix us off too. Here, boys, come and get your beans," cried he, as he handed out the cudgels to each of us.

"Never mind one for me," said Leigh, taking one of the harpoons out of the boat, and shouldering it as a soldier would a musket. "This here is my weepon. Go ahead, now, as soon as you like. I'm sudden death at a long dart."

"Be careful, Leigh," said Mr. Studson, as we hastened up towards the captain, who was parleying with the chiefs a couple of hundred yards ahead of us. "Don't strike the first blow. If you kill one, not a man of us will live to tell the tale."

The natives stood around; some leaning on their spears, and some clustered in little knots by the fires, talking loudly and with fierce gestures. They appeared uncertain what to do, or waited the signal from their chiefs, who with our captain stood in the centre, quite apart from the rest. As we approached we caught some of their conversation. "You savey me, Captain Taber—me friendy the you—me very good man—suppose you leave one man to-night—plenty bullock, plenty water-melon, plenty harp-shell, to-morrow."

"See you blow'd first," said the old man. "I guess you would come to-morrow."

"Ha!" said the savage, stepping back into the nearest group. He waved his spear, and a party of the natives started off among the trees.

"Hullo! Studson," cried the old man, "you're just come in first-rate time; this fellow says we shan't go off to the ship unless we leave a man here."

"They'll pretty well get into everything aboard the ship," said Jack, "if we dont make a move—sudden too."

"Got the ship," roared the old man.

"Yes," said old Leigh, "and there's a gang round there will have our boats, too, most dreadful quick."

"That's a fact," said the captain. "We've nothing left but a run for it. Now, my boys, altogether, start fair—off"—and off we went at full tear. This movement on our part was unexpected, and the astonished natives, with a loud yell, started after us. Half the ground was traversed that lay between us and the river, when the hidden party that had before gone round, plunging from the bushes, sprang into our boats.

"Now or never," cried the captain, as we saw them cutting the boat ropes with their spears. The warps were severed as we reached the water's edge—one dash—one spring—some in the boats headlong—some in the water—what could withstand a charge like that? A glance was quite sufficient for the natives—as our feet left the bank, they breached like frightened wildfowl from the boat into the river. Another second, and the boats are floating down the tide. A shower of spears fell harmless in the water as we pulled out beyond their reach, followed by their yells and curses.

"Are you all in the boats?" cried the old man.

"All in, sir," is the reply.

"Thank God for that. Now give way, boys, for the ship." The tide was with us and we moved rapidly along down the river and out into the bay, and as we came still nearer to what we all now felt the value of—our floating home—many an anxious look was turned that way.

"Ain't those canoes, sir," cried Mr. Studson to the captain, pointing to some white specks dimly visible through the darkness.

"Yes, by gracious," said the captain, "I believe they're off."

Another minute, and we spring upon deck. Not a soul was to be seen, but everything portable was carried off. In the galley was the poor old cook, with his arms tied and everything topsy turvey—pots and kettles capsized upon him. The mate was down below in a condition little better. Everything eatable, or that they fancied of any possible use to them, was gone.

"Come, cook," cried old Leigh, "go below and turn in; let me cook some supper. Blow'd if we ain't first men in the last boat, after all."

"So we are," said Jack. "Don't catch me wooding again though, in a hurry, I reckon."

## AN ALMANACK AND CALENDAR

### FOR THE ENSUING MONTH.—DECEMBER.

By Caroline A. White.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Astronomical Phenomena.—*Sun* rises at 45 min. past 7, and sets at 53 min. past 3, on the 1st; and on the 31st rises at 9 min. past 8, and sets at 58 min. past 3.—*Moon* rises at 20 min. past 3, afternoon, on the 1st, and sets at 40 min. past 5, in the morn.; and on the 31st, rises at 35 min. past 3, afternoon, and sets at 36 min. past 6, morn —*Moon's Changes.* Full on the 2d, at 46 min. past 10, afternoon. Last quarter on the 10th, at 16 min. past 9, afternoon. New moon on the 18th, at 42 min. past noon. First quarter, 25th, at 36 min. past 6, morning. —*Mercury* a morning star at the beginning of the month, becomes invisible till about the 13th, when it remains till the end of the month an evening star.—*Mars* is throughout the month a morning star.—*Weather.* Mean temperature, 39 deg 3 min.; highest, 55 deg.; lowest, 17 deg. Frosts are frequent this month, but seldom continue: wet fogs and rain render more gloomy the short dull days, and man depends almost entirely on the pleasantness of his home to make up for the cheerlessness of everything out of doors. Now, the humblest hearth, garnished with cleanliness and ministered to by a kindly spirit, becomes a little haven of delight. The cozy fire, the well-trimmed lights, the neatly placed and kept (though it may be poor and scanty) furniture, the pleasant looks and tones, from the placid smile upon the mother's face to the crowing of the baby in her arms, that welcome from his day's toil the owner of the humble homestead, have a potency in their charms, never stronger than at this dreary season—

"There is not a sunnier clime
Than the love-lit winter home."

1, Tuesday.—Dark stapelia dedicated on this day to St. Eligius. Forster, in his rustic calendar, notes that, if the weather suits, beans and peas should now be planted.

*Events.*—On this day, 1783, M. Charles made the first attempt (since Icarus), in aerostatics: he was a physician, and distinguished member of the French Institute. The mariner's compass invented by Flavia Giovia, a native of Amalfi, in Naples, 1302. Its variation first observed by Sebastian Cabot, the Bristol navigator, though Ferdinand, the son of Columbus, asserts that his father observed it on the 14th of Sept., 1492.

*Fairs.*—Bury St. Edmonds and Rotherham; cattle and horses.

2, Wednesday.—*St. Bibiana*, virgin martyr.

*Events.*—Napoleon inaugurated with Josephine at the cathedral of Notre Dame, 1804. He placed the diadem with his own hands; an action in keeping with those that put him in possession of it. The first stone of the London Mechanics' Institution, in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, placed, 1823; on the following anniversary it was established.

3, Thursday.—Indian tree sacred to St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies.

*Biography.*—On this day, 1823, Belzoni, the traveller, died.

*Event.*—The election of Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman who ever sat in St. Peter's chair, to that high dignity, 1154. He was the son of a monk of St. Albans: his bull, under the title of Adrian IV., to Henry II., permitting him to make the conquest of Ireland, is still in existence.

4, Friday.—On this day we find Barbadon gooseberry dedicated to St. Peter Chrysologus. Few insects are now seen; the small birds flock to our dwellings for food and shelter; the wren sings amidst the snow; the robin, with delightful confidence, taps at the window pane for his accustomed crumbs, and rewards our care of him with his cheery notes. It seems quite a duty at this time of year to strew the waste of the table-cloth and bread-basket in the way of these feathered pensioners. In severe seasons, wild fowls now resort to inland rivers, and, in making their escape from "winds and wintry weather," fall a prey to the sportsmen, who are everywhere on the alert.

*Fairs.*—Dursley; cattle and pedlery. Atherston; horses and cattle.

5, Saturday.—Long-stalked Hibiscus appears on this day's floral calendar in honour of St Crispina.

*Biography.*—Mozart finishes his *Requiem*, and expires, 1791. This extraordinary genius was born at Salzburg, Jan. 1756. his father was a musician, and under his instructions Wolfgang, at four years old, could play correctly simple airs and minuets on the harpsichord; at six, he actually dictated compositions which his father wrote down, and before he was twelve years of age, had played at nearly all the principal courts of Europe Intense affections and extreme sensibility characterised him. "His short life passed," says one of his biographers, "like a strain of his own music, alternating between the sweet sad ecstacy of love and the shudder of awe." With all his genius, acknowledged even in Italy as a master, he was left to toil on in poverty, with no better appointment than that of music teacher to the children of the Elector of Mentz, with a salary of forty pounds per annum.

*Event.*—An order for the expulsion of all Gipsies throughout England, 1537; they had left Egypt when attacked by the Turks, 1515, and had wandered nearly all over Europe. They were driven out of France, 1560, and from most other countries in Europe soon after.

6, Sunday.—2nd Sunday in Advent. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah v., Acts vii. ver. 30; Evening service. Isaiah xxiv., Heb. xii. Nest-flowered heath (*Erica nidflora*,) dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of sailors and children, from his having protected stranded travellers and orphans. In Catholic countries, it is customary for mariners to offer votive pictures, &c. at his shrine. In Russia there exists a custom, on the eve of this day, that reminds us of one on Christmas-eve in Germany; but instead of "Kneck Rupert," St. Nicholas, in pontifical robes, jewelled mitre, and with his pastoral staff in his hand, makes his appearance at *family* houses, and inquires into the conduct of the little people; passing lightly over their faults, he gives them a world of good advice and eulogises their virtues, and in the midst of the children's awe and admiration takes his departure; by and bye, on going to rest, each little body deposits his or her shoe in a room the door of which is carefully locked, and the next morning opened in sight of the whole household, when, behold, the shoe is seen covered with toys, trinkets, and bonbons, of course, the work of the good saint.

*Fairs.*—Bodmin; oxen, sheep, and cloths. Higham Ferrers; horses, horned cattle, and sheep.

7, Monday.

*Biography.*—The anniversary of the beheading of Algernon Sidney, the political writer and patriot; he adopted Marcus Brutus for his model, and died like him in the cause of liberty. He was falsely accused of being concerned in the Rye-house plot, tried by Judge Jefferies and a packed jury, and suffered on Tower-hill, 1683. On the same day (B.C. 43), the murder of Cicero, the unrivalled statesman and orator, was perpetrated near Formium.

*Fair.*—Cheltenham (on this and the 18th); cattle and pedlery.

8, Tuesday.—*Conception of the Virgin Mary. Arbor Vitæ* dedicated to this festival, which was instituted by Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, in consequence of William the Second's fleet coming safe to shore through a tremendous storm. Compliments to the Virgin, on such occasions, were then as common in our country as they still are on the continent—witness the church at Reculver; and an old topographer tells us, that formerly at the pier of Dover there was a small chapel built by a nobleman who, having escaped shipwreck, landed there. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and was called the Lady of Pity's Chapel. Very beautiful is the spirit of pious gratitude which dictated these offerings, and which no doubt (whatever the medium) ascended to the bestower of all mercies.

9, Wednesday.—*St. Leocadia.* Corsican spruce dedicated to her.

*Biography.*—On this day, 1732, died John Gay, author of the *Beggar's Opera*, and the well-known exquisite fables.

*Events.*—The commencement of the great frost mentioned by Matthew Paris, 1150, which lasted two months and ten days. The Thames was traversed by horse and foot.

*Fair.*—(9, 10, 11,) Bradford (Yorkshire); hogs and pedlery.

10, Thursday.

*Events.*—Grouse shooting ends. Elizabeth signs the warrant for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, 1586: the 8th of this month, 1542, was the birthday of this unfortunate princess. Luther makes a bonfire of the bull against himself, and the works of the anti-reformers, behind the walls of Wittemberg, 1520.

*Fair.*—(10 and 11,) Bewdley; first day, hogs only: second day, horned cattle, horses, cheese, &c.

11, Friday.—The Aleppo pine dedicated to this day.

*Fairs.*—Baldock; cheese, cattle, &c. Boston; cattle.

12, Saturday.—*St. Eadburge*, to whom crowded heath (*Erica conferta*) is dedicated.

*Events.*—The appearance of a remarkable comet visible all over England, 1680. Cromwell, with much abuse, and the aid of three hundred musketeers, dissolves the Convention known as the Barebones Parliament, 1653.

13, Sunday.—3rd Sunday after Advent Proper lessons for the morning service Isaiah xxv., Acts xiii; evening service: Isaiah xxvi., 1 Peter i On this day, cypress is dedicated to St. Lucy of Syracuse, who rightly conceiving poverty to be a state of trial and tribulation, gave up her fortune for the sake of self-mortification, and having been discovered endeavouring to make proselytes to Christianity, was put to death by the officers of a heathen judge, A.D., 305

*Event.*—The Islands of New Zealand discovered by Abel Jansen, 1642.

14, Monday.—Swamp pine sacred to St. Spiridon.

*Events*—Professor Braun ascertains the congelation of quick silver, 1759; Mrs Orbelin at Vienna, 1785, discovered how to render it malleable It was first given to patients under inoculation in 1745.

*Fair.*—Thirsk; horned cattle, horses, sheeps, &c.

15, Tuesday.—Pitch pine dedicated to St Florence.

*Event.*—The abdication and exile of Rienzi, 1347 —"who," says the title-page of Father Cerceau's memoir of him, "from a low and despicable situation, raised himself to sovereign authority in Rome, in the fourteenth century, assuming the title of Tribune, and proposing to restore the ancient free republic," "but Rienzi formed not his sentiments agreeably to the meanness of his extraction—he became an excellent scholar, and as he had a spirit elevated as his ideas, he soon obtained the character of an extraordinary person, and merited the esteem and friendship of the celebrated Petrarch, his cotemporary"

16, Wednesday—Chinese *arbor vitæ* sacred to St. Alice. This day is marked in the Church calendars *O, Sapientia!*—the commencement of an anthem in honour of Christ's coming, which was sung from this day till Christmas eve. It is also the beginning of the Ember days or week, an ancient fast, when the monks were enjoined to more than ordinary abstemiousness, preparatory to the feast of Christmas.

17, Thursday.—White cedar dedicated to St. Olympias.

*Biography.*—The birthday of the illustrious Sir Humphrey Davy, whose important discoveries in chemistry have won him a place amongst the greatest philosophers of his time. He was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, 1778; he died, May 30, 1829. It is worthy of remark, as showing how prone the very wisest of us are to prejudices, that when the practicability of lighting London with gas was first mooted, the great experimental philosopher laughed at the idea.

*Fair.*—Hornsea; horses and cattle.

18, Friday.—New Holland cypress sacred to St. Winebald. About this time good housewives commence the amalgamation of mince, and in other ways prepare for Christmas; the prices of all sorts of edibles are raised as we approach it; therefore, as old Francis Moore is wont prophetically to remind us, "a word to the wise is enough."

19, Saturday.—*St. Samthana.* Two-coloured heath (*erica bicolor*) sacred to her.

*Event*—One of the most curious in modern history—the return of the Emperor Napoleon from his exile's grave in St. Helena, to the church of the Invalides at Paris, where his relics were entombed with much solemn pomp and public sympathy, 1844.

20, Sunday.—4th Sunday after Advent. Proper lessons for

the morning service: Isaiah xxx., Acts xx.; evening service: Isaiah xxxii., 2 Peter iii. Stone pine dedicated to St. Philogonius, whose day this is.

*Biography.*—The birthday of Gray, 1716, author of the exquisite *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* He died, 1771, after having had the honour of refusing the laurel.

21, MONDAY.—Midwinter, or the shortest day. Sparrow-wort (*erica passerina*) sacred to St. Thomas the Apostle. He is said to have preached Christianity to the Parthians, Medes, and Persians, and to have extended his mission to the Indies, where having brought upon himself the hatred of the Brahmins, he was assassinated at their instigation. This day was anciently called Doleing Day, and in many places it was customary to give wheat or other alms to the poor, who went round to the farmers' houses collecting it. In London, wardmotes are held for the election of the Inquest and Common-council men.

22, TUESDAY.—This day, pellucid heath (*erica pellucida*) sacred to St Cyril.

*Biography.*—This day, 1744, was born Thomas Holcroft, the dramatic writer and novelist; one of the many instances that genius, like every other natural gift, is confined to no class or circumstances. His father was a travelling tinker, but who (a great thing for a tinker in those days) could read, and took some pains in teaching his son. The lad, who had quick faculties and a strong memory, used to learn whole chapters of the bible by heart, for the bible, at first, comprehended his library. Sometimes the persons who heard him gave him pence, which were hoarded, only to be spent at some old book-stall. Then he worked as a horse-boy, to earn enough to pay for instruction in the rudiments of education, and eventually became an author. He died, March 23rd, 1809.

23, WEDNESDAY.—Cedar of Lebanon sacred to St. Victoria. Markets, shops, and houses begin to exhibit by this time strong indications of the approaching festival; and grocers, butchers, and poulterers, vie with each other in producing the most appetitive effect. The Christmas fruit in its abundance looks of a richer quality than at any other season of the year the little caskets of luscious figs and sultana raisins, the purple muscatelles, that look as if they had been packed in the bloom, the frosted heaps of candied citron and lemon, and all the spicy concomitants of plum-pudding, oppose themselves to beef of a larger growth than any country but that of cattle-shows can produce, while broad-breasted geese, gigantic turkeys, and fat capons, put forth their separate claims to be equally acknowledged by the wealthy caterer of Christmas cheer.

24, THURSDAY.—Frankincense sacred to the Saints Emiliana and Thrasilla. Branches of misletoe, with its pearl-like berries, and boughs of holly set with scarlet ones, are almost as plentiful in towns this day, as in the woods where they were gathered. Herrick tells us, that the adorning of houses with green boughs was not confined to Christmas; box succeeded, at Candlemas, to rosemary, bay, and holly; at Easter, yew was the fashion, at Whitsuntide, birch, then oak boughs and bent brought in the flower-wreaths of May. How natural were these ornaments before art furnished us with more enduring ones The Glastonbury thorn comes into flower, and carols are common.

*Event.*—Robin Hood dies at a nunnery called Berckleys, in Yorkshire, 1247.

25, FRIDAY.—Christmas-day. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah ix. to v. 8, Luke ii. to v. 15; evening service: Isaiah vii., v. 10 to 17, Titus iii., v. 4 to 9. Holly, sacred to the Nativity, still finds a place in the church, the festive hall, and the humblest dwelling. Our feast of Christmas answers to that of the Saxon festival of Thor, of which the misletoe and yule log are remnants. The spirit "of peace and good will" seems shed abroad at this season throughout society, and charity and hospitality go hand in hand. It affords a happy opportunity for renewing the covenants of family affection and social friendship, and serves to bind anew those ties which the wear and tear of this working-day world has somewhat loosened.

26, SATURDAY.—Purple heath, sacred to the blood of the protomartyr, St. Stephen. Christmas gambols commence. Apprentices, postmen, &c., pay morning calls for the not always appreciated purpose of boxing. In Ireland a singular custom exists on this day, a sort of Catholic reprisal for old Pope-day. An unfortunate little wren (a sparrow very generally answers the purpose) is taken and sacrificed on St. Stephen's morning; and, being fastened to a bunch of holly elevated on a pole, decked with ribbons, &c., is carried from house to house, followed by a mob of lads and children. One of the party repeats some doggrel lines, and another carries a purse for contributions. The origin of the practice is said to be as follows.—The English army, under William of Orange, had encamped after a hard day's march, some distance, as they supposed, from the enemy; and a little drummer, after eating his supper off his drum-head, had fallen asleep without unbracing it. Meanwhile, the Catholic army had advanced, and towards morning were quite close upon them; in fact, would have surprised the sleeping camp, but that a wren, lured by the crumbs, alighted on the drummer's instrument, and the vibration of its beak on the parchment woke him up just in time to awake his comrades, and frustrate the enemy. In revenge for this the wrens annually suffer.

27, SUNDAY.—1st Sunday after Christmas. Proper lessons for the morning service: Isaiah xxxvii., Rev. i.; evening service. Isaiah xxxviii., Rev. xxii. Flame heath dedicated to St. John. An ancient fashion existed on this day of eating wine manchets, to preserve the partakers from poison.

28, MONDAY.—Innocents' day. *Erica cruenta,* or bloody heath, dedicated to them. It was formerly regarded as an unlucky day, and the coronation of Edward VI. was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas day.

*Fair.*—Bridgewater, cattle, &c.

29, TUESDAY.—Senista heath sacred to St. Thomas a Becket.

*Biography.*—On this day, 1384, died John Wickliffe, the English Reformer.

30, WEDNESDAY.

*Event.*—Royal Society established by patent in the reign of Charles II., 1660; but this patent was all the king, though a lover of the sciences, granted it,

31, THURSDAY.—*The last day of the Old Year.* "Those," remarks Hone, in his *Every-day Book,* "who have not been accustomed to keep an account of household or personal expenses, should begin from this day. Those in trade, who have not been accustomed to take an annual account of stock, should begin from this day. Without cash-books, and without stock-books, trade is little better than a game of chance."

## Poetry for the People.

### THE MISANTHROPE'S CURE.

BY EBENEZER JONES.

One had counted every blow
Which the lofty deal the low
Till his wretched soul could know
Naught beside.

And to him earth seemed a plain
Where each strove his good to gain
Through some other's loss or pain;
Evil all.

Common fate! such watch will blind
Even a wise and learned mind
To the goodness in mankind,
Rooted deep.

For—be it well or be it ill—
To each man the universe will,
Like his own experience, still
Ever loom.

He grew sick with wrath and gloom;
And one day, to ask his doom,
In the leech's waiting-room
Waited pale.

But a dame and maid coming in,
He from *them* his cure did win;
How, it were a heavy sin
Ever to hide.

From the city's farthest side;
Through the city five miles wide;
Twice each week the dame here hied,
Lone and old.

To be present while the maid,
Paying naught, sought the leech's aid—
Lest the maid's fair fame might fade—
Hied she here.

Told this, to the dame he said,
"Five miles walked you with this maid?"
Said she, "For her ride I paid;
She is ill."

"Then you are kin to her?" said he:
"No, oh no! but those that be
Would not do it, sir," answered she,
Softly still.

Asked he, "Could you both not ride?"
"Little, since my husband died,
Have I; she has nothing," replied
Yet the dame.

Looked he wondering in her face;
Heavenly shone its human grace;
And to him the world apace
Heavenly shone.

As, when in a wood, a shower
Lights up every leaf and flower,
Was the universe in this hour
Lit for him.

Oh, let none learn good by stealth;
Tombing so earth's real wealth;
Thus regained its moral health
This poor soul.

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## MEMOIR OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

By Mary Howitt.

If we were to write ten volumes on the atrocities and miseries of slavery in the abstract, we could say nothing half so impressive and conclusive as is the simple, honest narrative of a real slave, written by himself. Listen, then, to a brief outline of such a history, ye good, warm-hearted, working men and women of England. The man whose history it is, is now among you: welcome him kindly, wherever you meet with him, for he is a noble human being; and beyond this—and this is what he will ask from you—waft across the Atlantic the sighs of your deepest sympathy for the millions who suffer daily as he has done—claim the whole coloured race as your brethren, and demand that they shall be free!

Frederick Douglass is a slave. There is one man in America to whom he belongs, as a chattel: were he in Maryland, where that master lives, he might be chained, and scourged with a cowskin whip till blood flowed to his feet. He can read and write, and has very much knowledge. Some minds gather knowledge by intuition; his is of that kind—but for this very cause would his master treat him more savagely. If he escaped, he might be hunted with bloodhounds, and when retaken might be tortured as if he had fallen into the hands of fiends. The *Book of Martyrs* contains nothing more horrible than that master might legally inflict on Frederick Douglass, were he again to fall into his hands.

There are, in the slave States of America, about three millions of slaves: some of these are used better, many of these are used much worse, than Frederick Douglass has been. But now, to his history. Slaves very rarely know their ages, any more than domestic animals do—for there is no parish register for them—no birthday anniversaries: Frederick Douglass, therefore, can only conjecture how old he is. His mother was a slave; his father was a white man and her master. Slaveholders generally have large families by their female slaves; but these children have no claim on the father's affection—he sells them, or makes them his own slaves, just as may suit his convenience. This is one way of increasing his property. Our little new-born slave, Frederick—for the slave has no surname; that is his master's privilege—was, as is customary, separated from his mother soon after he was born; for the slave must have no affections, any more than the horse or cow. He never, he tells us, saw his mother more than four or five times in his life, and then but for a very short period, and in the night. She was hired out to a Mr. Stuart, who lived twelve miles off: and she used to go in the night to see her child, travelling all the way on foot, after her day's work was done; and if she were not back at her work by sunrise, she was severely whipped. He never saw her by daylight; she came to him in the dead of night, lay down beside him, folded him in her arms to sleep—but when he woke next morning, she was gone. Thus, for a few times, met the mother and child; and then Death, the kindest friend to the slave, put an end to these meetings, and to her hardships and sorrows at the same time. He might then have been about seven years old.

The father of the little slave was one Captain Anthony, who lived on a small farm belonging to a large plantation. He was the overseer of the overseers, and possessed about thirty slaves. To give an idea of an overseer, we will give a sketch of the one who had the oversight of this unfortunate thirty. He always went about armed with a cowskin whip and a heavy cudgel. He used to cut and slash the women's heads so horribly, that even Captain Anthony was angry with him; and yet Captain Anthony himself was not merciful —he had considerable pleasure in whipping a slave. One day he tied up a poor female slave to a joist, and whipped her upon the naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers from his gory victim could move his iron heart. Little Frederick stood not far off, trembling, and saw it. He says "he never shall forget it. It struck him with awful force. It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hall of slavery, through which he was about to pass." These are his own forcible words.

This inhuman wretch thought, nevertheless, that some religious instruction was necessary for the slave. The preacher and religious teacher always enforced obedience to their masters; that was the true pith of the lesson, and therefore they must learn religion betime. During the summer, therefore, little Frederick and about thirty other little lads were sent every evening to the prayer-school, the only school they went to. This was kept by a very old slave, who was fit for nothing else. He had been beaten all his working days, and now that he had a little power himself, he sate with a large whip in his hand, and taught the children the Lord's Prayer; and for every inattention, mistake, or forgetfulness, he gave them a cut with the lash. The Lord's Prayer and the stinging lash became early associated. Thus were they taught.

Captain Anthony had two sons, and one daughter married to one Thomas Auld, or Captain, as he was called, because he was master of the trading vessel in which the product of the whole plantation was sent to Baltimore. The plantation be-

longed to Colonel Lloyd, and consisted of about twenty smaller farms. The Colonel's residence was called the Great House Farm, and this was the central place of business. all disputes were settled here, runaway slaves were publicly whipped here, and here, too, each month, the slaves came, or rather a few out of the whole number came, to receive their stipulated allowance of food and clothes. Each slave received for the month eight pounds of pork or fish, and one bushel of corn-meal. This was all they had to live on. Their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one jacket, one pair of trowsers, one pair of stockings, one pair of shoes, all of the coarsest kind. Two coarse linen shirts a year constituted the sole clothing of the children, until they were fit for work. Beds, the slaves had none, unless one coarse blanket be considered such. But the slaves suffer less from the want of beds, than the want of time to sleep. When their day's work is done, they have to work for themselves—to wash, to mend, to cook: they have nobody to do these things for them, and thus they are done at night; and when they are ended, they lie down in their miserable blankets, and sleep till the driver's horn calls them to the field, and the driver's whip hurries them into it.

A great deal has been said of the irrepressible gaiety of the slave; we have been told that his songs are incessant, and this has been made an argument in favour of his condition. Let us hear, then, why the slaves appointed to fetch from the Great House Farm the monthly allowances of food made the dreary old woods for miles round reverberate with their wild songs, for there is a deep argument in the fact. "Their songs," says Frederick Douglass, "revealed at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They composed and sang as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up came out, if not in the word in the sound; and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the saddest. Into all their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:—

> I am going away to the Great House Farm,
> Oh, yea! oh, yea! oh.

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have frequently thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do. I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude, incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle, so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then beyond my feeble conception; they were tones long, loud, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for a deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears whilst hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs now affects me. To those songs I trace the first glimmering conception of the dehumanising character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, and deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him in silence analyse the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul; and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because there is no flesh in his obdurate heart. It is impossible to conceive a greater mistake than that slaves sing because they are happy. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart, and he is relieved by them only as an aching heart is relieved by tears."

To return to our little Frederick, yet wearing nothing but his juvenile garment of a shirt. Beside going to the prayer school, his business was to look after Captain Anthony's cows and poultry, and to run errands for Mrs. Auld. They did not very often whip him, but he suffered bitterly from hunger and cold. At length he was seven, and old enough to have a pair of trowsers and to work. He was sent, therefore, to Baltimore, to Mr. Hugh Auld, Captain Auld's brother, to wait on Master Thomas, his little son. Hugh Auld had married a wife from one of the Northern States, a young woman who had worked for her own bread, and never till now had owned a slave: her heart, therefore, was full of human kindness. She received the little slave with a face beaming with good nature, and it caused the most inconceivable happiness to fill his soul. Presently, this kind woman began to teach him to read, and allowed him strange liberties. One Sunday evening, when his master was gone to chapel, he lay down under the table and fell asleep. In awhile he was woke by a sound of reading in his ears—it was his mistress reading the bible aloud to herself. She read the first chapters of Job: the little slave had never heard anything like that before—he raised himself up silently on his elbow and listened. She read with great earnestness, apparently deeply impressed with the sense of the chapter; and as she read, he determined never to rest till he too could read and gather up for himself wonderful histories like that. When, however, he had got so far in reading as to spell words of three or four letters, his master made the discovery of what his wife was doing, and instantly put a stop to it; for it was unlawful, he told her, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. In the hearing of the boy he said, that "learning would spoil the best nigger in the world; it would unfit him for a slave; it would make him discontented and unhappy."

These were not wise words of Mr. Hugh Auld, for they gave rise to a train of reasoning which was never silenced again. "It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things with which his youthful understanding had struggled in vain. He now understood the white man's power to enslave the black man. From that moment he understood the pathway from slavery to freedom."

Seven years went on, and changes took place. The mild, gentle mistress had profited by her husband's words, as well as the slave. Irresponsible power had converted even her into a cruel tyrant; and now, the highest crime which, in her eyes, a slave could commit, was to read. Frederick, however, learned to read, spite of all her efforts to prevent it. He had also a little library of his own, curiously enough collected, and not consisting of

volumes, but of minute portions of them; for, whenever he saw printed paper of any kind lying in the kennels, or trodden under foot in the streets, he picked it up, carefully cleaned it from the mud, washed and dried it, and possessed himself of its contents. In this way he became the proprietor of several stray leaves of the bible. But, in the meantime, this reading and thinking had produced that very discontent which his master had foretold. He now understood the difference between a free man and slave, and this knowledge embittered his existence to such a degree, that he often wished for death. All his faculties were alive, and from everything which surrounded him he derived exciting knowledge. He heard people talking a great deal about abolitionists, and one day his master said in his hearing, that "all the wickedness of the slaves was owing to these abolitionists." What in the world could an abolitionist be? By good fortune, he presently fell in with a dictionary, and eagerly looked for the word—but no light was thrown on the subject there, though light came in process of time; and then that knowledge, like all the rest, as Mr. Hugh Auld had said, only made him more discontented and unhappy.

He learned to write, too, by challenging boys in the street to writing-matches with chalk on the pavement and board-fences, when he himself knew the form only of two or three letters; and later, by practising in Master Thomas's old copy-books when the family were at chapel.

After awhile, Mr. Hugh Auld and his brother Thomas, whose property Frederick was, quarrelled, and he took back his slave. Thus he came back to the place of his birth. Old Captain Anthony was now dead, and Captain Auld was master in his place. This man was mean, cruel, and cowardly; his very slaves despised him. He believed himself, nevertheless, a very religious man; he prayed morning, noon, and night, and seemed to think that this show of religion would cancel the most atrocious cruelties. Of all his slaves he hated most the slave whom he had lent to his brother; he said that a city life had spoiled him, and that he would corrupt the rest of the slaves. A dreadful charge this, and therefore it must be met by severe means. Not far off lived one Edward Covey, a famous negro-breaker—not a *horse*-breaker, good reader, but a *man*-breaker—rather a new occupation to your ears. This man had a little farm, and the slaveholders used to send their reading and writing and thinking slaves—those who had any spark of manhood about them—to be broken-in by him. Covey had immense reputation in this line. What a tophet of misery must his little farm have been!

Let us hear what our poor reading and thinking slave says of it. "If at any one period of my life more than another, I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, it was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. Scarcely a week passed without his flogging me. We were worked in all weathers. It was never too hot or too cold; it would never rain, blow, hail, or snow too hard for us to work in the field. Work, work, work, was scarcely less the order of the day than the night. The longest day was too short for him, and the shortest night too long. I was somewhat unmanageable when I first went there, but a few months of his discipline tamed me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me. I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye departed; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me." The house where all this intense misery was endured stood on the shore of Chesapeake Bay. The poor heart-broken slave would often stand for hours in the stillness of the Sabbath, watching with agonised heart and tearful eye the countless number of shipping going forth over the free ocean. The sight affected him powerfully, and from this sight again were rekindled aspirations after freedom.

Covey's savage cruelties increased day by day; they were beyond the endurance of the most spirit-crushed slave. Frederick was hiding one day in a wood, and his master was in chase of him, when he fell in with another slave with whom he was acquainted. This slave, whose name was Sandy, on hearing his troubles promised to get him a certain root out of the woods which, if he always wore on his right side, would entirely disable Covey or any other white man from flogging him. Sandy himself had worn it, he said, for years, and never since so doing had received a blow. The magic root was found and immediately placed in its proper position, and in the strength of this talisman the poor runaway returned back to Covey's house. Strange to say for two days the savage man was mild, but on the third the virtues of the root were put to a severe test.

Covey, who seemed to have waited only for an opportunity for revenge, found it, and fell upon his victim with tenfold fury; at that moment, however, whence came the spirit let the wise say, the soul of the man rose up within the slave, and the end of it was that he was the victor. This, he tells us, was the turning-point in his career as a slave. It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within him a sense of his own manhood. It recalled the departed self-reliance, and inspired him again with the determination to be free. Strange to say, Covey never spoke of the triumph his slave had had over him; no doubt he feared that if this were noised abroad his reputation as a negro-breaker would be gone for ever.

A year or two afterwards Frederick lived with a Mr. Freeland, and here began secretly to teach his fellow slaves to read. He had a Sunday-school, and devoted also three evenings a week to this laudable purpose; and yet, had it been known, he would have been liable to severe whipping, all instruction of the slave being unlawful. Many slaves by this means learnt to read. The utmost affection and unanimity existed among these poor fellows. "They were noble souls," says he; "they not only possessed loving hearts but brave ones also."

In the year 1835 he resolved to make a great attempt to secure his liberty. He communicated his resolve to some of his beloved companions in affliction. Five of them entered into this league. On the Saturday night previous to the Easter holidays they determined to take a boat up the Chesapeake Bay, and then turning their canoe adrift, follow the guidance of the North Star till they got beyond the limits of Maryland. Frederick wrote a pass for each of them, for without such pass no slave could leave his master's plantation.

Nothing could equal their intense anxiety as the time drew near. Each was pledged to each other in the most solemn manner. At length the day came, the coming of which was fixed upon for their enterprise. Early in the morning they went as usual to the field; they were at work, "and all at once," says he in his narrative, "I was overwhelmed with an indescribable feeling, in the fulness of which I turned to Sandy (he who had given him the root), and said, 'We are betrayed!' 'Well,' said he, 'that thought has this moment struck me!'" They said no more.

And they *had* been betrayed. One of their little band was too weak for the trial, and they were all taken at breakfast-time; beaten, bound, and sent off to jail. Upon the whole they managed well; by one way or another they destroyed their passes, and agreed among themselves to own nothing. Contrary to all expectations the others were taken back by their masters, and Frederick alone left to be sold. But he was not sold; he was once more sent to live at Baltimore with Mr. Hugh Auld, and here he again busied his mind with plans for gaining his liberty, and from this place he actually effected his escape.

The means by which this was done he does not tell for a humane and wise reason. Were they known, he says, it would involve others in the most embarassing difficulties, and would also cause still greater vigilance on the part of the slaveholders; and thus, as he says, "perhaps be the means of guarding a door whereby some dear brother bondsman might escape his galling chains." He had for a long time fixed upon the 3d of September, in the year 1838, for the day on which he would make his great attempt; and accordingly, so well were his plans laid, that on that same day he left his bondage and succeeded in reaching New York without the slightest interruption whatever. Of the means he used or the route he took we know nothing. One little characteristic circumstance we must not omit here, which we have heard him relate, and which exhibits the excited state of his feelings whilst this great scheme was agitating his mind. The thought of it was never absent from him; but it could not be spoken aloud. He was known however to his master as a Methodist, and thus he poured out the full current of his thoughts in hymns which, applicable to the captive spirit looking for emancipation in death, were applicable likewise to the living bondsman about to escape from his outward fetters. Thus he would sing words to which the following would be the refrain :—

Run to Jesus, shun the danger;
I don't expect to stay much longer here!
I thought I heard them say
There were lions in the way :—
I don't expect to stay much longer here!

It is impossible to give the full effect of these simple, but expressive words; those who have heard this extraordinary man speak of his former life, or have heard him sing, can imagine the deep pathos, the intense significance given to them in this way.

Within a fortnight after his escape he was married in New York to Anna Murray, a free woman, his long intended wife, and one who probably had a hand in his deliverance. Five minutes after his marriage, his bride shouldered one part of their luggage and he the other, and off they went on their way to New Bedford, as happy as if life had all been one pathway of flowers. Wherever they went they found the friends of the poor and the oppressed; he began to feel that he was a free man among the free. At New Bedford he received his permanent sirname of Douglass, hitherto he had changed it many times. A friend of his had just been reading the Lady of the Lake, and suggested her patronymic name as his. He adopted it; and long may he and his descendants bear it!

"I found employment," says he, "the third day after my arrival at New Bedford, in stowing a sloop with a load of oil. It was new, dirty, and hard work, but I went at it with a glad heart and a willing hand. I was now my own master. It was a happy moment, the rapture of which can be understood only by those who have been slaves. It was the first work the reward of which was entirely my own. I worked that day with a pleasure I had never before experienced. I was at work for myself and my newly-married wife. It was to me the starting point of a new existence."

Soon after this he became acquainted with the writings of the Abolitionists, and a new life then, indeed, began in his soul. He now fully understood the meaning of the word. He attended Anti-Slavery meetings, and now and then said a few words in them; the power to speak grew stronger and stronger, and at length he came out as one of the most able advocates of the cause of emancipation. The secrets and horrors of the prison-house were known to him; he was naturally eloquent, endowed with great powers of mind, and one every way calculated to assert the claim of the coloured man to the rights of common humanity. For four years he was employed by the Anti-Slavery Society of America as a lecturing agent, producing by his burning eloquence as he went along a thrill through the heart of the people, and putting forth in his own person the most incontestible argument on behalf of his brethren in bonds, who, though slaves, are yet men. This was not done, however, without considerable risk to himself. In many places the greatest excitement was produced by his exposures of the horrors of slavery. The pro-slavery party followed him with the most inveterate hatred. Great mobs, in many instances, collected to assail him. And in one instance, at Pendleton, Indiana, in 1843, he had his right hand broken by the violence of the people, who assailed him and his companion with sticks and stones. According to his principles as a non-resistant, he could make no reprisals; but endeavoured by mild words and a peaceable demeanour to disarm their fury. A little boy, however, ran up to him and said that the people were killing his companion; whereupon, at once forgetting non-resistance, he rushed in among them, rescued his friend, and came off with an injury the traces of which he will carry to his grave. In 1844 he wrote the narrative of his life —the boldest step which he had yet taken in his career as a free man. This little book sold immensely, but such was the excitement produced by it that it was thought advisable he should for a time leave the United States, more especially as he had in it published his identity and place of abode, by which means his *owner* might take measures for regaining possession of him, it being legal by the constitution of the United States for any master to seize upon his escaped slave in any part of their territories where he might have taken refuge.

This was one reason for his coming to this country, but there were yet others; he wished to acquaint himself with the land of his *paternal* ancestors, and to improve and enrich his mind from the stores of knowledge which would here open to him; but, above all, to advocate with us the cause of his degraded and oppressed people, to excite, as he himself says, "such an intelligent interest on the subject of American slavery as shall re-act upon his own country, and tend to shame her out of her adhesion to a sytem so abhorrent to Christianity and her republican institutions."

Such is Frederick Douglass, the *chattel* that was, the *man* that is. We have seen something of him, we have heard more, and all tends to place him higher in our esteem. We acknowledge him as a brother man, give him the warm, right-hand of fellowship, and heartily wish him God speed!

## THE LAW OF OPINION.

A TALE.

BY GEORGINA C. MUNRO.

(*Continued from page 294.*)

IT was night when Richard reached the first straggling houses of the hamlet; yet after passing them he sat down in the deeper obscurity at the foot of a ruined wall, for his heart failed him at the thought of meeting those at home, with the tale of repeated denials he had to tell. He heard a footstep coming along, and shrunk down to the level of a large stone and the rank weeds beside it, for whose vicinage he was thankful; for, more especially in his present irritated and desponding mood, he hated the very idea of encountering any of his former acquaintances. Presently he heard a lighter though slower step approaching from the opposite direction; and while still the angle of the wall prevented his seeing this second person, the man, who was by this time close to him, called out—"Why, who comes here? is't you, Mary?"

"No—it's me—Kate Drewatt," replied Richard's sister in a trembling voice, and the next instant he could discover her form amid the dimness.

"Oh! ar'n't you almost afraid to be out so late? shall I go home with you?" inquired, with considerable hesitation, the former speaker, whom Drewatt recognised as one he had often considered Kate's most favoured lover. Poor girl! it was in those bygone days when she had several.

"No, thank you: I can go home by myself," said Kate in a prouder tone.

"Why, Kate, you mustn't take it ill of me, that—that—" began the youth. "I mean, you mustn't put any blame on me because that—"

"I put no blame on anyone for anything," replied Kate sadly. "But you needn't tell me plainer what you mean, George Rushwood, for your looks and your behaviour have spoken plainly as a printed book already."

"But what I mean, Kate, is not for you to be going to think I didn't love you, because I can't now wish you for my wife. If you were changed, Kate, as you can never change; if you were ugly and frightful, instead of the prettiest girl hereabouts, I would have loved you all the same—I could have worked for you, and for your mother, if she was poor and old, and had a dozen helpless children, I'd have worked for them all. But no, Kate—though it goes nigh to break my heart to say so—I can't have the folks say, that my wife is Dick Drewatt's sister."

"You might have waited till she was offered to you before you refused her," replied Kate with a little feminine spirit, though even then she could hardly speak for weeping. "But though Kate Drewatt is very, very unhappy, she is not yet so miserable as to wish the love or the pity of any man, much less any man who could despise her."

During their short dialogue, the poor girl had moved past Rushwood, and she now hurried away, without leaving time for a reply. Her sometime suitor, and even now lover, gazed after her for a minute. "No—I can't do it!" he exclaimed at length, striking his stick loudly on the earth: "I can't! Father and mother would come out of their quiet graves to curse me, if I did it!" and with a bitter malediction on his unsuspected listener, Rushwood went his way.

Can anyone guess that listener's feelings? they cannot imagine them more painful than they were. He knew before that he had been the means of heaping fearful misery on his family; but until then he had not seen its full extent. But self will have its due on all occasions: even amid his aggravated distress on their account, it cost him a bitter pang to know that Kate had not made a single attempt to vindicate him. He could not, therefore, marvel at the imperfectly concealed loathing with which she endured his parting embrace, even while murmuring best and sincerest wishes for his happiness; his mother, too, as she blessed him, breathed a prayer rather for his reformation than his preservation from evil ways; and he left them with a heavy heart, inwardly resolving never again to cast the blight of his presence over them.

However, fortune seemed disposed to smile more kindly on him in the distant town, which, after many days of weary travelling, he reached at last; for there he obtained employment, under a feigned name, and by his expertness and industry appeared to have secured a fair prospect of its continuance.

One day there came a person on business to Drewatt's employer, whose face the wanderer half fancied he had seen before, though, as the stranger appeared to take no notice of him, he thought it must have been mere fancy. After that day it occurred to him, however, that his fellow-workmen kept more aloof, and were little disposed to enter into conversation with him, and not at all to seek his companionship—a circumstance rendered the less remarkable, it must be owned, by his being in general silent, moody, and reserved; for, strive as he might to prevent it, the hard usage he had of late experienced had wrought such change in his demeanour. When Saturday night came, he was asked whether he had ever gone by the name of Drewatt; he could not deny it, and was at once discharged—penniless, except for his last week's wages, since he had made a constant practice of transmitting every farthing he could spare to his mother, whose declining health and narrow means—narrowed yet more through Kate's loss of her school—stood in much need of such assistance.

Richard judged truly, that after this discovery it would be of no avail to seek employment in the neighbourhood, and on the impulse of the moment he determined on taking his departure instantly from the place where the stigma of hatred and disgrace had followed. So packing up his personals, which had not much increased in bulk during the interval, he set out that very night to recommence his wanderings. He had gone scarcely half a mile with this intent, when he perceived a horse standing by the roadside riderless. On drawing near he found that he who should have been the rider was lying, head downwards, in a dry and shallow ditch, in the heavy sleep of intoxication, with one foot still in the stirrup, and his life at the horse's mercy. But, wiser than his master, the animal stood perfectly quiet,—one might almost fancy, meditating on the fallen state of man. The stranger appeared in danger of instant suffocation; therefore, Drewatt hastily extricated his foot, dragged him to a safer position on the grassy bank, and loosened his cravat. It then occurred to him to try to discover some clue to the residence of his unwished-for charge, whom he did not much like to leave alone in that condition, and who was to all appearance a farmer well to do in the world. On examining his pockets with that view, Drewatt found a large sum in gold, and notes to evidently a greater amount. The voice of the tempter spoke at once to his heart, and met a fearful echo there. Would that wealth were his! for

wealth it would be to him more than he could hope the toil of his whole lifetime would amass. And what but his own will were required to make it his? and then no more weary wanderings in search of work—no more dependence on the whim of his employers—no more depressing fears lest the breath of slander might deprive him of the poor man's chief earthly blessing, leave to labour for his livelihood. Here was enough to convey him to a distant country, where none could recognise him: here was enough to establish him well in business for himself in that strange land; and to enable him to provide sufficiently for his mother's wants. And she need never know how he had gained that money which supported her old age—nor need the world; and even should suspicion of the robbery be cast upon him, it could not follow him in his flight; he could guard against being tracked; and as for that name, which must be left as a useless encumbrance behind him, it could not be consigned to greater ignominy than already covered it, or be exposed to deeper execration than had been already poured upon it.

He began to remove the talismanic treasure from the sleeper's pocket; but, at its touch, better thoughts came over him: the thought of that world hereafter, where each should be judged by his deeds and feelings, and not according to the opinions of his fellow men; the thought also of this world, where he would thus be lending a darker colouring to the calumnies of evil wishers, overwhelming his unhappy relatives with yet more poignant anguish.—No, he would not do it! the temptation had passed by, and the gold seemed to scorch his hand as if it had been burning coals, and the notes felt like living scorpions, as he quickly replaced them, eager to get the now hated things out of his sight. His next consideration was, what to do with the senseless, brutalised being who had steeped his senses to complete submersion in his inebriating draughts. There was no house in view, and he could not remove him without assistance, while at the same time Drewatt feared to leave him, for at that moment the dread lay painfully heavy on his mind, that should the farmer be robbed, it would be ascribed to him. He sat there for some time: at length a person came along the road, whose aid he claimed. They shook the sleeper until he was as wide awake as his stupified faculties would permit, then placed him on his horse, and, supporting him on either side, conveyed him to the town, where, in the first respectable inn they came to, he was left to finish his sleep, his property being first counted over in the presence of several persons, and consigned to the safe keeping of mine host. Then, with a well pleased conscience, and the satisfaction of having done his duty, Drewatt sought a lodging for the night, within the precincts of the town which, but a few hours before, he thought he had left for ever.

On the following day he was, to his inexpressible amazement, taken into custody on suspicion of having robbed the very man who was so much indebted to his kindness. It appeared that at a cattle market, held on Friday, the farmer had effected sales to a great extent, for which he had been paid in gold and notes; of the latter he had marked down the numbers, and now asserted that one, for five pounds, was missing. On the Monday Drewatt was examined; he was proved to have been alone with the complainant, after which period there was no opportunity for commission of the theft. His previous bad character, which now came forward, likewise went against him, and he was remanded until further evidence could be procured. And this was the reward of all Richard's good resolves and withstandings of temptation! Would this story, also, reach the village, to furnish food for ill-natured comments, and carry renewed sorrow to that dwelling which misfortune had already made its own. He did not doubt it: indeed, he was in that frame of mind not much to doubt that the note would be discovered in such position, and other circumstances transpire, so as to perhaps convict him. "It is as well to do evil as good," he thought; for he thought, too, that had he stolen the money, he should not have waited for detection.

We will not do more than allude to the whirlwind of varied passions which convulsed Drewatt's mind during the interval, until, looking indeed like a very culprit, he was again brought up for examination. But there an unexpected witness presented himself—the landlord of the public-house where the farmer had passed the Friday night, and staid drinking in honour of his good fortune, nearly all Saturday, and he produced the note in question, with which his customer had paid his bill. The state of intoxication in which the farmer was at the time prevented his recollecting the circumstance; and he was severely reprimanded by the magistrate for his recklessness in thus preferring a charge against an innocent man, when a more careful computation of the gold in his possession would have proved his property in a state of security which he had not deserved. Perhaps the magistrate's animadversions drove the idea out of his mind; but at all events, Drewatt's accuser walked away without offering any recompense to the man who had in all probability preserved his life. Drewatt was told he might bring an action for false imprisonment, with every certainty of damages: but he would try nothing of the kind; he was sick of the law—sick of himself—sick of the world altogether; nor was such feeling much diminished by discovering subsequently, that the general impression was, that he had meditated the robbery, but that the approach of another person had compelled a change of purpose. What else could such an evil-minded man have meant to do?

A fortnight after this, pale, emaciated, and enfeebled, Drewatt passed out of the town. He had been ill, very ill indeed, since his discharge, and all his money and some of his clothes were gone, one shilling alone remained for his expenses, and he felt that soon he must beg, or starve,—or steal! Walking was toilsome to him then; but on he went, slowly indeed, and with frequent rests, yet he had gone a good many miles, when, an hour or two after midday, he sat down to make his humble meal. There was an alehouse by the roadside, and a little beer might have recruited his strength; but he had no money to waste, and passing it by some distance, he drew forth the slice of bread and bit of cheese he had brought with him for his dinner. While engaged in eating it, Richard perceived something lying a little way farther on, on the other side of the road, and when he had finished, he went over and picked it up. It was a green silk purse,—though not exactly what every one would have called a purse, being simply a little silk bag, tied round, carefully with the cord which formed its string. Such as it was, however, it was not empty, and Richard's heart leaped for joy as he felt that it contained two large coins besides smaller ones. Here was fortune! here was enough, in all probability, to keep him some time longer from want, perhaps until he should be able to meet once more with employment. Yet, though the sight of its contents would have been pleasing

to his eyes, he put the purse into his pocket without loosening the string; not from any doubt as to the appropriation of the money, but he felt some misgivings about meddling too much with it in a hurry, lest this apparent good fortune should be the source of fresh trouble. He went on with a lighter heart and a firmer step, most thankful for the timely assistance thus thrown in his way. After a time, he began to wonder how the money had been dropt, and who had lost it. "Would it had been a farmer," he thought, "were it ten thousand times as much, and sunk in the deep dark ocean, and of no benefit to me!" Such are the feelings which the misconduct of one man too frequently excites towards his class. But the aspect of the little bag forbade the idea; it had belonged, most probably, to some one in very humble circumstances, perhaps was the sole treasure of one whom its loss would leave poor and wretched as himself—and he knew how hard such misfortune was to bear. This thought poisoned his delight, and as he proceeded he employed himself in further conjectures as to the loser.

At length he saw a young girl coming along, looking from side to side of the road, and examining every tuft of grass with the unmistakeable air of one who has missed some article which should have been forthcoming. "Have you lost anything?" he inquired.

"I have, indeed!" she replied, turning on him a look of deep concern.

"Was it a purse?"

"Oh yes?—a little green silk bag, with two half-crowns, a shilling, and three sixpences!" exclaimed the girl eagerly, evidently in a hurry to identify it.

It was immediately restored to her, and the most heartfelt gratitude was poured forth with that natural eloquence which has its source in feeling. But almost as eloquent, and yet more welcome to Drewatt, was the language of those bright and truth-fraught eyes, as also the expression of that youthful and ingenuous countenance, whose beauty they enhanced. Drewatt had seen many pretty girls, but never one who seemed half so lovely in his eyes—the voice of kindness and friendship sounds doubly sweet to ears unaccustomed to receive it, and hers being that voice might have some influence on his feelings. She observed how ill he looked, advised him to rest, and insisted on his accepting the best share of some fine plums she carried in a basket. And very pleasant and refreshing they were to Drewatt's weariness, though yet more refreshing were the kind words, and fearless demeanour of the girl, as, seated near him on the bank, she eat her own division of the fruit. Had she but known who was her companion, what difference might it not have occasioned in her conduct! Drewatt did not try the experiment, but after the fruit was finished, they walked on a little way together, when he assisted her over a stile, and she departed in her ignorance; though the whole of the story of her own life had passed into his possession; and he knew that to increase, instead of being a burthen on the scanty resources of an infirm father, she had, as soon as her younger sister was old enough to supply her place in the house, procured a situation as needlewoman, in a city a considerable distance away, whither she was now proceeding; her entire fund for travelling expenses consisting in the little treasure he had restored to her, to make the most of which, having sent on her box, she was performing a portion of the journey on foot.

The following day Drewatt reached another town, and recommenced his series of applications for employment: but all in vain, trade was bad, and many of their regular hands being out of work, no one would engage him—otherwise his sickly look might alone have barred success, as it did in his endeavours to procure any other kind of work. A second fit of illness seized him, and when its violence was passed by, and he emerged from the wretched dwelling which had sheltered him, he was utterly destitute, without a farthing, or anything in the world, excepting the clothes he wore. He had no resource but beggary, and for some days he subsisted on the fluctuating charity of the townspeople. Then this failed, also, and he was reduced to fearful want. Food had not passed his lips for more than twenty-four hours, and he stood in a quiet street, near the door of a baker's shop, eyeing its contents as they alone can do who are starving. There was no one in the shop—no one in the street; the bread, for whose want he was perishing, stood before him in tempting piles, and so near the door! nothing could be easier than to slip in and carry off one little loaf, no one would see him, no one would ever know it. For a moment he wavered, and advanced a step; then he drew back—during his recent illnesses the lessons which his mother had imprinted on his mind in childhood, the precepts of that holy volume which she had made her guide through life, and the words which he had so often heard the clergyman utter in the pulpit, had all wrought powerfully upon his heart, and were not without their fruits. No, he would not yield to the temptation; a few days sooner or later it might be that he died, but he would not prolong his existence by dishonesty. Resolutely, though with trembling limbs, he walked away, and turning into a sort of lane, sat down beneath a wall. The worst seemed to have come at last—he had begged in vain, he would not steal, nothing remained now but to starve. Presently a man came down the lane whistling. As he came near he walked slower and looked at Drewatt. The latter knew him well—it was a native of his village, who, having been imprisoned for theft, had on his return been driven away by the general insult and avoidance; and *he* had been one to show his contempt for the convicted thief—how his heart smote him at the recollection! The other stopped and gazed on him for a moment, ere he could fully recognise the sadly altered face, then exclaiming,—"Is this you, Dick Drewatt?" extended his hand, which was clasped most eagerly. "You do'nt avoid me *now!*" observed the same speaker, with a smile. Drewatt burst into tears: bodily weakness and conflicting feelings subdued him to such unmanly emotion. "Nay, I did not mean to vex you," continued his former acquaintance, with a kindly roughness, at the same time sitting down by him. "I should be the last man to pick holes in anybody's jacket."

"But I am *not* guilty," said Drewatt, earnestly.

"So we all say," replied the other, with some bitterness, "only the world won't believe us. So I told the court; but they paid no respect to my assertions, they never do. It's a good job that they did not find you guilty, and hang you up like a dog that was not worth a place among the living."

"It might have been as well as giving the dog an ill name," remarked Drewatt, mournfully.

"Ay—so that's it? Well, tell me all about it; I am not so bad or so reckless as I appear, and am earning my living honestly. But first come along, and let us have a pint of beer, and a slice of beef too; you don't look as if they would hurt you: fretting and fearing won't keep a man alive."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, November 28th, 1846.*

*The Temperance Movement.*—During the past month many things have occurred in connection with the temperance cause, of an unusually interesting character. First, I may notice the death and burial of one of whom every teetotaler must have heard. I mean "Dicky Turner," to whom we are indebted for the term "Teetotal," by which so many millions of abstainers are now designated. Poor "Dicky" resided in Preston, and was a sad inebriate—but one night, having entered a temperance meeting, when in a state of intoxication, he signed the pledge. He afterwards became an enthusiastic supporter of the cause, and with no higher qualifications than his zeal and integrity, he often spoke upon the subject at public meetings. His speeches were irresistibly droll—full of blunders of every kind—but, in many respects, impressive and effectual. When "Dicky" first identified himself with the cause, it was not, as now, a matter of *entire* abstinence—but the old system of "moderation." A thousand instances soon occurred to show that this scheme was insufficient either for the prevention or cure for drunkenness, and many soon saw the propriety of going a step further. "Dicky" stood in the advance, and, in his simple but earnest way, urged others to follow. One night, being unusually warmed, when he was descanting against the evils of strong drink, he exclaimed, stammering as he proceeded, "M-m-moderation is all b-b-botheration—to do any good we must have t-t-t-tee-total!" Meaning *the* total, or that *all* intoxicating drink must be given up at once. The phrase first spread abroad as a joke—it gradually assumed a more solid and important complexion—and at this day is adopted by hosts of people abroad and at home who are bent upon conquering man's potent enemy, strong drink. Richard Turner observed his pledge with a consistency that many, of higher pretensions, may envy. He lived fourteen years a tee-totaler, and having won the esteem of hundreds, was followed to the grave by a large body of abstainers, by whom the ground in which he now rests was purchased, and who paid all the expenses of the last services he required on earth. Fourteen years of his life were devoted to an earnest effort to free his fellow creatures from a great curse: he is dead, and there is no statue for *him*—but thousands will yet pause and meditate by the unadorned grave of "Dicky Turner."——The destruction of wholesome grain, by distillers and brewers, during the existing dearth, has formed a topic of general discussion, and in many parts of the kingdom, but chiefly in Scotland, meetings have been held, and resolutions adopted, calling for legislative interference. That it was the duty of tee-totalers to urge this subject upon public attention, no one will deny. That their design will succeed, either with the public or the legislature, is questionable. At the best of times the evils of the drinking system are enormous, and apparent enough to claim the earnest attention of all who are not enslaved by customs "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and an additional calamity, added to the vast mass of evil always emanating from this source, will arouse the senses of comparatively few. Ours is a work of time and perseverance, rather than of sudden impulse—and the history of many years yet to come will be stained by the conversion of food into poison.——The *National Temperance Society* proposes to raise a fund of 5000*l.* to urge on the movement. They have planned energetic operations for the metropolis, which they will gradually extend to the provinces. The *Scottish Temperance League* has also commenced a similar design, with something more of energy. And the various local associations are on the alert. But "Christmas is coming," and there will be many drawbacks. About five times as much positive drunkenness will occur at Christmas, as is common to other times. Thus will the nativity of Christ be observed. There are many who would scarcely recognise the season as Christmas unless they became something more than elevated. Even now they are putting themselves upon short allowance, and hoarding for their Bacchanalian revel. The vendor of strong drink anticipates the market, and lays in an unusual stock; and, as the celebration of our Saviour's birth, the flood-gates of ruin will be opened. But we shall triumph at last.—ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

### THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

[*Extract from a letter to the Editor:*—"Can you find room for this? I see you have touched upon the subject."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.]

The alacrity with which more than five hundred persons have registered themselves as members of this projected institution—the voice of hope that has spoken, and the heart that has beaten at the preliminary meetings—afford the most gratifying assurance that the Whittington Club is destined to be an organisation of the highest social value: a mark and monument of the best spiritual influences of the times. It may be a temple dedicated to progress; to progress, invincible in its onward march, because armed with weapons of truth; because strengthened and supported by instruments of the divine temperament of the human mind, determined to assert itself; vowed to achieve its fullest freedom, and therefore its fullest and most rational happiness.

That the want of such an establishment was felt, though such want had found no perfect utterance, has been made evident by the immediate gatherings of the hundreds of that class, to be immediately benefited by the institution. It was but to speak the words; to impart a meaning to the vague desire, and the intention was echoed and re-echoed, until it was heard and acknowledged throughout the wide metropolis.

It is not, however, to be hoped that the Whittington Club can be established—can grow and strengthen from its foundation—without some attempts adverse to its existence. Bigots and small wits must frown and throw little—very little squibs at it. But the endeavour that cannot withstand the scowl of ignorance, and the flash of a small jest, has no true heart—no rightful spirit in it—and ought to fail.

Among the social evils predicted from the success of the Whittington Club, is the evil of knowledge. The young men of London will lose their wholesome relish for the many favoured delights of a pure metropolis, and dream of Science. We are menaced with monsters of learning at desks and counters. It has been predicted by the *Morning Post* that a Bacon will serve writs—a Euclid measure muslin—and a Newton calculate the specific gravity of a banker's balance. And should this revolution occur, what a destruction would it bring down upon the aristocratic, the rich, and the respectable!

The lawyer's clerk—doomed to the sad service of writs—would, of course, "do his spiriting" much more saucily, brutally, because of his knowledge of such a work as the *Novum Organum*: the keener his sense of the enjoyment, the more impudent and disgusting his performance of his hard, legal duty; the haberdasher, or linen-draper with some notions of the *Propositions*, would incontinently give short measure; Euclid being the prime teacher of all cheating; whilst the banker's clerk, capable of even dimly catching the *Principia* would, from the moment he became conscious of the half-wisdom, have his thoughts unalterably set on forgery and embezzlement. The first glimpse of the beauty of science would lead him to the docks to learn all about the departure of a fast-sailing ship to another hemisphere.

Though the tree of knowledge bears beautiful and clustering fruit, there is a race of sand-blind prophets—and the race though wasted, will never be extinct—that sees in the sweet, sustaining produce nothing save picklocks, and pistols, and halters, with pens already nibbed for forgery. These folks love the ignorance of all that is intellectually ennobling, as the best security from evil. They might as well love an ape for its truth, because denied the power of speaking a lie.

However, the Whittington Club may *now* be fairly left to the earnest, enthusiastic efforts of its rightful builders. It is their duty to work, as it will be their prerogative to enjoy the goodly fruits of their labours. The Press—with one or two feeble, foolish exceptions—is with them. And it is not one of the least gratifying results of this journal*

* Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

that in its first, birth-number, the idea and suggestion of the Whittington Club were originally put forth—(and I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Angus B. Reach, for the conduct of the idea communicated to him; an idea that, on a first visit to the Manchester Athenæum forced itself upon me:)—put forth, to be accepted and welcomed by a class among the most needing, as certainly among the most deserving of its accruing benefits.

And in a spirit of hope that these may be manifold and perpetual to all numbered in the Whittington Club, I beg to subscribe myself their Obedient Servant,

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

*West Lodge, Lower Putney Common.*

*The Peace Movement.*—On the 13th Elihu Burritt lectured to a crowded audience, at the Lecture Room, Nelson-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Burritt's address was an eloquent and Christian assertion of the wickedness of all war; and his sentiments were repeatedly and warmly applauded. He cited the example of Christ:—"Follow him," said he, "from the manger to the cross—through every trial he was called to endure—through all the bitter obloquy and persecutions that were heaped on him. Watch the expression of his countenance when the crown of thorns was platted round his temples—when the nails were driven—when he breathed forth the last impulse of his spirit to his red-handed murderers, and cried, 'Father forgive them—Father *forgive* them.'" Mr. Burritt, after lecturing in London, is expected to visit Glasgow and other towns in Scotland.

## Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

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A PORTRAIT OF ELIHU BURRITT;

WITH A

*Memoir by Mary Howitt.*

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If "An Amateur Artist" had favoured us with his address, we could have satisfied him upon the matter to which he refers.

ELIHU BURRITT.—Many persons apply to us for Mr. Burritt's Address, which is often difficult to give, from his repeated movements. We will, however, gladly forward to him any stamped letters that may be enclosed to our care.

THE ROCK BUILDING SOCIETY.—We have received a letter from George Wood Rowe, who lately made serious charges against the directors of this society, in a communication which, being authenticated, we thought we might credit, and therefore felt it our duty to give it a place in the *Journal*. The writer now admits that he was in error, and expresses his regret that he should have published unfounded charges. We cannot too strongly urge upon our correspondents the necessity of their exercising the utmost caution in matters of this kind. An unfounded calumny may do irreparable injury, and we earnestly desire to keep the pages of the *Journal* free from the slightest tendency to wrong.

A PORTRAIT OF W. C. MACREADY,

WITH A PAPER BY

W. J. FOX,

Will shortly appear in the *People's Journal.*

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

By the German Painter, Grimeaux.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.—*St. Matthew*, xviii, 10.

In our last week's number our engraving represented the *Nemesis*, who avenged human crimes; our present woodcut shows the fairer idea of the Guardian Angel guiding the footsteps of the trustful child. Grimeaux, the painter, has taken for his subject the two beautiful passages in the ninety-first psalm.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

The old masters, who, like the German artists of the present day, drew their best inspirations from the scriptures, never, perhaps, embodied a more beautiful idea than that of the Guardian Angel. A little Germanesque it might be, but what really great effort is untinged by nationality? We might, perhaps, make a slight objection to the dress of the little pilgrim, and to the beads that he is dropping, as symbols of a particular creed, in place of a more Catholic representation of human trustfulness. This, however, is a trifling objection, and one which we do not wish to urge, as the picture, taken as a whole, is a fine moral poem, and full of meaning in every line. The dangers of life are typified by the dark sea which lies on each side of the narrow neck of land down which the child is being guided by the Angel. The brink of the precipice on either hand is hidden by flowers, which represent the delusive pleasures of the world. The Angel, from behind, like a mother waiting upon the trembling feet of an infant, with careful palms watches lest he should swerve from the narrow path. She does not touch him—to his own *free will* his footsteps are left, until his inherent helplessness calls forth the gentle guidance of her hands. Her white wings curve around as though doubly to assure the child, for does it not say in the psalm:—

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.

The face of the Angel is very fine. Annibal Caracci, whose angels, "with hair blown back," reach the highest point of spiritual feeling, never painted a more beautiful one. But description is dull when employed upon such a picture; we have been vainly attempting to paint with the pen, what the reader can understand at one glance by looking at the woodcut. Mr. Linton has done full justice to the design by the masterly manner in which he has engraved it. Both in idea and in execution it is a work of High Art. We might say the same of its companion picture, published last week. Let us recommend those of our readers who appreciate their beauty to obtain separate copies of the numbers containing such engravings, and to have them framed. Such pictures as these are too good to remain merely closed up in a book. Go forth, then, little prints! take the place upon the walls of the artisan's dwelling of the coarse daubs which appeal only to the worst passions—pictures of prizefighters, of Battles, of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, made heroes of by those who should have elevated instead of degraded your taste. Let the spinners put them up against the beams of their looms—such pictures as these are lessons which a man cannot have too constantly before him. We feel sure of the portfolios of the drawing-rooms. It is *our* ambition that the dull walls of the workshop be made eloquent by such appeals as these pictures to the best emotions of the heart.

How grand is the experiment we are making! Disregarding the suppressed sneers of the mere *dilletanti*, we say boldly to the working man, we trust you, we believe in you; Art is for you as well as for the select circle. True Art addresses itself to the breadth and depth of human feeling rather than to the narrow edge of conventionalism, however refined. A. W.

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## MEN OF THE PEOPLE.

### No. II.—HENRY VINCENT

There are probably few of our readers but have heard of the name of Henry Vincent. Many of them must have listened to him in person: for there are few men who have, within a shorter period, addressed larger numbers of the British people than he has done. Wonderful is the energy and activity of Vincent! The rapidity of his progress—in one of his national tours in the cause of Temperance, Peace, Education, and Political Liberty—seems almost electric. The flame of his eloquence suddenly courses through the island—from Cornwall, where the miners admire him, to Scotland, where thousands assemble at the sound of his coming. One would think that he discoursed as he ran; and that there was no time for stopping that audiences might collect. Look at the papers which record his progress, and you find that one week he is in Nottingham, Hull, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Newcastle,—and the next, he is in Haddington, Edinburgh, Dundee, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. As he flies along, tens of thousands collect to receive his passing words; and he preaches to these multitudes peace, charity, temperance, love of liberty, independence, industry. During the last year, we see, from watching his progress, he has addressed about *three hundred* crowded meetings; and has travelled from *seven to eight thousand miles* to address them! It is only a man filled with the inspiration of great ideas—possessed of the soul of a hero and the enthusiasm of an apostle—who could have braved so much, attempted so much, and accomplished so much, as Henry Vincent has done. Without vital and enduring faith in the power of goodness and truth to overcome evil and error, Vincent could never have persevered so unswervingly, through good and evil report, in the cause of human progress. To give a brief outline of the history of this energetic public teacher, is the object of the present article.

Henry Vincent was born in High Holborn, London, in May, 1815,—so that he is as yet but a young man, so far as years are concerned. His father was a respectable gold and silver smith, whose shop was in the street above named. When Henry had reached the age of seven years, his father became unfortunate in business; and, though he succeeded in satisfying the claims of his creditors, being unable to maintain himself in his former position, he removed to Hull, in Yorkshire, with Henry and a younger sister, and his wife. Here, after an attempt to establish himself in business, misfortune followed him. Between the years 1824 and 1827, by which time the family had increased to six children, they were living in a state of deplorable destitution. At the end of that time, the elder sister was smitten with a brain fever, by

which she was deprived of her reason; Thomas Vincent, the father, died; and distress and sorrow seemed to be the destiny of the unfortunate family. In the meantime, Henry, with youthful courage, did his best for their sustainment. By ten years old he worked away at various callings, earning small sums of money, which served in some measure to mitigate the sufferings of his relations. At a suitable age, he was apprenticed to a printer, and soon won the confidence of his master by his attention to his interests and close application to business. Here Henry Vincent's education commenced. Books were his almost constant companions, when not engaged at work. In the evenings he would run home with a book, and spend the night in reading it. He sedulously applied himself to the work of self-improvement, and made rapid progress. His mind expanded beyond himself, and he began to take a warm interest in the work of social progress. The times favoured the development of his opinions. The agitation for Catholic Emancipation had fired his boyish mind, and he became an ardent emancipationist. But the event that most thoroughly roused him into political activity, was the French Revolution of 1830. The sound of that movement fell upon him like a clap of thunder. We have heard him say that he stood speechless when he first saw the bill at the door of a newspaper office, headed "*Revolution in France!*" and then he ran excitedly home to borrow the necessary money to buy the paper, and, eagerly devouring its contents, hurried through the streets announcing the great event to every friend he met. He now became more political in his views, and at the period of the Reform Bill agitation, took active part with the radical or universal suffrage party; and, while yet in his teens, he was elected a member of the council of the Hull and Saltcoats Political Union. When his apprenticeship terminated, he removed, with his mother and the rest of the family, to London, and through the recommendation of respectable friends, obtained a situation in the King's Printing Office. He soon left the firm with about sixty men, being dissatisfied with the way in which the government printing was conducted.

The death of a relative having by this time provided Henry Vincent with a small independence, and his mind being filled with aspirations after human progress and hopes of general enfranchisement, he determined, in the year 1837, to devote himself for a time to the propagation of his deeply-cherished principles. He soon joined the celebrated and virtuous William Lovett, and a few other men of similar views, in an attempt to put the nation in motion for a peaceful and moral movement in favour of the just representation of all classes of the people in parliament. This led to the production of the document called the "People's Charter," which was drawn up to show the possibility of embodying the principles of just representation in the form of an act of parliament; and upon this the country was appealed to. Henry Vincent soon became one of the most noted of the many enthusiastic advocates for the measure. He traversed large districts of the country at his own expense, making great way among the middle and working classes. He entered Bath in 1838, amidst the ringing of the abbey bells, and the firing of cannon from the adjacent hills.

The excitement caused by the new movement extended into Wales, where the fiery descendants of the ancient British embraced the views so earnestly put forward by their young advocate, with an unwonted enthusiasm. Vincent laboured among them in public meetings by night and by day; and at the same time he started a cheap paper, the *National Vindicator*, which extensively circulated in South Wales and the West of England. The vehemence of Vincent's language, and the excitement produced by his addresses, alarmed the Whig government, who took the opportunity of apprehending him while on a visit to his mother in London, on a charge of using seditious language; and, after being tried, he was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Monmouth gaol. At the end of eight months he was brought from his cell to stand a new trial, and was again sentenced to other 12 months' imprisonment.

During his confinement, he suffered many hardships and privations; but he never murmured. He was confined in Monmouth at the time of the unhappy Monmouth riots, and deeply deplored those terrible events. The prison being full, and, apparently with the view of crushing his spirits, the authorities confined him in the *condemned cell*, contrary to all law and decency; but he preserved his playfulness of mind, and appeared to be more cheerful in disposition as his sufferings increased. At length public opinion in and around Monmouth so grew in his favour—even among the respectable and influential classes—that the government resolved to remove him to London; and the news of the removal spreading abroad, his ride to London was quite a triumph. As the coach passed through Ross, Gloucester, Cheltenham, and Oxford, he was welcomed by the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of people. In London, he was confined in a solitary cell in the wretched Penitentiary, and it was while confined in this dungeon that the generous-hearted Serjeant Talfourd (who had held the government brief against him), with a kindness of heart peculiarly characteristic of him, brought his case before parliament. He spoke of Vincent in the highest terms; blamed the government for their cruel treatment of him; and said that the sentence passed upon him had been violated by the sufferings he was undergoing. The government was so hard pressed, that they promised to mitigate the severity of his treatment. Lord Normanby shortly after visited him in the Penitentiary, to whom he delivered his sentiments in a manly and earnest way, that went the round of the papers at the time. He was next day removed to Oakham gaol, where, after fourteen months' dreary imprisonment, living upon prison fare, and subject to every indignity, he was treated in a more christian manner, and allowed the use of books, pen, ink, and paper.

The first use Vincent made of his new privilege was to write his celebrated *Address to the People on behalf of Temperance*, which address was extolled in nearly all the public journals. It was in this address that he told the people, that "*No government can long withstand the just claims of a people who have had the courage to conquer their own vices.*" At length, after twenty-two months' imprisonment, he was liberated by the government, two months before the expiration of his sentence. His liberation was celebrated by a large public dinner, at which he was received with great enthusiasm, and he at once again resumed his career of public usefulness, advocating the elevation of the working classes, the extension of their political rights, their emancipation from the baneful influence of intemperate habits, with the same zeal and devotedness as ever. But he had now had some discipline in the school of experience and suffering, and the effects were visible in his public addresses: he now appealed more to the judgment and less to the feelings; and aimed less

at making men angry at the bad, than at inducing them to love and aim after the good. Take, for instance, the following peroration of a Complete Suffrage address, delivered by Mr. Vincent at Leeds, in October, 1842:—

I would not leave you (said he) without impressing this night upon your minds, that however beautifully true our principles may be, you should remember that they may be sullied by our own follies; and that he is the truest reformer who seeks to elevate the masses—who declares war against drunkenness and vice—who seeks, through the spirit of self-improvement, to make men worthy the rights they lay claim to; for, oh! gentlemen, there is not a truer elevator, nor a more powerful democratic weapon, than the spread of virtue and the advance of mind. Recollect, that just in proportion as the mind of the nation shall grow—just in proportion as the people shall advance in virtue and knowledge, shall we approach nearer to the day when those principles shall be calculated to win a glorious triumph amongst us. Feel, then, perfect and undying faith in the power of truth—feel that if you have right on your side, you need not play the bully to make men love your principles. Feel that liberty is not a fiend; that she is not some wild and savage beast, with talons sharp, to tear in pieces all who differ from us—but feel that liberty is a kindly guardian angel, that, in her passage through the world, drops thoughts of fatness and words of kindness in the human bosom; feel this, and you will do more to make your principles respected than ever can be done by force, by folly, or by fraud. Let there be a diffusion of mind, a spread of enlightenment throughout the world. In the beautiful creation of this world, when it yet half slept in the womb of night, and chaos enwrapped it round, creation seemed waiting to bring forth her beauty at the voice of the Almighty one, who said, "Let there be light," and as the light beamed forth, this lovely and fertile earth sprung upon the view, and, last of all, the godlike form of man And as in the physical creation, so is it now in the moral world; man's political destiny seems enwrapped in a dark and chaotic mass, but there is a new creation preparing, thoughts are breaking from the lower masses of society, threatening to burst into pieces the trammels that have hitherto pent them up; all things are ready for a new and more glorious day; and rely upon it, he is the highest, truest patriot who sends forth, and backs it up by honest exertions, the soul-enchanting sound, "Let there be light" And as the glorious flame shall burn from mind to mind, and warm from heart to heart, soon shall be seen in the irradiating blaze of its glory, the eternal, the immutable rights of man.

During the last few years, Mr. Vincent has been engaged, with Mr. Joseph Sturge and others, in labouring to bring about a reconciliation between the middle and the working classes in their efforts to obtain a greater extension of the public liberties. His popularity has greatly increased among the middle and propertied classes, who no longer fear, as they did, to place political power in the hands of their fellow-men—even though these men should labour for their sustenance with their own hands. Vincent has taken the opportunity of testing this feeling on several occasions during the last few years, and with remarkable success. At Banbury, where he contested the election with a Whig and a Tory, a large minority of the electors, and almost the whole unfranchised population, were on his side. During the election he was offered one thousand pounds by one of the parties, to retire and use his influence against the other. He refused; because his contesting the election was a matter entirely of principle. After the election was over, he received the public thanks of the authorities for the way in which he had suppressed intemperance and preserved the peace of the town; and all parties combined to greet him at a large public *soiree*, which was attended by upwards of eight hundred persons in that small town. In 1842, when the Whig members had been turned out of their seats at Ipswich for bribery, Vincent, though quite a stranger in the town, appeared and offered himself as a candidate. Never was such a candidate heard of in Ipswich before! He denounced drunkenness, bribery, and corruption, in all their forms; and at the same time put forth his own democratic opinions, so as to command the attention and respect of all classes. Most of the dissenters of the town supported him, and a large proportion of the middle classes; and it is said, that but for the farmers of the neighbourhood he would have been elected. As it was, he polled four hundred and seventy-three votes. In 1843, he contested Tavistock against all the influence of the house of Bedford, and lost the election only by forty-one votes. He has since stood for Kilmarnock and Plymouth, taking advantage of these opportunities for having his large views of political, moral, and social questions, brought fairly under the notice of the public.

We have been informed, by those who were present throughout the Plymouth contest, that the influence exercised by Mr. Vincent upon the population during the election, was of the most salutary kind. The previous parliamentary contest had been distinguished by the grossest behaviour on the part of the populace, whom both of the opposing parties had endeavoured to bribe and debauch, chiefly by means of intoxicating drink. Vincent set himself determinedly against all such beastly methods of influencing the voices of the electors. He urged on the large audiences which crowded to hear him night after night, the duties of self-respect, self-reliance, sobriety, good conduct, and manly integrity. He preached of democratic virtue as Christianity realised and in action; and enforced upon the working classes that, without sobriety, virtue, and intelligence, they never could obtain their rights; nor, even if obtained, could they, without these, exercise them sufficiently for their own and the public advantage. The results of this teaching were apparent on the day of election, at which the vast crowd behaved with a propriety and decorum heretofore unknown in Plymouth on similar occasions.

Of late, Mr. Vincent has extended the range of his useful operations, by lecturing on historical subjects, temperance, education, religious liberty, and the peace question,—for he has become a convert to the doctrine of the sanctity of human life, and the sinfulness and impolicy of all war. He was delegated to the late World's Peace Convention by the peace societies of Manchester and Tavistock. He has lately been on a mission through Scotland, where he has addressed immense numbers of the people, and has had the use of the churches of all denominations, including some of those belonging to the State Church in that country, where the ministers of the parish usually presided.

With respect to Mr. Vincent's private life, we can only farther add that he has now been married five years, and is blessed with two children. His lady has recently founded a boarding and educational establishment for young ladies in the neighbourhood of London, which is likely to become one of the most useful of our schools for the daughters of the middle classes.

In person, Mr. Vincent is rather below the average height. He is firmly and handsomely built; his complexion is fresh and ruddy; his hair is light and flowing; and his dark blue eyes are keen and animated. His head is large, and well developed in the intellectual regions; his features are finely cast, and expressive of much feeling, benevolence, and humour. In his moral character, we believe him to be unimpeachable. Taken as a whole, he is a noble specimen of his class—of whom he has a thorough knowledge, with whom he deeply sympathises. We believe him to be a man endowed with qualities and faculties which may yet render him of immense service to the cause of truth and human progress; and we trust he will go forward in the path which he has marked out for himself, until he sees the objects which are so dear to his heart completely accomplished.

## THE LAW OF OPINION.

### A TALE.

By Georgina C. Munro.

*(Concluded from page 308.)*

After that welcome meal, it was a blessing to the persecuted man to pour forth without reserve the detail of his sorrows, his disappointments, and his misfortunes, to one who would not scorn, or mock, or shrink from him. The recital was listened to with an air of sympathy which could not be assumed,. and the first words of genuine consolation and encouragement, from one who knew his actual circumstances, were uttered by the man whom in brighter days he had contemned. In return for Drewatt's narrative, his old acquaintance, Martin, related somewhat of his own experience of the world since he had quitted their native village—how want of character had stood in his way, and how, recognised when he least desired, that evil had been eclipsed by a character for dishonesty—how the only classes that had welcomed him, were those which no companionship nor example could corrupt, and the only promising way of gaining his livelihood was by disreputable means—he told how easy he found it to sink, how difficult to rise, how hard to extricate himself from the moral quicksands ready to engulf him; how he had striven, and how constantly the sincerity of his efforts had been discredited. But the love of evil had not been in his heart; and resolutely disentangling himself from its temptations, he had set forward on the more stony path. Destitute of a trade, having been the factotum of the hamlet's only shop, he had at first earned his subsistence as a bricklayer's labourer; but the work was hard and the wages were small, and having some inkling of the craft of basket-maker, he had attempted it with sufficient success to induce him to stick to it altogether.

"It makes a fair enough living, one week with another," he concluded, "and making a little allowance for disagreeable thoughts, I am as happy as possible. You met me in a very merry humour to-day, for I've sold all my stock, and that's always a piece of good fortune to rejoice at. And now you must come with me, my little room will hold us both, and when we get richer we shall have a better lodging."

"But how am I, at least, to get richer?" asked Drewatt sadly. "I'm not strong enough for a bricklayer's labourer, and could not even make a basket."

"But you'll soon be strong enough to be a capital workman, as you know you are by rights," said Martin cheerfully; "and then you can make something more to the purpose than a basket. I once heard of a man who made a very large fortune, and he began by putting a common wooden box outside his door. Don't you think a table or a chair might do as well? So, cheer up, Dick, my boy, we'll be well to do in the world some day! Only get rid of that unlucky name of yours, which would be enough to condemn a saint. We must christen you over again; what shall it be? nothing out of the common way. Ah, Joseph Richards will do, and not seem so strange to you either. So now come home with me, and a good sleep will soon set you all to rights."

A few days, with food and rest, and the cheerful companionship of Martin, did wonders in recruiting Richard's shattered health; and as soon as he was capable, he put his friend's plan in execution. A few articles, of the best construction which the materials Martin could afford to buy, and the tools he could borrow or buy, permitted, invited, not without success, the purchase of the passenger; and as they were converted into money, others of superior description filled their place; until at the year's end the two friends were enabled to hire a shop, a very humble one truly, but still a place where the articles produced by their joint industry might be exposed for sale to better advantage, and in greater quantity, than before. As we have already intimated, Richard was a very superior workman, and as Martin also displayed no small ingenuity and taste in the fabrication of his lighter wares, their competition with establishments of longer standing and higher pretensions gradually increased in success, and their receipts in value, the greater portion of which their steady and frugal habits enabled them to employ in the improvement of their business, so that in three or four years more they were sufficiently prosperous to take a large shop in one of the best streets in the town. Here might be seen through one window a crowd of highly finished and fashionable furniture, while the other displayed Martin's baskets, and a hundred other elegant trifles for use or ornament, which the partners had deemed it advisable to add to their stock in trade.

At this time, likewise, their household received an addition in the person of one whom Richard had little expected ever to welcome to his home. But though worldly affairs had prospered, all else had not gone so happily with him in the interval, and he had grieved deeply to hear of his mother's death, which his own evil name had hastened. And she had gone down to the grave, though blessing him, still mourning over his presumed delinquencies, and in that thought there was bitterness unspeakable. Poor Kate, thus left alone in the village, with none to love her, none to whom she could cling for support and comfort in her desolation, had yet at first declined her brother's request to join him. But when she came to seek the means of providing for her own subsistence, the fact of Richard's relationship paralysed her efforts. It had been her wish to procure a place, no matter as what, anything for which she was fit, no matter with rich or poor, so it was with somebody respectable. But though not so plainly intimated, the truth was clear enough to her comprehension, no one would have her brother's sister in their house; and, in the end, that brother's entreaties and arguments prevailed, and Kate took up her abode beneath his roof. Here then she found again, and through him, that respect in the world's eyes, of which he had been the means of depriving her. Taught somewhat, also, by her own slight experience, of the hardships which had so nearly crushed Richard for ever, what he must have suffered, Kate felt that his punishment had been adequate almost to his imputed crime; and recognising in his struggles to regain his lost position, and in the uniform exemplary conduct and probity, which had secured the good-will and opinion of his fellow townsmen, the unfeigned desire of well-doing, she found esteem and approbation mingling once more with the affection which had clung to him through all his darkest hours. She no longer shrunk from him now, but strove to make the past forgotten in the present—perhaps there were times when she even deemed that past might have been misinterpreted, and that public opinion had condemned him wrongfully. However, the expression of her sentiments was little called for, as the days

gone by were but rarely spoken of in that house; there was to all much in their events to which they would not that the very walls should listen, and they were usually allowed to rest in silence well nigh as deep as though they never had existed.

The same care and frugality as of old still characterised the household, to an extent beyond what circumstances might appear to call for; but not merely did its members feel little disposition for amusement or luxury, but not knowing on how precarious a tenure their present prosperity might be held, all were anxious to place themselves above the danger of that helpless penury, to which they had seen that general aversion could so easily reduce them. Thus a dentist occupied the best rooms; and Kate, with Martin's assistance, attended the shop, while Richard, glad to escape the necessity of often entering it, industriously pursued his occupation, in which he was now able to employ two or three men and apprentices. Perhaps he might have hoped that, thrown so much together as they were, a kinder sentiment than friendship would grow up between his sister and Martin, thinking that a marriage between those who knew so much about each other's circumstances, that time could scarcely reveal anything to their disparagement, would be as matters stood, the best thing that could occur. However, there seemed little probability of such an event; on the contrary, Kate Richards, as she now was named, soon attracted the admiration of a respectable young tradesman, considerably to the embarrassment and vexation of her brother, who foresaw nothing but evil arising out of this attachment, however it might end; since, whatever might prove Kate's decision, it was evident that the young man was not in himself disagreeable to her.

One day Richard had been called into the shop, to receive directions about some furniture which was to be made to order, and he was still loitering when three persons entered. The first glance recognised the pretty owner of the little green silk bag, and though he did not make himself known, he could not think of retiring. She was accompanied by a younger female, and a person who evidently either was, or soon would be, the husband of one of them, since it was very obvious that they were selecting furniture for their best rooms, and also that it was the first time of furnishing at all. From her evincing most interest in the matter, Richard—somewhat oddly—at once set down his acquaintance of an hour as the bride then or to be. And yet the idea vexed him, though he felt that there was no just reason for its doing so; for what could it be to him? At length the bright eyes of his way-side friend were turned on him; she half-started, and in a moment looked again—he could not appear unconscious, and she exclaimed with the same lively frankness which had marked her demeanour of old, "Surely, sir, I've seen you before? Was it not you that once gave me the purse I had lost?"

This recognition met a cordial response, and in a few minutes the whole party were talking as though they had known each other for months. And in a little while Richard had learned by what chance he had again encountered Mary Hope, for in her lot also there had been changes. Her father was dead, and her sister being about to make an exceedingly good match, by marrying a tradesman just set up for himself in that very town, they had persuaded Mary to give up the situation which she still held, and come to live with them for altogether. And so she was neither married, nor to be married; yet, again, what should that be to him? Did he not feel that a viewless barrier divided him and his from the rest of the world? Had he not regarded with pain the possibility of an attachment between Kate and one otherwise well suited to her? and if such considerations weighed in her case, should they not weigh a hundred times more heavily in his own? Alas! the prudence and foresight which had before been watchful, slumbered now that his own feelings required their utmost vigilance. Brought in contact with the only woman whose face had ever lingered in his memory as a fair thing to be treasured, he yielded to the fascination, thoughtlessly seeking her presence, and cultivating the willing friendship of her relatives, until, ere he had once reflected on consequences, he was so deeply attached, that it would indeed have needed a powerful effort to break the charm which bound him. But no such effort did he make; hope whispered sweetly, and he listened but too willing to be persuaded, as she argued the improbability of misfortune again assailing him, or evil report once more casting its shadow over his path, and blighting the happiness of those allied to him; and set forth the folly of throwing aside the proffered blessings of his lot, through dread of mere unlikely possibilities. A scene seemed spread before his eyes of cloudless joy and felicity—of his sister and himself tasting that happiness of which they had once thought to have taken leave for ever—united to those they loved, and enjoying the gifts of fortune, and the respect and friendship of their acquaintance. He could not turn from the enchanting vision, he would not repel it; but resigned himself to its contemplation, to the almost total forgetfulness of the thundercloud which might burst over him when least expected; destroying all his brilliant hopes, and bidding Mary and his sister's lover upbraid and scorn both him and Kate.

Thus matters went on; Richard heeded not that Kate was on the very point of uniting herself to one who knew not her father's name, still less suspected her brother's character—he heeded not that he had himself all but asked Mary Hope to be his bride. He had made up his mind to fearlessness—to be happy, and tremble not at shadows. He was in this mood one day walking with Martin, who had not a little contributed to his satisfied frame of mind, when a stage coach passed to its place of stopping, but a little way off. Richard at once turned deadly pale. "I am lost!" he said. "A man on that coach has recognised me, and I know well what will follow."

"But are you certain?" asked his friend.

"Ay, certain enough. I saw he recollected me as well as I did him. He was a fellow-apprentice of mine, and one of the witnesses whose evidence, though true, went so unfortunately against me. We were friends of old, and he spoke kindly of me on the trial; but that is nothing—I have learned the extent of such friendship, and know I shall be ruined. Fool that I was, to think it would be otherwise! If I had not been a fool indeed, what misery might not have been spared me!"

"Then let us hurry home," said Martin. "By keeping in-doors a day or two, he may never find you out."

"It is too late," replied Richard, glancing round, and there sure enough was his old friend hastening after them, though to his surprise with outstretched hand, and friendly air. His greeting, too, was friendly, and betokened much pleasure at meeting Richard so obviously improved in circumstances.

It was impossible to avoid asking Berry to accompany them home, and, in fact, Richard felt as

though it would be in vain to struggle against the inevitable ruin now closing round him. On their way, Berry addressed Drewatt by that now unwonted name. "That name is unknown here," said he, sadly, "to all except this friend who is now with me. Whatever you may do afterwards, do not call me by it to-day!"

Berry understood his meaning instantly, and answered rather to it than to his words. "Do not fear me, Dick, I never will betray you—I know what you have suffered. I, for one, believe you innocent, and am delighted to find, as must be the case, if this place is yours, that all this knocking about has done you no harm in the end."

Richard led him into the shop without replying, for though this declaration had for the time reassured him, he remembered but too bitterly all that persecution had already cost him. After a few hours of equally friendly communion, Berry left them, and Richard knew that his secret still was safe, that his identity with a person whom he had heard mentioned even by them, was yet unsuspected by his fellow townsmen. But the satisfaction this gave him was of but short duration. He had been rudely awakened from his dream, and his eyes would not reclose, but remained open to the precipice on whose brink both Katherine and himself were standing. The slightest breath might dash them down, and what right had they to drag with them others who were unconscious of their danger. Kate also was aroused from the pleasant visions *she* had indulged in; but that he knew not, nor dared he at that moment disturb her tranquillity with these considerations he had himself so long forgotten. It was his own conduct, with respect to poor Mary Hope, which most forcibly struck on his conscience, and called forth his remorseful feeling. Had he not, heedless of the misery it might bring upon her, striven to win her affection, and of late thought he had succeeded? Lovely, amiable, and gentle-hearted as she was, was this all to which his love for her had tended? Deeply guilty as he felt towards her, no reparation was possible; but his past conduct could not be persevered in, and he at once made up his mind as to his course.

On the evening after encountering Berry, he went to her sister's house and asked Mary to take a walk with him. She complied, and they gained the open country the nearest way, almost in silence, Mary catching somewhat of the contagion of her companion's grave demeanour, which greatly aroused her wonder. At length, when they were far from the noise and bustle of the town, Richard began to tell her of his attachment, of how truly and fervently he loved her, and how that feeling had grown to be the one thing ruling both thought and action. Earnestly, even eloquently, he spoke, for his heart was with his words; and Mary listened, as perhaps few girls have listened to such a tale; for though it was pleasant to her ears, there was something in the speaker's manner which seemed to cast the foreshadowing of coming evil over her spirit, and all other emotions were mastered by a nameless fear. When he paused, she looked up and would have spoken, but he prevented her. "You have yet more to hear," he said; "you have to hear much, Mary, which my love for you could alone extenuate. But I do not try to excuse it—I know how wrong and basely I have acted, and I do not ask for pardon. Let us sit here, and in a few moments you shall know all."

Pale and trembling, Mary sat down at the foot of the tree he indicated, while Richard placed himself near. He then went on to tell how a dark cloud had settled over his name, and blighted his character, and how it had injured those who were then dearest to him; he sketched his fate since that unfortunate period, and finally he told her his name and the crime with which he had been charged, and with which her memory had instantly connected it. Mary's face was hidden by her hands and the tears flowed fast through her fingers. They seemed to fall like drops of molten lead upon his heart. "And now, Mary," said he, rising, "you know all. You know why I dare not now ask you to share my miserable doom; but you cannot know how madly adoring you, I was induced to believe myself beyond the reach of danger, and therefore in my blindness thought to win you for my wife. All the guilt of that deception I now feel and confess—I know I have behaved like a brute and a villain; and yet the knowledge that you will hate and despise me, is almost punishment enough."

"Hear me, Richard Drewatt," exclaimed Mary, as she rose also, and dashed the blinding tear drops from her eyes; "for once I will call you by that name, to tell you that, from all I have known and heard of you, from all you have suffered and withstood, I believe you to be as guiltless of that terrible crime as I am myself. I cannot blame your conduct; I know not if it was prudent; but I cannot wish you had done otherwise. And why should you so despond? you have not done evil, and good is sure to triumph at the last. Why should you be certain of misfortune, when it may never reach you? Safe and undisturbed, as you have lived here so long, you may remain—every year added to your age would lessen the danger of discovery, and at best or at worst, come weal or woe, Mary Hope is willing to share it with you, if you will let her!"

Richard's first emotion was one of rapturous delight at this unexpected declaration. But with reflection came wiser and more generous thoughts; he remembered that with her feelings so wrought upon, she was incapable of judging calmly, and he dared not accept a sacrifice so rashly offered. He told her this, and bade her take time to weigh and consider, ere she pledged herself, in word or thought, to share the fortunes of one so strangely situated. Mary yielded to his arguments, but feared no change in her resolve, nor that the appointed space of a week would leave her less inclined to repeat the pledge he now refused.

On his return, Kate's eyes told Richard she had been weeping bitterly, and inquiry elicited that she had dismissed the lover, in whose keeping her heart was left. And this too was his doing—another evil of his lot. He was deeply grieved, and besought her to allow him to speak to the young man in explanation, that there might at least be no ill-will between them. But she would not hear of it, her dread of contempt was too torturing; and he could scarcely win her to regard with patience his intention of doing so, should Mary Hope's feelings remain unaltered by reflection.

The week was nearly ended when Richard received a communication from a clergyman, requesting him to visit the death-bed of one who had greatly injured him, and wished his forgiveness ere he died. The clergyman added, that the injury he would find in part repaired. Apparently intended to prevent an excess of pleasant emotion, this letter raised expectations Richard almost feared to indulge in; and half doubting whether, after all, it might not be merely some person who had wronged him of a few pounds, he obeyed the summons without delay. Twenty miles were soon

passed over; but he arrived barely in time to hear the self-accusing confession of Berry, who, irritated by a sudden quarrel, had committed that crime for which he had himself been tried—to comfort the parting and deeply repentant spirit with his forgiveness, and close the eyes of his former friend, who, run over by a waggon, thus died a death of lingering agony. The full and complete confession had however been already signed and attested; and in a few days it was known all over England, that the supposed murderer was innocent, and that the actual criminal no longer lived.

That very evening saw Drewatt enter the house of Mary's sister. The true-hearted girl met him with the frank smile and ready welcome which bespoke a changeless heart. "I have come to you," he said——

"To find me still the same," she added. "There is no change in me, Richard; nor shall be to the latest hour of my life."

"Nay, it was not that brought me here," he continued, "I should not have so forestalled the time. But were I alone concerned, your trust and truth might well make me happier than the tidings which I bring, that it is not a wretch shrinking from the knowledge of his fellow creatures, but one who can fearlessly hold up his head in the company of honest men, who now thanks you for that confidence."

And very thankful he was for that power; thankful not merely that the stigma under which he had so long languished was removed; but even more, that in all his sufferings, and all his trials, he had never yielded to the temptation of doing aught which would now have embittered his happiness, and left his reputation sullied by his own evil act, when the shadow of misfortune had been withdrawn. It was a proud day for Richard Drewatt, when his own rightful name, untarnished and uncontemned, was placed above his door. But it was yet a prouder, when at the altar he received Mary's hand, and gave his sister's to a worthier and a richer lover, than the one of whom his evil name had robbed her.

"I have much to thank you for," said he to Martin, some time afterwards. Our common prosperity is entirely owing to your cheerfulness, perseverance, and foresight, which prevented two innocent men sinking beneath the blind injustice of the world."

"Why do you not say innocent *man*?" demanded his partner bluntly. "You are proved so, but I am not."

"But I feel you are as innocent as myself—I do not wait for proof, nor must we hope for it. Strangely as this exculpation has come to me, to you it is almost impossible."

"It would indeed be impossible!" said Martin; "for I am *not* innocent. No, Drewatt," he continued with some bitterness, "I was guilty of all they said. But they never asked by what temptation I fell—my sister was starving and was too proud to beg, and I had sent her everything I had. Think, Dick, if you knew that Kate was starving! However, my theft did not save her, and she died, thank God, without knowing of it! But for all that, because I had erred once, I was not worthless, though very nearly I became so. Ay, Dick, it was *once*, then; but injustice, necessity, and the impossibility of earning my living honestly, made me do things afterwards which gladly, very gladly, would I forget. And difficult indeed was it to get on the right path, after my feet had, as it were, become glued to the wrong one. But I did it at last, and *you* could not guess how many temptations I had to resist and conquer. But I always hated myself when I did evil, though people made me do it, by pretending that I loved it. Ah, Richard! should you ever have a child to educate, teach him not merely not to condemn too rashly, lest he overwhelm the innocent with the punishment of the guilty; but teach him, also, that even the guilty may often be as deserving of his pity as his censure; tell him that misfortune is the parent of more crimes than is a wicked heart; tell him that even the fallen should retain some claim to the forbearance of a fallen race; and bid him, at least, leave the way to reformation open, and drive not the unhappy wretch from evil to worse, and, worst of all, to the fellowship and example of those who are ever ready to seize on fresh pupils, and become tutors in crime."

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## JOURNAL OF A SELF-OBSERVER.

Under this title, a man truly worthy of being called virtuous has, during a period of twenty or thirty years, kept a faithful and minute record of his actions and most secret thoughts. This estimable and pious individual is no other than he who has been called the Swiss Fénélon—Lavater, the pastor of Zurich, whom few know otherwise than as the author of the work on Physiognomy.

The German manuscript of this invaluable journal has become the property of M. George Gessner, Lavater's son-in-law; and up to the present time, only two inconsiderable fragments of it have been given to the public. One, which comprises the first month of the journal, January 1767, was published in 1771, unknown to the author, through the well-intentioned indiscretion of one of his friends, M. Zollikofer. Lavater one day received by post a small anonymous pamphlet which, after reading the first few lines, he recognised as his confessions. This breach of faith caused him some disquietude at first. "Has not the public," said he, "a right to blame one who intrudes upon it all his private affairs, thoughts, and feelings? If all did as much what would be the result?" The moral influence of the little book, however, which was bought and read with avidity, in some measure calmed his scruples, and he was even prevailed upon to sanction the publication of a second portion of his journal, containing some months of 1772 and 1773. But there it ceased. the remainder has been confined to the circle of his family and friends.

Recently, in 1843, a French translation of these two fragments, which Germany has possessed for almost three quarters of a century, appeared at Neufchatel. The following translation of extracts from it will, we trust, prove acceptable to our readers. A good man who applies himself diligently to the study of his own heart, not from a mere impulse of frivolous curiosity or pure vanity, but with an earnest and sincere desire to eradicate the principles of all evil tendencies, and to develope and confirm all good ones, is at once a useful example and a noble spectacle. Far from meriting censure, as Lavater feared, in exposing to the public the secret workings of his mind, he deserves our highest gratitude. He shows how we may read and understand ourselves; he teaches us to be more severe for ourselves, more indulgent for others; he probes to the very bottom of our consciences those moral feelings which naturally have

too great a tendency to slumber, and he makes us ashamed of the indifference and thoughtlessness which cause us to attach so little importance to the title of a good man. Such, at least, should be the influence of confessions written with the double authority of talent and of virtue.

*January*, 1769.—Be sincere, oh, my heart; hide not thy depths from me. I will make a covenant with thee. Know, my heart, that of all the affections of the earth, there is none so wise or so rich in blessings as the friendship of a human heart with, and confidence in, itself. He who is not his own confident, can never be the friend of God or of virtue. The farther we fly from ourselves, the nearer we approach to hypocrisy; and of all things I most dread being a hypocrite.

Those who know mankind have justly remarked that sincerity ceases the moment we begin to perceive that we are observed. But this principle should be applied inversely when the exact observation of self is in question. "Sincerity commences when our heart begins to perceive that it is observed by itself." But, that I may not deceive myself, I am resolved to show these thoughts to no one, to keep them secret with the greatest care, and to write in a cipher, unintelligible to others, whatever might offend or injure anyone, should some unforeseen accident cause my journal to be brought to light. I shall note down whatever I may observe in the course of my feelings, all the secret artifices of my passions, and everything that may have a particular influence in the formation of my moral character, with as much exactitude and sincerity as if the Almighty himself were to inspect my journal, and so that on my death-bed I may draw up from it as faithful an account of my life as that which will be demanded of me after I have breathed my last sigh.

At three o'clock this morning I awoke and heard the night-watch. I never hear it without experiencing a kind of gentle sadness, together with a rapid consciousness of the brevity of life, and a confused recollection of the beings who watch by, or who suffer on a bed of sickness. But this morning my impressions were more than usually vivid; I could not restrain my tears; I recommended to Divine mercy my brothers and my sisters, the inhabitants of the whole earth.

I am resolved this day to wish no one a happy new year with my lips only, and without my heart fully joining in the wish. What an offence it is to truth to give expression to wishes and blessings that the heart has not formed, and of which perhaps it would not fulfil the conditions if the accomplishment depended upon it. Sentiments of sincerity live in me this day; and thou, my heart, never forget that it is base hypocrisy to use the form of a wish when thou feelest no desire for its fulfilment.

I have not found it easy to keep this resolution. Sometimes the words precipitated themselves before I had time to think, but I recalled them, and I experienced a secret gratification whenever I felt that they were accompanied by the unction of sincerity and love towards mankind. Oh God! what sublime joys do we drive from our souls when we banish thence the sweet feeling of human brotherhood which is its most precious jewel! Men like myself, my brothers, and my sisters, you inhabit the same globe, you inhale the same atmosphere, you rejoice in the same sunshine, and yet it requires an effort even to wish you any good.

In wishing a happy new year to the girl who serves me, I smothered some bitter reflections which were rising, and was enabled to give to my voice that easy tone which is the inseparable companion of simplicity and truth; but, I cannot deny it, I felt that I overcame my bitterness, I thought that I had done something great. How humbling, oh, my heart, that thou succeededst so imperfectly in conquering thyself?

Towards evening, I sought to be alone as much as possible. I must live with myself this year, if I wish to live more virtuously, more happily: that was what I said to myself this morning. Consequently, I commenced writing my journal and continued it thus far. The clock struck five. "Already five o'clock!" said I, "and I have not yet done one positive act of charity towards my neighbour. I may, it is true, perform two tomorrow, and thus atone for the omission of to-day; but I will not begin by deliberately breaking an engagement to which I have solemnly pledged myself before God and my conscience; I will not let this first day of the year pass without having performed a special act of brotherly kindness." Perhaps, too, I wished to be able to recall this day with the pleasurable feelings inspired by a good action. "But where shall I direct my steps? I need not go farther; our servant-girl has a sick mother, who needs old linen."

I went to my wife. "Dear friend," I said, "there is a new year's gift to be made."

"For whom?"

"For me, or for a poor person; or, if you prefer it, for He who has said: 'That which ye have done unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

"Well, what is it?"

"A little old linen for Catherine's mother."

"Is that all? I will get it immediately."

My wife brought the linen. "I wish to give it to the girl myself," said I. My wife called her, she answered very crossly that she was busy and could not come. I kept my temper at this reply, but I prided myself upon having done so, and upon being able to make her ashamed of her ill-humour. Five minutes afterwards she came.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Catherine," I said, in a perfectly mild and quiet tone, "here is something for your mother; you may take it to her at once." In truth, it was a triumph to me to see how surprised and ashamed she was. She is gone, and I feel satisfied with myself.

*January* 3.—A day of terrible distraction! I have not been able to read, think, or work; and all by my own fault. I was unpardonably lazy this morning, and should have remained in bed longer, had not the odour of the smoking and half-extinguished night-lamp caused me to open my eyes, and I saw in all its brightness a fine winter's day. I had slept till nine o'clock! What should I have thought, if having myself risen at a reasonable time, I had entered the chamber of a man in perfect health and found him in bed at such an hour? What a despicable condition for a being capable of such great things, and destined to so high an end, to be in! Could I look without shame upon a drawing which should represent me in such a situation? Good heavens! if I had drawn from life every situation of the sort in which I have found myself, could I ever again have a moment's pride or vanity!

It was then nine o'clock when I arose, vexed and peevish. The sun shone so brightly, dazzling my eyes through the half-frozen panes, that, thoroughly ashamed of myself, I hardly knew how

to begin. Some one knocked at the door; it was M. M——.

"I hope I do not disturb you?" he said.

"Not at all, I am glad to see you." And yet I was very much annoyed at his visit, having pressing business to attend to.

"If you will allow me," said he, "I will read you a trifle I composed a few days ago; I should like to have your opinion of it."

He took a paper from his pocket-book and began to read. I was surprised, but as he went on his looks seemed to demand my approbation. I smiled and nodded in sign of approval, as if what I heard appeared to me excellent, when in fact I did not understand the half of it, so absent was I. At length, "Excellent!" I exclaimed; "you should have it published."

"Your approbation," he replied, "is of sufficient value to encourage me to so bold a step. But you are too partial. May I venture to leave the manuscript with you that you may look over it at your leisure? It has still many faults."

"It is not necessary," I replied; "however, if you desire it, I will do so, and I have no doubt it will improve on a second perusal." Alas! how much flattery, uttered at random, flattery and also hypocrisy! M. M— gone, I sat down to read his manuscript, in which I found several grave faults. "Thou hast deserved this, my heart, thou art punished now. But how shall I recall my first judgment? It would be odious to confirm it; and it is equally difficult and humiliating to retract it."

In the first place, to punish myself, and to serve as a warning for the future, I shall endeavour to retrace, as vividly as possible, all the circumstances, all the words, and all the gestures which rendered my conduct so despicable and so guilty at the first reading of the manuscript, which I shall then return to the author with the following note.

MONSIEUR AND FRIEND—I have reperused your composition. You expect from me a judgment in writing Let me, first of all, confess to you that my judgment of this morning was that of an inattentive, absent, and only half-awakened man. I have taken the liberty of marking the passages which appear to me to require amendment; some of them the very same to which I remember having signified my approbation. It is I alone who ought to feel humbled at my opinion being different now I think, however, you perceived, when you proposed leaving the manuscript with me, that my assent was not altogether sincere. I thank you for your friendly confidence, so little deserved on my part: how grieved I should have been, if some alterations, which I consider indispensible, had been omitted in consequence of my unlimited approbation. You see that I redeem my past precipitation by a liberty which could hardly have failed to offend one less unassuming, less noble, and less philanthropic, than yourself.

I despatched the note, and went down to dinner. "Good morning, dear friend," said my wife. I became more cheerful after the note was gone, and was even capable of joking. After the meal, I returned to my room, but I felt idle, and could not set to work. I asked for a light, to light my pipe. A visitor was announced. "Well," said I, "anyhow the day would have been lost." I dressed myself, smoked another pipe, and three o'clock struck. The evening was spent in talk upon the present situation of affairs, anecdotes of the States and of private families, digressions on temperature, on books, comparisons between the theatres of Hamburg, of Vienna, of Leipzic—nothing of more importance, and so the day ended.

Which of my resolutions have I kept this day? I shall read them all over, to my deep humiliation, so as to place clearly and expressly before my eyes what conscience says on the subject.

*January* 6.—On going down to dinner to-day, I found my friend N—, whom my wife had detained to give me pleasure. We sat down to table. A decanter was thrown down and broken. A gentle, smiling, and beseeching glance from my wife quelled the anger that was rising within me. An anecdote was related on this occasion of a pious man who one day received a present of a porcelain vase of great value. He refused to accept it; it was again sent to him: at length, he took it, dismissed the carrier with a gratuity, and taking a key, he struck the beautiful vase with it, and very coolly broke it in pieces. "It is probable," said he, "that this vase would have been broken at some time or other, and that its loss would excite guilty anger in the breast of the possessor, or secret distress in that of the author of the accident. Myself, if I often saw and admired it upon my table, I should, perhaps, be very much vexed if it were broken by the carelessness of others, or by my own; and that is what I wish to avoid." I thought this an example worthy of being followed. It was argued for and against; but to me the action appeared that of a wise and benevolent man.

*(To be continued.)*

## WHAT IS DOING FOR THE PEOPLE IN MANCHESTER?

By JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

No. II.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTION—ATHENÆUM AND ITS SOIREES—FREE-TRADE HALL—PHILHARMONIC INSTITUTE.

THE object of the present paper is to notice those sources of instruction and amusement which are available to the great body of the inhabitants of Manchester—the middle and the operative classes. We can, therefore, only mention the existence of the Royal Institution, established for the advancement of the arts and sciences—the Portico, with its fine library and news'-room—the Lancashire Independent College, a splendid building erected for the education of those designed for the ministry—the Concert Hall, with its select auditory—and the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which the late Dr. Dalton was president: all excellent, but not for the many.

It is always a source of extreme gratification, when we find men whose daily avocations are of the most bustling and industrial nature, availing themselves of every leisure interval to cultivate and increase the means of intellectual enjoyment. It is to us a convincing proof that mind cannot be controlled by matter, and that there is something within us which will not be checked or satisfied by what is merely physical or sensual in its operations. There are no greater ornaments to a town than those educational and literary institutions, which, emanating from the people, are adapted to the wants of the people, and are supported by the people. No matter whether they be of brick or stone—whether splendid temples, or simply utilitarian erections—their object sanctifies them, and they are invested with a host of pure and delightful associations. In the very centre of hard-working Manchester, where hurry and anxiety are depicted on the majority of faces, and Commerce is the deity that rules and animates the community, it is alike pleasing to the visitor, and honourable to the inhabitants, to find two spacious

buildings devoted to the diffusion of education and knowledge.

The Mechanics' Institution was founded in 1824, and is a plain, but most commodious building. The sum required for its erection was contributed by shareholders, and the cost was about 7,000*l*. It was the first edifice ever erected in the country for the purposes of a Mechanics' Institution, and, though its early years were beset by many difficulties, it is now wholly redeemed from debt, and in a most flourishing condition. Much of its present prosperity is owing to the efficiency of its directors, and more especially to the practical views and persevering energy of its talented managing director, Mr. Daniel Stone, junior. It possesses 1,850 members, and the library contains 10,500 volumes of books on all branches of literature and science. The circulation daily is near 400. It has also an excellent reading-room, supplied with 80 periodicals, and a news-room containing the leading London and provincial papers. The lecture-room is judiciously constructed, so that the lecturer may be distinctly heard and seen in all parts, and it will seat 1,000 persons. A noble organ has been erected in it, which cost 600*l*., and its rich and pealing notes form an agreeable prelude to the lecture. Weekly concerts are given, to which not only members, but the public, are admitted at a cheap rate, and the directors spare neither pains nor money to secure first-rate talent both for the lectures and concerts. There is a discussion society, and a monthly *conversazioni* on literary and scientific subjects. There are 23 day and evening classes, which are attended by an aggregate of from 800 to 900 pupils. The evening classes are for males, and the day classes for females. The female classes are open only in the afternoon, so that those who attend may look after their domestic duties in the early part of the day. In these classes, besides the general educational routine, the pupils are taught to make bonnets, dresses, &c., not as a trade, but to qualify them for the home circle. They are also taught the art of modelling, with a view to enable them to follow it as an occupation; and the directors have it in contemplation ere long to teach them the art of engraving on wood, and perhaps watch and clock making. Considering the limited sphere in which female labour can now be exercised, this is an excellent idea, and we trust it will not be lost sight of. The females who attend the afternoon classes are, on the average, about 16 or 18 years of age, and range from 12 to 30. We noticed several married females amongst the pupils. The evening classes are attended by males of all ages, and every variety of trade. It has been urged by some that the building can scarcely with propriety be called a Mechanics' Institution; but though this might appear to be in some measure correct, to those who frequent only the lecture room and attend the discussion societies, a very different opinion would be formed by those who will take the trouble to pay a visit to the evening classes. It is there that the principles of the Institution are in full operation; and the mechanic may be found, after the toils of the day, busily employed in storing his mind with the elements of useful and practical knowledge.

The Athenæum can scarcely be called, in the strict sense of the phrase, an educational institution. Its aims are of a more ambitious character than the Mechanics' Institution, and it was expressly designed for the use of the young men employed in the various mercantile establishments of the town. It was opened in temporary rooms on the 1st of January, 1836, and the foundation stone of the present building was laid in May, 1837. It is an elegant fabric, and is only divided by a small street from the Royal Institution, which was designed by the same architect, Mr. C. Barry. The library contains upwards of 13,000 volumes, and the daily delivery exceeds 500. During the winter months, lectures are delivered twice each week. The news-room is supplied with the principal daily and weekly newspapers, and 100 copies of quarterly, monthly, and other reviews and magazines. A gymnastic club is attached to the institution. There is also an essay and discussion society, which meets fortnightly during the winter season. In 1842, from commercial distress, and other causes, the Athenæum was involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and, after a futile attempt to clear off its liabilities, it was resolved that it should be closed at the end of 1842. This resolution determined a few of the members to attempt the revival of the institution. The annual subscription was reduced from 40*s*. to 25*s*., and some new blood was infused into the directory by the appointment of parties from the body of the members. At the close of 1842, the number of subscribing members was 418; and, at the termination of 1843, the number was 1,373, being an increase of 116 over the number at any other period. Economical retrenchments were made, and the directors were encouraged to use their efforts to get rid of a debt of 3,400*l*. A bazaar was held under distinguished patronage, and the sum realised was 1,566*l*., which was increased by donations to 2,358*l*. Before the close of the year 1844, the whole of the debt was discharged, and efforts are now being made to clear off the mortgage debt upon the building, amounting to 6,000*l*. Nearly 2,000*l*. have already been subscribed, and it is hoped that ere long the whole amount will be raised.

The *soirees*, which have been so eminently attractive and popular, were commenced in connection with the above-named bazaar, and the first was held in the Free Trade Hall, on Thursday, the 5th of October, 1843, when Mr. Charles Dickens occupied the chair. Upwards of 1,600 were present, including many distinguished personages. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli presided over the second *soiree*, which took place on the 3rd of October, 1844. At this meeting there were present 3,200 persons, and several parties eminent for rank or talent addressed the meeting. The third *soiree* was held on Thursday, the 23rd of October, 1845, under the presidency of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, when about 3,800 were present; and the fourth *soiree* was held on Thursday, the 22nd of October last, under the presidential auspices of Viscount Morpeth, when not less than 5,000 were assembled, being much the largest meeting that has yet taken place. The Free Trade Hall was, on this last occasion, joined to the Theatre Royal, and the pit being floored over on a level with the stage, an additional magnificent ball-room was provided. Though the issue of tickets was so large, it is stated that thousands more might have been sold, if the purchasers could have been accommodated. Previous to the *soiree*, a breakfast party assembled together, at the Albion Hotel, at nine o'clock in the morning, when several of the distinguished guests of the evening were present, and various addresses were delivered. At twelve o'clock, the proceedings terminated, and many of those present adjourned to attend a meeting at the Town Hall for promoting the establishment of the Juvenile Refuge and School of Industry.

The Free Trade Hall has now become univer-

sally known as the arena in which have been held those many meetings which have had such an influence in spreading abroad principles of liberal commercial policy, and even when its walls are levelled with the dust, its name will live in history as the place where Richard Cobden has so often enunciated his plain, practical wisdom, and denounced monopoly with honest and fearless indignation. The Free Trade Hall is situated in a spacious, though not leading street, and is close to the new Theatre Royal. Its outward appearance has nothing whatever to attract admiration, and a stranger might be puzzled to think to what uses such a huge unsightly brick building was devoted. The site on which it stands will long be memorable as that on which the drama of Peterloo was acted. A wooden building was originally erected on the spot, for the use of the Anti-corn-law League, but, having been destroyed by fire, the present structure was built in January, 1843; and at the first aggregate meeting which was held there, between seven and eight thousand persons were present. It is now let for concerts and other general purposes, and is, in fact, the only building in Manchester adapted for very large meetings. The inside of the hall is admirably constructed for conveying sound, and is beautifully decorated with characteristic devices. On the day we have named, the 22nd, three-fourths of the hall was filled by half-past six o'clock in the evening, and presented a most animated and gay appearance. The larger proportion of those assembled consisted of the gentler sex, and their personal beauty, and light and graceful apparel, contributed much to enhance the charm of the scene. The following parties were amongst the most distinguished guests:—His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; Rev. D. West, D.D., chaplain to the Archbishop of Dublin; Charles Mackay, Esq., LL.D.; William Chambers, Esq., (one of the editors of *Chambers' Journal*); John Bowring, Esq., LL.D., M.P.; Thomas Gisborne, Esq., M.P.; Joseph Brotherton, Esq., M.P.; the Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, M.P.; Mark Philips, Esq., M.P.; William Brown, Esq., M.P.; William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.; Lady Mary Howard; Lord Ebrington, M.P.; Hon. Charles Howard; Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart.: Lady Heywood; the Mayor of Manchester; George Dawson, Esq., M.A., of Birmingham; Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Secretary to the Poor-law Commissioners; John Bright, Esq., M.P.; Charles Swain, Esq.; W. B. Hodgson, Esq., LL.D., of Liverpool; Professor William Gregory, of Edinburgh; John Macgregor, Esq., of the Board of Trade; Leonard Horner, Esq., &c., &c.

Lord Morpeth took the chair shortly before half-past seven o'clock, and was most flatteringly received. On rising to speak he was greeted with long-continued plaudits. His lordship was singularly happy in alluding to his predecessors in the presidential chair. He remarked:—

The last echoes of this place, which I feel a hardihood in myself to rouse again, answer to the accents—deep, gentle, and earnest as his own spirit—of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Why, gentlemen, the name of the Athenæum itself suggests that it is a befitting theatre for all the utterances of the bard of *Ion*, and the *Athenian Captive*. Next before him, I know your spirits must have thrilled under the spell of so potent a magician as Mr. Disraeli. In the very hottest conflicts of political party, from which we are happily here sheltered, I think it would have been impossible, even for his most exposed victim, to have been blind to the point, the genius, the brilliancy, which played even around the wounds they made. But here, on this gorgeous stage, amid this packed and congenial auditory, on the topics so familiar to him, of literature, of art, and of imagination, I, who could only read in cold print what he said, apart from all the kindling accessories of time and place, can easily believe the admiration, which is not withheld from him even on the barren ground of political controversy, must have been swelled into enchantment. On the first of these annual occasions—the first at least that was held upon this scale of size and splendour—this chair was filled, and it never could be filled more worthily, by Charles Dickens. That bright and genial nature, the master of our sunniest smiles, and our most unselfish tears, whom as it is impossible to read without the most ready and pliant sympathy, so it is impossible to know—at least, I have found it so—without a depth of respect, and a warmth of affection, which the rare union of singular qualities alike command.

The following remarks are also worthy of quotation:—

I rejoice that in Manchester, beyond all dispute the first city in the ancient or the modern world for manufacturing enterprise and mechanical skill, you have not been content with that display of wealth which may jostle in your streets, or be piled in your warehouses, you have not thought it sufficient to raise factories tier upon tier, or magazines that will accommodate the traffic of the world; but you have thought it your business, too, to build and set apart a home and a haunt for innocent enjoyment, for useful instruction, for graceful accomplishments, for lofty thought—a shrine of *Pallas Athenæ*, in a Christian land. Long may it be the resort—with the other ennobling and kindred institutions, which it does not seek to overlay and eclipse, but rather to encourage and excite—along with them may it be the resort, where all that are engaged and engrossed in the business or labour of this unparalleled hive of industry may find repose for their flagging spirits, a neutral ground for their manifold differences, invigorating food for their reason, and an impulse onwards and upwards to all the best and highest tendencies of our nature. I am glad to perceive that while the benefits of your institution are not confined to any condition, to any class, to any denomination, so also they are not exclusively appropriated even to one sex. Women have always played an important, perhaps, I might dare to say, not uniformly a beneficial part, in this world's history. But, as civilisation advances, I have all confidence that they will play both a more recognised and a more elevated part than they have ever yet done. And among the many currents which the restless activity of our time is ever eddying along, I trust that a prominent one will be devoted to make the education of women sound, substantial, enlightened, all that it ought to be to train those who, in any case, must be the real trainers, and who may be the best trainers, of all our artisans, and all our workmen.

One other extract, and we have done:—

What you may seem, is subject to a thousand accidents and misapprehensions. What you may do, is even under other control than your own. What you are, is under your own eye. You may be all you should be. Depend upon it, however humble may be any of your positions in life; however obscure the labour which engrosses the precious hours as they pass; however insignificant your whole life's drudgery in this mean and unenvied position, in this wearing and benumbing drudgery, you may earn for yourselves the qualities, you may build up for yourselves the characters, which princes, if they knew them, would trust—which multitudes, if they could discern them, would adore.

It is impossible to speak in terms of too great praise of such gatherings as the above, characterised as they are by intellectual and humanising influences of the most elevated and pleasing kind. They form epochs in the history of Manchester and its inhabitants, which must always be looked back to with pleasing regret, and anticipated with hopeful delight. They afford an opportunity for those who have moved in aristocratic circles to mix with and contribute, if only for a brief period, to the enjoyment of the sons and daughters of industry, who furnish in return an evidence that courteous behaviour and propriety of manners are not confined to the higher classes. They show to those who occupy high places as teachers of the Word, that industry and attention to worldly interests do not, at all times, prevent the mind from receiving its due share of cultivation, nor hinder men from meeting together in a cheerful, brotherly, and Christian spirit. They give to the statesman the privilege of mixing with those for whom he has to legislate, and they supply him with a lesson as to what is most likely to conduce to the happiness and social advancement of the people. Those who have won for themselves a name in literature or science can leave for awhile their quiet studies, and find here an audience anxious

and willing to hear from their own lips how delightful a task it is to lay up a hoard of knowledge, if even its sole reward be the gratification of its acquirement. To those who congregate together to see and hear the celebrated strangers, the opportunities and the occasions are golden ones, and they linger with them as the "shining lights on memory's sea." Our hopes are that the Manchester Athenæum may continue to go on with increasing prosperity, and that its *soirees* will for a long period renew their annual existence.

The working classes of Manchester and the adjacent towns have long been celebrated for their love and successful cultivation of music. There are in Manchester numerous musical societies where the more wealthy portion of the inhabitants may indulge their love for the art, but these are entirely inaccessible to the population generally, whose means are inadequate to the payment of the required annual subscriptions, and who yet possess the desires and the capabilities to participate in the beneficial influences which music is capable of imparting. The Philharmonic Institute was founded for the purpose of increasing the innocent enjoyments of the working classes, and giving to them the necessary instructions to enable them to take part in choral music. The professed objects of the directors are to diffuse, as much as possible, musical knowledge, &c. among the public at large, but more especially amongst the labouring classes. which knowledge may prove a source of the purest enjoyment for the fireside of the working man, assist him in his devotions, or add to the enjoyment of himself and the public by assisting at the grand musical performances of the Institute. The means employed are.—1. Classes for instruction in singing.—2: Upper schools or choirs for rehearsing classical music.—3: A library for circulation amongst the members.—4: Great musical meetings, *soirees*, &c., at which the members who are competent assist. These objects are carried out partly by annual subscriptions (the subscribers receiving an equivalent in tickets for the concerts given by the Institute), by the proceeds of concerts, and a small subscription from the members of the elementary classes. The elementary and advanced classes of the Institute meet every week. They are under the able superintendence of Mr. R. Weston, whose zeal and industry in the cause are untiring.

There is no town, with the exception of the metropolis, where music saloons are so abundant as in Manchester. This proves the desire which exists amongst the operative classes for musical entertainments, especially when they can participate in them at a cheap rate, and are on terms of equality with those whom they meet. Publicans have found it to be their interest to provide singers, and to furnish themselves with organs and pianos. On the week-day evenings the vocalist may be heard, accompanied by the notes of the piano; and on Sundays the attraction is kept up by sacred music, aided by the solemn tones of the organ. The directors of the Philharmonic Institute endeavoured to withdraw the working classes from the gin-shop and the tavern by the substitution of cheap and legitimate concerts, held weekly at the Free Trade Hall. The result was unsuccessful in a pecuniary point of view, the expenses of the room being so large as to absorb more than half the gross receipts. The idea, however, is not abandoned, and, under more favourable auspices, with the benefit of experience, may yet be efficiently carried out. Efforts have also been made to improve congregational singing, without reference to sect or party, but the only result of these efforts now remaining is two choirs of forty members each, formed out of the schools connected with two Catholic churches.

There can be no doubt that musical taste, when properly cultivated and directed, has a tendency to lead the people from gross and debasing amusements to those of a more refined and intellectual character, and we hope that the Philharmonic Institute will be able to maintain its course with a full share of public patronage. Like other institutions, the object of which has been to elevate and improve the working classes, it has had many serious difficulties to contend with, and has incurred some pecuniary responsibilities. An amateur opera and dramatic performance have been lately got up with great success at the Theatre-Royal, for the purpose of aiding to free the institution from debt, and we have little doubt that it will shortly be rid of its embarrassments. We trust that it may be so, and that an institution so well calculated to sweeten the lot of the humbler classes, and advance them in the scale of unalloyed happiness, will not be impeded in its progress by a want of that public support which it so well deserves.

[*To be continued.*]

## Poetry for the People.

### PRIMROSE TIME.

By Goodwyn Barmby.

Birds begin their sweet spring lays,
Hedges grow in young bright green,
Suns'light showers up with their rays,
Rainbows span the heavenly scene;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Gauzy wings flit in the beam,
Daisies bud amid the grass,
Butterflies of summer dream,
And of May-day dreams the lass;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Redder, lips! eyes, brighter far!
Pulses warmer, fonder beat,
Fairer shines the evening star,
Lighter trip the fairies' feet;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

Patriots with the sunbeams shine;
Poets bud verse with the flowers;
Love of country grows divine;
Poems chime in with the hours;
Everything is sweet and young,
Everything is in its prime,
Music voices every tongue
In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time!

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, December 5th, 1846.*

*The Peace Movement.*—Peace principles are rapidly progressing. The mind of the multitude appears at length to be awakening to a due sense of the impolicy and wickedness of war. Elihu Burritt delivered a lecture in advocacy of peace, at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street, on Thursday, Nov. 24. Immediately that the doors were thrown open the spacious building was crowded to excess, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. So strong was the desire to hear the lecture, that the pressure and heat became intolerable; and, much to the regret of all present, the lecture was delivered under many disadvantages. Upon the platform were John Scobel, Esq.; Mr. Charles Gilpin; the Revds. Thomas Aveling, George Wilkins, William Owen, and C. Dukes; the Secretary of the Peace Society, and the Committee; Dr. Lee; Dr. Bowring; and many ladies and gentlemen of eminence were among those who were unable to obtain admission. Mr. Burritt delivered a truly eloquent oration, in which he enforced the duty of the Christian to avoid all war, and all the spirit and manifestations of war in every form. "God was love, and the sum of his laws was love. God's moral laws were designed to converge in the human heart, and form their entire sun, whose light was peace, -peace, irradiating every action of the life, and every motion of the soul. Love, in the heart of God, was the source of all his laws; in the heart of man, love is the fulfilling of those laws. Thus God was a sun, and the human heart was a satellite revolving round the great heart of God—receiving its rays, and reflecting its light." Mr. Burritt strongly enforced the example set by the great head of the Christian Church:—"A Christian could not engage in any office or action in which he must hate and kill his brother; and could he kill his fellow beings in war without hating them? -without violating that law of love on which hung all the laws which God had given us? They did not say that the benighted savage could not fight, upon whose dark lust-breeding heart, the sublime precepts of the Gospel never diffused their softening influence? they did not say that the blood-drinking cannibal of New Zealand could not fight like the hyena; they did not say that such a maddened multitude, as in the Reign of Terror voted by proclamation in the streets of Paris that there was no God, could not fight; but they did say that the Christian could not fight in any cause in which Christ himself would not have fought. They based this position, nay the very nature of it, on the connection and communication between the Christian and his Divine Master. Whence came wars and fightings? Whence came the emotions that filled the heart, in the act of inflicting upon a fellow-being atrocities which no brute inflicted upon a fellow-brute;—in the act of thrusting his maddened soul into the presence of his God at the point of the bayonet? Had any one possessing the spirit of Christ emotions like these?" Mr. Burritt became exceedingly energetic when remarking upon the formation of the "League of Universal Brotherhood," and read the constitution or pledge of that League in a manner which produced a thrilling effect. He spoke in terms of exultation of its rapid progress, and urged his hearers to unite in this great effort to secure the blessings of peace. His sentiments were repeatedly applauded, and, at the conclusion of the lecture, the walls of the building vibrated with deafening cheers. John Scoble, Esq., Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, moved the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Burritt; the motion was seconded by Mr. Charles Gilpin, and carried with enthusiasm. After which, many persons eagerly pressed forward to join the League. Mr. Burritt was followed from the room by a crowd of people, who testified by their cheers that they loved him for his works' sake. It is much to be desired that this is not the only meeting Mr. Burritt will hold in the metropolis.—P.

*Elihu Burritt's "League of Brotherhood."*—Since the publication of Elihu Burritt's memoir in No. 44 of our *Journal*, letters have been constantly coming in from persons seeking information respecting the League of Brotherhood—the conditions of membership, form of pledge, &c., &c. Multitudes appear ready to aid in bringing about "the good time coming!" In compliance with these requests, we publish the Pledge, which is as follows:—

"Believing all war to be inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity, and destructive of the best interests of mankind, I do hereby pledge myself never to enlist or enter into any army or navy, or to yield any *voluntary* support or sanction to the preparation for or prosecution of any war, by whomsoever, or for whatsoever proposed, declared, or waged. And I do hereby associate myself with all persons, of whatever country, condition, or colour, who have signed, or shall hereafter sign this pledge, in a 'League of Univeral Brotherhood;' whose object shall be to employ all legitimate and moral means for the abolition of all war, and all the spirit and all the manifestations of war, throughout the world; for the abolition of all restrictions upon international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood; for the abolition of all institutions and customs which do not recognise and respect the image of God and a human brother in every man, of whatever clime, colour, or condition of humanity."

Any persons above twelve years of age, male or female, may become members of the "League of Brotherhood," by signing the foregoing pledge, and transmitting their names for registration to the Editor of the *Bond of Brotherhood*, Birmingham.

*Co-operative League.*—Under this title an association has been formed, which "seeks to unite the various sections of the community holding co-operative views, that, by their combined efforts, success may be secured." The address issued by the directors briefly sets forth the great advantages certain to result from a well-regulated scheme of co-operation, and the objects of the League are stated to be as follows:—"The purchase or rental of land, and the erection of suitable buildings and machinery thereon for the purpose of enabling members profitably to employ *themselves*, either in agricultural, mechanical, or other pursuits. The property to be the indivisible and inalienable property of the League, and to be leased to individuals, or companies of subscribers, in the proportion of not more than five acres to one family; and at an average rent not exceeding five per cent, on the original cost. Tenants to be supplied with implements, seed, manufacturing machinery, and other requisites. The cost of the same to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and to be repaid to the League at the rate of ten per cent of the principal per annum." Funds are to be derived from annual subscriptions of 1*l*., and an extra penny per week from each member. Secretary, Mr. S. S. Slaney, 60, Waterloo-road.

*The United Tailors' Joint Stock Company.*—Sir: It is with much pleasure that I perceive the operative tailors following in the wake of other trades; that is, to enhance their condition by *co-operative* means, as set forth by their prospectus issued by the Provisional Committee, signed by James Ronaghe, secretary, 5, St. John-street, Manchester. No trade in England is suffering more from the effects of severe competition than the tailors, many thousands of them earning less than ten shillings per week, the year round. The company, of which the above is the title, seems to have commenced in right earnest, and in a business-like manner; their trustees are men of respectability and standing, and they have engaged a respectable solicitor, under whose guidance they will be enabled to comply with the terms of the Act under which the company is enrolled, as affording the best security to the shareholders; the shares are within the reach of every operative tailor, namely, ten shillings, payable by instalments. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, as a powerful means for improving their social condition. May they prosper, and thus give another proof of the capacity of the working classes to help themselves.

A Working Man.

*Kilmarnock.*—A correspondent has favoured us with some particulars of the state of the labouring classes in Ayrshire:—Trade here for the last four or five weeks has

been very dull. Little is doing in the weaving of carpets —scarcely anything is doing in the print-fields—the general average of wages during the past month being from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per month.—The shoemakers lately demanded a rise on the prices of export shoes, but the masters say they are unable to comply, in consequence of foreign competition.—The tailors have obtained a small rise in their wages.—Provisions are enormously dear, and have been so during a long time past. Many of the principal articles of food are double the usual prices. A new substitute for the potato called the Calavanca bean has been introduced within these few days. It sells at 2*d.* per pound, and differs little from common peas. Meetings of the shareholders in the Cheap Bread Association have been held several times within the past month. It has been agreed to change it from a Cheap Bread Association to a General Co-operative Provision Store; and the committee is doing all in its power to promote the objects of the association.—The people of Kilmarnock are indeed generally very badly off: the calico printers with, in the majority of cases, about 1*l.*, and in some 2*l.*, for the last month—and oatmeal selling at 1*s.* 4*d.* per peck; light weavers making about 8*s.* or 9*s.* per week.—Great hope is entertained that provisions will soon fall, from the large quantities of food which are daily arriving from America.——In Stevenston, Ardrossan, Kilwinning, Galston, Newmilns, and all the other minor towns and villages in Ayrshire, where weaving is the staple manufacture, workmen are earning generally about 6*s.* to 8*s.* weekly; and in some of these places oatmeal is as high as 1*s.* 6*d.* per peck; other provisions proportionably high. The weavers of plaiding throughout the shire have received an advance of 15 per cent. on their previous wages. From the high prices of provisions they are still, however, very badly off.—A. P. D.

*Sheffield Mechanics' Institution.*—The annual meeting was held on Monday, November 2, Richard Solly, Esq., in the chair. According to the report, nineteen of the members pay 21*s.* per annum; one hundred and forty-six pay 10*s.* 6*d.*; twelve pay 8*s.*; ninety-four (youths or apprentices) pay 6*s.*; and thirty-one are allowed to have the privileges of the institution in acknowledgement of gratuitous services. The library contains 2,024 volumes. 10,581 entries have been made, during the year, in the register of circulation. For the use of the library, the member pay 4*s.*, and the apprentices 2*s.* per annum, additional. Non-subscribers to the institution may enter the library, without joining the institution in other respects, by payment of 6*s.* per annum for adults, and 4*s.* for apprentices. The year's receipts have been 180*l.* 1*s.* 2½*d.*, and the expenditure 211*l.* 11*s.* 7½*d.*; but a balance of 88*l.* 19*s.* 4½*d.* in favour of the institution remains in the hands of the treasurer. Four lectures on "Monastic Institutions," have been delivered by the Rev. John Lord, of Boston, (U.S.); and four on "the genius and writings of Thomas Carlyle," by Mr. George Dawson, M.A., of Birmingham. An exhibition of works of art and natural curiosities was held in the months of March, April, May, June, and July: the receipts were 1,035*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.*; the expenditure 961*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.*; leaving a balance of 74*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*, which, it is expected, will be placed to the credit of the building fund. Mr. John Taylor has been recently appointed managing director, and active measures are to be immediately adopted to raise means to erect a hall suitable for all the purposes of the institution.

JOHN FOWLER, Honorary Secretary.

*Infant Education.*—A highly important meeting took place on the evening of Friday, the 20th inst., in the Town Hall, Birmingham, for the purpose of extending the Infant Schools in connection with the Church of England. The hall was well filled by a very respectable and *unanimous* audience. Lord Calthorpe presided, supported by the borough members and the parochial clergy. It was stated that 7,000 children in the town were without any school instruction. Though the proposed schools are to belong to the Established Church, children will be indiscriminately admitted. One of the most pleasing features of the meeting was the undivided support the project met with from the hands of the dissenters, who were represented by R. K. Douglas, Esq., and G. Edmonds, Esq. The originator of the movement was the Rev. G. Bull, a well-known "short time" advocate, and one of the most popular clergymen in the district. The proceedings were highly satisfactory, and subscriptions have already been announced to the amount of 970*l.*, besides a grant of land for a site, by the Earl Howe.—N.

*Public Baths.*—Three large establishments of public baths are about to be formed in St. Marylebone; one on a large scale in St. Mary's, Paddington; ground has been secured in Orange-street, Leicester-square, near the Artesian Wells, for the baths in St. Martin's; while the works of the great model establishment in Gulston-square, in the eastern metropolis, now completed, are shortly to be thrown open for general inspection.

## Annals of Industry and Progress.

*To receive and record facts and opinions put forth in a temperate and conciliatory spirit, on the Social Condition of the people, or on the means of promoting their Social Improvement, and* not to express our own views, *still less to make ourselves responsible for the views of others, are the objects of this department of the People's Journal.*

*We can receive no anonymous contributions to the Annals. Names and addresses may be furnished in strict confidence, but we must have them as a guarrantee of the writer's good faith.*

JOHN SAUNDERS,
EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Notices.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—Many correspondents from time to time honour us by expressing great interest in the *People's Journal*, and by inquiring how they may help to promote its sale. We answer—

1st. By *distributing our Prospectus as widely as possible* among their friends and acquaintances, and more especially among any associations or large bodies of men with which they may happen to be connected. We shall be happy to forward any number of Prospectuses for this purpose, free of expense. A NEW PROSPECTUS IS NOW READY, which will be immediately forwarded to our Agents, and to all those friends who have written to us for copies, for distribution. We shall feel *obliged* by *information* of any difficulty or disappointment in this matter.

2nd. By purchasing for distribution (free or otherwise, according to circumstances) particular numbers that seem to the purchasers best calculated to promote the sale of the Journal in their own localities or circles. These will be supplied carriage free at 10s. per hundred.

A PORTRAIT OF W. C. MACREADY,
WITH A PAPER BY
W. J. FOX,
Will shortly appear in the *People's Journal.*

*A. Clerk.*—Probably the report of Mr. Bright's committee is the best work you can obtain. It may be procured from Hansard, Turnstile, Holborn.

S. F.—We do not know whether the Hutchinsons intend returning to England.

## Contents.



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## The People's Picture Gallery.



THE MUSIC PARTY.

By the French Painter, De Lemud.

## THE MUSIC PARTY.

We go to our "Fair Enemy," as Sir Philip Sidney poetically calls France, in one of his sonnets, for the woodcut which we present to our readers this week. The Music Party, or "Maitre Wolfram," as the picture is entitled—for what reason we cannot find any Frenchman even that can tell us, and there is no great musician of that name—is drawn by De Lemud, a young Parisian, who some short time since burst upon his countrymen with all the light of a genius, and one, indeed, who promised greater things than he had yet accomplished. These promises, we believe, he has not altogether realised, but he still has done enough to place him in the first rank among modern French artists. His style, a happy mixture of the feeling of the German, and the intellect of the French school, is completely exhibited in the design we have chosen. Most of Lemud's works are executed in lithograph, and the "Music Party" is a masterpiece in this branch of art. As was said of the style of Tartullus, it is black and brilliant as ebony. There seems a perfect atmosphere of dreamy melody in the admirable manner in which it is executed, which perhaps loses a little of its force by being transferred to the wood.

How finely the expressions of the different listeners indicate the varied feelings with which the performance of the musician is received? In the noble figure, reclining so negligently in the foreground, the attitude of the head, and the disposition of the features, bespeak the critical musician, keenly alive to the niceties of execution as well as of design. The merest shade of falseness in tone, or the smallest grain of sand in the measurement of the time, too much or too little, one feels would run like a cold tremor through his blood. Contrasted with the nervous excitement of this head, is the thoughtful-looking face in profile of the young man just behind. In his appreciation of the music the feeling predominates over the more mechanical portion of the performance, his whole soul seems absorbed in the ideas it generates, and the dim poetic shadows it is continually calling up. Again, in the distance are two heads, with expressions almost as vague as the dim tapestry against which their features cut. Theirs is the mere sensual enjoyment of the beautiful. In them the music neither calls up the keen appreciative love of art of the critic, nor the woven fantasies of the poet. They are past into the land

> Of drowsy head,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye.

And at the ceasing of the gently-swelling mesmeric breath of the organ they wake up again to everyday thoughts of the world. The face of the performer is eminently expressive of the act of singing, and this, simple as it may seem, is no easy achievment; nothing, in fact, is more difficult than drawing the distinction between singing and shouting in the painting of the open mouth. As we look upon the face, it calls to mind a passage in an article on the poet Milton, in the *Edinburgh Review*, written by Macaulay, in which, speaking of Milton, he draws a picture of him in his little room, sitting at the old organ, beneath the faded green hangings, playing to his friends. The face is not unlike the side view of the poet's; and the feeling of the design at once echoed that beautiful picture of the inner life of our immortal bard.

A. W.

## A FEW SKETCHES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.

By Abel Paynter.

### No. III.—SHOWS OF AMSTERDAM.

My stars have ordained that I should see (and *hear*) Dutch life, as well as Dutch landscape, in all its glory. Who has not read of a frolic of Dutch sailors,—of a Dutch Concert? I have come in for both: and, indeed, the amount of good fortune has been so violent—thanks to pleasures from which there was no escape—as to make flight necessary while I have legs to fly with; or head enough to decide which way to take. The climate of Amsterdam must always, I take it, be rather deadly; and now the heavens have been "like brass" for weeks, and the canals, becoming more and more noisome, send up odours which even stifle the all-pervading national scents I have mentioned—to wit, tobacco and schiedam—to which let me add a third—pickles. Fever has laid hold upon me: and vexatious as it is to leave a city so full of curiosities, and just now so teeming with life it is curious from time to time to study. there is no help for it.

Driving to my hotel from the railway, I was struck by a bustle in every street, which I have seen no where save in London City. The busy population of this splendid and thriving town (*reeling* with riches, one might say, seeing that not a house stands straight) is, I suppose, doubled by the attendance of merchants and pleasure-seekers on the Fair. The small brick stripe, on either side of the central pavement, which does duty for our causeway, by no means suffices for the stream of active traders and idle walkers. Among the latter, the ladies of North Holland are the most conspicuous; their head-dress, in fact, furnishing the only costume to the show: for here, even the Germans seem to dress up and lay by their travelling caps. The wide-brimmed gray *sombrero* which looks so pretty in every crowd, and,—better still, is so perfectly comfortable to wear,—would, I was warned, here be mobbed: Amsterdam, in short, stands next to Vienna and Paris, in the restraint laid upon sumptuary fancies, and the streets look dull accordingly. The *Volks'-fest* at Munich, in October, is the thing to see for any one who takes pleasure in national costume!

Yet the heads of these North Holland ladies have filled mine with some crotchets, which won't soon be got rid of. The cost of the garniture is very great; but that is a matter for every gentlewoman to settle with her banker or her privy purse. The misery of it, it seems to me, must be terrible; unless the wearer be charmed against headaches. We laugh at our grandmothers and their powder, but that can hardly have been so oppressive as these *tires* (in every sense of the word). A thick and deep plate of elastic gold clips the back of the head: widening at the sides, where it terminates, above each cheek, by an ornament the size of a moderate waist-buckle connected with the plate by a hinge and covered with filagree. A wide band of the same metal crosses the forehead; and over these comes the dainty part of the *costume*:—the tight lace skull-cap bordered with broad rich lace, which is so arranged as to lie in a curtain on the nape of the neck. But we have not done. Betwixt the forehead-plate and the cap border must be thrust in a couple of square patches of frizzled, false curls; which give the prettiest face an impudent stare and an

ancient *wiggy* sort of look, that nothing short of an implicit faith in the "wisdom of our ancestors" could so long have permitted. Over all this comes the bonnet; a huge straw coal-scuttle, the brim only a little narrower behind than before, the rim of which is edged by a broad piece of gay printed calico, drawn with a string so as to lie close. When complete as above, a heavier, uglier, more expensive, and more unhealthy thing can hardly be conceived than this head-dress. To make amends for having pulled it to pieces, I must talk about other popular costumes some future day.

Yet a word, meanwhile, while I think of it. There is nothing in which romantic persons have so universally agreed as regret for the abolition of popular Costume. About its value or otherwise, as a class distinction, this is not the place to argue; but the above, at least, is an absurd, uncouth fashion, which every worthy person would be glad to see made an end of. If one must lay by money in trinkets, let them not be constructed on the models of old machines for torture; if women *must* spend time in adornment, let it be in a graceful and neat arrangement of the hair God has given them; since I do not believe these North Holland ladies are plated up and *coifed* on the self-denying principle, which made certain nuns of old slit their noses. I wonder, moreover, how much of this popular costume we painters love so well would bear the test of becomingness, or comfort, or economy of time. Why then, —suppose it *should* prove a relic of those barbarous days ere common sense and taste began to take part in the ornaments as well as the arrangements of life,—should there be any bewailing of its disuse? As well, it seems to me, lament the merry times when old women were poked with pins and hunted with dogs, till they proclaimed themselves Witches! As well seek to revive the old slow coach with its Flanders' mares, or the huge hall chimney, down which, as Mr. Bernan's pleasant book has shown us, came more cold air and smoke than enough, the good heat from the Yule Log going up! Every ancient enormity has its picturesque side; but every new improvement has one more picturesque, for those who have the noblest—which also are the finest—fancies. These North Holland head-dresses (to end where I began) are but another development of the nose-jewel and fish-bone, by wearing which certain savage women have so amazed bold British discoverers.

But—to have done with "improvement"—I think the first day-light show I saw at Amsterdam will not soon be equalled by any which may be in store for me to see. Of all the sights for a water-city, a *regatta*, of course, is *the* one: even for people like me, who don't know the build of one boat from another. I shall never forget how joyous the Grand Canal at Venice looked about a twelvemonth since:—when, to pleasure the Queen of Greece and two young Austrian Archdukes who chanced to be there, a parade of gondolas took place; and some five hundred at once came flashing from beneath the arch of the Rialto, so close together that a nimble man, far less accomplished on his legs than one of the old Sea-Kings, might have crossed the Canal with ease, from boat to boat! But—less romantic though it may sound—I am afraid the sight of the harbour at Amsterdam was a finer thing. The piers and piles which jut out into the water, in a thousand directions, seemed rocking with uproarious human creatures. Behind them was the quaint old town, with the cupola of the Stadt House, and the towers of the Old and the West churches, and with gables of every conceivable fancy;—each, singly considered, more ugly and *improbable* looking than its neighbour,—and with forked chimneys, and with large lime trees on the quays that form a sort of zig-zag amphitheatre, broken by the mouths of huge canals winding away into the city,—on the present occasion *flowered* with every gay colour that the *Female Animal* (as Sydney Smith phrased it) can stick on. In front were the Dutch craft by hundreds, decked with flags, and heaped to the water's edge with spectators:—on the opposite shore, close to the great North Holland Canal, the booth of the Yacht Club, yet gayer in colour (have I said that the sun was blazing?) Before us was the race-course, where the craft were to row and run. Despite the sickly sweltering heat, which seemed to melt the very marrow in the bones, the panorama I have so faintly sketched made me exclaim when it burst upon me, almost as loudly as I cried out when I first saw Venice, by the light of a young moon, after a thunder-storm. I don't want to be tiresome or pedantic with my Italian allusions, but this place has much in common with Titian's town, and some will be helped to a "notion" of the one, by being reminded of the other.

The water-races went over most brilliantly; but you must look in the Amsterdam papers to see who won and who lost, the prizes not being dangerously heavy in amount. Generally speaking—as no one from Deptford is overlooking me—I may venture to say that the speed of the Dutch boats, which we have been always used to consider safe, but slow, amazed me. They seemed brisk as well as manageable. These Yacht Club sports are new to the Amsterdam gentry. How odd it is, by the way, considering our reputation for being the *grumpiest* nation under the sun, to see how the terms of English sports are universally naturalised into foreign languages! *Club* has become a cosmopolite word; the French have laid hold of *Jockey;* and here was a Dutch announcement so full of Thames-language that I could make it out! But more, no foreign fair now seems complete without an English Clown. I saw the name of one (I forget it now), flaunting away in the bills of the fair at Bergamo, in 1845; and here is "Mr. Lavater Lee's company" in all its glory, with dancing on the tight-rope and slack-wires! and the first talent of England "induced to appear at a prodigious expense!" Among the riders, leapers, and grinners through a horse-collar, advertised, are Messrs. Kean and Macready! And (as the world goes) many a fair matron and maid of Amsterdam will sleep the better for having contented her Anglomania; since, should she cross, on some future day, the name of our great actor that was—or of our greatest that is—she can give her opinion thereupon as complacently as Goldsmith's Tenterden lady,—on the strength of "Mr. Lavater Lee's" booth! Thus, too often, are made up our judgments of each other all the world over. The more one travels, the more cautious one feels in criticising foreign opinions and usages. How much, for instance—to judge by the difficulty a foreigner must have in coming at anything like a clear view of the state of our religious feeling—can the shrewdest summer tourists gauge the real depth to which Catholicism penetrates? Yet who forbears to dogmatise upon it? and the matter is one at least demanding as much dispassionate accuracy as a fair knowledge of our Keans and Macreadys!

I was not sorry to turn away from the blaze and hubbub of the harbour, showy as it was, for the coolness and shadow of the streets, anything, however, rather than forsaken; and for the Picture Exhibitions, ancient and modern, which had lured me to Amsterdam. With regard to these, I have

not space to speak. The ancients, too, have been well described; and the moderns will be: for the young Belgian and Dutch painters seem to me working with a care and in a spirit which must bring its reward. They are a jovial, courteous set of fellows—as I have occasion to commemorate; and I wish I could think that a shy, atrabilious spoiler of paper from their country would meet in ours with half as prompt a welcome from our more courtly gentlemen (not more careful artists!) We are somewhat too sulky about foreigners in our artistic circles. Our manufacturers and merchants behave better: but I have seen our Painters so supercilious to men of renown, as only to be explicable on the fancy of their being afraid of coming at the truth with regard to themselves.

What a state was Amsterdam in that evening! Fireworks in the Park—galvanic illuminations at Frascati's (a sort of small Ranelagh)—a Dutch naval play at the national theatre: and the Fair surging out into the streets, with an uproar which beat any I have ever been exposed to! One's ears absolutely became *sore* with noise. The Dutch seem to me a very street-musical people, along though it be since they have given us composer, singer, or instrumentalist. I heard capital part-singing in the open air at the Hague: here it was *wholly* noise—men and women shouting, to drown a concurrence of barrel-organs, all playing different tunes, while the Mr. Merryman of every show-booth (I hope, for England's credit, that Mr. Macready or Mr. Kean, of Mr. Lavater Lee's company, has a good double-bass voice) did his best to outshout them and his rivals, while enticing the crowd to come and try "the wonderful Greek Enchantress," or the "ox with a hand growing out of his back," or "the Massacre of the Rhine." Then the little boys seem to have so universal a passion for drumming, that I was surprised half a dozen times into fancying that a patrol must be coming round, and into looking out for those neatest of troops, the Dutch soldiery. Military accoutrements, chakos, and feathers for children, seemed in great request:—and I was attacked, if once, one hundred times, in the "*What d'ye lack!*" style, to buy a complete pasteboard suit for my little ones at home, if not for myself. I saw little disorder: very little drunkenness. But these are the early days of the Fair: nor did I "hear the chimes at midnight," about which time the world, I am informed, sups. And what suppers! What frying of pancakes! what baking of cakes, in batches of sixty at once, before your eyes; while the clean cook invites such as are too genteel or too shy to eat *al fresco*, into something like a four-post bed veiled behind curtains with flaunting white fringe, where you shall "blush unseen," and be served "hot and hot." I have no fear, in divulging *the* great delicacy of the Fair, of introducing bad habits into England. What think you of hard boiled eggs (you begin with *six*), pickles in the largest proportion—whether salmon, or cucumber, or cabbage, or herrings, or beet-root, matters little—and gin? The extent to which the Dutchmen will hold out would have dumb-founded me, had I not, one long evening, a year or two since, when weather-bound on the Maine, watched the proceedings of a set of Suabian beer-drinkers. *Quere*—Is it the strength of the liquor that makes the sin against temperance, *wholly?* or is it the indulgence of our grossest appetites for the mere coarse sake of the indulgence? If the latter have anything to do with the offence, then, assuredly, we English are *not*—as has been perpetually thrown in our teeth—the least sober nation in Europe. Whether the Fair ever went to bed at all, is doubtful: my hotel, I know, did not; and I apprehend that no outpourings of the contents of an English purse could have bought the weariest Royalty or Lord ten seconds of silence!

This, then, I was fain to seek elsewhere, among the old-established "lions" of the place. One of these—the Town Hall, now the Palace—offered me abundant food for my particular humour. In itself the building is one of the few in Amsterdam which have any architectural pretension. It is a spacious and lofty pile, in the Italian style, built by Van Campen. One glaring fault I do not recollect to have seen noticed. It is not so much one building, as *two*—one placed above the other—that is, the architect has built two stories, with as many *half-stories* (thus to familiarise the Italian *mezzanine*, or the French *entresol*). Hence a want of general grandeur of aspect, owing to the multiplicity of small windows, (which, to be in strict architectural rule, I suspect, should not be seen obtrusively at all). Everyone has heard of the splendid room in this building as one of the finest in Europe. There is nothing on the outside to suggest its existence. Nor should the entrance to so stately a pile be at the back. These faults forgiven, there is much in the edifice to interest. Built originally for municipal purposes, I liked the ingenuity with which decorative art has been made to speak to the point. There are *bas-reliefs* of Dædalus and Icarus, to warn bankrupts against speculation; a rat busy at a money box, to talk to the merchants of the modern Tyre of the canker at the miser's heart; and, among other symbols, close under the huge figure of Atlas bearing the world, in the great central hall, is a skeleton, a perpetual remembrancer that

Our root is ever in the grave.

When Louis Bonaparte took this Town-Hall for his palace, this grand room was made a ball-room, and the immediate presence of the "skull-and-bones man" (as a child I know called Death), found "inconvenient." A sheet, therefore, was thrown over it, which remaineth there even unto this day! To me that room had other mementos almost as grave as that veiled figure. Like the rest of the palace, it is fitted up with furniture of the date of The Empire, ordered for Queen Hortense, and doubtless by her, and her gay bevy, thought the perfection of Parisian luxury. *Now*, what seems to our eyes downright ugly, has forlornness added to its unfitness and inconvenience, by its being utterly faded and spoiled. The gold of the sphinxes, and eagles, and *fasces* is tarnished; the pile trodden off the carpets—the tawny crimson of the uneasy angular couches, not thought worth covering up. Yet think how long it is already since this neglect began, yet that the heyday of its glory is still within the memory of by no means old men! Gay, graceful, *kind* Queen Hortense (for she was all these) has been long asleep: but it was only the other day that her son broke a prison, where it was hardly worth the trouble of keeping him, to try to reach the dying bed of his father. How little sensation now attends the "going out" of the Bonapartes, one by one!

A historical memento of a newer time of convulsion—also gone by!—hangs in one of the lower rooms; this is the picture, by Wappers, of Van Speyk blowing up his gunboat (during the war of 1830—31), rather than surrender her to the Belgians. When I remember hearing, as a boy, the summer tourists talk of going across the channel to look at the siege of Antwerp, as at some foreign ceremony or festival, this painted piece of deep

tragedy, and high self-sacrifice, comes home to me with a startling and familiar force I hardly know how to describe. War betwixt the civilised nations of the earth has—blessed progress—so slidden out of the English people's mind, as a thing which can hardly recur—that fresh memorials of its presence like this, have, to some of us, a strangeness as impressive and awful as that which clings to the nameless figure of some old mail-clad hero, who is found under the whispering pines of some old forest, with none to tell his legend. But I am growing dreamy,—and pictures, not dreams, were what I promised. After thoughts as sad and serious as these, there is no going back to the folly of the Fair of Amsterdam!

## Our Library.

[*In future, all Publications received will be acknowledged immediately in the Journal. We this week commence clearing the heavy arrears, and shall continue, number by number, until the whole are despatched.*]

FICTION.

*Lucretia; or, The Children of Night.* By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. (Saunders and Otley.)

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has presented another novel to the world, after an interval of four years from his announcement that he should write no more in this department of literature. It is a work which we feel sure will add to his already widely extended fame; although it is far from perfect in all its parts. Unlike many other old established favourites of the public, Bulwer does not seem to think that anything which he writes will be accepted and applauded, without any care on his part to make it worthy the approval of the well-judging. In the work beside us, there is no mark of carelessness, no *good enough* sort of writing. The author has taken pains with it; and although there are defects in the plot, and exaggerations in the delineation of minor characters, there is no indication of decay of power, but there is, we think, evidence of its full development and maturity. There will be many discussions as to the good or bad moral tendency of this book; and we feel with Sir Roger de Coverley, that "much may be said upon both sides." An outcry will be raised against the subject of the work, without regard to the author's method of treating that subject. It will probably be classed with the murderous melodramas of modern French novelists, because it treats of dark crimes, supposed to have passed away with the dark ages. This is not a fair or enlightened judgment; to arrive at which we have other things to consider, besides the fact that the book is full of dreadful murders.

*Lucretia; or, the Children of Night,* is a stupendous tragedy, of terrible significance to the student of the microcosmos—that world of *man*, so multiform in its manifestations, and so uniform in the action of the laws by which it is governed. The wise Hebrew has declared that "there is nothing *new* under the sun," and he might have added—there is nothing *old* under the sun; both assertions having reference to physical and psychological principles in nature, and the laws by which they act. These are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; if it so please him upon whom all nature, spiritual and physical, depends.

Our author has given us a tale of secret and domestic poisoning; he has shown us how circumstances, working upon original qualities of character, lead the criminals "to these and these extremities." It will give offence to a large class of truly good and virtuous persons, who do not like to think about evil and evil doers, and who object to having pictures of vice thrust on their notice. If the artist speak to them as a moralist (and all great artists do so speak, to those who have "ears to hear"); if he say to them—"You have all *that* within you, which, if it be not directed upward to heaven, may drag you, the fair-seeming, the virtuous, the high-minded, downwards to the hell of crime." When a thing like this is said to them, they start, and, with a shudder, or a laugh, they reply—"Such dreadful crimes! Impossible! Domestic murder! Society is far beyond such crimes. They are very rare, even in the most depraved class. They can never be general in society again."

General! No; they never were general in any society, or that society would speedily have come to an end. But the student of history knows well that the crimes which form the substance of *Lucretia* have occurred more or less frequently, and with greater or less accompaniments of horror, in all countries and in all ages of which history takes cognizance; and the philosopher knows that what man has done (whether praise or blame worthy) man may, and probably will, do again. An ordinary observer of our busy populous country, one who is neither historian nor philosopher, but who lives entirely in the present, and finds history and philosophy enough in the daily papers, he must be aware that secret domestic poisoning is alas! by no means an unheard of crime in our courts of law. Cases of such a crime are but too frequently discovered; and it is but reasonable to suppose, from the facility with which it may be committed and concealed, and from the gratification of avarice or hate which it offers to the vicious, that a much greater number of cases remains undetected by the law.

If the historian, the philosopher, and the practical observer of every-day life agree that these things, disgraceful as they are to our nature, existed in times past, and do now actually exist to a degree not ascertained—no one can deny that *Lucretia* is built upon historical truth, and upon actual truth. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton expressly declares in his preface that the crimes he narrates have taken place within the last seventeen years, that he has not exaggerated the particulars, and that the criminals in his novel had a real existence. But if these were the only crimes of this sort that were ever known to have been committed, we should think them unfit subjects to "point a moral, or adorn a tale." True art does not take what is monstrous or unnatural for its theme; but it seizes upon the uncommon and extraordinary in any kind as a fit means of teaching the capabilities of the common and ordinary. This is what, it seems to us, Bulwer has done in the present work. We believe that the way in which he handles his subject quite justifies his selection of it. He does not help to break up the distinctions between crime and venial error; there is here no whitening the sepulchre, no false glitter of glory thrown over vice; no sophistical arguing, no juggling with character. The reader does not feel a secret love for these gifted criminals, but a deep sorrow for the misapplication of their gifts, and a strong abhorrence of the crime. Many, too, will think, in reading this book, of that scripture

which says—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It seems to us that there is much danger of increasing any kind of evil by the studious avoidance of its recognition; and it becomes a question of importance whether that danger is less than the one incurred by publishing its existence—*i. e.*, the chance that bad minds may find a morbid attraction in the wickedness exposed, and seek to imitate it. The answer to this question depends, we apprehend, on the answer to another. "In what spirit is the evil made public?" Is it to gratify a low taste for the marvellous—to excite the fancy without raising the heart—to minister to vile passions, or to beget an unprincipled indifference to right in the desire for success in any cause. Then, indeed, we think the exposure to the public at large of any social evil would have a tendency to increase it; and *that*, in proportion to the ignorance of the community. But if the evil be laid bare in a spirit of serious sorrow for its existence, with a careful analysis of the circumstances which caused it (thereby indicating the means for its prevention), we cannot think that such a subject, so treated, will be likely to prove injurious to society.

The world must be careful not to run from one extreme into another. Because it believes now, that books of the *Jack Sheppard* and *Mysteres de Paris* kind are stimulants to vice, it must not conclude that all works of fiction treating of crime and criminals are from that circumstance immoral, and worthy to be tabooed at once. Upon this principle, what would become of Macbeth, and Othello, and Hamlet?

If vice and villains are to be forbidden subjects in literature and art, it cannot be until that time when vice and villains no longer exist in human nature. Once more we repeat, that, after a careful study of *Lucretia*, we believe that the author's method of treatment justifies his selection of the subject; and that by this new work he has raised his fame as an artist, and still more as a moralist.

Thus much for the chief points of criticism. With regard to minor matters, we have a few objections to raise: Lucretia's second marriage looks very like an afterthought for the purpose of introducing a son; and as there is no reason why the reader should not have been made acquainted with it at the time it took place, he cannot persuade himself that the news is true when he hears it. A fine opportunity for showing the effect of narrow religious sectarianism upon such a person as the heroine is passed over hurriedly. The state of Lucretia's mind, when she has for a time taken refuge in a cold bigotry and a narrow creed, should have been a field of psychological investigation for the author. He should have shown us how the infirm tower of bigotry was built up upon that desert of infidelity and atheism. But he has dismissed the matter with a few words.

Mrs. Mivers is a gross exaggeration, and the scene in Pall Mall during the illumination is highly improbable, considering that Mr. Mivers is a wealthy tradesman and keeps a country house. Such a person would have hired a hackney coach to take his wife and a young girl (of a rank, too, rather superior to their own,) to see the illuminations. Mr. Mivers's cook would scarcely have behaved in so coarse a manner as his wife is represented to have behaved in the crowd.

Our author, as usual, shows that the bulk of the middle classes are not well known to him, and when he attempts to describe an individual of that class, he produces a coinage of his own brain, bearing a very remote resemblance to reality.

It was our original intention to give a sketch of this powerful story; but we have determined upon further consideration not to do so, as our labour would be superfluous. All the reading world will read the book, and none of them will thank us for telling them the story beforehand, although they may be glad to see a few extracts from the work, as specimens of its style and contents.

The following is a description of Olivier Delabard, the prime villain and teacher of vice to his own son and the heroine—these three are "the Children of Night."

Gabriel, Olivier's son, a mere child, is engaged in drawing a caricature of his father:—

Let us look over his shoulder—it is his father's likeness—a countenance in itself not very remarkable at the first glance, for the features were small, but, when examined, it was one that most persons, women especially, would have pronounced handsome, and to which none could deny the higher praise of thought and intellect. A native of Provence, with some Italian blood in his veins—for his grandfather, a merchant of Marseilles, had married into a Florentine family settled at Leghorn—the dark complexion common with those in the south, had been subdued, probably by the habits of the student, into a bronzed and stedfast paleness, which seemed almost fair by the contrast of the dark hair which he wore unpowdered, and the still darker brows which hung thick and prominent over clear grey eyes. Compared with the features, the skull was disproportionately large, both behind and before; and a physiognomist would have drawn conclusions more favourable to the power than the tenderness of the Provencal's character, from the compact closeness of the lips, and the breadth and massiveness of the iron jaw. But the son's sketch exaggerated every feature, and gave to the expression a malignant and terrible irony, not now, at least, apparent in the quiet and meditative aspect; Gabriel himself, as he stood, would have been a more tempting study to many an artist. It is true that he was small for his years, but his frame had a vigour in its light proportions, which came from a premature and almost adolescent symmetry of shape and muscular development. The countenance, however, had much of effeminate beauty; the long hair reached the shoulders, but did not curl, straight, fine, and glossy as a girl's, and in colour of the pale auburn tinged with red, which rarely alters in hue as childhood matures to man; the complexion was dazzlingly clear and fair. Nevertheless, there was something so hard in the lip, so bold though not open in the brow, that the girlishness of complexion, and even of outline, could not leave, on the whole, an impression of effeminacy. All the hereditary keenness and intelligence were stamped upon his face at that moment; but the expression had also a large share of the very irony and malice which he had conveyed to his caricature!

We will complete the trio by extracting the following description of the heroine at twenty years of age:—

Lucretia Clavering was tall—tall beyond what is admitted to be tall in woman; but in her height there was nothing either awkward or masculine;—a figure more perfect never served as a model to a sculptor. The dress at that day, unbecoming as we now deem it, was not to her, at least, on the whole disadvantageous. The short waist gave greater sweep to her majestic length of limb, while the classic thinness of the drapery betr. yed the exact proportion and the exquisite contour. The arms then were worn bare almost to the shoulder, and Lucretia's arms were not more faultless in shape than dazzling in their snowy colour—the stately neck, the falling shoulders, the firm, slight, yet rounded bust,—all would have charmed equally the artist and the sensualist. Fortunately, the sole defect of her form was not apparent at a distance—that defect was in the hand; it had not the usual faults of female youthfulness—the superfluity of flesh, the too rosy healthfulness of colour; on the contrary, it was small and thin, but it was nevertheless more the hand of a man than a woman; the shape had a man's nervous distinctness, the veins swelled like sinews, the joints of the fingers were marked and prominent. In that hand it almost seemed as if the iron force of the character betrayed itself. The face—was it handsome? Was it repelling? Strange that in feature it had pretensions to the highest order of beauty, and yet Vernon, that experienced connoisseur in female charms, was almost puzzled what sentence to pronounce. The hair, as was the fashion of the day, clustered in profuse curls over her forehead, but could not conceal a slight line or wrinkle between the brows; and this line, rare in women at any age, rare even in men at hers, gave an expression at once of thought and of sternness to the whole face. The eyebrows themselves were straight and not strongly marked, a shade or two perhaps too light, a fault still more apparent in the lashes; the eyes were large, full, and though bright, astonishingly calm and deep, at least in ordinary moments; yet withal they wanted the charm of that steadfast and open look which

goes at once to the heart, and invites its trust; their expression was rather vague and abstracted. She usually looked aslant when she spoke; and this, which with some appears but shyness, in one so self-collected had an air of falsehood. But when, at times, if earnest, and rather bent on examining those she addressed, than guarding herself from penetration, she fixed those eyes upon you with a sudden and direct scrutiny, the gaze impressed you powerfully and haunted you with a strange spell. The eye itself was of a peculiar and displeasing colour—not blue, nor grey, nor black, nor hazel, but rather of that cat-like green which is drowsy in the light and vivid in the shade. The profile was purely Greek, and so seen, Lucretia's beauty seemed incontestible; but in front face, and still more when inclined between the two, all the features took a sharpness that, however regular, had something chilling and severe; the mouth was small, but the lips were thin and pale, and had an expression of effort and contraction, which added to the distrust that her sidelong glance was calculated to inspire. The teeth were dazzlingly white, but sharp and thin, and the eye-teeth were much longer than the rest. The complexion was pale, but without much delicacy; the paleness seemed not natural to it, but rather that hue which study and late vigils give to men; so that she wanted the freshness and bloom of youth, and looked older than she was—an effect confirmed by an absence of roundness in the cheek, not noticeable in the profile, but rendering the front face somewhat harsh as well as sharp. In a word, the face and the figure were not in harmony; the figure prevented you from pronouncing her to be masculine—the face took from the figure the charm of feminacy. It was the head of the young Augustus upon the form of Agrippina. One touch more and we close a description which already perhaps the reader may consider frivolously minute. If you had placed before the mouth and lower part of the face a bandage, the whole character of the upper part would have changed at once; the eye lost its glittering falseness, the brow its sinister contraction; you would have pronounced the face not only beautiful but sweet and womanly. Take that bandage suddenly away, and the change would have startled you, and startled you the more because you could detect no sufficient defect, or disproportion in the lower part of the countenance to explain it. It was as if the mouth was a key to the whole;—the key nothing without the text; the text uncomprehended without the key.

Lucretia is heiress to her uncle, a rich old baronet, who has brought her up as his own child, and is very fond and proud of her. She loves a young man of inferior birth, and conceals her connection with him from her uncle, because she knows that he would disinherit her rather than allow her to marry her lover. She waits his death impatiently, as the means of attaining her desired object—a union with Mainwaring.

Old Sir Miles has had two attacks of paralysis, and now the first shadow of the criminal future lowers over the mind of Lucretia in dark hopes for the speedy death of her uncle, who has been a father to her, but who is the obstacle to her passionate will. She is alone in her chamber, reading, while others sleep :—

What hast thou, young girl, strong in health and rich in years, with the lore of the leech, with prognostics and symptoms and diseases? She is tracing with hard eyes the signs that precede the grim enemy in his last sudden approach—the habits that invite him, the warnings that he gives. He whose wealth shall make her free has twice had the visiting shock—he starves not, he lives free. She closes the volume, and, musing, metes him out the hours and days he has to live.

A letter from Lucretia to her lover falls into her uncle's hands. In this letter she speaks of her impatient desire for her benefactor's death, and shows her deceit and treachery to him. Household treachery is thus finely animadverted on :—

The heart does not bleed, the tears do not flow, as in woes to which humanity is commonly subjected. It is as if something out of the course of nature had taken place; something monstrous and out of all thought and forewarning; for the domestic traitor is a being apart from the orbit of criminals; the felon has no fear of his innocent children; with a price on his head, he lays it in safety in the bosom of his wife. In his *home*, the ablest man, the most subtle and suspecting, can be as much a dupe as the simplest. Were it not so as the rule, and the exceptions most rare, this world were the riot of a hell!

And therefore it is that to the household perfidy, in all lands, in all ages, God's curse seems to cleave, and to God's curse man abandons it: he does not honour it by hate, still less will he lighten and share the guilt by revenge. He turns aside with a sickness and loathing, and leaves Nature to purify from the earth the ghastly phenomenon she abhors.

Old man! that she wilfully deceived thee; that she abused thy belief, and denied to thy question, and profaned maidenhood to stealth;—all this might have galled thee, but to these wrongs old men are subjected; they give mirth to our farces; maid and lover are privileged impostors. But to have counted the sands in thine hour-glass; to have sate by thy side marvelling when the worms should have thee; and looked smiling on thy face for the signs of the death-writ;—die quick, old man, the executioner hungers for the fee!

We have already exceeded our short space, and regret that we cannot give quotations from the second and third volumes, which contain passages of great beauty and power. The two young lovers, Percival and Helen, are exquisite sketches, in which the author evidently delights. He seems to idolise youth, as most men do when it has gone from themselves. The pleasure the author takes in the joys and amusements, the thoughts and feelings, of youth, indicates the perpetual spring of poetry within him, and imparts its odours to the reader.

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## SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

I. *The Revolt of the Bees.* Third Edition. (Longman and Co.)

A book that has had many readers, but that *all* should read. While it examines, with a searching eye, the whole social state of man, and deals in a learned spirit with many of its knottiest and most abstruse questions, it is as interesting as a romance; in which form, indeed, the work is written. Such, at least, is the impression the *Revolt of the Bees* left upon our mind, when perused several years ago. This, and

II. *Hampden in the Nineteenth Century,*

by the same author, Mr. J. M. Morgan, have aided to prepare the public mind for the mighty social movements now making. And if, without presumption, we may refer to the *People's Journal*, as one sign and consequence of these movements, we do it, in order to acknowledge our obligations to the amiable and philanthropic author of these books. Among the influences that the writer of these lines can distinctly trace as having ultimately led him to undertake the hazardous experiment of a new periodical, he must assuredly include the perusal of the two books above named.

III. *Torrington Hall, being an account of two days in the Autumn of* 1844, *passed at that magnificent and philosophically conducted Establishment for the Insane.* By Arthur Wallbridge. Author of "Jest and Earnest." (How, Piccadilly.)

Reviewers do not like to be taken in, even in sport, and we fear Mr. Wallbridge has made some enemies among your matter-of-fact men, by making them believe he had here recorded a real history, and that he had only had madmen, instead of mankind at large, in view. The mistake, however, shows one great merit of the book—its vivid, life-like, and deeply interesting character. The student of social science will recognise something still better—an earnest and thoughtful mind engaged, as all such minds should be in the present day, in working out the great problem of society.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The British Almanack and Companion.* (London: Charles Knight, Ludgate-street.)

This work embodies all that an almanack should contain—with many good things added. It takes first rank among the annuals of its kind. The Abstracts of Acts of Parliament affecting Public

Works, Fisheries, Harbours, Drainage, Commons, Inclosures, Corn Importation, Customs, Friendly Societies, Corresponding Societies and Lecture Rooms, Sugar Duties, Poor Laws, Baths and Wash-houses, Spirit Licences and Duties, Nuisances, Small Debts, &c., &c., have evidently been prepared by a careful hand. The paper on the "Progress of Education in England," in which we recognise the pen of Charles Knight, is full of important statistics, of the highest value to all who are seeking to diffuse the blessings of knowledge. It shows that more remains to be done than is generally conceived, and demonstrates, to a great extent, how existing obstacles may be overcome.

PRINTS, ILLUSTRATED WORKS, &c.

I. *The Proposed Railway Street through Westminster.* By W. B. MOFFAT. *Size, 33 inches by* 19. (John Williams and Co., Library of Arts, Strand.)

That this is, indeed, a magnificent proposition, we hope to be able to show in an early number, by presenting, with the permission of the architect, a reduced engraving from this superb print.

II. *A Chart Illustrating the Architecture of Westminster Abbey.* By P. BEDFORD, JUN. (Robinson, Fleet-street.)

This shows at one glance the different styles that prevail through this noblest and most interesting of architectural piles, and is, in a word, a kind of *visible history* of the progress of the erection.

MUSIC.

*Handel's Oratorio, the Messiah, in Vocal Score, with a Separate Accompaniment for the Organ and Pianoforte.* Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. Nos. 1 to 4 (Alfred Novello, 69, Dean-street, Soho)

Facts stated in the plainest way, are frequently more impressive from their intrinsic character, than any adornments can make them. They are facts then,—that the whole Messiah is here put forth in a clear and beautiful type, in nine sixpenny numbers, by an editor whose name is a guarantee for the proper performance of his duties. The success of the work, we presume, has led to the commencement in a similar style, of

*Haydn's Oratorio, the Creation, in Vocal Score.* No. 1.

## Homes for the People.

### HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

No. VI.

THE NEW COMER.

WE may be perverse in our notions, and mistaken in our ways; but there are some great natural blessings which we cannot refuse. I reckon it a great natural blessing that the main events of human life are common to all, and that it is out of the power of man to spoil the privilege and pleasure of them. Birth, love, and death, are beyond the reach of man's perverseness. They come differently to the wise and the foolish, the wicked and the pure: but they come alike to the rich and the poor. The infant finds as warm a bosom in which to nestle in the cottage as in the mansion. The bride and bridegroom know the bliss of being all the world to each other as well in their Sunday walk in the fields as in the park of a royal castle. And when the mourners stand within the enclosure where "rich and poor lie down together," death is the same sad and sweet mystery to all the children of mortality, whether they be elsewhere the lowly or the proud.

It may be said that the coming of the infant is not the same event to all, because some very poor people are heard to speak of it as a misfortune, and if the child dies, to rejoice that the Lord has taken it to himself. It is true that some parents are heard to speak in this way; but I believe that the difference here is not between rich and poor, but between the wise and the foolish,—the trusting and the faithless. I have a right to believe this as long as I see that the hardest-working mother can be as tender and as cheerful as any other, and that the poorest man can be as conscientious a father as the richest. If the parents have been guilty of no fault towards their unborn child; if the child be the offspring of healthful and virtuous parents; and if they are calmly resolved to do all in their power for its good,—to earn its bread, to cherish its health, to open its mind, to nourish its soul, they have as good a right to rejoice in the prospect of its birth as anybody in the world. If they steadily purpose to do their full duty by their child, they may rely upon it that God and nature will help them;—that in a world wrapped round with God's air, and blessed by His sunshine, and abounding with knowledge, the human being can hardly fail of the best ends of life if set fairly forth on his way by those who are all to him in his helpless years. A doubt of this may be pardoned in parents too hard driven by adversity, who have lost heart, and think that to be poor is to be miserable: but the doubt is not reasonable or religious; and it is likely to be fatal to the child. I need not consider it further; for I write for those who have a high purpose and a high hope in rearing children. Those who despond are unfit for the charge, and are not likely to enter into any consultation about it.

To all who have this high purpose and hope, how interesting and how holy is this expectation of the birth of a human being! The mother is happy, and can wait. The father thinks the time long till he can take his infant in his arms, and lavish his love upon it. If there are already children, they are, or should be made, happy by some promise of the new blessing to come. A serious hope it should be made to them, however joyful; a hope to be spoken of only in private seasons of confidence, when parents and children speak to each other of what they feel most deeply,—by the bedsides of the little ones at night, or in the quietest time of the Sunday holiday. A serious hope it should be to all parties; for they should bring into the consideration the duties of labour and self-denial which lie before them, and the seasons of anxiety which they must undergo. Before the parents lie sleepless nights, after days of hard work,—hours and hours of that weary suffering which arises from the wailing of a sick infant: and before the entire household the duty of those self-restraints which are ever due from the stronger to the weaker. Amidst the anticipated joys of an infant's presence, these things are not to be forgotten.

When the child is born, what an event is it in the education of the whole household! According to the use made of it is it a pure blessing, or a cause of pain and sin to some concerned. If it be the first child, there is danger lest it be too

engrossing to the young mother. I believe it happens oftener than anybody knows, that the first conjugal discontents follow on the birth of the first child. The young mother trusts too much to her husband's interest in her new treasure being equal to her own;—a thing which the constitution of man's nature, and the arrangements of his business, render impossible. He will love his infant dearly, and sacrifice much for it if he remains, as he ought, his wife's first object. But if she neglects his comfort to indulge in fondling her infant, she is doing wrong to both. If her husband no longer finds, on his return from his business, a clean and quiet fireside, and a wife eager to welcome him, but a litter of baby-things, and a wife too busy upstairs to come down, or too much engaged with her infant to talk with him and make him comfortable, there is a mischief done which can never be repaired.

And if this infant be not the first, there is another person to be no less carefully considered,—the next youngest. I was early struck by hearing the mother of a large family say, that her pet was always the youngest but one; it was so hard to cease to be the baby! Little children are as jealous of affection as the most enraptured lover; and they are too young to have learned to control their passions, and to be reasonable. A more miserable being can hardly exist than a little creature who, having been accustomed to the tenderness always lavished on the baby,—having spent almost its whole life in its mother's arms, and been the first to be greeted on its father's entrance, finds itself bid to sit on its little stool, or turned over to the maid, or to rough brothers and sisters to be taken care of, while everybody gathers round the baby, to admire and love it. Angry and jealous feelings may grow into dreadful passions in that little breast, if great care be not taken to smooth over the rough passage from babyhood to childhood. If the mother would have this child love and not hate the baby, if she would have peace and not tempest reign in the little heart, she will be very watchful. She will have her eye on the little creature, and call it to help her to take care of the baby. She will keep it at her knee, and show it, with many a tender kiss between, how to make baby smile, how to warm baby's feet; will let it taste whether baby's food be nice, and then peep into the cradle, to see whether baby be asleep. And when baby is asleep, the mother will open her arms to the little helper, and fondle it as of old. and let it be all in all to her, as it used to be. This is a great piece of education to them both, and a lesson in justice to all who stand by.

The addition of a child to the family circle is an event too solemn to be deformed by any falsehood. But few parents have the courage to be truthful with their children as to how the infant comes; a question which their natural curiosity always prompts. The deceptions usually practised are altogether to be reprobated. It is an abominable practice to tell children that the doctor brought the baby, and the like. It is abominable as a lie: and it is worse than useless. Any intelligent child will go on to ask,—or if not to ask, to ponder with excited imagination,—where the doctor found it, and so on; and its attention will be piqued, and its mind injuriously set to work, where a few serious words of simple but carefully expressed truth, would have satisfied it entirely. The child must, sooner or later, awaken to an understanding of the subject; and it is no more difficult to impress him with a sense of decency about this, than about other things, that a well trained child never speaks of but to its mother in private. The natural question once truthfully answered, the little mind is at rest, and free for the much stronger interests which are passing before its eyes.

The first month of an infant's life is usually a season of great moral enjoyment to the household. Everybody is disposed to bear and to do everything cheerfully for the sake of the new blessing. The father does not mind the discomforts of the time of his wife's absence from the table and the fireside, and makes himself by turns the nurse and the playfellow, to carry the children well through it. If Granny be there, and not able to do much in the house, she gathers the little ones about her chair, and tells them longer stories than ever before, to keep them quiet. The children try with all their might to be quiet; and even the little two-year-old one struggles not to cry for company when baby cries, and learns a lesson in self-restraint. They look with respect on the maid or the nurse when they find that she has been up in the night, tending mother and baby, and that she looks as cheerful in the morning as if she had had good rest. And when they are permitted to study the baby, and to see how it jerks its little limbs about, and does not see anything they want it to see, and takes no notice of anything they say to it; and when they hear that their great strong father, so wise and so clever about his business, was once just such a helpless little creature as this, they learn to reverence this feeble infant, and one another, and themselves, and their hearts are very full of feelings which they cannot speak. I well remember that the strongest feelings I ever entertained towards any human being were towards a sister born when I was nine years old. I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted so strong an educational influence over me as her birth. The emotions excited in me were overwhelming for above two years; and I recal them as vividly as ever now when I see her with a child of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my knees many times in a day, to thank God that he permitted me to see the growth of a human being from the beginning. I leaped from my bed gaily every morning as this thought beamed upon me with the morning light. I learnt all my lessons without missing a word for many months, that I might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during my play-hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees, trying to make out how a creature like this might rise "from strength to strength," till it became like Christ. My great pain was, (and it was truly at times a despair,) to think what a work lay before this thoughtless little being. I could not see how she was to learn to walk with such soft and pretty limbs: but the talking was the despair. I fancied that she would have to learn every word separately, as I learned my French Vocabulary; and I looked at the big Johnson's Dictionary till I could not bear to think about it. If I, at nine years old, found it so hard to learn through a small book like that Vocabulary, what would it be to her to begin at two years old such a big one as that! Many a time I feared that she never could possibly learn to speak. And when I thought of all the trees and plants, and all the stars, and all the human faces she must learn, to say nothing of lessons,—I was dreadfully oppressed, and almost wished she had never been born. Then followed the relief of finding that walking came of itself—step by step; and then, that talking came of itself—word by word at first, and then many new words in a day. Never did I feel a relief like this, when the dread of this mighty task

was changed into amusement at her funny use of words, and droll mistakes about them. This taught me the lesson, never since forgotten, that a way always lies open before us, for all that it is necessary for us to do, however impossible and terrible it may appear beforehand. I felt that if an infant could learn to speak, nothing is to be despaired of from human powers, exerted according to God's laws. Then followed the anguish of her childish illnesses—the misery of her wailing after vaccination, when I could neither bear to stay in the nursery nor to keep away from her; and the terror of the back-stairs, and of her falls, when she found her feet; and the joy of her glee when she first knew the sunshine, and the flowers, and the opening spring; and the shame if she did anything rude, and the glory when she did anything right and sweet. The early life of that child was to me a long course of intense emotions which, I am certain, have constituted the most important part of my education. I speak openly of them here, because I am bound to tell the best I know about Household Education; and on that, as on most subjects, the best we have to tell is our own experience. And I tell it the more readily because I am certain that my parents had scarcely any idea of the passions and emotions that were working within me, through my own unconsciousness of them at the time, and the natural modesty which makes children conceal the strongest and deepest of their feelings: and it may be well to give parents a hint that more is passing in the hearts of their children, on occasion of the gift of a new soul to the family circle, than the ingenuous mind can recognise for itself, or knows how to confide.

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## W. C. MACREADY.

By W. J. Fox.

(*Continued from page 328.*)

It may be asked—"Are there, then, no faults in Mr. Macready's acting?" I am not careful to answer in this matter. Those who so please may pick them out; emulating the famous industry that found the two grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff. Only their work is rather to find the two atoms of chaff in the bushel of grain; which like their prototype they may, when found, keep for their pains. The design and spirit of the personal notices in the *People's Journal* are not critical. They affect not the minuteness of anatomical dissection and analysis. The object is rather to give due expression of homage and gratitude towards those by whom the public has been benefitted. Nor are there many writers; I am not one, assuredly; entitled to sit, in self-satisfied judgment, upon any supposed mistake or failure in Mr. Macready's artistical interpretations of Shakspeare. There is little theatrical criticism, of any worth, that has not matured itself by the careful study of Mr. Macready's personations. He is scarcely amenable at its bar. The stream cannot rise above the fountain. In any conflict of interpretations, the chances are immeasurably in his favour against the most accomplished of his critics. The Aristotles of the stage must acknowledge its Homer. Genuine criticism springs out of great works of art; it is an attempt to show why and how they affect us so deeply; if there be a seeming flaw, it is noted lightly and reverently; and the return is prompt to its proper and welcome work of appreciation and explanation.

The eminence of Garrick both in tragedy and comedy has often been remarked upon as a peculiarity. The real peculiarity, in an actor of the highest order, would have been the inability to excel in both. The phrenological wiseacre who found a tragic organ and a comic organ, proved his own want of the appropriate organ for metaphysical analysis. The same faculties and tendencies are implied in the power of personation, whether it stimulates laughter or moves to tears. Edmund Kean recalled the memory, and illustrated the traditions, of Garrick's acting, alike in Richard III. and in Abel Drugger. The few instances of Mr. Macready's appearing in comedy have always given the liveliest enjoyment. The embarrassment of Benedick or of Mr. Oakley, has never been more ludicrous; his Puff is said to be inimitable; and that strange entwining of the comic and the tragic, and their mutual trespassing on each other's domain, which make Kitely so pathetically ridiculous, or so ridiculously pathetic, only show his easy mastery over the most seemingly dissimilar resources of his art. Histrionic greatness, like most real greatness, is flexible, versatile, and universal. It ascends to the terrible; it plays round the grotesque. Only thus can it "hold the mirror up to nature." A goodly function; and not obscurely connected with the self-knowledge of humanity, and therefore with some of its best interests.

In October, 1837, Mr. Macready commenced his arduous and glorious career as manager of Covent Garden Theatre. His task was indeed arduous. He had everything to do. The theatre had been occupied by an inferior company from a minor establishment. The property man had a sinecure; or was only an overseer of rubbish. Much of the scenery consisted of daubs that could scarcely have competed with a collection of village sign-boards. Nor had there been any of the superintending skill that makes the work surpass the materials. All things behind the curtain, and before it, stood in need of thorough reformation. A great change soon began to be perceived and felt. The art of Stanfield commenced the creation of a noble gallery of paintings. A strong company was collected; including the best talent that could be obtained in London, or from the Provinces. By frequent and careful rehearsals, the mind of the great master was made to pervade the entire performance. Aspiring actors learned to co-operate, and not sacrifice the spirit of a scene to individual prominence. The public felt the harmony and completeness of representation thus produced. People went to *see a play*. Theatrical favouritism and partisanship merged in the recognised presence of dramatic poetry.

It was promptly found that a new system was at work, and a principle introduced which extended to the minutest particulars. The very bills in the streets bore an unexpressed but distinctly implied testimony to the novelty of the change. They were marked by the avoidance of that system of puffery which had been in other cases, and still is, carried to so gross an extent. How often is the eye disgusted by the grandest superlatives of praise lavished upon theatrical pretenders, or compositions that not only deserved to be hissed, but that actually were hissed on the very eve of these large-letter announcements. How often has the metropolis been placarded with colossal and golden promises, only to be fulfilled in tinsel and tawdry.

The only promise which Mr. Macready was accustomed to make, was the promise of his own character and previous practice, that whatever was produced or revived at his theatre should be presented with taste and splendour worthy of the national drama. That promise was always kept most faithfully. At first, the simplicity of the Covent Garden bills was not understood. The agreeable surprise, however, of the representation soon inspired confidence; anticipation rose higher than it was ever upborne by puffs preparatory, and was never disappointed. To the secret that a theatre could do without a saloon, was added the equally novel secret, that a new play could attract without an emblazoned programme of its gorgeous scenery.

To delude the public by crowded houses filled by means of orders; to purchase praise from the profligacy of some portion of the public press, by nameles advantages; to deprecate and avert the just censure of other portions by pitiful appeals; to bring the aid of advertisers, or other influential parties, to act on newspaper criticism; are practices so notorious in connection with theatrical management, as to render their total negation proper for record, though it would ill accord with our estimate of the subject of this paper to dwell upon it as a theme of laudation. One fact, however, of no slight importance, must be mentioned. Mr. Macready's management practically solved the long and hotly discussed question, whether a theatre can be conducted without offence to decorum or stimuli to licentiousness? The Puritan divines and their successors, by whom the stage has been denounced, have always assumed the negative, and made it the foundation of their fiercest invectives. They have often grossly exaggerated, and sometimes, in their censures, only betrayed the pruriency of their own imaginations. Still, to a certain extent, there was truth in what they urged. A *saloon*, with all that had become associated with the name, was deemed essential to the prosperity of a large theatre. Privileges were bestowed to secure the presence of those whose absence was desired by all friends of decorum. The most reputable as well as the most disreputable of managers had believed themselves under the necessity of making this gross addition to the attractions of a theatre. The attraction, as it doubtless was to some classes, had become a strong repulsion to better classes. The evil was at once corrected by the Covent Garden management; and afterwards, though under much vexatious opposition, at Drury Lane. The record of the example remains to deprive of every fragment of excuse the managers who, now or hereafter, may sustain or restore the former and most vicious system.

But to come to what directly belongs to the theatrical art. Mr. Macready is the only manager, in our time, who brought the drama before public view with anything approaching to completeness. System, science, and poetry were the characteristics of his management. Any man can order a gorgeous scene to be painted. Any man can hire a hundred supernumeraries or chorus singers. Any man can distribute the characters of a play amongst his troop or company, with some regard to the habitual practice of each performer in tragedy or comedy, lovers or tyrants, old men or buffoons. And if the result be any tolerable resemblance to what the author of the drama conceived, praised be the gods for a lucky hit! Oh, the things that we have seen, and do still see occasionally. We have beheld Shylock, the Jew, surrounded in his own dwelling by statues of the heathen gods, Mercury, Mars, and all the abominations of Israel. We have seen him tried by such a tribunal as Venice never knew, sitting in a ducal hall, the door of which opened on a fine champagne country, with heaven knows what river meandering through the valley. We have seen the sea from Bosworth Field, painted for the occasion. We have seen King Richard's archers "draw their arrows to the head," with no mark but their own general, and charge after him on the full run with stretched strings. Virginius has often stabbed his daughter in a forum where rose majestically the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. All these absurdities were not only "reformed indifferently," but "altogether." The character of the scenery was always not only true to the period and localities, but to the poetical spirit of the particular drama enacted. In *King Lear*, antique, massive, elemental. In the *Tempest*, wild and strange, fit haunt of magic and of spirits. The circling sea of the Enchanted Isle, and two or three strange forms of rocks, as seen from different points, made the imaginative *locale* a reality to the mind. In *Richelieu*, the apartments, gardens, costume, not only true and splendid, but ever and essentially French. And *Ion*, chastely Greek in its columns, altars, and temples. Yet there was no pedantry in this appropriateness. And in Shakspeare, Mr. Macready usually followed the anachronisms of the drama, rightly perceiving that they belonged to the poetical idea of the composition, which it is the first duty of the theatre to keep unimpaired, whatever becomes of antiquarian truth. The moral chaos of *Lear* requires, and fitly placed on the stage, both the knightly armour of chivalry, and the rude pillars of Druidical temples. While rich advantage was taken of the scope afforded by Coriolanus, for an extraordinary series of pictorial groupings, illustrative of the ancient Rome, any one of which might have sufficed on canvass to immortalise a painter. the multitude with their diversified attire, and uncouth armoury, terrific in their combination, and with single figures intermixed, such as Salvator Rosa loved to sketch; the street alive with shouting citizens, and green with waving palms for the victor's reception; the path of the exile by the lonely shore to the house of Aufidius, gay in festal lights and sounds, while far in the sea shines the solitary lamp of the Pharos of Antium; the Capitol, where the incense burns on the altar of Victory, where the bronze wolf and twins still tell the ancient legend as they did in the ancient time, and where the uprising Senate, with uplifted right arms, conferring the Consulship, seem an august assembly which the barbarians of Gaul might well adore; and the scene without the gates, thronged with the Volscian soldiers, silently making way for the mournful procession of the Roman women through their glittering ranks, or grouping their standard-trophy over the shield-formed bier, so as to form that gorgeous and affecting picture into which was developed the simple stage direction—"Exeunt soldiers bearing the body of Caius Marcius."

In all that belongs to the *mise en scene*, Mr. Macready never forgot that his function was to *illustrate*. No splendid or striking effects induced him to depart from this duty. The gorgeousness of many revivals occasioned an imputation of overlaying Shakspeare with theatrical splendour. The critics disregarded the fact that some of these dramas, *King Lear*, for instance, had never been so simply presented, so divested of "barbaric

pearl and gold." Nor did *As You Like It*, flaunt with spangles. It was redolent of the green wood. Sylvan glades and the song of birds, and grotesque trunks of trees harmonised with the life of idle forestry, and realised the vision of the poet, dreaming of the remote rustic sojourn of princely courtesy. A hundred minute instances of arrangement introduced by Mr. Macready, and some happily become permanent on the stage, might be enumerated, from memory, which show his unswerving fidelity to the work of illustration, as well as his consummate skill in its details. Such, as in *Macbeth*, the crouching of the witches at distant corners of the cavern, each awaiting the signal of her own familiar ("Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed," &c.) When he was gorgeous, it was because the imagination of Shakspeare had been gorgeous first, and shown what he would have done with the rich and ample theatrical appliances of our times. In *Henry V.*, not choice but necessity made the author on a most "unworthy scaffold to bring forth so great an object." Macready could not give him "a kingdom for a stage;" but he *did* precisely that for which the poet longed. He refused needlessly to

> Disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt.

—As far as possible, a possibility multiplied a thousand-fold since Shakspeare's days, he resolved to "piece out" the inevitable "imperfections" of the scene, not only by the "thoughts" of the audience, but by the power of artistry. In the heraldic emblazonments, the panoramic voyage, the pictorial interpretation of the prologue, the battle crash, the bannered cathedral pomp, and all the unrivalled embellishments of that great national and historical drama, Macready was the faithful executor of the will of Shakspeare, enabled, by the wealth of modern theatrical art, to pay the bard's legacy to the British public.

Not only had stage management pursued such a perverted course as often to deprive representation altogether of an illustrative character, but it had been busy also with the subject to be illustrated. The restoration of the genuine text of Shakspeare was, perhaps more than any other single characteristic, the distinguishing glory of the Macready management. Poetical conception and artistical skill may indeed appear more strikingly in the mode of illustrating the Shakspearean drama, considered without reference to the circumstance whether the text had been respected or corrupted. But in the restorations of the genuine text, these qualities rise into the sphere of moral attributes, and we recognise that *faith in genius* which only belongs to the loftiest minds.

For almost two centuries the work of corruption had continued to make havoc with the grandest compositions of the grandest dramatist that the world has produced. The great and the contemptible; the poetical and the practical; Dryden and Davenent; Garrick and Kemble; Tate and Cibber; all were let loose upon the text of Shakspeare, like swarms of caterpillars, great and small, upon a rose-tree, to impair and destroy, and transform its loveliness into something akin with their own inferior natures. At every theatre, from time immemorial, it had become an axiom that Shakspeare was not presentable. The poet, who could not be tried by his peers, nature not having yet created his peers, was condemned by minds unequal to the comprehension of his meaning, and executed by writers destitute of the remotest affinity with his genius. Every petty, blustering stage-thunderer thought he knew better than Shakspeare what would suit the taste of an audience. One play was desecrated by the dirtiness of Dryden, and another was interpolated with the pomposities of Thompson. If sometimes a beam of truth glimmered across the public mind, it speedily faded away; and managers and audiences consoled themselves with a mutually contemptuous and contemptible recognition of each other's corruption of taste. Mr. Macready first dared to believe in Shakspeare with his whole heart and soul. He evinced the appreciation of genius by genius. In the spirit of a prophet whose soul is full of the power he worships, he repeated the *verba ipsissima* of the oracle, and all hearts felt that the words were indeed oracular.

The two most extensive and remarkable of these restorations were those accomplished in the *Tempest* and *King Lear*. The peculiar character of the *Tempest* was totally destroyed by Dryden's alterations. He violated most profanely the solitude and sanctity of the Enchanted Isle. Under the name of the most exquisitely pure and fanciful of Shakspeare's dramas, the public only knew, in the acting version, a farrago of common conjuration and uncommon indecency. The deepest truths of the poetical spirit were degraded by transposition into vulgar clap-traps. What do we not owe to the noble daring that dashed down at a stroke all the base and meretricious accretions that had gathered around this lovely work, and presented it to the world like a recovered statue, perfect in the symmetry and simplicity of antique art, yet appropriately shrined, in the most stately and costly temple that could be wrought by modern genius? There was a practical reply in the acclamations of the thousands that witnessed its unprecedented and undiminished attraction, through more than fifty nights of the season in which it was produced. *King Lear* may be regarded as the masterpiece of Shakspeare, and, therefore, as the most stupendous drama in existence. The limits of this notice will not allow of even a glance at the grounds of this estimate—suffice it to say that, according to the old proverb, the corruption had been proportionate to the excellence. The feeling of the drama had been outraged by the impertinent interpolation of a love affair between Edgar and Cordelia. The construction of the drama had been destroyed by the total withdrawment of the Fool. And the catastrophe of the drama had been reversed, to the annihilation of the profoundest moral lesson and impression with which truth and nature ever inspired the heart of mighty poet. The innovation had become sanctioned, and seemingly irreversibly established by long prescription. Banished in its integrity from the stage, Shakspeare's *Lear* was only the solitary study of poets and appreciators of poetry. Its representation was talked of, just as politicians speculate on the advent of an Utopia. The Utopia will come, when politicians have faith in humanity; and *Lear* was enacted, for Macready had faith in Shakspeare. The effect, almost "too deep for tears," resembled that of the first appearance of some masterpiece in poetry or art, gradually and majestically rising upon the public view—a sense of awe at the embodied power of the poet chastening, while prolonging, the fervency of admiration.

An unprecedented succession of numerous and appreciating audiences was the public response to the appeal thus made at Covent Garden Theatre. It has been often said that Mr. Macready's manage-

ment failed, and proved the decline of a taste for the Shakspearean drama. The inference is unjust to the public, and the assumed fact is incorrect; no equal receipts, for an equal length of time, had ever been known. But the lessee had (and again at Drury Lane afterwards,) to struggle with an enormous outlay, rendered necessary by the forlorn condition in which he found the scenery and properties of both houses, and by the costliness of his own efforts; with an almost total neglect on the part of the aristocratic and fashionable world; and with proprietary arrangements, or disarrangements, which yielded no security for an expenditure that could only have repaid itself in a series of years, and the immediate profits of which were liable to be pressed upon by undefined and encroaching claims. So far as the public was concerned, the success was complete. Those whose taste, whether in art or in morals, had made them, as a class, absentees from the theatre, began to reappear. The audiences were in, what may be called, a course of education. The licence of finding, or making indecorous allusions, so frequently exercised at some of our theatres, was spontaneously suppressed. A promptness was evinced in the recognition of the finer beauties of poetry in an author, which showed that a comparatively worthy tribunal for the cotemporary drama was rapidly forming. And the expression, "a Macready audience," denotes not partisanship of the actor, but percipiency of Shakspeare. That causes utterly extrinsic to the drama and the public taste, should have prematurely interrupted so promising a career, is occasion for deep regret; though not unmitigated by the knowledge that many refining and useful influences continue in individual minds, and that much which was done in the restoration of Shakspeare, cannot again be undone, even by the perversity of future managers.

Mr. Macready took leave of Covent Garden Theatre, at the end of his second season. A grand public entertainment, H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair, was soon afterwards given him at Freemason's Hall. His reception was most enthusiastic. A subscription was commenced for presenting him with some appropriate memorial. The result was a felicitous design, chastely executed in silver, of the actor studying a drama for illustration; the Arts and Muses are grouped around to render him their aid; bas-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakspeare crowns the summit. The most illustrious names of which our country can boast were in the list of contributors; and, as if to render more noticeable the absence of aristocratical patronage during the season of struggle, as one royal duke had presided at the commencement of the subscription, another, the Duke of Cambridge, presided at the presentation.

After a twelvemonth's engagement at the Haymarket, where the public became more familiar with the light and graceful qualities of his acting, Mr. Macready undertook the management of Drury Lane Theatre, where he continued till June, 1843. Such was the feeling towards him in the profession, that as soon as the probability of this event was known, and before he was in any condition to treat for engagements, members of his former company declined the most tempting offers from other quarters, and ran all risks for the chance of renewing their connection with one whose fidelity to his engagements, and whose unfailing care for the actor's interest and respectability, they had previously experienced.

This second management was, in spirit, a prolongation of the first. The same Shakspearean splendour, where splendour is required; the same reversion to the genuine text, and careful regard for the poetical idea of each drama, in its illustration; the same harmonised combination of costume and scenery, and of the individual talent of each member of the well-organised company; the same abundant success, in public enthusiasm; and the same abrupt termination from causes wholly extrinsic to the national drama, but inseparably connected with the condition, as to property, of the two large theatres.

One distinction of this second management was the attention paid to the classical music of our own country. In *Acis and Galatea*, and *King Arthur*, Handel and Purcell were crowned with a halo of artistical illustration kindred in brightness with that which had already been made to beam around the brow of Shakspeare. These performances, and that of *Comus*, may be regarded as revivals of the masque, once so gorgeous in courtly splendour. The musical drama and the masque are closely allied. That is, if by musical drama we understand, not merely a play with incidental songs or chorusses, but one in which musical expression is made the exponent of thought and emotion. Musical drama is like the witch in *Thalaba*: "Still her speech was song." To maintain due proportion in this world of convention, the action of the performers should be modulated also; and crowds or groups pass from one tableau to another by measured movement. The artistical, and even the artificial, belong to the nature of the scene; if indeed, it can be said to have a nature. It is a brilliant dream-land. It is a fancy and a frolic of the Genii of Poetry, Song, and Painting. They abandon themselves to their gayest gambols. Drury Lane gave the work-day world more distinct glimpses than it has ever enjoyed of that other fantastic world of artistical creation.

Those who remember the effect, both in chorus and melody, of the music of Purcell and Handel as there given, and how it was enhanced by costume, action, and scenery, will see how much more was done than the mere production of a theatrical novelty. Reckoning Handel English by adoption, as Purcell was by birth and nature, it was our native music which was thus glorified. A grand homage was rendered to the musical genius of our country. Its greatest masters received their popular apotheosis. And the opportunity, by lavishing similar adornment on *Comus*, no longer travestied, of adding to their names the nobler name of Milton, completed, what Mr. Macready always studied for the theatre, its character of NATIONALITY. There may be space and worthy claimants for other shrines in the temple of Shakspeare; but beyond the strictly dramatic bards, for none so near its high altar. Single-handed did one man do thus much towards what, if the intellectual glory of our country were rightly estimated, if genius were justly honoured, and if the influences of a nation's poetry upon a nation's character were duly calculated, would be the object of earnest desire, the occasion of liberal expenditure, and the source of liveliest interest to parliament and people, aristocracy and democracy, and even church and state. A national theatre, such as forms the ideal which Mr. Macready so manfully struggled to attain, is requisite, though not the only requisite, to our appropriating the poet's boast:—

> We speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
> Of earth's best blood, have titles manifold.

# The Week

**Ending Saturday, December 19th, 1846.**

*The Weekly Half-holiday Movement in Sheffield.*—The directors of all the banks in Sheffield lately agreed to allow their clerks to close business at one o'clock on Thursdays. This encouraged many warehousemen, shopmen, and others, to memorialise the leading mercantile houses for similar privileges. In all cases, the desires of the memorialists were met with kind consideration. Some of the principal merchants and manufacturers expressed their readiness to grant what was asked for; but others were of opinion that public inconvenience and loss would attend such an arrangement. For the present the proposal is abandoned. Much good feeling has been shewn by both the employers and the employed: and the agitation of the "half-holiday" question has been, and will be, productive of great benefit. The chief practical result will be (most probably) a general shortening of the hours of labour.—J. F.

*Working Men's Association, Poplar.*—A very full meeting of the working men of Poplar was held on Thursday, Dec. 3, in the school-room adjoining Cotton-street Chapel, to establish an association for mental improvement, and to found a reading-room and library. William Howitt, Esq., took the chair. It was announced that the Rev. J. A. Baynes, B.A., the minister of Cotton-street Chapel, having for some weeks past been engaged in delivering lectures to working men, had invited some of the company to remain after a lecture on "Punishment by Law," delivered on the 10th of November, and confer with him on the desirableness of such an association. Accordingly a committee of working men was chosen, who had made the preliminary arrangements, and determined to have a reading-room opened at once. The school-room was offered rent free for their use, and this had been fitted up and prepared, and would be opened on Monday, Dec. 7. The meeting was addressed very powerfully and eloquently by the chairman, by some working men, and by the Revds. G. Smith and J. A. Baynes, and the resolutions passed with much enthusiasm and unanimity. A note was read by the chairman from the celebrated German poet Ferdinand Freiligrath, who had fully intended being present on the occasion, but was prevented by severe indisposition. It expressed his warm sympathy in the people's cause. Nearly 100 members of the association were at once enrolled, and the institution seems to promise much good.—J. A. B.

*The Co-operative League.*—Sir: I am much pleased to find you have given publicity to the existence of the Co-operative League, as I consider the movement is for the benefit of suffering humanity. I have attended several of its meetings, and feel convinced that the peculiar system of *co-operation* its advocates propose is calculated to improve the condition of the working classes; and it only requires them to hear an exposition in detail of the principle to convince them of the advantages this League insures its members. I learn that the promoters of this movement do not pledge themselves to wait for the accumulation of sufficient funds to purchase land previous to carrying out co-operative measures, but, if agreeable to members, will form a capital by their united subscriptions and embark in trade; making such arrangements that the profits produced shall be equally distributed amongst *all who labour*, and by this means increase the wages 15 to 20 per cent., and also create a fund to purchase land. That such advantages will be produced by carrying out the system of co-operation proposed, exhibits itself in the working of a model co-operative movement, now in operation in the shirt trade, by obtaining for the poor shirt women full 20 per cent. more wages than given by warehouses, and leaving a fund for contingent expenses. Now, I should say, if such a system can be introduced to better the condition of the producers of all wealth, on whose prosperity the commerce and greatness, nay, very existence of our country depend, and in which all are interested—then it is the duty of all, and will be the interest of every man, to hail this movement with joy.
J. Gowyn, jun.

*Journeymen Bakers.*—Sir: I beg to call your attention to the state of the journeymen bakers, a class of men toiling eighteen hours out of twenty-four, in a close and unwholesome atmosphere; or carrying excessively heavy loads. The evils attending these protracted hours of labour, need scarcely be enumerated. Overtaken by the infirmities of old age in early life, by excessive labour, or intemperance occasioned by its effects, at forty-five or fifty they are refused employment by the majority of the London master-bakers, unless it be at reduced wages. They are a class of men denied the high privileges of moral and intellectual improvement; for what are chapel, lecture-room, or mechanics' institution to men without needful time for sleep? The present system of labour is in direct opposition to any moral improvement they can receive. The Sabbath-day, which should be a day of rest for man, is not, alas! a day of rest for the journeyman baker. At most places, from the hours of nine till two, the greater part of the day, he is occupied in attending to people's dinners. Thus he is denied the opportunity of availing himself of the privileges granted to other mechanics, of religious instruction on the Sabbath, or a walk into the green fields—a thing much required to refresh him after his severe toil—and which, considering his double day's work on the Saturday, he has a just right to. About two, or half-past, he leaves his close and unwholesome place of labour, and goes back to it again at five o'clock, the other men at eleven, about which time they recommence labour. Such is the journeyman baker's Sabbath. May success attend the exertions of the few who are engaged in modifying and reducing the hours of labour.—W. H. G.

*Movements at Exeter.*—Mr. Henry Clapp, of Lynn, Massachusetts, who lectured in this city a week or two ago on the temperance question, has since addressed a large audience at the Athenæum, on "The Spirit of War and the Spirit of Peace." The appeal of the lecturer was evidently successful; and resolutions were moved by several gentlemen, to the following effect: "That a society be now formed, to be entitled the Exeter Peace Society, whose objects shall be the promotion of permanent and universal peace; and that the following officers be appointed, John Dymond, treasurer; William Lee, Esq., R. W. Fox, the Revds. G. Gould, John Wilkey, and W. Roberts, Esqrs., be the committee; and the Rev. Francis Bishop, secretary." And also (a resolution which, contrary to all expectation, was carried *unanimously*), "That the fundamental principles of the society be that *all war* is irreconcileable with the spirit of Christianity, and therefore opposed to the best interests of mankind." There formerly was a Peace Society here, but it has been extinct some years.——A lecture on American Slavery was delivered by Mr. Clapp on Saturday, at the same place. The recent visit of William Lloyd Garrison and Frederick Douglass to this city had excited great interest here on the subject; and the Exeter ladies were long busy in contributing to the Boston Fancy Bazaar: their stall was made up last week.——A meeting, convened by W. D. Moore, Esq., the Mayor, was held at the Guildhall, on Dec. 3rd, to take steps for improving the sanitary condition of the city.——The past year has exhibited extraordinary progress in the public mind here, though we are subject to the obstructive influences of an agricultural aristocracy and the cathedral staff. The Exeter Literary Society is chiefly entitled to the praise. An attempt was made last year to crush it; certain parties endeavoured to introduce a preponderance of clerical influence, and being unsuccessful, stigmatised it as an association of infidels, separated from it, and established a *second* literary institution, which is now conducted in a liberal spirit, and which is also useful in its way. The result is, that in the city, where a few years ago the highest talent and the most attractive theme could scarcely draw a hundred of the "select;" now, for two or three nights every week, the Athenæum is densely crowded to hear some lecturer of our city, or sometimes any "Star" who chances to wander so far west of his accustomed orbit.——Every social reform is taken up here with a new interest. A society was formed this summer called the Servants' Mutual Assistance Society. The rules were adopted at a meeting presided over by the mayor, and attended by most of the clergy. The objects are to provide an asylum for men

and women servants in sickness, or out of employment, annuities for old age, and a register-office for places.—— An Early Closing Association has been formed here, and all the principal tradesmen close at seven o'clock in winter, and eight in summer.—It is intended, in a week or two, to have a great meeting here in favour of the Abolition of Capital Punishment, at which Lord Nugent will preside.——A county meeting is convened for Dec. 16, to consider the Education Question. The movement is chiefly sustained by dissenters, who advocate the principle, that the State ought to grant funds for the assistance of educational societies, but has no right to direct the manner of a compulsory education.——What with one "movement" and another, we Exonians are likely this winter to have as much agitation as our heads can well bear. I must not forget the subscription to our Thomas Gray's Testimonial, which commenced in this city; and which, as yet, we are sorry to learn, proceeds but slowly. *Five shillings from a Viscount, a Member of Parliament, and the heir of an Earldom*, is no great contribution to the illustrious author of the National Railway System.—R. A.

[Several of our correspondents have made inquiries respecting the Gray Testimonial. It is not generally known that a committee at Exeter has taken up the subject. We cannot believe that, if the committee display sufficient energy, the country will prove ungrateful to one of its greatest benefactors.—Ed. *P. J.*]

*Public Park at Oldham.*—Sir: Having constantly seen in your paper reports of movements in various towns for the elevation of the people, I send an address from the Operative Committee for providing Public Walks, Parks, &c., for all classes in this town. The necessity of such has long been felt, and as the movement has been commenced by the working classes, I feel persuaded it will go forward. You will perceive in the address the situation Oldham is physically placed in, the amount of the population, and the number employed in the cotton manufacture; the movement is now being taken up by the wealthier inhabitants, who, apparently, are taking great interest therein.—J. H.

We extract the following from the address:—

"Why should not Oldham imitate the public spirit of Manchester? Though it is but a tithe in comparison with the manufacturing metropolis of Britain, yet it is the seventeenth borough in the kingdom, and its representative limits comprise a population of nearly seventy thousand inhabitants, of whom fifteen thousand at least are employed in its hundred cotton mills. If, by the liberality of the opulent, the free-will contributions of the humble, the influential and generous exertions of the wealthy, and the no less efficient and incessant efforts of the poor, Oldham is enabled to present to her industrious and orderly sons and daughters but one free and ample public pleasure ground or park, a most laudable, permanently useful, and great sanitary improvement will have been effected. All who have been instrumental, however remotely, in accomplishing the truly glorious institution, will have a constant spring of pleasure in reflecting upon the good they each and all have effected by their harmonious tributes to the general weal. The tendency of well-conducted places of public resort, such as a properly-regulated public park, is to promote habits which will adorn the domestic circle, advance the cause of temperance, expand human thought to pleasurable objects, increase the elements of intelligence, solace and cheer drooping age, and confer intense happiness on the sportive young.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests have munificently granted the sum of 1000*l.* towards the establishment of a public walk or park at Oldham, on condition that a corresponding sum be raised by the town and neighbourhood for the same object. It cannot be supposed for a moment that when these circumstances are fully known, the principal townsmen can any longer remain indifferent on a question so vitally affecting the health, the manners, and the well-being of the community. Conscious of the extreme necessity which existed that an immediate provision should be secured for the mental recreation of their brother artisans, *a number of the operatives in the employment of Messrs. Hibbert and Platt have spontaneously raised the liberal sum of* 110*l.*, *and their public spirited employers, John and James Platt, Esqrs., unhesitatingly contributed the generous sum of* 100*l.*, gratified by the highly creditable efforts of their workmen, and convinced of the obvious utility and great advantages of the project."

*London Operative House Painters.*—This branch of industrious artisans have formed an association, with the view of founding a central house for the trade, with convenience for large meetings, library, and offices attached. The association has existed since the 1st of October, and upwards of 150 members have been enrolled. The directors have just issued an address, penned in a good spirit, in which they encourage the operative painters to avail themselves of the advantages presented by the association. The following is an extract:—"Some of the evils to which we are subject are, perhaps, inevitable; but others are not so; and all of them may be mitigated, if we are henceforth resolved to unite for purposes of education and mutual protection. In this process we shall learn self-respect, and that will cause us to be respected. Let us then help ourselves, and assistance will come from where we cannot now even expect it. We do not assume a dictatorial tone— we would wish to avoid that, as much as we would despise meanness or servility. It is not then from arrogance, but from a deep sense of wrong that we speak. Our purpose is not to excite animosity, but to awaken thought. We encourage no ill-will against employers, but we would endeavour to arouse the better feelings of those who think that humanity and self-interest do not go hand in hand. Self-culture and mutual sympathy amongst operatives may not be so exciting, but we submit that they will be much more productive of lasting good than the most forcible denunciation of tyranny." The association meets at the Parthenium Coffee House, St. Martin's-lane.—Robert Driffield, Secretary.

*Yeadon Mutual Improvement Society.*—It is now about nine months since this society was formed. About half a dozen young men feeling the deprivation they were labouring under, as regards moral and intellectual culture, and presuming the benefits which were likely to accrue from such an institution, determined upon its formation. The results of their efforts are truly gratifying; we have now reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and discussion classes, all of which are well attended. Also one night in the week is devoted to the reading of periodicals, amongst which is the *People's Journal.* On Thursday, the 5th of November, we held the first *soiree*, when upwards of 200 of its members and its friends took tea together; after which the assembly were enlivened with vocal and instrumental music. Addresses were delivered by some of its members on the benefits of education, which were received with great interest. Our society consists of 100 members.—S. Slater, Secretary.

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MR. FOX'S PAPER ON MR. MACREADY

WILL BE COMPLETED NEXT WEEK.

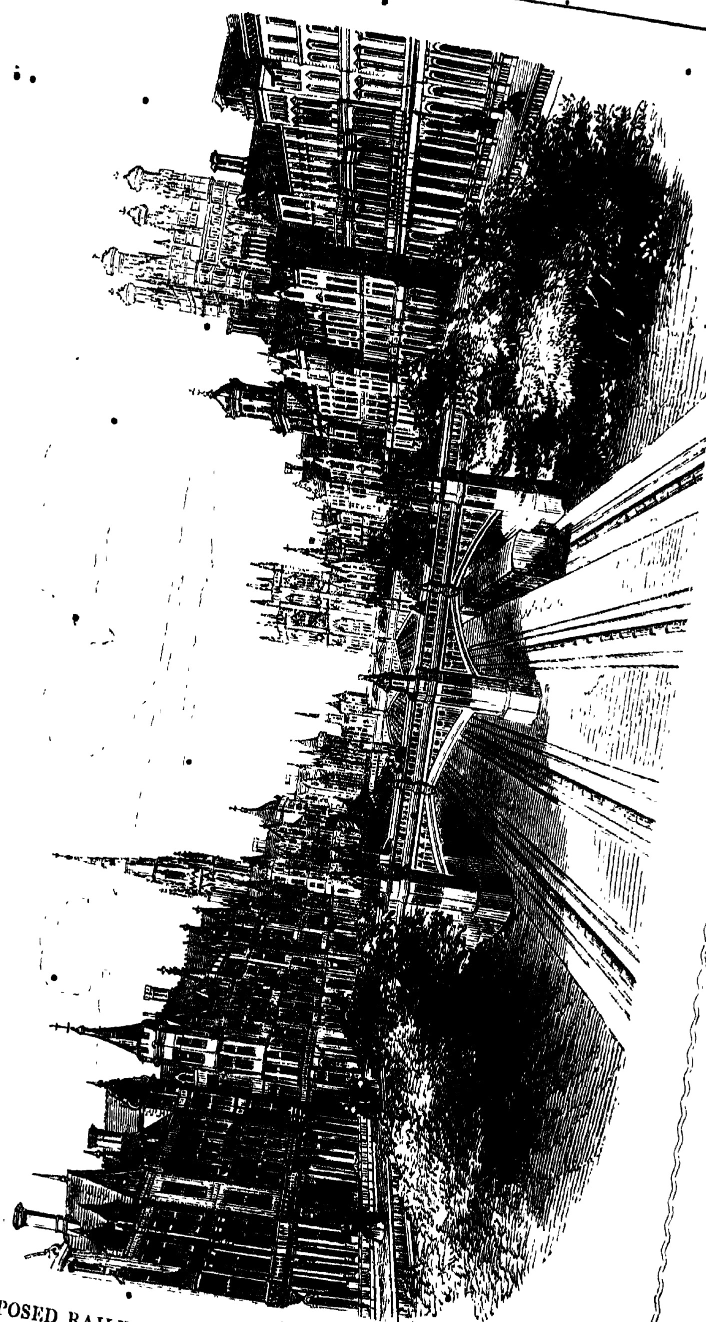
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## Contents.



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THE PROPOSED RAILWAY STREET THROUGH WESTMINSTER.

BY W. B. MOFFATT, ARCHITECT.

That any theatrical management whatever should prove completely satisfactory to dramatic authors, is far beyond all reasonable expectation. Were every drama sent in to a theatre quite as meritorious as its writer or his friends suppose; still the number alone would necessitate a selection. The fact of a selection would generate the charge of partiality, prejudice, or incompetence. Mr. Macready made himself enemies, some of them loud and active, by his exercise of that prerogative of rejection, without which management cannot exist. Since that time, the law has put theatricals on a more liberal footing. The legitimate drama may be produced at any theatre. From a dozen to twenty courts of appeal against decisions which were complained of, are now open in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity. I am not aware of the reversal of his veto in a single instance. The mention of this fact is due to him, in common justice. The reader will of course distinguish between a vindication of the motives, or even of the decision, of the manager, and a coincidence of judgment with him upon some of the plays in question. But whenever a manager errs, by rejecting a piece that would succeed, he errs to his own loss. So far as they were cognisable by the public, the errors of Mr. Macready were on the other side. Several unprofitable productions might be specified, on which the care and expense that were bestowed evinced a ready and generous recognition of poetic genius, struggling for its position, but with imperfect mastery of its art, and without the aids of interest or previous celebrity. It might be invidious to particularise, but there are writers who well know that the written drama has no more efficient patronage in the kingdom than that of Mr. Macready.

The names of Sheridan Knowles, Serjeant Talfourd, and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, are permanently associated with the power which contributed so largely to their well-deserved success. The simplicity, elementary interest, and inherent vitality of some productions by these authors would have upborne their popularity in very inferior hands; but the deeper poetry and finer discrimination of others, demanded an artist of the highest order for their expositor. The relations of sundry living dramatists with Mr. Macready do not appear contingents on his being in the actual management of a theatre: dramatic poetry seeks his friendship, when not allowed to flourish under his sceptre. The historical reality and stern pathos of Browning's *Strafford* preceded his managerial career; and its close has been followed by the quaint, full-hearted geniality of White's *King of the Commons.*

In the adornment of *Gisippus* with that noble succession of scenery which depicted the contrast, itself a drama, of Athens in its decline, and Rome in its splendour, a mournful homage was offered to the misfortunes of departed genius. A grander testimony to a greater genius was the task, pursued by Mr. Macready through many years, both as actor and manager, and at length completed, of putting worthily on the stage the dramas of Byron. During the progress of this work, the public taste had vibrated from an exaggerated admiration of the author to a still less reasonable depreciation. The dramas had, however, contributed little, comparatively, to the admiration; and from the depreciation, no exception was made on their behalf. The wayward assertion of the poet was taken as conclusive evidence of their unfitness for the stage. All have been produced, and all succeeded, so far as success is testified by lively interest, strong emotion, and that prolonged state of feeling which no more yields to the falling of the curtain than to the closing of a grave. In *Sardanapalus*, and much more in the elder Foscari and the Doge, there were thrilling scenes which might need repetition to affect a careless crowd, but which those whom passionate and poetical truth impresses readily can never forget. *Werner* has achieved a full meed of popularity. The beautiful delineation of paternal fondness overbears all the repulsiveness of the plot. Nor can any distance of time, or diversity of scene, prevent the quailing of the heart at the memory of that terrible cry of paternal agony. A generation has arisen that knows not Byron. Contemporary enthusiasm has died away. The season for an impartial retrospect of his poetry has not arrived. His statue is not located in the British Walhalla. But while awaiting, in obscurity and oblivion, the ultimate award, Macready has crowned its brow with dramatic laurels that shall be worn unwitheringly.

At the close of his second season at Drury Lane, in June, 1843, Mr. Macready retired from the management. Up to this period, the two great theatres possessed a legal monopoly of the legitimate drama. This privilege implied a corresponding obligation, of which both had shown themselves utterly regardless. Other interests than those of the national drama had a paramount influence. Legally proscribed at the minor theatres, it was practically banished from the established theatres. In Mr. Macready's farewell speech, he animadverted with just severity on the sinister influence of the monopoly; which had been the real cause of blighting the prospects of the drama by the premature termination both of this and of his former management. The public heartily responded. A petition from Mr. Macready, in which the mischievousness of the system was more elaborately exposed, and its injurious bearing shown on the profession of an actor, and on the interests of Society, was soon after presented to the legislature. The result was that before the close of the session, a new "Act for regulating Theatres" was passed, which may be regarded as a dramatic charter. It authorises the Lord Chamberlain, in the metropolis and whereever Her Majesty may reside, and Justices of the Peace in other cities or towns; to grant licenses to theatres; and throws open the whole range of the drama to theatres so licensed. Under this Act, an immense improvement has taken place in the provision for public amusement. Several of the saloons and music rooms in the suburbs have become regular theatres. Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner commenced the honourable and successful enterprise of domesticating Shakspeare at Sadler's Wells. And crowds have recently witnessed a series of Mr. Macready's grandest personations at the Surrey. From these facts, a reaction on the more aristocratical portions of the metropolis may be confidently anticipated. The exiled Shakspeare will return in triumph. The banishment is verging towards the restoration. Larger audiences are in a course of education. In what but lately was, as to poetry and the drama, only an inert mass, perception and appreciation are enkindled and cherished. It must be sheer prejudice, blind and bigoted, that does not behold in this process an agency of civilisation, and a powerful auxiliary for attaining some of the highest objects of national education.

In the autumn of 1843, Mr. Macready sailed for the United States. During the ensuing twelvemonth, he performed at all the principal theatres

in the Union, and also made a short visit into Canada. American enthusiasm for illustrious English visitors might be presumed to have undergone some chill about this time, when the *American Notes* had just been succeeded by *Martin Chuzzlewit.* No symptom of the kind, however, anywhere attended the appearance of Mr. Macready. He was welcomed with a heartiness which his own feelings reciprocated. The best and ablest men of the States were drawn to the theatres. Each new personation seemed to be regarded as a study, and the increased popularity of every repetition evinced the growing appreciation of the audience, their intenser perception of the truth, power, and beauty of the performance. The character of the newspaper critiques showed, in many instances, that pens had been employed in their production unused to the routine of journalism, but not unfamiliar with the most important concerns of nations, or the loftiest speculations of philosophy. And in the friendly intercourse, or the public celebration, which attended Mr. Macready's visits to their principal towns and cities, the attributes of the man were as frankly and warmly recognised as those of the actor. Probably no visitant of the new world has ever either brought away, or left behind, impressions more just, pleasurable, and enduring. "He treated us handsomely," said an American lady, referring to Mr. Macready's farewell speech at New York. A *soiree* given by Mr. Macready on his last evening at Boston, from which port he sailed for England, assembled the *elite* of that highly intellectual locality; including those of the clergy and others, whose scruples, professional or conscientious, debarred them from the theatres; and delighted them by a variety of poetical readings from authors who are the classics of both countries, or rather of all lands. If Mr. Macready was hailed, in coming to their shores, as the great tragic actor of the parent country, his departure was regretted as that of a noble fellow-labourer with those who toil to advance the civilisation of mankind.

A passage in Mr. Macready's parting speech at New York, alluding to the theatrical profession in America, will express that high estimate of the purposes to which his art should be directed, which has shed its influence over his own career:—

Let me express a parting hope that each performer I leave behind me (and it is indeed with regret) in this country, may thus consider his vocation. The object of the poet, whom he serves, is among the loftiest in the scope of literature.

> " To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
> To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold,
> For this the tragic muse first trod the stage."

If, then, the player does not feel that he too has, though subordinate, *his* mission to fulfil as minister to such high purpose, —if he has not faith in what he strives for—to make his art an elevating and instructive recreation—to raise it into an instrument of good, at least in its effect on public taste—if he be not content to "gore his own thoughts" in searching out the depths and springs of passion—to educate his mind up to the height of his great argument, and qualify himself by toil and study as the enunciator, the expounder, and illustrator, of the poet's text, as the officiating priest of that oracle of nature's noblest truths—that Shakspeare, whom we enjoy and glory in, in common—it is plain he uses his art merely as a sordid means of gain, consenting to "make himself a motley to the view," only to escape his prescribed share of labour, and merits not alone the indifference of the public, but the obloquy so often indiscriminately and illiberally cast upon his calling.

Such a belief ought not to depress, but rather to encourage and animate those, whose destiny has placed them on the stage, to indulge in worthier aspirations, and labour for the approval of the intelligent and refined alone, for if true to themselves and the higher objects of their art, I believe that the genius of this country, so intent on advancing all that appertains to intellectual improvement and moral culture, will not be wanting to sustain them.

Rapid was the transition, and great must have been the contrast, of the visit to Paris which promptly followed. But the basis of Mr. Macready's art is so deeply laid in the elemental principles of human nature, that its excellence commends itself wherever our language is intelligible, and the mind is not strongly prepossessed by some factitious standard. A small but efficient corps, with Miss H. Faucit (whose absence London has borne too long) for the heroine, was formed by Mr. Mitchell for this enterprise, of English theatricals in Paris. The triumph of the experiment was attested by a succession of large, attentive, and applauding audiences. On the conclusion of the season, there was a special performance before the court in the private theatre of the Tuilleries. *Hamlet* was selected, by the royal command, and the present of a richly jewelled Oriental dagger evinced the gratification of the French monarch. Many critiques in the Parisian journals were worthy of study by our own commentators on Shakspeare, and proved how completely French taste has been emancipated from the trammels of its old conventionalism, and recovered from the wildness of its more recent vagaries. The following translation from a French journal will be read with interest:—

The *entente cordiale* between France and England exists especially with regard to genius and talent, witness the manner in which Shakspeare and his worthy interpreter, Macready, have been received in France. George Sand, one of our most celebrated writers, also wishes to render his homage to this distinguished actor. Here is his letter on this subject, with which one of our friends has favoured us

"My Dear Monsieur Lebru.—I have seen *Macbeth*, and yesterday evening I returned from seeing *Hamlet*. I am more and more charmed and affected, and I need to thank Macready for the feeling which will always remain with me of these *chef-d'œuvres.* I do not know his address, and must beg you to forward my letter to him, mentioning me to him as a sincere person, and one not lavish of mere polite expressions. If the French public has seemed to Mr. Macready attentive and deeply affected, rather than excited and noisy, he must not conclude that he has not been understood by us: that which he represents, and the manner in which he represents it, produce impressions that follow us out of the theatre, and will never forsake us. I should like him to carry away a good opinion of us, and from myself, individually, my sincere homage. Eugene Delacroix, Louis Blanc, Chassoir, and all who saw him with me were enraptured with him. I cannot console myself for not having seen his *Othello.*

Yours, George Sand.

" Cour d'Orleans, 5, Rue St. Lazare. Mardi."

We have seen a letter from Eugene Sue addressed to Count —, expressing the same admiration. What acknowledgments do we not owe to Mr. Mitchell, the manager of the English company at Paris, for having furnished an opportunity to the French public of becoming acquainted with such sentiments.

A gratuitous performance, in aid of an institution analogous to our Theatrical Funds, was celebrated by the striking of a gold medal, the presentation of which was accompanied with the following noble illustration of the spirit in which genius should be recognised by genius, in spite of all national diversities.

Sir—The committee of the Society of French Dramatic Authors wish again to acknowledge their gratitude to you before your departure for England. The all-powerful assistance which you have just rendered to the Charitable Fund doubtless would not increase the admiration that all Paris feels for your great talents, but it has doubled the esteem which we owe to your noble and generous character.

Permit us, sir, as a testimony of that high esteem, to present you with the gold medal which we have had struck with your name. It will sometimes recal to you what you have done for honourable and unfortunate individuals, our gratitude, and the

indissoluble ties which henceforth exist between French and English artists.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurance of our high esteem.

ETIENNE, *President.*
EUGENE SCRIBE.
C. MELESVILLE, *V.P.*
VICTOR HUGO.
MASSON.
VIENNET, *V.P.*
F. HALEVY.

Mr. Macready's first appearance in London, after his retirement from Drury Lane Theatre, was in the interval between the visit to America and that to France. On this occasion the *Times* remarked:—

That whatever his opponents might say, it was an indisputable fact that whenever Mr. Macready was absent, the poetic drama languished in the shade, and was called into immediate life when he returned to breathe a spirit over it.

The night of his re-appearance exhibited a scene of extraordinary excitement. A much larger theatre than the Princess's would, as a matter of course, have been crammed to the ceiling. But not only were the avenues crowded by those who had no chance of admission, the street was thronged to a considerable distance by multitudes who seemed to think that a cordial and fervent greeting was expressed by their presence there. Of Mr. Macready's performances at this theatre, more recently at the Surrey, and in the provinces, during the last two years, it is for the critic to speak. In this notice, it must suffice to record the fact. Only adding, that the opinion of the best qualified critics seems to be that, not only has Mr. Macready entirely escaped that taint of exaggeration which seems endemic in the American theatres, and of which several valuable performers have exhibited painful symptoms on their return, but that many of his characters exhibit a yet higher finish, the effect of unremitting study, and of a loving attention to even the minutest points, which allows no particle of the poet's meaning to escape the regard of the actor.

Of late, Mr. Macready has appeared in a new but kindred sphere of action; and one which reflects high honour on his character and sympathies. About three months ago, he was invited to open a Mechanics' Institution, at Warrington; with which he complied, and read the tragedy of *Macbeth* to a delighted auditory. The Institution in Edwards-street, Portman-square, the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, and the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, have since sought and obtained a similar gratification. In these readings much must needs be lost from the absence of theatrical accessories. On the other hand, there is this great gain, that every character is informed by the spirit of a master mind, and the illustration, though of an inferior kind, spreads itself over the entire surface of the poet's creation. The valleys share in the illumination which irradiates the mountain's brow. The poor vassals and messengers of the drama become the agents and property of Shakspeare. The different degree of prominence in the business of the scene—which is no measure of the philosophy that conceived or the poetry that incorporated a character—ceases, in these readings, to be aggravated by disparity of intellect, or of executive power, in the performers. It follows that the whole play is far more likely to be correctly understood than from the average run of theatrical representations. To judge from the manner in which these readings have been received, the effect produced, the eagerness with which their repetition is desired, and the intelligent as well as laudatory comments which they have occasioned, the compensating qualities for theatrical adjuncts must have been found abundant and satisfactory. Honorary offices coupled with his name, and its inscription, as at Manchester, in hundreds of volumes added to the Mechanics' Library, by the proceeds of his exertion, are amongst the testimonials which such a man will not prize less than those which bear the costlier stamp of wealthy, aristocratic, or royal patronage.

Although this particular mode of promoting the mental and moral culture of the people be new in Mr. Macready's history, his lively interest in that most important object has long been manifested. Besides his connection with the Art Union, and similar institutions, his name is on the first list of members of the Central Society of Education, instituted in 1837, to which the public is indebted, not only for early and able exposures of the inefficiency of existing means of instruction, but for clearer and higher views on the subject of education, than have yet, it may be feared, obtained general acceptance. The publications of that society are perhaps the most valuable contribution hitherto made towards realising the great and primary object of National Education. The imperfection of our educational machinery is scarcely more to be lamented than the low and erroneous notions too commonly entertained, of the nature of education and its legitimate purposes. Most valuable service was rendered by the "Central Society," in those of its published papers which tended to correct and elevate the standard of education; and thus to prepare the way for the bestowment of a better boon upon the millions, whenever the abated prejudices, or misdirected power, of political parties and religious sects shall render a national education practicable.

A manager of less moral courage, or public principle, would have scrupled to allow that occupation of Drury Lane Theatre for the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which formed so remarkable an epoch in the history of that memorable agitation; and was the commencement of the series of meetings afterwards continued at Covent Garden Theatre. Whatever the influence of those splendid meetings on the ultimate decision of the question, the leaders of the League always recognised the important aid thus rendered for accomplishing their aim of acting upon the public opinion of the metropolis.

Mr. Macready has sometimes been charged with being of a hasty temperament. Perhaps one transaction in his life, to which Mr. Bunn, then lessee of Drury Lane, and mutilator of Shakspeare, was an involuntary party, might be adduced in evidence. To that transaction, which occurred towards the close of the season of 1833, Mr. Macready publicly adverted soon after, in terms of self-reproach, which the public heard with more of respect for the speaker than of sympathy in the confession of blameworthiness. It was one of those "faults" towards which, considering the provocation, they were "a little blind;" too blind to perceive the faultiness. A court of law awarded damages in an undefended action; but the well-known verdict of the Welch jury ("served him right") seemed to be that of the public, on the chastisement which followed a series of insults upon not only the greatest of living actors, but the works of the greatest of ever-living dramatists.

The story has often been repeated of Mr. Macready's having saved the life of a child at Birmingham, by rushing into a house on fire, and rescuing it from the flames. Untrue in fact, the tale would probably never have obtained its currency, but for its truth to character. The extent to which it was believed, and the frequency, in spite of contradiction, with which it has been re-

asserted, are evidence of a general impression of the generous and magnanimous qualities which it implies. This is not the occasion, or it might not be difficult, to show the justice of that impression; or to evince, by details of private and domestic life, the combination, not always to be found, between the attributes which command admiration, and those which conciliate regard. In a beautiful sonnet, occasioned by the performance of Werner, the author of *Ion* ascribes to the artist a wisdom which the artist could only have acquired from the man. He apostrophises Mr. Macready as "learned in Affection's thousand ways." Such lessons are only learnt by heart, and defy the skilfullest contrivances of the mere imitator.

Would that I could conclude this imperfect and feeble notice, by announcing that the voice of a People, roused to perceive the glory of their own dramatic literature, and the benignant influence of its being worthily illustrated, had called Mr. Macready to the superintendence of a really National Theatre. They need it; and he was framed by nature, and is accomplished by experience, for the undertaking. For a commencement, such a sum would suffice as governments lavish on royal stables, or merchants subscribe for the promotion of fiscal reforms. But the charm is wanted of a promising speculation for pecuniary profit. We leave to the laws of supply and demand, the good which must create its own demand, by the recognised value of the supply. The great agencies of civilisation are rarely called into existence commercially. The previous want which they supply is, not the conscious want of the mass to be elevated, but the want of those who strongly feel the desirableness of that elevation, and who perceive the means by which it may be accomplished. When the process is inexpensive, individual energy may be adequate to the work. But when it needs resources ordinarily beyond the reach of individuals, that collective power which we term the State should interpose, and not allow a civilising and refining process to be degraded by the unworthy arts and accommodations of sordid adventurers, who feed and farm the grossness they should correct. The two greatest eras in the History of Human Progress—that of the Classic glory of Ancient Greece, and the Intellectual splendours of the Reformation—were both characterised by an accompanying dramatic development. Yet neither exhibited a permanent form of civilisation. The world rolls on, into new fields of light and enjoyment. Judging by the affinities of the past, the time is coming for a new Theatre to mark its progress—to contribute the aid of its influences, and to harmonise with newer forms, or a wider extent, of civilisation. For the first time have we had glimpses of that wonderful combination of all forms of Artistry in the illustration of Poetry, which, if they exist at all, must characterise future theatres. Those glimpses were evanescent. Such have often been the first symptoms of great improvement. We learn from them what is preparing in futurity. So far as the very conception of a National Theatre exists in the public mind, it is the suggestion of Mr. Macready's management. But long years often pass between thoughts and deeds. Perhaps in this instance, as in so many others, the external reality will follow the mental creation with too slow a pace for the brevity of individual life; and that, which should have been a home or a throne, will only be a monument. The one relation or the other, according to the rate at which society advances, must a National Theatre bear to the name of W. C. Macready.

## Our Library.

### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

*Partners for Life*, by CAMILLA TOULMIN, is a true and beautiful book, for any season, much more for Christmas, when the hearts of all who may read it are likely to be in a peculiarly fit temper to understand its wise and genial philosophy, and sympathise with the deep spirit of universal love that breathes through it. There may be little, if any, originality in character or story, though the last is simple, clear, and admirably adapted for the object in view;—there may be none of those very sparkling passages that we look for and obtain as a matter of course in many writers, but there is a rich, deep vein of tenderness ever quietly and unaffectedly welling forth, that is to us inexpressibly sweet and touching.

We shall not describe the story; let the work do that. We shall content ourselves with quoting the following story from it. Reginald Hamilton is telling a love adventure to a brother collegian. He had been thrown from his horse, and borne to a neighbouring cottage, where he was most hospitably received and nursed by the owner, who was a widower with an only daughter. He then continues:—

"How can I describe her whom I saw, for the first time, that day? And whose form haunted me like a vision when I left her. I do not tell you that she was remarkably beautiful—somehow or other I never even asked myself if she were handsome or not. All I knew was that her face, that is, the expression of it, beamed upon me like the recollection of some former and higher state of existence—can you lend yourself to such fancies?"

"I can lend myself to any delusion of a lover," said Carlton, with a smile, which, however, was not one of mockery.

"I knew," continued Reginald, "that it was love—heart love—love at first sight—whatever you like to call a passion that can make or mar one's destiny; but though I felt a power was on me which I could not resist, I did not yet fully recognise its strength and endurance. Meanwhile I did not very strenuously oppose it, but suffered myself to enjoy the present without daring to look the future in the face. Day after day found me at the cottage, known only under the name I had assumed for a frolic. An explanation of the cheat became every day more difficult and disagreeable; besides which I experienced—or persuaded myself that I experienced—a certain degree of pleasure in my new position. I was conscious that I often owed civilities and demonstrations of respect to my father's wealth, and my own reputed prospects but now denuded of all such aids, considered only as the poor plodding student, of plebian origin, and whose brain was to be his bread winner, I found myself received with the hearty cordiality of honest friendship on the father's part, and with a changing cheek, a drooping lid, a trembling voice, signs that spoke to my very soul, from her I loved, and seemed an echo and an answer to every heart throb.

"How did I requite such generous confidence? As selfish man, the slave of his passions, I fear too often does. Feelings, such as those which swelled in my heart, rise like a mist and obscure the judgment, dull the conscience, and warp every thought to one base end. I had never asked her I speak of—to be my wife, though her father had done all he could to lead my speech that way. He had given me to understand that he had money enough for the husband of his child, if his wants were—as mine seemed—limited. And then he spoke of his reverence for learning, as fine natures who have had but slight advantages of education themselves, are apt to do; and hinted at the power and opportunity for the further development of mind, and for the realisation of ambitious dreams, which an easy income would afford.

"I listened, and I was not so base and heartless as to be insensible to the confidence and affection I had inspired. Better feelings triumphed for awhile, I indulged in a delightful dream of a wooing and wedding like that described in the old ballad; and of the glad surprise of father and daughter when they should discover that it was no poor and friendless student they had loved and accepted. Guided by this better impulse I hastened to London, and notwithstanding the awe which I had always felt towards my father, love lent me courage, and I repeated to him without disguise the history of my affections. I had hoped, ay, hoped, even with the warning of my brother's fate before my eyes; hoped because I came to sue for his consent to a marriage, not to plead forgiveness for the past, or to persist in a determination to resist his will. But such hope was short-lived; and as it

died at my heart every pulse seemed to chill and stagnate. It was a dreadful scene which followed; dreadful in its calmness, for my father was firm, not angry. He listened gravely and coldly to all I had to say; and then told me no power of entreaty should wring from him a consent to my marrying a tradesman's daughter. He glanced at my brother's offence, and pointed at the consequences; then judging, perhaps, of the strength of contrasts, drew the picture of indulgence which should follow on obedience, and how my very submission would serve to endear me to him. All this might have been well, that is negatively well, harmless; for though I cannot remember that he dwelt with any sorrow on the wrong I had already committed, his words had not as yet encouraged evil thoughts for the future. But ere the interview concluded, he spoke lightly of some errors which he could have forgiven—follies, indiscretions of youth, any entanglement, rather than a *mesalliance*.

"Follies;—indiscretions! Under such tinsel masks I have learned to know there are crimes of a deeper die, more heart withering, and peace blasting in their consequences, than some of those which are expiated on the scaffold. But I was ignorant then of many things which time has since taught me. The words fell glibly from a parent's tongue on soil too ready to receive such seed. He did not know the Satan's work it was, and, indeed, such words as his are spoken by the hard worldling, or the thoughtless talker, every day in the year. But they lulled awakened conscience—and they aroused that selfish passion, which, in this new mood, could resign every thing but its object. I left the room—the house—an obedient son, with the promise of submission not only on my lip, but in my heart; yet with a resolve so dark, that I shudder at the recollection.

"I posted to Oxford. My absence had not been missed, and the next day I found my way as usual to the cottage. I was alone with the idol of my heart. It was a rich summer day, and we walked beneath the shadow and shelter of an avenue of trees. The song of birds, the hum of insects, the whispers of the wind to leaf and flower, each, like a note to make up Nature's music, seemed in harmony. Perhaps, to her purer, holier nature such scenes might have been the 'ministers of love,' and lent a warmer shade of tenderness to her manner than I had ever known before. For myself I only noticed the adjuncts of the scene afterwards. My arm had glided round her waist, the act but feebly repelled by her, and one little hand was locked a prisoner in mine. There was a lying whisper at her heart, I know there was, which told her that the hour was come in which I should ask her to be mine for ever—mine at God's altar, and from her father's hand. This was what her true and trusting heart dictated, and I stealthily—and yet most suddenly at least—polluted her ears by a vile entreaty, told her that I was not what I seemed, that I dared not wed her, but besought her with the wildness of selfish and ungovernable passion to fly with me that day, that hour!

"She screamed—a scream of misery and despair that rings in my ear to this moment! and one look she cast upon me of unutterable agony. She staggered, but I thought it was only from her vain struggles to escape from my grasp. The next instant there was a rush of blood from her lips, which flowed in a ghastly stream upon her white dress, and bathed even me with its murderous dye. She had broken a blood-vessel, and sunk into my arms helpless and almost insensible!

"To bear her into the house was the work of a minute, and aid was promptly procured, but what account dared I give of the catastrophe? Dark and confused is the memory of the next day or two. She was ordered to be kept perfectly quiet, and I was forbidden to see her, but I know that I paced before her dwelling half through the night, watching the light that beamed from her chamber. At last I was admitted and received by her father. Carlton, he knew all! And he was altered by that dreadful knowledge, and his daughter's danger, as if ten years had passed over his head. He received me standing, and his words were brief but bitter; he did not curse me—for she had made him promise that he would not. But he told me I never should see her again, that he knew who I was, and should not take the trouble of inquiring, but that if her life were spared, he should remove her for ever from a spot associated with my presence, and leave not a clue behind.

"In my agony—in my despair—I besought that he would let me wed her, and by a life of honour and devotion, make amends for the insult of an hour. It seems he had foreseen this, and he showed me some lines traced, with the feebleness of suffering, by her hand, in which she bade me a final adieu—in which she told me love itself was dead, in which she repeated her father's words, that it was too late for atonement!"

The book is illustrated with some charming designs by John Absolon; and bound in the prettiest style imaginable.

*January Eve, a Tale of the Times.* By G. Soane, Esq., B.A. (E. Churton, Holles-street.)

The author of *January Eve* informs us he has rather set the example to Dickens than imitated him, in the Christmas Stories that have become so popular.

As an example, Mr. Soane states:—"A little tale of mine, the *Three Spirits*, was thought by many to be in its general scope and plot exceedingly like Boz's *Christmas Carol*, yet the *Carol* was not published till one year after it. If, then, there be any imitation in the case at all, it is Boz—glorious Boz—who has taken a hint from my writings. And so be it. Honour, enough for me to have ministered the least occasion for the works of the master-spirit of the day."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Scientific Phenomena of Daily Life familiarly explained.* By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. Second Edition. (Longman and Co.)

An excellent idea, excellently carried out. The author, for instance, steps into your bed-room, and tells you the cause of the frost you see on the window, as you rise; why the marble hearth feels colder to your naked foot than the carpet, although both are really of the same temperature; why bed-curtains are pernicious; and why, on the other hand, an obstructed circulation of the air, though in itself a great evil, may, on the whole, rather lessen than increase the evils that afflict the fireless, ill-clad, hungry poor. From the bed-room he descends with you to the breakfast parlour, and tells you the philosophy of the boiling kettle, of currents of air, of ill-burning fires—bright teapots, and so on. A morning walk, with all its subjects, chiefly the phenomena of the elements and vegetation, follows; then the kitchen is visited; and afterwards the study, where the philosophical apparatus furnish fresh topics. A Summer's Evening, Navigation, and the Sea-shore, conclude. If we add that the book appears to exhibit a full knowledge of the subject, and is certainly written in a delightful style, we shall but do justice to it.

*The Difficulties of English Grammar Removed; or English Grammar simplified.* Adapted for Schools and Self Instruction. To which is added a Treatise on Punctuation. Third Edition. By J. Best Davidson. (Simpkin and Marshall.)

## POETRY.

I. *Voices from the Crowd.* By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Second Edition. (W. S. Orr and Co.)

Two or three of the pieces in this volume first appeared in the *People's Journal*; from amongst the twenty or thirty others, we might select some of the most vigorous and spirit-stirring rhymes that have lately appeared in England. But the book itself is but a shilling! Who will not purchase it?

II. *The Strathmore Melodist: being a Collection of Original Poems and Songs.* By John Niven. (Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.)

III. *The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall.* By William B. Scott. (William Tait, Edinburgh.)

The author states the publication possesses to him "something of the interest attaching to the promulgation of a creed, as well as that of a work of art." Pity that the creed could not have been made a little more intelligible; as it is, notwithstanding the evident ability of the poem, it must

fall fruitless. Men of a superior cast of mind often commit the error of forgetting they *must* obtain the attention of their audience, before they can influence their hearts or minds. In the "art," Mr. Scott, to a certain extent, does this: some of his designs are very striking and noble, and all highly imaginative.

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## CHRISTMAS EVE IN GERMANY.

By the Author of "A Story without an End."

*(Translated for the People's Journal.)*

How mournful now appears the world, where a few months ago all was so beautiful! Whither are ye fled, ye dear little birds, who in the green hedges rivalled each other in sweet songs, and uttered a thousand lovely things to us? Have ye fled after the sun, or has the earth overwhelmed you as she turned herself away from his warm looks? The blue hills are pale as death, and the little brooks are still, stiffened before the dark spectre of the frost, who goes about in long heavy leaden mantle, driving men into their houses, flowers and leaves into their close buds, and the industrious ants into their warm earthhills.

Is all joy dead, and shall man-rejoicing Day be for ever driven away by the soul-depressing Night? Without are storms and fury; and closely wrapped up, churlishly silent, men hasten to their dwellings. In the fields the crows gather round the heaps of refuse, and quarrel for the dry bits; in the yards the sparrows twitter no longer in joyous sport, but, half in sorrow, wrangle for a few barleycorns which the chickens have let fall.

Even the poor children are forgotten and neglected, huddled into corners, while the parents, uncles and aunts, run to the confectioners, the printsellers, and wherever anything pretty can be had, and spare no money so they are pleased. On their return home the children would embrace them, but the poor things are pitilessly repulsed —the parents shut themselves up in the best room, and enjoy themselves, while the poor children sit often without light or supper in the common room! Truly one would willingly go sleep with the chickens, or, better still, flee away with the swallows, and so not see the weary joyless night, which, by reason of the brooks and the flowers, the birds, and the childish anxieties, one may well call a season of want and misery!

But scarcely has the longest night begun, when lo! here darts a stream of light through the darkness, and there glances an illuminated garland through a window, and all around is ring, ring, ring, as though it were a joyous feast to welcome a dear expected guest. And as the darkness deepens without, the brighter it becomes within. The children wait full of expectation, and their hearts beat quicker and quicker, and there is whispering among them, and running to and fro in the house, and all is mystery. Then suddenly the doors are opened and the children rush in;—a magic world lies extended before their eyes. Awhile stand they dazzled before all this splendour; and, overcome with their feelings, cannot find words!—All that they have long wished—much that they dared not even to wish—is tastefully spread out on the beautifully covered table; and above all a brilliantly-lighted tree sheds its golden beams. Then, sweet maternal love, thou enjoyest thy dearest triumph! and the affectionate father revels in the mutual joy of mother and children. Then are sweet glances interchanged, and from each beautiful gift turns a happy child his thankful eyes to father and mother, while the friends luxuriate in these silver moments of the year. The green tree of hope is transplanted out of dead Nature, into the human world—the world of love; and every spray has burst forth into bright flame, and every light glows on a golden fruit! Who cares then how it darkens and storms and rages without; love hath changed night into brightest day, and from ice and snow has been produced by magic a splendid garden, with lovely flowers and precious fruit. Mute may be the external desert world, the forsaken brooks may stiffen in the frost—the children rejoice, all hearts beat joyfully, and sweet tears trickle down their cheeks.

In the meantime the children take possession of the gifts destined for them by their thoughtful parents, and now are all wishes fully satisfied. The father and mother motion with the hand, sit down side by side on the couch, the father beckons to the children, who all collect round him, and loud joy is followed by an equally joyous silence. Then speaks the father to his children—"I see how desirous you are to express your gratitude to your mother and myself, and how much rather you would fall on our necks, than stand or sit so quiet; but ere we gratify these wishes, must we direct your thoughts to Him who has provided for your parents the joy of bestowing, and to Him will we with you offer our humble and hearty thanks, for to give is more blessed than to receive!

"Behold stern Winter had usurped the world, which we now call old, since love and spirituality have rejuvenated and renewed it. This you already know in part, and it will become more apparent to you, how mournful and desolate, how cold and dark, was the world in which we dwell, eighteen hundred years ago. Imagine the beloved land an insulated lofty hill, let the woods and valleys in the vicinity of the hill be Greece, and the plain around the Roman empire, while beyond the plain, heave like a stormy sea, a wild uncivilised people. In spring and summer—ay, even in autumn—all looks beautiful; the high peaks of the mountain rise out of the blue ether, rosy red shine they in the early morning, and array themselves in splendid purple tints, while darkness yet reigns in the plain. From its summit you may survey heaven and earth; with wholesome herbs the pasturing cattle are fed, and hymns the pious herdsman sings in the valleys below. But in the large valley life is joyous, and you will gladly learn how beautifully the trees bloom in Greece, and what noble anthems resound through its woods. Yea, even the level plains, with their splendid towns, and mighty works of man, are joyous to behold in the warm sun of Freedom, for the townsmen all work for their own and the common weal. Thus has it been with Palestine, and Greece, and Rome! But as the earth in Autumn turns from the sun, so from God, the Lord of heaven and earth, the people turned, and all was changed! The hill top stiffened in a ceremonial law, and the snow of hypocrisy covered it; the herds were scattered—fear drove the sheep into dismal caves—the harps of the poets snapt in sunder, and the shepherd's crook changed to an iron rod. Cold became it in the valleys and plains

of Greece; and in the twilight of doubt the leaves faded, and the singers were mute. In the Roman empire the selfishness of the townspeople had changed to mortal hatred. Tyranny had mounted on the throne, to whom, as to a God, fear and avarice offer frightful human sacrifices. Here and there blossomed some flowers, but they were only a daisy or unfruitful dandelion; and if voices yet resounded from the laurel groves, they were but the echo of the Greek songs, or ravens croaking over the scaffolds."

Here ceased the father for a while, and the deep fearful breathing of the children, now so grave, might be plainly heard.

At length the father continued—"But over the hill, the valley, and the plain, arched in imperishable beauty the starry heavens, and the Father's eye watches during the night.

"While men, helpless and wretched, wandered over the earth, their God pitied them, and at Bethlehem, in a little straw in a manger, Jesus first opened his pure eyes. And observe—as on this day the earth begins to turn again to the sun, so began mankind, in their inmost souls, to turn again to the fountain of light and life, the fountain of truth and love. And wise kings of the East saw a bright star as a token of good tidings in heaven, and came and laid their crowns at the feet of the child, who was to be crowned by men with a crown of thorns. But to poor shepherds in the fields had more than a star appeared; for to the poor beyond all others should the joyful message come; an angel announced to them the birth of the saviour, and they hastened to salute the heavenly child. The child grew up in retirement, nursed with warm maternal love, and protected by his poor but God-fearing father, and God bestowed knowledge upon him, so that in his twelfth year he could teach in the Temple. Even as a boy, Jesus only thought how he could rescue poor mortals from their spiritual and heart-poverty. But he did not begin his sublime work till mature age, and you have already often heard how nobly he withstood all temptation; how he, poor in temporal possessions, misunderstood by almost all, persecuted by many, yet ever benevolent, healing, blessing and enlightening, walked among the people, and often had not where to lay his weary head; how he strove in unspeakable love to knit together in one bond of brotherhood all people on the earth, poor and rich, high and low; how he broke the crushing fetters of fear, and the hard yoke of formal laws, and sought to re-unite God and man, while he declared how God is love, and has no pleasure in external sacrifices and mere fear-worship, but only requires love to himself and our fellow-creatures, and is ever ready to pardon him who repents of his errors and turns to the right way. You know how he loved innocent children, and how he shed bitter tears of sorrow over the wicked, self-willed men, whom he willingly would have gathered as a hen doth her chickens under her wing, and how he, of his own free-will, suffered the most dreadful death for the truth which he had published, and on the cross prayed for his enemies!

"This you all know; yet have I chosen to remind you of it this day, in order that amidst your joy you might not forget Him to whom you owe all. For Christ first taught men rightly to pray, and by him is heaven opened never more to shut. Therefore have we to-day lighted the tree of hope."

And now, with a heartfelt embrace, the affectionate father dismissed to their amusements the deeply impressed children.

## THE PROPOSED RAILWAY STREET THROUGH WESTMINSTER.

The nature of our wood-cut this week is such as to give occasion for a few remarks, which we have long desired to make with reference to street architecture. Persons who have taken a trip on the Continent—to Paris, or to the merry, busy old towns revived, of Belgium—when they return to London are struck with the gloomy sadness and dull uniformity which its streets present. They have been feasting their taste for a month or so upon the fantastic gables, and irregular yet cheerful architecture of Flanders; and their eyes are opened for the first time to the utter tastelessness of the streets in the Great Metropolis, in which the houses might well be likened to so many dominoes, set up on end, and extended *ad infinitum*, or to walls with holes punched into them at regular intervals. Well might the foreigner, on his first arrival here, shrug his shoulders, and, as he invariably does, exclaim "*Triste*," as he passes along.

So strong has this feeling of our deficiency in external decoration become, and so much was some improvement demanded, that the "Woods and Forests" at length roused itself from the slumber in which such Boards generally indulge themselves, and, with the aid of the Metropolitan Improvement Society, commenced the erection of New Oxford-street—a name, by the bye, which is the most absurd that could have been chosen. A walk down this street the other day, in which the din of hammers is still heard, and whose walls are still alive with ascending hodmen, impressed us very favourably with the earnestness with which the Commissioners have set about their task. When we came, however, critically to survey their labours, we could not help confessing that in avoiding Scylla, they were in much danger of Charybdis—that in eschewing the Quaker plainness and heavy uniformity of our present thoroughfares, they had fallen into the opposite error of putting bricks and mortar into masquerade. Here a Grecian rubs shoulders with a most undeniable specimen of the red and burly Tudor. There an elaborate Roman of the old school is placed cheek by jowl with a sad and melancholy looking Venetian; or the sharp angles and bony skeleton of an early Gothic individual pokes unpleasantly into the ribs of a fat and somnolent erection of Dutch William's school. The Commissioners seem to have imagined that the want they had to supply was a pattern card for the use of future builders; and, with a creditable alacrity, they unfold to sight a long book of specimens, in which any article might be picked out to the taste of the inspector. We confess to a love of a little more moderation, at the same time we contemplate what has here been done with much the same feelings with which we should witness the sudden irregularities of an over-strictly-kept son: bricks and mortar have been suffering from straitlacedness for so long a time, that no wonder they now break out into a kind of architectural intoxication. This is a first experiment, however, only; and the Commissioners will, doubtless, sober down before they attempt another street, in which all the excellencies of their present designs might be retained, at the same time better arranged as a whole. Of this we are certain, that we cannot again relapse into the state of architectural atrophy in which we have lain for this last century or so; and that no such hideous building will be erected again for a noble-

man as Ashburton House, or as those still finer specimens of the factory style in Grafton-street.

In the noble designs given by Mr. Moffatt in his proposed Railway Street, we have an example of the fit balance between the incongruities we have spoken of, and the architectural sameness we so much wish to avoid. His designs are all taken from the perpendicular or later Tudor style—a style which is thoroughly national, and one which fits in, if we might so speak, with our habits and ideas better than any other—and the later and somewhat heavier period of James, in which the curve is continually running into the straight line—a style which admits of a great deal of ornament, and which is better known, perhaps, as that in vogue in France, during the reign of Francois Premier.

It might be objected that building in this style will cause much additional expense, and that the interiors will be cut up, and made irregular in their character. Now as regards the expense, we believe that it will be but little more costly, if at all. than the system of buildings which appears at present so rampant at Paddington, where rows after rows are cast like so many bars of soap, with a beading of what is called ornament running along the whole of them. And as for the objection to an irregular form of interior, so far are we from entertaining it, that we think it will be an innovation of a most excellent kind. What is it that charms us so in the interior effects of Knowl, Haddon Hall, Burleigh, and other old houses of the nobility, but the delightful diversity of light and shade given by the irregularity of outline which is necessitated by the architecture.

Square houses, and bare boxlike interiors came in with the stiff ten syllable stanza of the bards of the last century, with whom mechanical uniformity stood in place of the more charming regular irregularity of later and better poets. We can form no intimate or pleasing acquaintance with the purely formal. and it is with buildings as it is with beauty. The faces which we love are generally those in which some slight deviation from regularity of feature is only seen as an additional charm.

The effect of Mr. Moffatt's street as a whole, if it is carried out, will be very beautiful. On the one side the Victoria Tower will be seen starting up 400 feet in the air, slender and graceful as those spires of coral which grow up from the bottom of Eastern seas, whilst its perspective will be closed by the solemn beauty of the old Abbey. We question if a finer architectural effort could be shown in Europe than this design would exhibit. Mr. Moffatt's plan, however, has other objects in view beside a mere display of architectural beauty. And these are the important ones of improving the sanatory condition of lower Westminster, and the formation of a railway to connect the North Western and Great Western and the Thames Embankment Railways. These two objects so support each other, that to separate them would be to destroy both. At the present time, the lower part of Westminster—that is, that portion of it which lies, for some short distance, on either side of a straight line between Westminster Abbey and the district of Belgrave-square and the Palace—is nothing better than a swamp, breeding fevers and other contagious diseases of a most deadly nature. The drainage level of the whole district is several feet below high-water mark, so that the contents of the sewers are driven back by the tide. It is evident then, that upon such a site as this it would be quite useless to build a street such as the commissioners propose—or at least to expect that they will thereby "improve the neighbourhood," as they have it. A single thread of respectable houses running through such a hotbed of vice as this district is could never thrive, it must be backed by some neighbourhood at least more respectable than Orchard-street and the Almonry.

To elevate by degees the ground, then, throughout the whole of lower Westminster is the proposition of Mr. Moffatt, and when this is done, as it doubtless will be done sooner or later, no ground in London will be more valuable than this sink of misery and Alsatia of crimé. When one thinks of it, this spot is absolutely hemmed in by neighbourhoods the most important in the metropolis. To the east lie the New Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, and the whole of the Government Offices; to the west is the aristocratic neighbourhood of Belgrave and Eaton squares; St. James's Park bounds it on the north; and on the south lies the river, along which the splendid terrace as far as Chelsea will shortly be formed. Surrounded by such powerful neighbours, it is evident that lower Westminster, sooner or later, must be absorbed, purified, and finally consecrated to fashionable life. But how to set about this? Mr. Moffatt's proposal to initiate the elevation of the ground by means of a street railway answers the question with admirable force. This railway, as we have seen before, he proposes as a junction between the Great Western at Brentford, the North Western at Kensington, and the Thames Embankment line. He would excavate to the depth of seven feet, and by so much elevate the ground on either side by means of the displaced earthenwork. This would form a narrow slip of improved site good as regards drainage, and the new level might be worked upto by future builders, until the whole neighbourhood be covered with squares and rows of houses of an aristocratic character. The atmospheric principle would be adopted for the railway, and wooden rails be laid down; by this means all noise, whistling, and smoke would be at once got rid of. On either side of the rail the slopes would be planted with shrubs, and above them roads or terraces, as seen in the engraving, would run, connecting at short intervals with each other by means of elegant Gothic bridges.

This appears to us to be the best and most important proposition we have yet seen for bringing the traffic of the two great trunk lines of the kingdom right into the heart of the city. At present they lie at the outer anchorage like great leviathans that draw too much water to approach any nearer, and we take as much time in getting to them by means of their attendant cock-boats—the cabs and omnibusses—as we should, in many instances, in doing our whole voyage. Suppose, under the present system, a person living near London-bridge wishes to go to Maidenhead, he would be longer reaching Paddington, than in performing the twenty miles by railway! Such an absurdity must, sooner or later, work its own cure.

We have now to touch upon another portion of the scheme, and that not the least important one. It will be evident that if this plan of "improving the neighbourhood" be carried out, that thousands of poor persons will necessarily be driven from their miserable lodgings to haunts still more wretched than those they have been deprived of, and for which they would have to pay an enhanced price. Upon the destruction of the Rookery, the back avenues of Drury-lane, Whitechapel, and the very district under notice, were immediately flooded with the unhoused poverty; and, as a clergyman states who goes much among the poor, such was the competition for lodgings however squalid, that in many instances the poor paid

for admission to sleep on the landing-places. If such were the consequences of the destruction of so comparatively confined a neighbourhood as the Rookery, what would follow the gigantic system of eviction which would gradually take place if the whole of lower Westminster became absorbed by the rich and comfortable classes? We have drawn a florid picture enough of the neighbourhood as "improved," the reverse of the model is not so pleasant to contemplate.

This contingency Mr. Moffatt has not overlooked. He purposes to provide for the displaced poor by his plan of "Country Houses for the Working Classes," which was made the subject of a paper in this *Journal* some month or two past. In that article we gave an unbounded approval of the arrangement by which the working classes might be accommodated with a cottage in pure air, and carried by railway to and from their work morning and evening at a price not exceeding that which they pay for their present ill-drained, ill-ventilated abodes. *We are happy to have it in our power to announce that Mr. Moffatt will shortly favour the readers of the* People's Journal *with a plan for one of his proposed villages, to be subsequently followed by original designs for separate cottages for the use of the* Building Associations *which, within a short period, have spread so rapidly throughout the country.* But we cannot hide from ourselves the fact, that the number of workmen whose means would allow of their availing themselves of this plan, is very circumscribed, as compared with the mass of population in lower Westminster, of which a large majority, perhaps, does not get its living by the most honest of occupations. But however degraded their condition, we have no right to drive these people out of their home, taking as little account of them as a farmer does of the rats when he removes a wheat stack.

We hope Mr. Moffatt will direct his attention to this evil, and provide for it more effectually by giving us some designs for model lodging houses. The Society for Improvement of the Condition of the Working Classes have already erected one in St. Giles's, but we think it can be improved upon. We cannot help giving our testimony, however, to the row of labourers' dwellings erected by the Society in Bagnige Wells, as they exhibit every feature we desire to see in such houses—a good, even handsome exterior, well designed interior arrangements, perfect ventilation and drainage, and a washhouse and drying ground common to the whole of the inmates; and these houses at a rent much below that of dwellings of the usual class. Until he has done this, we shall not think his scheme complete; but in all the plans he has hitherto published, so much consideration has been exhibited for the poor, that we are convinced it only requires his attention being drawn to this desideratum, and he will immediately supply it. We are convinced that it is only by attending to the physical wants of the lower orders, that we can successfully attempt their moral elevation. To talk of a system of National Education, whilst the nation allows its poor to rot in filth, and to be decimated by disease, is the veriest idleness. The ground must be prepared before the seed is thrown in. We are glad to see the clergy are at length awakening to this truth, and if they would throw themselves heartily into the movement which is now going on for the better housing and feeding of the poor, they might depend upon it that our Established Church would not long have to suffer under the reproach that rarely or never are any of the lower orders to be found listening to its voice.

A. W.

## THOUGHTS UPON DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

By Joseph Mazzini.

No. IV.

St. Simonianism is no longer to be reckoned among the fractions into which our democratic camp is still split; for some years (and in this devouring epoch, ever eager to reach the goal, each year is equal to a quarter of a century), it has been dead, buried, and forgotten. But it was the most important, I will venture to say the most advanced manifestation of the spirit of new things that breathes through the era. It has sown on our soil many more truths, many more large and productive ideas than all the socialist schools which I cited in my preceding article. And besides, it was, in my opinion, the boldest and sincerest attempt ever made hitherto to realise in practice the fundamental principle of Bentham's idea, to organise a society from the point of views of *utility;* and when it fell—lost in those contradictions to its principle, into which, nevertheless, logical consistency irresistibly hurried it—it proved to us the impossibility which I pointed out, of producing the general *well being* by setting out with laying down individual rights and comforts as the object of life. Thus St. Simonianism was useful to us in its death, as well as in its short but brilliant existence. No doubt it may often have deserved severe blame, but never indifference. And those who had only a smile of contempt for it in its development, complete oblivion after its fall, appear to me, I must own, very petty, very far from feeling the sanctity of ideas, unable to comprehend the signs of the times and the real wants of existing humanity.

What! I hear it objected—Utilitarianism and St. Simonianism! Bentham and the Père Enfantin! what an association! And how can you class in the same category, how couple in discordant union, the practical, positive spirit of the one, and the vague mysticism of the other; a pretended religion, and we might almost say a jurisprudence; a theory of freedom, and a dogmatical despotism? —I am about to tell you. But first, let me point out in a few words in what the St. Simonianist manifestation was truly important. Let us, now that the danger is past, calmly appreciate the good, the noble side of the school. The inferences I wish to deduce from its fall, will be but the more striking. In these thoughts, moreover, whose first object is to promote, as far as is in my power, a more serious reconsideration of the question of the epoch, to solve which is the business of democracy, I could not without remorse tread on the graves of our dead, of those who died for us, without addressing to them a few words of gratitude, without establishing the fact that their work is connected with ours, that they still survive in us in all their better parts. We pass but too quickly at the present day from foolish admiration to ingratitude. We often accept, without too much examination, the systems which *live,* or appear to live; we examine not at all the systems which have fallen. With us death is equivalent to condemnation. This doctrine, we say, is dead, therefore it had no right to live. There is some truth in this; but why should we not say also, this doctrine has lived, therefore it had a right to live? it represented a want, it destroyed an error, it stated an essential question, though without solving it? On this earth all dies and nothing dies. Forms fall without re-

covery, but there is always something immortal in the idea, in the spirit that produces these forms. And it is that something which constitutes the great stock of human knowledge, the arsenal from whence we draw our implements to open our forward path. We must therefore seek to verify it. The *vixit, obiit*, it has lived, it has perished, no longer satisfy us. How was *that* enabled to live? Why has it perished? This is what we require to know, under pain of being condemned to isolation and doubt, of all that preceded us in this world.

Founded on a sort of religious conviction, St. Simonianism offered to our eyes a spectacle sufficiently rare—I would almost say unique—of harmony between the thoughts and actions of a numerous association composed of men of powerful intellect, of men in trade, and of simple workmen. In a time when the immoral distinction between *theory* and *practice* is but too much the rule of life, when men of *thought* and men of *action* in general stand anxiously apart from each other, when the religious and philosophic question and the political question proceed on two parallel lines, the St. Simonians arose and said, "We *believe* in what we say, and consequently, we will not only preach but practise it." They perceived that man is complete only by the unity of Thought and Action, that Thought is the germ of Action, that wide-branching tree under which the generations seek shelter. In the midst of a sceptic race, accustomed to the jesuitism of expediency, smiling at the movements of enthusiasm, and too often refuting an idea by an epigram, they boldly affronted persecution, and what is still more terrible, ridicule; they did not draw back from the mocking laugh which their costume, their rites, and their social household life drew from the Voltairians of Paris, even as, while murmuring words of peace, they suffered their skulls to be beaten in with stones by the Catholic populace of the south of France. It was a right noble spectacle, which, I own, excited my admiration to the highest degree, and which often led me to defend them warmly against the accusations lightly cast upon them by men fresh from a banquet or a court levee, who had not even taken the trouble to read their writings. That also was in a great measure the secret of their strength and of their rapid progress from 1830 to 1832: the people found in them what it found no where else, what it no where finds at the present day, convictions and acts; *living books*, if I may be allowed the expression, and not mere thinkers; the nucleus of a church, not a mere sect of philosophers.

They had, I have said, understood man completed by Theory and Practice. They understood him also—and this is the second cause of the profound impression they made—complete in the wants which agitate him. They sought to embrace the whole man. At the present day, by dint of analysing, dividing, subdividing, the unity of man has almost entirely disappeared. As, before the unity of God was revealed by Moses, pagan polytheism had broken it up, shattered it into fragments, making the Creator into so many separate divinities, so the materialist analysis of modern times, by whatever name it is called, has broken up and shattered the human being into his several faculties. Belief, art, production, politics, all these proceed separately, independent, often in opposite directions. "I," says one, "have heaven; what matters your earth to me?" "Let us agree," says another, "on earthly matters; as to heaven, let each believe as he pleases." "Man is a producing being," says the economist; he proposes to himself as the unique, exclusive problem, the augmentation of production: let the *agent* die under his labour, provided the *thing* is made. "Man," cries the socialist, "is a being who consumes;" he busies himself only with the distribution of riches; to arrive more speedily at absolute equality, he takes away all that stimulates man to increase more and more the common fund, without suspecting that he incurs the risk of arriving at equality of indigence instead of equality of wealth. Some, in the name of human liberty, organise the struggle of the strong against the weak; others, in the name of the superiority of what they call the religious principle, allow of progress in some branches of human development and affirm the immutability of others. And from all this has proceeded a society, which proclaims itself *indifferent* collectively, and *believing* in each of its members; which maintains its right to *punish*, and abdicates its right to *educate*; which preaches *sacrifices* by its religion, *enjoyment* by its policy, and confides the collective development of the association to simple individual liberty. The St. Simonians felt the radical vice of this society. They felt that man is one; religious, artistic, a producer, a consumer, a being at once free and social; that the unity of his life depends upon the superiority of a dominant principle, directing all these faculties, all these applications of activity; that if there is any means of making him advance, it is by making the entire man advance. They gave a solution to the religious question, at the same time as to the social, industrial, artistic questions. This solution was in many respects incomplete; it was false in others, that is true; but the idea of the necessity of a solution of *all* the questions was true; and that, in the midst of men and doctrines, which at that time mutilated human nature at their caprice, was a great step towards the future. And indeed those who accepted the solutions of the St. Simonians felt themselves calmer, more contented, more devoted than in any other school. They felt not that uneasy void which torments men's minds at the present day, and prevents them from devoting themselves to those reforms of detail which their understandings approve.

Then, the democratic principle, and the principle of association. They were there; the one, it is true, at the base rather than at the summit of the system; the other, violated by the too marked distinction between the hierarchical classes; but still they were there. The moral, intellectual, and material improvement of the most numerous and poorest class was explicitly assigned as the object of the doctrine, and by it the merely political programme of the liberal party was transformed into a social programme, in which everything was arranged for the people. The association of forces and capacities was substituted for that impassible theory of *free unlimited competition*, which organises war, and leads inevitably to the victory of those who *have* over those who *have not*. From the St. Simonians came the first serious attack against an economy, which people still persist in regarding as a doctrine, while it is at bottom only a scientific exposition of the existing fact, without value for a better future. And Father Enfantin spoke true, when declaring the temporary dissolution of the society, he said to the innovating spirits, "*Now you will all repeat our idea in fragments.*" There is much St. Simonianism, avowed or otherwise, in what is now said of political economy out of the old official school. The formula, *to every one according to his capacity, to every capacity according to its works*, was indispu-

tably superior to every other known. Employment given to merit, and according to the special nature of the merit; reward according to the importance and the labour of the exertion; this is certainly the point towards which we tend by a slow progressive change. Society, as it exists, is ruled in its generalities by the formula, *to every one according to the class to which he belongs; to each class according to the means or capitals which it possesses.* It provides neither for justice nor for the collective advantage. It substitutes, as we may say, matter for spirit; and must inevitably break up before a growing power—and destined to overcome matter—intellect more equally diffused.

To this, I think, is limited the good contained in St. Simonianism, and it is quite enough to demand gratitude from us all. By this it lived—by this it is indissolubly connected with all the progress made since then, and with all that shall be made. Let us now see *why* it died, died for ever as a doctrine and as an attempt at social organisation. That brings me back to the question that I supposed put to me at the beginning of these pages.

St. Simonianism did not perish, as is generally thought, of the exposition Enfantin made of what he called its morality. That morality was radically vicious, and hideous in its details. But the decline had begun before that exposition. Many desertions had already taken place; and, besides, if the germ of death had not already existed in the heart of the doctrine, they would have repudiated the strange revelation of Enfantin as an individual aberration, and saved the society by a change in the hierarchy. The true cause of death to St. Simonianism was its social organisation. Born of the democratic outburst of 1830,—for before 1830 the St. Simonians, as one may say, formed only a nucleus of philosophic writers,—it abjured its mother. It sinned against Liberty, whose breath had vivified it. Issued from a principle, the good of all, it by degrees substituted itself for the principle. Instead of saying *all through the people,* it contented itself with saying *all for the people.* Having imagined a certain form for the realisation of the principle, it ended by confounding it with the principle itself, and pretended to force humanity into that form as into a frame. It took society in its arms, if the expression may be allowed, and endeavoured to transform it by transporting it into another *medium,* elaborated by it, and not by society. 'Tis the error of all socialists. They forget that we are here below to continue humanity and not to create it; and humanity, which desires to walk on its own legs and with full knowledge of all it does, avenges itself by passing on and withdrawing its life-breath from the makers of Utopias. They all die, or will die, of spiritual inanition, shut up in their model convents. And thus, I repeat, died St. Simonianism very fortunately for us: I say fortunately, for its death furnishes a new proof that the future belongs to us alone, to those whose sole desire is to place the people in a condition to open for themselves the path of progress, beneath the eye of God.

How did St. Simonianism come to this? I will answer this briefly, guiding myself in all that follows by the opinion, somewhere expressed, of a friend whom I honour and love, of M. Pierre Leroux. I entirely share his views on that point; and his opinion is doubly precious to me, because it is here question of a man who was an ardent St. Simonian before the schism provoked by the morality of Enfantin; and because it is my object to give my readers not only *my* ideas, but, as often as the occasion offers itself, those of the principal democrats of the continent.

Bentham was, in a great measure, the chief inspirer of St. Simon: *utility,* the greatest happiness principle, was his starting point; the conciliation of individual interests with general, his goal. The name of Bentham was cherished by the first who grouped themselves around the chief: some of them endeavoured to make his ideas known in contemporary publications. They did not much repeat that somewhat vague name *utility:* like men who could not be copyists, but who aimed at being improvers, they substituted for it the much neater one of *production;* and they christened by the name of *Producteur* their own first periodical, anterior to 1830. But the fundamental idea, the soul of the system, was the same. Utility was their *aim,* production the *means.* Like Bentham, the writers of the Simonian *Producteur* concentrated their labours chiefly on material interests; like Bentham also their gait, their first tendencies were rather irreligious and devoid of ideality. When at a later period these changed, utility or production did not the less remain the dominant idea. Their religion was the religion of enjoyment; they desired less to raise earth towards heaven, than to bring heaven down to earth; and there, in fact, their dogma ended. Everywhere, in what they somewhat coarsely called the *rehabilitation of the flesh,* in their appreciation of art and artists, in their theories of woman and love, in their valuation of accomplished works not by the purity of the motives or the inward sufferings of the agent, but only by the degree of utility produced by them, the idea that proceeded from Bentham shows itself, more or less disguised, but always visible. I am convinced that those who shall seriously study St. Simonianism will not contradict me.

So long as the St. Simonians remained in the state of theoretical writers, their task was simple; no great practical difficulties gave the lie to their assertions and philanthropic hopes. It was different when, carried away by the impulse of 1830, they attempted to become the conquerors and reorganisers of society: then all those difficulties rose before them, threatening, imperious. To those which proceeded from all the moral wants, from all those vague aspirations, indistinct but inseparable from man, which economical theories can never satisfy, they replied by endeavouring to raise themselves to the height of a religion. But the shock of that which I enunciated in my preceding article, the impossibility of reconciling general and particular interests from the point of view of utility, threw them into a path diametrically opposed to that which they had at first adopted, and at length out of the stream of humanity.

After all sorts of attempts, these men, indisputably powerful by their intelligence, felt that if they gave as a motive principle to men such as they were, such as they are, their *individual* interest, they would meet with, they would create, egotism, and by it, sooner or later, usurpation, war, inequality, and by them crises, insurrections, anarchy. They felt that making *collective* utility the base of their edifice, they should be very often forced to sacrifice, to deny the rights of the individual, to call upon him, as we may say, to commit suicide for the benefit of society, and consequently to establish a despotism, whether in the name of intelligence, or any other name. They boldly made their choice, and entered unreservedly on the second path.

In their manner of regarding history, which I think very defective, dividing it into periods of

unity, called by them *organic* periods, and *critical* or periods of liberty, they had already learnt to mistrust the eternal element of progress, and to concede none but a dissolving activity to liberty; they sacrificed it. They had found in Plato (Republic) the division of men into men of appetites, men of heart, and men of intelligence; they took this, they made of it their *learned* or *priests*, their *artists*, and their *industrials*, and forgetting that above this trinity there is the unity, *Man*, a compound of intelligence, of heart, of appetites, they made of them the three classes, I had almost said the three castes of their society. *They* had conceived the idea; they then were naturally the *learned*, the *priests*; the only persons capable of realising it: they assigned therefore to themselves and assigned to their successors the first rank, the direction of society. They forgot that if the initiative of great things often comes from above, the impulse is always given from below; they forgot that if there really exist, by divine right, superior capacities, and if it is good that they should govern, it is on condition they shall resume in themselves, and elaborate the thought which lives obscurely, confusedly in the masses; for without that they may be Utopists, they will never be able to realise: they forgot that the visible sign of that communion of thought can be found only in the suffrage, in the elective right given to the masses, and they broke the bond of union by organising their hierarchy from above downwards. They said to themselves, we are the ministers of God; the highest capacities will be so after us; they shall fill up their numbers by electing one another; they shall govern—and that was all their democracy—for the benefit of the greatest number; the inferior capacities, artistic and industrial, shall apply *their* thought in the ranks assigned by them.* From thence to an infallible Papacy, there was but one step to take; they were too logical not to take it, for among all the superior capacities there must necessarily be one superior to all; and they took the step. They elected a high priest, a Père Enfantin, and a sacred college around him. It was the Pope and Cardinals of Catholicism. Humanity, which has ceased to believe in a Pope and Cardinals, felt no desire to begin again; it went elsewhither; and the St. Simonians, after having shut themselves up in a convent at Menilmontant, disappeared from the arena for ever. A short time afterwards, the last faithful, the forty who accompanied Enfantin in his retirement, retained of all the St. Simonian baggage only the primitive motto, Utility, applied only to material interests: at the present time they are almost all zealous servants of the government of Louis Philippe. Michel Chevalier writes in the *Debats*:—Enfantin directs I know not what railway works.

* Rodriguez Letters on the St. Simonian Religion.

'Man does not wish anyone to think for him; he wishes to be enabled to think himself. He demands instructors, but rejects, and will always reject, guardians, from whencesoever they come to him. The St. Simonians perished, because they forgot this simple maxim. We have seen by what difficulty they were hurried into that forgetfulness. We shall see the same difficulty hurry the Socialist schools which succeeded them into far other errors.

## Poetry for the People.

### SAXON WORDS.*

By Mrs. Charles Tinsley.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown;
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own;
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

Yours are the *hills*, the *fields*, the *woods*, the *orchards*, and the *streams*,
The *meadows* and the *bowers* that bask in the sun's rejoicing beams,
Mid them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's thoughts were rear'd,
And by your household tones its joys were evermore endear'd.

We have roamed since then where the myrtle bloom'd in its own unclouded realms—
But our hearts returned with changeless love to the brave old Saxon *elms*;
Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a deathless glory spoke—
But we passed with pride to the later fame of the sturdy Saxon *oak*.

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian plains,
And our souls have thrill'd to the loveliness of the lovely Grecian fanes;
We have lingered o'er the wreck of Rome, with its classic memories crown'd—
But these touched us not as the mouldering walls with the Saxon ivy bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words! they bear us back with pride
To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of Him that died;
When in one spirit, truly good and truly great, was shown
What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow with a softer, smoother grace,
But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts their own true place,
Our household hearths, our household graves, our household smiles and tears,
Are guarded, hallowed, shrined by them—the kind, fast friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown:
Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own,
Each one, in its own power a host, to fond remembrance brings
The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things

* Most of our domestic words—words expressive of objects which daily attract our attention—are from the Saxon. Of the sixty-nine words which comprise the Lord's Prayer, only five are not Saxon.

END OF VOL. II.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, December 26th, 1846.*

*The Temperance Movement.*—"Who runs may read!" Teeming, as are the events of every succeeding day, with fresh evidences of the tremendous evils springing out of our artificial and irrational drinking customs, it is only the indolence and apathy of those who, assuming the practice of good works, should long ago have been the earnest pioneers of our cause, which render the repeated assertion of the claims of teetotalism at all necessary. Instances are constantly occurring around us which cannot fail, where they are duly regarded, to demonstrate that the Teetotaler is right:—Walking down Tottenham-court Road, one evening, my attention was attracted by the loud and shrill vociferations of a woman, who was abusing a policeman for having ordered her to "move on." A mob of people had gathered around her, and appeared highly amused at her gesticulations, and the coarse utterances of her tongue. Need I say that she was intoxicated? She had just emerged from a gin palace which stood near, and which glittered with a splendour maintained by wretched victims, of whom this poor woman was a striking specimen. "*I have three sons transported, and my husband in a madhouse!*" shrieked she, "*but never mind that,*" &c. &c.! She proceeded to accuse the police of having been witnesses against her sons, and in doing so, became frantic with rage. I turned from the spot, overpowered by the busy thoughts that crowded upon my brain. "Three sons transported, and my husband in a madhouse!" Here, compressed into a brief sentence, was a tale of misery enough to harrow up any soul. Mothers—you who have never yet cared to apply to your own practice, and to the training of your children, the only real preventive of drunkenness—ponder over this terrible picture, and, with this woman's exclamation yet in your ears, say with her, if you can, "Never mind that!" Oh how strong drink has destroyed, and will yet destroy, those feelings and aspirations of virtue and love which should adorn the human character! And what, I inquired of myself, could have drawn down such a tremendous weight of calamity upon this woman's family? Might not *the intemperance of the mother*—her neglect of the moral culture of her offspring or even her training them to crime, that she might gratify her base appetite might not these things have been the cause of their ruin, and have driven to madness the father who had loved and married only to see his wife a shameless drunkard, and his sons exiled as criminals from the land of their birth? All this seems, not merely possible, but probable; and is, I fear, a near approximation to the truth. In point of economy, every transported convict is estimated to cost this country 300*l.* "Three sons transported" cost 900*l.* One "husband in a (pauper) madhouse," say 100*l.* Total loss sustained by the community on account of this one drunkard's family, 1000*l.* Let me suggest that, *with total abstinence as the basis of our educational system*, we might have trained this family in virtue, for one-fourth the sum paid for their ruin. Surely, strong drink is a costly curse. Many, doubtless, will condemn the wickedness of this woman. But, before pronouncing judgment upon her, let us not overlook our own true relation to *the system* which engrafts the love of unnecessary, intoxicating drink, upon the human appetite, which drink has overpowered and prostrated many a mind stronger than that which this unhappy being ever possessed. The whole drinking system constitutes one stupendous folly—it is a fertile source of every kind of corruption and iniquity—the most formidable barrier to human progress—the greatest stumbling-block in the way of man. When this barrier is broken down, we may speed onward with a fair wind and a flowing tide to the haven of peace and happiness. As I walked away from the scene of this disorder, I noticed the many gin palaces which stud the crowded thoroughfares of this vast city, and noted how eagerly the votaries of Bacchus pressed towards them—thus bidding for their own destruction, and heeding not the many evidences of ruin standing in their very midst. It was a bright moonlight night, with a clear frosty atmosphere; and not fa from a crowded gin palace an old man had set up a telescope, which stood pointed to the moon. But he was unheeded by the crowd; and no one caring to view the silvery orb, he paced up and down to warm his half-frozen limbs. There was the bright beautiful moon, there the telescope ready to reveal its wonders to the human eye; but who, in this world of pots and pipes, cares to look at the moon? What's the moon to "half-a-pint of Barclay and Perkins," or a "dram of British gin?" No—the crowd passed on to the gin palace—their sun, their moon, their God (and their Satan?), were there.

ROBERT KEMP PHILP.

*Statistics of the condition of Journeymen Tailors.*—SIR,—Observing in the *People's Journal* the movements taking place towards providing wholesome and comfortable dwellings for the working classes, and hoping that ere long steps will be taken for accomplishing the same, I take the liberty of addressing a few words to you respecting the situation of the journeymen tailors, especially that portion of them who are working for large sale shops throughout the country. The great amount of labour in the market belonging to the tailoring trade has given an opportunity to capitalists to embark their money in the trade, and, by reducing the price of labour to the lowest possible pitch, they have compelled the poor journeymen working for them to seek an asylum in the lowest neighbourhoods and at the cheapest rate; and as parties labouring for those establishments generally work at home, we find the garments of the most respectable and wealthy families are made amongst filth and disease; and, unfortunately, it does not end here, as there is much reason to believe that through the clothing made in those dwellings of wretchedness, disease finds its way to the back of the wearer. I will lay before you the condition of the journeymen tailors of Leeds, who are working for establishments of this sort. In the summer of 1845 I was deputed, along with another person, to visit the dwellings of the men who work for those establishments; and found to my sorrow the awful situation in which they and their families were placed, as the following will testify. Out of 273 journeymen and their families, we found eighty-three cases of diseases of various sorts; in some houses we found families inhabiting every room. We found in many of those houses a tailor and his family working, cooking, and sleeping in the same apartment, with some of the family sick, whilst garments were being made close to the sick person. We found that, in consequence of the low prices paid, parents were forced to compel children of tender years to labour with them throughout the week, in order that thereby they might be able to obtain an existence; we found others who, through not being able by their exertions to obtain food for their families, are forced to fall back upon the parish for the deficiency. As another proof, I will refer you to a report contained in the *Liverpool Journal*, of April 26, 1845, and gathered from inquiries made by the journeymen committee of that town, namely, that in twenty-six streets visited, in Vauxhall and Scotland Wards, on the 27th of March, 1845, and following days, they found 126 tailors, their wives and families, and workers, amounting in the whole to 572 persons, and persons living in the same houses with them amounted to 548, making a total inhabiting those dwellings of 1120 persons: of these 35 were sick, from one fortnight up to eighteen weeks, of scarlet, typhus, and other fevers and diseases of various kinds, commencing since the November previous and continuing up to the time the inquiry was made. The report says that 12 were found inhabiting and working in a single cellar, 38 in a house, 99 living in courts and rooms, and only 27 occupying houses: of this number 31 were found working for sale shops on the Sabbath—many in a most distressed state. Again, I will briefly refer you to Mr. Chadwick's reports of the sanatory condition of the labouring classes, and especially that portion of it which refers to the condition of the tailors, and which has been culled from the most respectable establishments of the metropolis (establishments which are perfect palaces as compared with the workshops of the sale marts). He says, "I have collected the evidence of several master tailors, on the effects of work in crowded or bad ventilated rooms. Some are inclined to ascribe more of the ill health of the journeymen to their habits of drinking at public-houses,

and to the state of their private dwellings. But, in the main results, the loss of daily power, namely, the loss of at least one third the industrial capabilities enjoyed by men working under advantageous circumstances, the nervous exhaustion attendant on work in crowds, and the consequent temptation to resort to stimulants, which, in their turn, increase the exhaustion, are fully proved, and indeed generally admitted." In conclusion, I need only say that, in my opinion, the only chance for the working man is the *co-operation of labour:* but, in pursuing this step, great caution should be taken as to placing power in the hands of any man who is not the people's tried friend; and in the government of any establishments on this footing correct discipline should be maintained, and all parties having any share or interest in the same should be strictly kept in subordination to the rules that might be made for the purpose. By such means, effectively carried out, there is still a chance for those capable of labour and skill to rise from their present oppressed position.—AN OPERATIVE TAILOR.

[We have been compelled to greatly abridge this communication.]

*Testimonial to Employer—Preston.*—On Monday evening, December 7th, 1846, a *soiree*, on a grand scale, was held in the Corn Exchange rooms, to which the Mayor, J. Paley, jun., Esq., and his lady, were invited to receive from the work-people testimonials of the high esteem in which they are held. In addition to these, the chief guests of the evening, John Paley, sen., Esq., Thomas German, Esq. (late Mayor), W. Paley, Esq., John Stevenson, Esq., and several other gentlemen, had received invitations. About 1100 persons sat down to a plenteous repast of tea, coffee, &c. After tea, Mr. C. Holt (Mr. Paley's manager) was called to the chair. The chairman on opening the meeting referred to the beneficial results arising from the co-operation of masters and servants in enjoying such social parties, as they have a tendency to elevate the moral character of both. The chairman then called upon Mr. W. Linsey (a person in the employ of Mr. Paley) to read its address, which breathed forth a spirit of union betwixt them and their employer. After reading the address, he presented to Mr. Paley, in the name of his work-people, a splendid silver snuff-box, of a massive and elegant wrought pattern, bearing the following inscription:—" In grateful acknowledgment of his generous sympathy with them in times of misfortune, the work-people of John Paley, jun., Esq., Mayor of Preston, present this box to him in this the second year of his mayoralty. Presented at the *soiree* held by the work-people, in the Exchange Rooms, Dec. 7, 1846." A cameo brooch was also presented to Mrs. Paley, through Mr. Paley's hands. If such a state of things could be carried throughout the country we should experience more unanimity, as it has a tendency to draw the attention of the working classes to the utmost necessity of moral as well as intellectual improvement; and creates a feeling of confidence in the master, and a sense of duty in the servant. But as a better day is dawning, we hope the time is not far distant when the operatives will begin to see that the greatest evil prevailing in the present day is ignorance.—J. A.

*Mutual Improvement Society, Boston, Lincolnshire.*—In consequence of the adoption of the early closing movement in Boston, a meeting was held in the Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 8th, to form a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. The meeting was numerously attended, the president of the Mechanics' Institution was called to the chair; and after the reading of the eloquent lecture on "The Philosophy of Labour," delivered by Elihu Burritt, at Leeds, the rules were submitted to the meeting, and unanimously adopted. A vote of thanks were given to the Rev. T. W. Mathews for his kindness in reading the lecture, and his philanthropic exertions in behalf of the young men; to the chairman, for his kindness in presiding, and the business terminated. ——A meeting of the members of the society was held afterwards, at which the officers and committee were elected. The society is now fairly launched, and we hope it will realise the wishes of its founders, and prove a blessing, not only to the members themselves, but also to the town and neighbourhood of Boston.—J. N.

## Notices.

*Among the various arrangements for the coming year, we may at present mention the following:—*

MISS MARTINEAU'S SURVEY FROM THE PYRAMIDS

Will, in all probability, be received shortly from Egypt.

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Will shortly be announced.

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*A Ballad* (38 *Stanzas*),

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JOHN SAUNDERS,

EDITOR OF THE "PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."

## Contents.



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LUTHER, MELANCTHON, AND OTHERS, TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

BY THE FRENCH PAINTER, LABOUCHERE.

## HUSTINGS *versus* HEALTH.

"At the end of six years," said Lord John Russell, on Thursday night, "there is naturally an expectation of a dissolution; with that comes all the canvassing, the expense, and the excitement consequent on a general election. This is the reason the Government, *without varying its opinion as to the great advantages of proceeding with the bill, finds it cannot do so.* I will not allow one word to drop from me which could at all intimate that my confidence in the principle of the measure, as adopted by a great majority of the House, is at all changed; the object itself is one demanded on all hands, and excites great interest throughout the country."

Such were the words of the Prime Minister, in announcing to the House of Commons that Government had withdrawn for the present the Health of Towns' Bill. Never before to a legislative assembly were spoken words so openly avowing the determination of a Government to abandon a measure of immense public importance, to gain an early start in the struggles of an electioneering campaign. Never before did the curtain fall upon such an inglorious act as this *finale* to a long and eventful Parliament. With fever raging in all our populous districts—when green fields are tented over as hospitals and charnel houses, to receive the dying and the dead—the Prime Minister steps forth to blight the hopes of a suppliant nation—and virtually to say that pestilence must rage awhile for the Hustings claim priority over Health!

And this, too, at a time when to all it seemed that the work had been accomplished—and that it only remained to give effect to the enactments of the Legislature!—when the public voice had been expressed, and apparently deferred to—and when the best friends of the people had just cherished the belief that Sanitary Reform was about to begin in fact!

The fever of an election prevails over the fever of famine and filth, and lives must be sacrificed that *votes* be not lost. Such, in essence, is the declaration of Lord John Russell, and it withholds from the present administration the laurels it seemed about to win.

It appears to us to have been the solemn duty of the ministry to have pressed this bill through the House, against every obstacle. And we cannot believe but that a faithful earnestness would have accomplished this with little difficulty.

Lord Morpeth, contrary to the expectations of his supporters, has stultified himself, and rendered nugatory his applauded efforts for sanitary measures. He has yielded to the pressure within that which was due to the pressure from without. The obstructive parties thereby gain a temporary victory, and conserve awhile the morbid anatomy of courts, alleys, and gutters, from the dreaded flush of the hydropathic element. The city aldermen of this great metropolis will glory in the smashing of the bowl in which they had been threatened a sanative dip.

It remains now for the electors and non-electors to raise their cry for Sanitary Reform at the hustings. The candidate who heeds not the elector's life and health is little worthy of his vote. Unless a very decided feeling be expressed now, and maintained by active organisation hereafter, the Health of Towns' Bill will be suffered to die out, and become, after all, the abortion of an inefficient Government.

## THE PRESENT FEVER!

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

*Ben Rhydden, near Otley, July 6, 1847.*

Sir—I am unable longer to refrain from addressing you in reference to the present mortality occasioned by the fever which is now raging. It is granted by every authority of standing who has written upon typhus fever, that we know of no drug, and of no medicinal means, by which that disease may be cured; that whether we bleed and blister, purge and calomelize, or stimulate with brandy, wine, or whiskey, the average number of deaths is very nearly the same in each mode of treatment; that, in a word, there is no known remedy in the pharmacopeia for the cure of typhus fever; that free ventilation, moderate diet, shaving, and keeping the head cool, and cooling drinks, with attention, are all that we really can do in cases of fever; that with these means, patients will generally recover, provided they be not labouring under a malignant or very serious attack. But if, on the contrary, the cases be serious, all the leeching, drugging, blistering, bleeding, and brandying would be of no avail. I do not write thus for the purpose of exposing the weakness of the art of medicine, but in order that society generally may be made acquainted with, and the medical profession in particular be led to investigate, a mode of treatment under which the average number of deaths does not exceed four in one hundred, provided it be tried in the earlier stages of the complaint, and all medicines, bleeding, and stimulants avoided.

The following is the plan of treatment recommended. The patient, as soon as possible, ought to be placed in a sheet, well wrung out of cold water. This sheet should be laid on a blanket extended on the mattrass. The patient should then lay himself, or be laid, at full length upon the sheet, which must be then wrapped round him, so as to come in immediate and close contact with every portion of the body as high as the neck. The blanket must then be folded tightly over, so as to exclude the external air, and be covered by two other blankets, or a small feather bed. This process must be repeated every time the patient becomes restless or uncomfortable, and until the dry hot skin has become softer, and more prone to perspiration, and the fever entirely subsided, even should its repetition be necessary every ten minutes, or should the fever continue unabated for twenty four hours. Immediately after each envelope, the patient must be well washed in a slipper bath or common tub, the temperature of the water being seventy-five degrees Fahr., or thereabouts. The head should be shaved, and bandages wrung out of cold water kept applied, changing them each time they become warm, until all headache is removed; a similar bandage should likewise be folded once round the stomach, carefully and closely covered by three folds of dry cloth to prevent evaporation, and changed every second hour. The patient should drink as much cold water as he pleases during the whole course of the disease, and a free circulation of air ought to be kept up in the room, and the room kept cool.

The fever by means of this process is usually overcome in less than twenty-four hours, and the patient is then nearly out of danger. For the next three days, however, the wet sheet envelope, as above described, should be applied morning, noon, and afternoon—the patient remaining in each

time for three quarters of an hour—the body to be washed after each with water of the natural temperature. Should the bowels be constipated, let an injection of tepid water be used every morning as long as required; gentle exercise and moderate diet should be pursued until perfect recovery takes place, and all medicine and artificial stimulants—as wine, &c.—be avoided. If the process here described be pursued, my own experience warrants me in saying, that the average number of deaths from the present epidemic will not exceed four out of one hundred of the worst cases—provided it be resorted to sufficiently early.

Should any person wish to know more explicitly how to proceed, I shall be most happy gratuitously to give all the advice I can as to the treatment of individual cases. I am, yours, &c.,

WM. MACLEOD,

*Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians Edinburgh; and Physician to the Ben-Rhydden Hydropathic Establishment, Otley.*

## OUR NEW SHOPS.

### A TALE.

By CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It is not worth while to point out a precise locality for the story I have to tell. Every one knows how new neighbourhoods arise on the outskirts of old ones, springing up by the builder's art with almost the rapidity of enchantment; altering the map of the district completely. and puzzling the "oldest inhabitant" to find his way about, should business or pleasure have driven him from home for even a few weeks, or illness have kept him within the house. I always feel an interest in the first occupants of pretty new houses. Whether they are a young couple just arrived from the bridal tour, in the busy delight of arranging their dwelling, and preparing for the half dreaded reception days; or a staid elderly pair retiring from business, and looking forward to a serene old age, earned and deserved by the untiring industry of youth and middle life, there always seems to be a fresh start in existence associated with a new house, and a halo of hope shed about it, which seldom belong to the adoption of a long used, if not time honoured residence. And if such feelings are associated with the "Terraces," and the "Crescents," and the pretty cottages, called Gothic perhaps, but belonging to no order of architecture under the sun, they certainly exist in a tenfold degree in reference to the rows of new *shops*, which pertain to a new neighbourhood, in an indispensable manner. True at the first glance the subject may seem less picturesque; but the interest arising from it is far more intense: just as to my mind the thronging associations of London itself, are more full of heart-stirring poetry, than the loveliest scenes over which a painter ever revelled.

The bold adventurers—the first occupants of the new Shops! The broad outlines of their histories are often very similar. Too poor to buy an established business, they seek a new neighbourhood with the hope of making one; and raise the money necessary for even this purpose, by stratagems and self-denial, and the sacrifice of independence, and too often a sufferance of painful obligation, of which the affluent and well to do can form but a faint idea. There is no doubt that a new shop—just as youth can dispense with many of the adventitious ornaments of dress—may make a respectable appearance with fewer equipments than are necessary to the old dusty, rusty looking shelves and counter. Besides, for a considerable time, it looks as if it were still undergoing the process of furnishing, and the visitor is inclined to judge favourably of the future from the promises of the present. If the first occupant can struggle through a twelvemonth, he has a fair chance of success, but how often do we find at the end of less than half that time, the shutters closed, and a board affixed indicating that the house is again to let: or perhaps the announcement—"This shop will be opened next week as a butcher's;" or the linendraper's converted into a cheesemonger's with almost the dexterity which follows the touch of a harlequin's wand. And then comes a new question—an enigma for time to solve—will the second comer be more fortunate than his predecessor, or he too be a Curtius in the gulf? As genius that is "before its time" fails to be appreciated, and finds no portion of the earth's inheritance parcelled out for its mundane uses; so the shopkeeper who comes before he is wanted, meets a bitter lot, and barrenness in return for all his industry!

Our New Shops stand in the high road; where it seems but the other day was all open ground, with a ditch running between it and the path: were the day ever so calm, there was always a breeze in passing along, and in boisterous weather one found oneself between the Scylla and Charybdis of the ditch and the road, whither weak limbed pedestrians were often drifted at the will of the winds. But the land was drained; the ditch dried up; foundations sunk; and houses built before half the neighbours knew what was going to happen; and wonderment as to what shops they would be had not half exhausted itself, when their physiognomy was openly revealed, and cards and notes sent round to every house, soliciting patronage, and promising, of course, "dispatch and punctuality," the "best" goods at the "lowest" prices, "indefatigable attention," and the "newest improvements."

The houses were finished, and the first occupants entered within a very few weeks of each other; and great was the sensation created thereby. Everybody was inclined to "try" something from the new shops, and from the proverbial excellence of samples most people were satisfied with the results. Nevertheless, by that principle of conservatism which is part of the national character, the greater number of temporary customers went back to their old tradespeople, putting up with the inconvenience of the distance so often complained of in the "olden time." To the thoughtful observer, it was pretty evident the new shops would have a hard struggle ere they could be expected to prosper. Now as necessaries are sought before luxuries, it may be taken as a pretty general rule that the dealers in food settling in a new neighbourhood have a better chance of success than they who open emporiums of more superfluous articles. People have daily need of bread, and meat, and tea, and butter, and commonly procure them at the nearest depôt, whereas they can bide their time about the purchase of a new coat or dress, and commonly take the recommendation of a friend in selecting a silversmith or upholsterer. Consequently, the butcher, the baker, and the general dealer, were among the new comers those who flourished the most speedily and decidedly; and it is to the last mentioned I would more particularly refer.

George West was a young man of five or six and twenty. He had started in business with the ad-

vantage of being unincumbered by debt, having recently inherited a legacy of a few hundred pounds from a relative, which money had stocked his shop and furnished his house, and left him still somewhat before the world. *He* could afford to wait a little while till business gathered round him; and gather it did, for in the first place such a shop as his was greatly wanted in the district, and secondly he had good articles, which joined to strict integrity and attention on his part soon won him patrons and friends. Occupied with his business and intent upon it, he had small time for either listening to, or repeating gossip, and perhaps knew less of the affairs of his neighbours than anyone in the "row." Pretty nearly all he did glean was from his woman servant, a middle-aged body who had been in the service of his deceased uncle many years, and who now thought herself entitled to advise her youthful employer in all matters in which it appeared to her that experience should give her authority. Truth to tell, Patty was not always a good angel at her master's elbow. The same advice which is very valuable to the open-handed or the spendthrift, may be something more than unnecessary to one whose example has been parsimony and whose habits are frugal. George West was not by nature either mean or selfish, but at this time he was very much the creature of early habits and example, and he certainly loved money, without very clearly defining if it were for itself or its noble uses.

It was commonly while laying the cloth for her master's bread and cheese supper, after the shop was closed, that Patty opened her budget. By the way, Patty belonged to the old school, and was quite opposed to the early closing movement: she thought shopkeepers should take money as long as it was offered them, and was far too obtuse to understand that if people could not purchase what they wanted after six o'clock they would contrive to do so before. She thought reading and improving the mind all "rubbish," or, at best, only "fit for gentlefolks." And yet Patty was not hard hearted, she was only ignorant and prejudiced. *Only!* Alas, what an admission—for ignorance and prejudice are more fruitful causes of suffering than hard-heartedness itself!

"Have the Smiths paid that bill," asked Patty, as she placed the loaf upon the table.

"No," replied West, "I think I will send in for it to-morrow."

"You'll not get it for once sending, I can tell you," continued Martha; "they are all going to the mischief, it is pretty plain. Hardly a bit of business doing—go in when you will—though that stuck-up son makes himself mighty busy, rolling and unrolling the silks and the ribbons, to hide that he has nothing better to do."

"I am very sorry," said West, "for really they seem a respectable and industrious family."

"Respectable, indeed! respectable people pay their bills every week."

"Well, I'll send in to-morrow, I should not like to lose my money."

"I should think not, indeed! Then there's the Burtons next door—pray do you ever expect to see their two pound fifteen and sixpence?"

"Perhaps not," said the young tradesman with a sigh, "but the loss will not ruin me, and I cannot find in my heart to be hard upon a lone widow woman."

"Mr. George!" exclaimed Patty, dropping a knife, and very nearly damaging the crockery, in her astonishment and indignation, "that's not the way to do business. I'm sure it's enough to bring your dear dead uncle out of his grave, to hear you talk so. Lone widow, indeed! Lone widows should not run into debt, and then they would keep out of trouble. But I spoke my mind this morning, I can tell you."

"You did! And whom to?" replied West, starting in his chair.

"Why to that minx of a daughter. Just to look at her little white hands when she ties up a parcel, or lifts down a book, might convince anyone they had never done a day's work in her life: and pride and poverty *is* what I can't abide."

"I never saw any pride," said George West, gravely, "and I am very sorry, very angry, Martha, if you have been rude about the bill. Even if they are proud, you ought to make some allowance, for Miss Burton has been genteelly brought up; her father was a gentleman, they say, and it's a great fall in the world to come down to keeping a little stationer's shop and circulating library."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed! That did'nt leave enough to bury him. I tell you what, Mr. George, gentility is just worth what grist it will bring to the mill, and I don't understand what it has to do with your two pound fifteen and sixpence," and the elderly spinster bounced out of the room in anything but a gentle mood.

George West felt more annoyed than he had done for a long time. He did not relish his frugal supper so much as usual; and his uncomfortable feelings even disturbed his rest. The way to confer a kindness delicately seldom occurs very readily to people unaccustomed to such an exercise; and it must be owned the nobler qualities of his heart were at present, for want of exercise, but partially developed. And yet a sort of instinct prompted him to do something to remove the unpleasant impression he felt sure his officious servant had created. Certainly, Patty had anything but a blessing from her young master that night; but finally, he resolved that he would go into the stationer's shop the next day, make some purchase, and see what turn events might take. And this resolution arrived at, he fell asleep, and dreamed—of the price of sugars, and a shameful imposition of sloe-leaves for tea!

Alas! for poor Mrs. Burton's speculation! She was "before her time:" a fancy stationer's, or circulating library was not yet wanted in the new neighbourhood; and the absence of occupation for herself and daughter in the business of the shop gave ample leisure for thought—sad recollections of the past and gloomy forebodings for the future. Alice was indefatigable in her exertions. The most tasteful articles which ornamented the shop window, and attracted the passers by, were made by her; and the Berlin wool-work which had lately been added to their stock were all improvements upon the formal patterns. It was about seven o'clock on a summer evening, and she was seated in the little back parlour, busily employed on a large piece of canvass, when George West paid his intended visit. Not a step had crossed the threshold for the last hour; and the widow moved quickly forward to ask the stranger's wishes—for she did not at the moment recognise her "creditor." Attired in his holiday suit, and with scrupulous neatness, the young tradesman looked a different personage from the eager man of business behind his counter. Alice had involuntarily looked up and acknowledged *her* recognition of their neighbour by a slight bow, but had bent again immediately over her work.

Perhaps had Alice Burton sat for her picture,

she would not have appeared to more advantage than she did on this chance occasion. Her well-fitting mourning dress set off her slight but symmetrical figure to advantage, and contrasted favourably with a complexion that was pale without being sickly. The slanting rays of the western sun threw her person into shadow, concealing the shabbiness of her attire, but glancing on the plaited masses of her rich brown hair, and drawing out that golden light which only sunshine can. While the bright tints of scarlet, and purple, and green, and amber wools growing into meaning beneath her fingers were not without their effect.

The widow's cheek flushed from many painful emotions, as she recognised young West; for she had little doubt he came to require the payment of a bill she had not the money to discharge. How was she surprised when, instead of alluding to it, he made friendly inquiries about the health of herself and Miss Burton—offered some commonplace remarks on the weather, and then inquired the price of a pair of screens which were exhibited for sale in the window.

"Alice, my love," said Mrs. Burton, appealing to her daughter, "I do not understand this mark; will you tell me what these are prized at?"

And Alice came forward to give the desired information, in the doing which it was elicited that the screens were painted by her. Had the sum been five times that named, George West would now have made the purchase; as it was, without demur he took the money from his pocket, watching the while every movement of the white hands which Patty had remarked as they folded the screens in paper. Again the colour mounted to Mrs. Burton's cheek as she gently pushed back the sovereign he had laid down for change, saying—"No, sir, we are in your debt much more than this—pray let your purchase be placed to that account."

It was George West's turn now to look confused. The proposition was so reasonable and natural a one, that he had nothing to say against it, and yet the idea of *her* painting being bartered for such commodities as sugar and cheese, and soap and candles, had something in it against which his feelings revolted. There seemed to be no other plan of soothing them than to make his purchases far outweigh the amount of the widow's debt. He looked round—there was nothing else of Alice's work which it would not have seemed absurd for him to appropriate; and meanwhile he had fallen into conversation with her, during which allusion was made to the cheap literature of the day, the most choice of which lay in profusion on the counter. Alice possessed that fine taste which in all things instinctively selects the good and leaves the indifferent as refuse; and though really but little indebted to teachers for instruction, she was for her station in life well informed. The young tradesman felt her superiority, but without any painful humiliation to himself. It only made his reverence and admiration the deeper; and at the recommendation of Alice he expended several pounds in books, and in purchasing sets and back numbers of established publications.

But George West could not stand all the evening talking across the counter; and from a mingled feeling of pride, and sense of obligation, and many emotions she would have been at a loss to analyse, Mrs. Burton did not invite him into the parlour. As for Patty's indignation on discovering her master's "extravagance," anything short of her own vocabulary would be insufficient to describe it. A vivid imagination may picture the scene which followed—a scene that would have been entirely ludicrous, had there not been something really piteous in the old woman's evident anguish. The screens—not suspecting they were Alice's own production—she might have tolerated. "Yes, they were pretty, and would look well on the up-stairs chimney piece—not that he wanted such things at all: but as for books—what good could they do him?—what use were they, except to come into the shop as waste-paper?" Poor Martha!—for one must pity a deposed tyrant—and not suspecting that a new dynasty was established, she believed that chaos was come again in the wreck and revolution she witnessed. The tears rolled down her withered cheeks as she left her master after supper, with a fresh candle just set up, and the pile of his new purchases by his side. Her prophetic fears told her that he would read till midnight, and she turned away with gesture and expression something like those of Hogarth's steward in the *Marriage à-la-Mode!*

And night after night was Martha doomed to witness a similar arrangement. At first, George West devoted the end of his toiling day to reading, because the books and journals he had purchased were those Alice Burton had recommended; but as weeks and months passed on, and these were exhausted and fresh ones procured, he read because the enlargement and cultivation of his mind had grown to be a moral want of his nature. What a debt of obligation he owed to the gentle girl who had thus led him to a new and brighter world than that he had dwelt in before! A debt which from the depths of his heart he understood and acknowledged. Yet, as day by day he became really more worthy of the love to which he had aspired, his own diffidence increased—till he shuddered to remember how, in the early days of their acquaintance, he had dared almost to avow his admiration, and had met with a silent yet chilling rebuke, which he now felt was less severe than his presumption merited.

And who was Alice Burton, who had worked such a spell on the heart of the thrifty thriving tradesman? Only a very woman such as—thank God!—the world abounds with. It was true her father had been "a gentleman," an officer whom adverse fortune had compelled to sell his commission; but through such straits of poverty and sore distress had Alice been reared, that her advantages of education had really been infinitely inferior to those of George West. It was the instinct of her sex and her nature which had taught her, apparently from such sterile opportunities, taste, refinement, and that peculiar understanding of the fitness of all things which is a gift to the soul only second to genius itself. Who can fathom the mysterious laws by which the odorous garden flower develops its beautiful being from the same soil and atmosphere that feed a thousand noxious weeds?

Oh, Love—Love! That tale as old as Eve in Paradise, and yet for ever new: that Power which has swayed the hearts of the world's rulers, and yet given strength to the weakest, and taken refuge in the breast of the hind. Love, the sustainer—ennobler—and purifyer; for no one ever really loved without becoming—however good and great before—a better and nobler being. Thousands pass off the stage of life—aye, spouses and parents too—in utter ignorance of that Divine Mystery, or mistaking for that which is the most generous emotion of the soul, a degrading and selfish passion. Let us hope all things from the nature that is capable of loving; and let us cease to rail at a world which Love illumines, even though its light shines fitfully and feebly, obscured by the mists

of narrow teaching, and its tongue is constrained to silence by senseless deafening raillery. Let the Poets plead: they are the only Truth Tellers!

The true Lover is no selfish idle dreamer; be his station what it may, he must act the poetry his heart conceives: and George West was no exception to the rule. During the very time that his evenings were devoted to the cultivation of his mind, and every hope of his heart was centred in the thought of growing more worthy of Alice Burton, his business increased beyond his warmest expectations. Nor was this surprising. No time-exhausting, or expensive, or thought-distracting pleasures, had taken him from the duties of his station; and in a few months he was the most prosperous tradesman in the "row." Already had he saved sufficient money to carry out what had once been a most dear object—the purchase of the house he occupied. But now it must be differently bestowed; he became the owner of the "next door," taking upon himself the arrears of rent due from Mrs. Burton, and becoming, be sure, a lenient landlord.

Not yet had a word of love been spoken, though both remembered the occasion which George thought of with so much regret. On the part of Alice, too, there was some remorse: now she felt that she had been unnecessarily cold and harsh. How strange the change his silent, respectful homage had effected, aye, and the change which had taken place in his whole bearing and character since Love's holy influence had sway. Alice wondered if he really were altered, or if it had been some strange fancy which had painted him on their first acquaintance as common-place and uninteresting.

Again Alice sat in the little parlour, with the bright-hued threads growing into forms of beauty beneath her fingers. But now the season was towards the close of a long and dreary winter; and instead of western sunlight, the flickering fire and the beams of a shaded lamp lit up the room. Mrs. Burton was engaged in attending to the wants of two or three ladies in the shop, and, agitated and excited by some information she had just received, was anything but expeditious in supplying them. She had learned within that hour that their young neighbour was now their landlord; and on this fact, relying, as she did, on his forbearance with regard to the arrears of rent, she built anew bright hopes of ultimate success, and of, at last, a thriving business. Like the over sanguine in general, she believed that time was all she needed.

It was at this moment George West entered, and, nodding goodhumouredly to Mrs. Burton, passed on, with the familiarity of an intimate acquaintance, to the little parlour. Alice had thought he would come in that evening, and yet his step made her heart beat more quickly—that heart which was so full of strange contending feelings, and in which gratitude was to her own consciousness the most apparent. Her embarrassment was evident; yet it did not pain George West: on the contrary, he saw in it something of encouragement, and he grew emboldened enough to hold her hand for a moment longer than ordinary greeting demanded. Alice blushed, and the tears started—nay, rolled down her cheeks, as she felt constrained to utter some expressions of gratitude; for the widow and her daughter had already received many kindnesses at his hands, and it would have been affectation to have seemed ignorant of the generous purpose which had actuated his purchase of the house. George West stammered forth some common-place rejoinder; but that moment of confusion broke away a barrier of reserve; for the first time a wild hope darted through his frame, that Alice deigned to regard him a thought more warmly than as a kind friend; while on her part she could no longer doubt that she was the object of a deep attachment. With this knowledge came a thorough appreciation of his generous forbearance.

Time had been when Alice Burton, despite her own fallen fortunes, had been strongly imbued with the foolishest of all foolish false pride; that which attaches nominal rank to nominal station. But, though yet little more than twenty years old, the sorrows and struggles of life, and contact with its realities, had taught her a nobler lesson. In the days when even sumptuary laws prevailed, things were very different. But now, with a wiser generation, class distinctions have really little or no weight. True, we still decline associating intimately with the masses greatly below us in station; but only *because*, for the most part, they are deficient in the cultivation of mind which would render them companions; in the tone of feeling congenial to our own; and in those manners and habits which are the atmosphere of our social existence. The ignorant and vulgar are too apt to slight the last attributes as frivolous and unmeaning attainments; but a wider grasp of thought will teach them that a wholesome refinement of manner is but the outward sign of an indescribable but all-pervading essence most essential to real Progress. Let the individual, though still remaining of his class, yet raise himself by his mental and moral qualities above its standard, and he will find the ready hand held out—no shrinking on the part of his so called superiors from equalising association.

Alice Burton had grown to think George West as complete a "gentleman" as she had ever known—— But why go on? The reader has already arrived at the sequel, and intermediate details are becoming tedious. But it was not *that* night he dared to breathe his tale,—no, nor for many subsequent evenings, when he sat watching her nimble fingers, and really saying very little, considering how much there was he longed to tell! At last—it was some weeks afterwards, and Mrs. Burton had been more than commonly engaged in the shop—some word was dropped—they hardly know themselves how it came about—in short, it was the old yet ever new scene, which every body can either remember or imagine. Tears—confessions—endearing words—not vows—there was no occasion for *them*, being but too often the spurious coinage of insincerity.

All this happened three years since! There was a wedding long ago. Mrs. West is very seldom seen in her husband's business; but she is an excellent wife nevertheless, and manages his household and keeps his accounts admirably. Nor are these any trifling tasks I assure you; for he has been obliged to purchase the *other* "next door," and throw it into his own shop, and has full employment for several busy assistants. Mrs. Burton has also by this time an excellent business, and, to tell a family secret, is to pay rent for her house—some day or another.

I had nearly forgotten to chronicle Patty's destiny. She could not live under the new system of things—the attempt would have broken her heart. And so she has gone to reside with her friends in the country, on the savings of her long and penurious life. Be sure her nephews and nieces have due reverence for her opinions, and avoid offering her any temptations to extravagance. They believe above all things in mattrasses stuffed with bank notes, and old stockings full of gold!

## HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. IX.

CARE OF THE POWERS :—HOPE.

We have seen what power of Will a child has. But the Will itself is put in action by Hope and Fear.

What is stronger in an infant than its capacity for Hope and Fear? In its earliest and most unconscious stages of emotion, how its little limbs quiver, and its countenance lights up at the prospect of its food! and how it turns away its face, or wrinkles it up into a cry, at the sight of a strange countenance, or unusual appearance of dress or place! And what stronger hint can a parent have than this to look forward to what this hope and fear may grow to?

This great power of Hope must determine the leading features of the character of the man or woman; determine them for good or evil according to the training of the power from this day forward. Shall the man continue a child, or sink into the brute by his objects of hope continuing to be what they are now—food or drink? Shall his frame be always put into commotion by the prospect of pleasant bodily sensations from eating and drinking, and other animal gratifications? Or, when the child arrives at hoping for his mother's smile and his father's praise, shall he stop there, and live for admiration; admiration of his person and dress, his activity, or his cleverness? Shall the gratification of his vanity be the chief interest of his life? Or shall it be ambition? Shall his perpetual hope be of a higher sort of praise—praise from so large a number as shall give him power over other men, and cause his name to be known beyond his connexions, and his native place, and his country and his age? All this is very low and very small; too little for the requirements of his nature, too little for the peace of his mind and the happiness of his heart. Shall not rather this faculty of hope be nourished up into Faith?—faith which includes at once the fulness of virtuous power and the peace which the world can neither give nor take away. A being in whom the early faculty of Hope has been matured into a steady power of Faith is of the highest and happiest order of men, because the objects of his hope are unchanging and everlasting, and they keep all his best powers in strenuous action and in full health and strength. When the mother sees her infant in an ecstacy of hope, first at the food making ready for him, and next at the gay flower within his reach, and afterwards at the flattery of visitors, she should remember that here is the faculty which may hereafter lead and sustain him through days of hunger and nights of watching, or years of toilsome obscurity, or scenes of the unthinking world's scorn, calm and peaceful in the furtherance of the truth of God and the welfare of Man. And if her tender heart shrinks from the anticipation of privation and contempt such as have too often hitherto attended a life of faith, let her remember that in the midst of the most prosperous life there can be no peace but in proportion to the power of faith; and that therefore in training up this faculty of Hope to its highest exercise she is providing most substantially for his happiness, be his lot otherwise what it may.

How is this faculty to be trained?

First, it must be cherished. Some well-meaning parents repress and even extinguish it, from the notion that this is the way to teach humility and self-denial. The consequence is that they break the mainspring of action in the child's mind, and everything comes to a stand. It is difficult to weaken the power of hope in a human being, and harder still to break it down: but when the thing is done, what sadder spectacle can be seen? Of all moving sights of woe, the most mournful is that of a hopeless child. A single glance at its listless limbs, its dull eye, its languid movements, shows the mischief that has been done. The child is utterly unreliable; a mere burden upon the world. He has no truth, no love, no industry, no intellectual power in him; and if he has any conscience, it is the mere remains,—enough to trouble him, without doing him any good. This is an extreme case, and I trust a rare one. But cases of repressed hope are much more common than they should be. There are too many children who are baulked of their mother's sympathy because she is busy or fretful, or of their father's, because he is stern. Too many little hearts are made to swell in silence because they cannot get justice, or to burn under the suspicion that their aspirations are despised. After this, what can they do? At best, they carry their confidence elsewhere, and make their chief interests away from home: and it is too probable that they will give up their plans and aspirations, and sink down to lower hopes. A boy who aspires to discover the North Pole, or to write a book which will teach the world something greater than it ever knew before, will presently sink down to be greedy after lollypops: and a girl who means to try whether a woman cannot be as good as Jesus Christ may presently be discouraged down to the point of reckoning on Sunday because she is to have a new ribbon on her bonnet. In the case of every human being, Hope is to be cherished from first to last; not the hope of the particular thing that the child has set its mind on, unless the thing itself be good; but the hopeful mood of mind. The busiest mother can have nothing to do so important as satisfying her child's heart by a word or look of sympathy: and the most anxious father can have nothing so grave to occupy him as the peril he puts his child into by plunging him into undeserved fear and disappointment.

Hope is to be cherished without ceasing. But the objects of hope must first be varied and then exalted, that the faculty may be led on from strength to strength, till it is able to fix its aims for itself. To the hope of good eating and drinking must succeed that of clutching gay colours, of hearing mother sing, of having play with father when he comes home; then of having a kitten or a doll to take care of; then of parents' praise for lessons or other work well done; then of self-satisfaction for bad habits cured: then there may be a great spring forward to thoughts of glory;—the glory of being a great sailor, or magistrate, or author, or martyr: and at length, the hope of doing great things for the good of mankind, and of becoming a perfect man. As for times and opportunities of cherishing and exalting hope—every hour is the right time, and every day affords the opportunity. What is needed is that the parents should have the aim fixed in their hearts; and then their minds, and that of the child, will work towards it as by an instinct. By natural impulse the mother's hand will bring the gay flower, and the kitten or the doll before the child's notice, if it becomes greedy about its food. By natural impulse she will sing its favourite song, or beg play for it of its father after some little virtuous effort

of the child's; in natural course, all things in human life, great and small, will present themselves in their heroic aspect to the minds of the parents, and be thus represented to the mind of the child, if once the idea of the future man be firmly associated with that of moral nobleness. If they have in them faith enough steadily to desire for him this moral nobleness above all things, there can be no fear but that their aspiration will communicate itself to him; and his faculty of Hope will ripen into a power of Faith.

I have said nothing of a hope of reward as among the objects of childhood. This is because I think rewards and punishments seldom or never necessary in household education, while they certainly bring great mischief after them. In some cases of bad habit, and in a very early stage of education, they may be desirable, here and there; but as a system, I think rewards and punishments bad. In the case of a very young child who has fallen into a habit of crying at bedtime, or at any particular time of day, or in that of a thoughtless, untidy child, where the object is to impress its memory, or to establish a strong association with time or place, it may be useful to connect some expectation of pain or pleasure with particular seasons or acts, so as to make the infant remember the occasion for self-government, and rouse its will to do right; but this should be only where the association of selfish pleasure or pain is likely to die out with the bad habit, and never where such selfish pleasure or pain can be associated with great permanent ideas and moral feelings. A careless child may be allowed to earn a reward for punctuality at meals, and for putting playthings and dress in their proper place when done with, and for personal neatness, during a specified time; and perhaps for the diligent learning of irksome tasks: and there may be some punishment, declared and agreed upon beforehand, and steadily inflicted, for any disagreeable personal habit, or any other external instance of habitual thoughtlessness. But the greater moral aims of the parent are too sacred to be mixed up with the direct personal interests of the child. A child will hardly be nobly truthful who dreads being whipped for a lie; and benevolence will be spoiled in its young beginnings, if any pleasure beyond itself is looked for in its early exercise. A child who has broken a plate, or gone astray for pleasure when sent on an errand, must want confidence in his parents, and be more or less cowardly if he denies the offence; and he will not have more truth or courage on the next occasion for being whipped now. What he needs is to be made wiser about the blessedness of truth and the horrors of falsehood, and more brave about the pain of rebuke: and the whipping will not make him either the one or the other. I remember being fond of a book in my childhood which yet revolted me in one part. It told of the children of a great family in France, who heard of the poverty of a woman about to lie in, and who bought and made clothes for herself and her infant. Their mother and grandmother made a sort of festival of the giving of these clothes. The children rode in procession on asses, carrying their gifts. One tied her bundle with blue ribbon, and another with pink; and the whole village came out to see, when they alighted at the poor woman's door. I used to blush with indignation over this story; indignation on the poor woman's account, that her pauperism was so exposed; and on that of the children, that they were not allowed the pure pleasure of helping a neighbour, without being applauded at home and by a whole village for what it gave them nothing but satisfaction to do. I am strongly of opinion that when we duly understand and estimate man, there will be no reward or punishment at all; that human beings will be so trained as to find their pleasure and pain in the gratification or the abuse of their own highest faculties; and that in those days (however far off they may be) there will be no treadwheels, no hulks, no gibbets; and no prize-giving, except for feats of skill or activity. And meantime, I feel perfectly sure that children under home-training may be led to find such gratification in the exercise of their higher intellectual and moral faculties, as to feel the abuse of them more painful than any punishment, and their action more pleasurable than any reward. When we read of a Christian in the early ages who was brought into the amphitheatre, and given the choice whether he would declare Jupiter to be the supreme God, and enjoy life and comfort, or avow himself a Christian, and be torn to pieces by wild beasts the next minute, we feel that he *could not* say he believed Jupiter to be God. Well: convince any child as fully as this of the truth, and of his absolute need of fidelity to it, and he can no more endure lapse from it than the Christian could endure to declare Jupiter to be God. As the inveterate drunkard must gratify his propensity to drink, at the cost of any amount of personal and domestic misery; and as the miser must go on adding to his stores of gold, even though he starves himself into disease and death, so the upright man must satisfy his conscience through every extremity; and no penalty can deter the benevolent man from devoting all he has to give—his money, his time, and his life—to the relief of suffering. On such as these—the upright and the devoted—every appeal to their lower faculties is lost; and as for their hope and fear—they have passed into something higher. With them "perfect love has cast out fear;" and hope has grown up into Faith; and this faith being to them "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," it must be more to them than any of the passing pains and pleasures of this life. Exalted as these beings are, they are of the same make as the infant on its mother's lap: and each is destined to derive his highest gratification from the exercise of the noblest faculties of his nature. If parents did but understand and constantly remember this, they would consider well before they dared to mix up a meaner pleasure and pain with the greater, while appealing to any of the higher moral faculties of their children—if indeed they ventured upon reward and punishment at all.

## THE PERSONNEL OF GOVERNMENT.

By Silhouette.

### No. III.—Mr. Hume.

"Why, what can Mr. Joseph Hume have to do with 'Government?'" A very proper question, if we use the word "Government" in its common or popular sense; for assuredly Mr. Hume is not likely ever to be asked to be a member of any administration, and, as certainly, he has never been connected with one. But we have already, in the first of this series of papers, explained that we use the word "Government" in a more enlarged sense, conceiving that in this country, under the action

of the representative principle, all those whose opinions and public conduct lead to a direct effect on legislation and administration are, substantially, to be considered as more or less connected with the "Government." And, of all the public men we know, except those who have actually been in power, Mr. Hume is the one who has effected the largest amount of practical good for the people. He was not always, however, the respected and influential member of Parliament he now is. To comprehend him as a whole, we must go very far back indeed—penetrate to the very converging point of the vista of years.

Scotland yields a perpetual, ever-flowing fountain of persevering men. As it was in the beginning, so it is, and so it ever shall be. The bird expels her mature young: the Scottish mother needs not resort to any so harsh measures. The national supersedes the natural instinct. An honourable ambition, suggested, it would seem, almost by the geographical position of the country, spurs the young Scotchman on, to seek his fortune in more favoured lands, possessed, in satisfied comfort, by less persevering inhabitants. A vulgar prejudice suggests a sneer at this propensity; but where allied to honourable and upright conduct, as, in justice to the Scotch, we must admit is usually the case, it is a habit to be highly respected; as it is one which has undoubtedly, in spite of an excessive spirit of acquisitiveness which it has occasionally developed in its progress, been in the main beneficial to the human race. Scotland is a bright and stern example to all inert nations.

Behold, then, the young Joseph Hume sallying from Montrose, nearly half a century ago—with hungering and thirsting soul. An electric telegraph had long since been established between his country and our possessions in India, binding the two together by ties far stronger than any that Waghorn has created. Young Hume was passed along its wires with a marvellous rapidity, till he found himself established in that great central terminus of Scotchmen, Hindostan. In that strange land there grows a marvellous tree of gold, whose branches are clustered with riches, and drop the precious things of the earth. It was long ere young Joseph could climb to the lowest and smallest of these branches, but, once hung on, he whirled himself upwards with a steady aim and purpose. He had originally been educated for the medical profession, and he at first aimed at obtaining employment in that capacity in the army; but other prospects opened upon him, and he was reserved for a different destiny. Had he continued his original pursuit, the much-talked of Joseph Hume might, if he had survived the burning sun of India, have been now an unknown and bilious member of the Oriental Club, vegetating on half-pay, and grumbling at the Board of Control. But fortune gave his talents a different direction; and although he was occasionally employed as surgeon, he also contrived, by application and attention, to qualify himself to act as interpreter to the army in the Mahratta war. From this he was made paymaster, and he also, we believe, was engaged in the commissariat and as postmaster, and in other offices, in all of which his integrity, steadiness, and habits of business enabled him to amass considerable sums of money, according to the practice of those days. He did not merely serve himself, however—he also managed to serve his country, and that to such an extent as to obtain the public thanks of his superiors. We need not enter into the circumstances of his Indian life: they were much the same as those of other men who have gone to India poor and come back rich. It would be neither agreeable nor profitable to follow the future terror of chancellors of the exchequer, the *bête noir* of the *Times*, the dictator (for a brief space) of the liberal representatives in the House of Commons, through all the little intricacies and secrets of the warehouse and counting house—how a penny was made here, and a pound was saved there, and so on. Suffice it to say, that his iron constitution, with temperate habits, withstood the assaults of the climate, and that he returned to Britain strong in health, plethoric in purse, and with a determination to distinguish himself. This was in the year 1808, in about ten years from his first departure from Scotland. Two years after, he left home and proceeded on a foreign tour. Besides visiting the usual objects of interest in Europe, he went to Spain; and afterwards extended his visits to Greece, Turkey, and even to Egypt. The knowledge he thus acquired from personal observation, he found of much service to him in his after career; and those who are accustomed to hear how ably he can speak on questions of foreign policy, are often puzzled to know whence he gets his information. He remained abroad nearly two years.

That is the first act. When next the curtain draws on him, he has been returned to parliament as member for Weymouth. The House of Commons, at that time, was a very differently constituted body from what it now is. There was *not* a clear stage; and there was a great deal too much favour. Mr. Hume was just the sort of man to be least relished by the horde of placemen, *in esse* and *in posse*, who formed the chief strength of the assembly. In politics a radical, he was of course out of the pale with both aristocratic parties; and, as public virtue and disinterestedness had not then grown to be popular qualities, he had but a small following. But Joseph Hume is no ordinary man. We say "*is*:" because, being made of wrought iron, he is for ever the same, and in mind a political *monad*. No opposition, positive or negative, could stand against his dauntless perseverance and courage, or his obstructive obstinacy. For years he was a rallying point for popular principles. The fire of the vestals burnt not more brightly or more perpetually than did his undying remonstrance against arbitrary principles, corrupt administration, official extravagance, and mystification of the public accounts. His name became a byword for public economy. And truth to say, there was cause and scope enough for his efforts. Never ought the name of Joseph Hume to be forgotten by the tax-payers of this country. True, he carried his saving principles to the length of parsimony and cheese-paring economy; but this was but as the measure of a future re-action. True, if he had had all his own way, our military and naval forces might have been inadequate at the time when most wanted. But to Joseph Hume is due the credit of having first taught the House of Commons to recall a just sense of its original functions—that its duty was neither to be a mute oblivious slave of corrupt ministers, nor a thousand-tongued tribune of impossible popular demands; but that it was its mission to watch over the public purse—to see that the millions wrung from the hard earnings of the masses are not squandered by irresponsible functionaries, on unproductive public services. Joseph Hume was a Tribune; but he was the Tribune of the Counting House. £ *s.* *d.* was the device on his banner; and "the tottle of the whole" his watchword and law. Nor was his service without its martyrdom. For

many years he was the butt of the House. All the small wits dared to hazard a joke at "Joe" Hume; and newspaper scribblers, who have lived to respect his motives and actions, and even to obey his mandates, were immeasurably jocose upon his defects. Treasury under-secretaries earned cheap applause by contradicting all his assertions, and chancellors of the exchequer condescended to mystify and pervert the public accounts expressly to overturn his arguments and statements. So much for the second act.

The third act opens on Mr. Hume in an altered character. Time—immediately before, and for some time after, the passing of the Reform Bill. He is no longer the same "Joe" Hume who was the target for jokes more dull, and far less decent, than his own speeches. He has grown to be a man of consequence in the political world. We will take you to his parlour, or library, in say Bryanstone-square. You see him surrounded by some five or six clerk-like looking persons, who are busily engaged in writing, some in copying, some assiduously noting down the words that drop from his lips in dictation. He manages to keep them pretty well employed; and, between ourselves, they have no sinecure in their appointment, for Master Joseph Hume is a man who will have his full pennyworth of work for his penny. But then he is also a man of extensive connections and influence; and those who serve him well as secretaries, are tolerably sure to be provided for in some way or other: for Mr. Hume, though he would scorn to ask for or receive any advantage in return for his own public services, will not mind asking for a berth for some deserving person who has done his duty. What a heap of papers there are on his table, and piled in different parts of the room! They are parliamentary documents, bills, petitions, accounts of the public expenditure, newspapers from all parts of the kingdom, early copies of *Hansard* or the *Mirror of Parliament*, and correspondence without limit. See! the postman has just arrived. Has he left the letters of the whole square and neighbourhood at Mr. Hume's by mistake? Why a secretary of state could scarcely have more! Yes; they are all addressed to this Tribune of the Counting House, this "Joe" of sneering underlings, this "Middlesex Solon" of the *Times;* but this trusted friend of the millions, who are now, they think, about to reap the fruits of a better system of government. For his nightly remonstrances during near a quarter of a century have at last begun to work their natural effect. What was once hooted as ridiculous has now become serious. A government—the government of England's favourite hero, her civil as well as military dictator—has been turned out on a question of public expense—on the question of the royal civil list. So perseverance and obstinacy have had some effect; and it turns out to be quite possible for a man to make very absurd blunders in reasoning and even in grammar, and yet be able to stamp the character of his mind more or less on those around him. The star of Joseph Hume is clearly in the ascendant. Let a few months pass over, and we find Mr. Hume in the same library, with the same, or more, secretaries around him, with quite as many papers, and quite as much, if not more, correspondence. But his position has somewhat altered in the meantime. He, too, has become a dictator in his way. His long and trusty services have inspired a degree of confidence in the reform constituencies such as no other public man can command. What is that letter he is writing? It is an answer to some application from a borough for a candidate, and he is recommending to them Mr. Roebuck, perhaps, or some other rising politician in whom he thinks he can place confidence. And that other letter he has just received, and of which he breaks the seal—whom can that be from? It is from a candidate asking to be recommended to a constituency! And who is the candidate? No less a person than Benjamin D'Israeli, now a self-appointed leader of the ultra-tory aristocracy—then, avowedly an outrageous radical! Follow Mr. Hume in to the House of Commons, and you will see him the centre of a clique or party of his own, who watch his movements, and act as he dictates or recommends. There is only one person who equals him in this kind of power. It is Daniel O'Connell; and the two potentates are generally on the best possible terms with each other. Little does Mr. Dictator Hume dream that within a few short years he will himself be displaced from his proud eminence, and forced to depend on that same Dan O'Connell for a seat for an obscure Irish borough, when himself turned out of Middlesex, under the influence of an inexplicable reaction.

Act the fourth does not present such strong features. The Reform excitement died away, for a time, and with it, this special political or parliamentary influence of Mr. Hume. We find him even out of parliament for some time—Mr. Hume out of parliament!—and, when in parliament, sitting as a nominee of O'Connell, or as the member for the Montrose burghs—a more humble position than when he represented the metropolitan county of Middlesex. But although this sudden and extraordinary influence has declined, the respect he commands in the House is, if anything, greater than before. He is a man who has outlived a majority of his companions in the House: he is felt to have "done" something, and his name is even associated with the domestic history of his country: above all, he has rendered good service to the public, by securing greater economy and better management of the public expenditure. Nay, his mission is so far ended that he has given up to Mr. Williams the task of cavilling at the estimates; not that he is any the less vigilant or anxious to serve the public, but because he feels that the public expenditure is as well regulated as can reasonably be expected, and that further complaint would be mere surplusage. Nay, it is no extraordinary thing to find him the advocate of greater liberality to public servants. Joseph Hume an advocate for expense! But in truth he has been misunderstood. He was an enemy of wasteful extravagance and of sinecure corruption, not of a fair and just expenditure on those who really served the country.

Having brought Mr. Hume to this point, we may make the reader and him more personally acquainted. A peep into the library in Bryanstone-square would still find him amongst his papers, and very busy, but with not quite so many secretaries or clerks. But, let us follow him, rather, in public. In the Park you may see sometimes, forming one of the gay train, an open carriage, very plain but well appointed, and with a capital pair of horses. Within it, on the one side, is a lady, young and beautiful. She is Mr. Hume's daughter. Opposite to her, lounging (a rare luxury), is a broad chested, muscular, weather beaten looking man, with a complexion rather pale but not sallow, although bearing strong evidence of exposure to an eastern sun, with grey but piercing eyes, and very full, bushy eyebrows, once

dark, but now silvered. The face is broad and the head firm set; the mouth wide and strongly marked, and with two strong lines arching over it towards the nose, which is massive and well shaped. There is a character of firmness, or rather of solidity, about the whole countenance; and the head shows to advantage in contrast with a bright blue coat with brass buttons. Positively there is, at times, almost a jaunty air about the whole habiliments, which are quite as light and gay as those of the youngest man about town. Still, even while he is thus taking his ease, there is an air of pre-occupation, even of watchfulness, about him.

At about a quarter to four, in the afternoon, you may see the same man, mounted on a good strong serviceable horse, which he sits firmly and in no showing-off style, but with the easy seat of a young man of thirty, rather than that of a septuagenarian who has passed through such a life of labour. He looks as if he were made of wrought-iron, as though nothing could ever wear down his strength and energy, either of body or mind. In a few minutes more, he takes his seat in the House—a seat implying friendly neutrality towards the Government. And at two in the morning, or at whatever time the House may rise, there you will still find him, watchful, untired, indefatigable, ever ready to speak and to speak judiciously, never for display, but always for some useful practical object, and generally on subjects which he is almost alone in having taken the trouble to understand—dry, uninteresting, difficult, but most important to the people. He is treated with the utmost respect by all parties, especially by the Government and the leading statesmen on both sides; for they know what confidence is reposed in him by large bodies of his countrymen, and that when he speaks, he speaks with the tongues of hundreds or of thousands. As a mere speaker, he never would have attained any eminence. He is one of the worst in the House. Had he been eloquent, he would have long since been the leader of a large independent party. But he is not. See! he rises. Bending forward over the members below him, with outstretched arm and pointed finger, and in the other hand a Bill or a public account, his bushy eyebrows contracted, and the eyes bearing a keen, searching, suspicious expression, he goes on monotonously, in a strong Scotch accent, to state his doubts and objections, which he evidently himself understands much more clearly than he has the facility of expressing them. For how common-place is his language, how involved are his sentences, how he stumbles and flounders, repeats himself, travels for ever away from the straight line and forgets to come back again! What incomprehensible grammar there is at times! How he provokes laughter by worse than Irish bulls! Again how he commands respect by his shrewdness, information, insight, perseverance! And altogether how he prepossesses without pleasing you, when you think that all this labour is voluntary—that he works for the good of his countrymen, and for no reward, harder than the most hard-worked barrister—that he sacrifices health, money, and the leisure that a long life of toil has entitled him to, in the laborious performance of a self-imposed duty! Think of these things, and you will forget his blunders, and his occasional obtuseness. Behold the fourth act.

As yet, there is no fifth, nor does it seem likely that there soon will be. Although a septuagenarian, Mr. Hume seems one of those men who are never to give way. He is as tough as the Duke of Wellington, as vigorous as Lord Brougham. His scent for a job or an abuse is as keen as it was thirty years ago. He seems to have an iron mind and an iron constitution. Long may he live to exercise the one and enjoy the other. We predict, that so long as he has strength to speak and vigour to work, he will still continue to spend his life, as he has done for six and thirty years, in the gratuitous and patriotic service of the people.

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## SONG.

There is a joy in outward things
  That comes not near the heart;
There is a pleasant smile in which
  The spirit takes no part.

Bring not to me that surface joy;
  I care not for that smile:—
Thou must not cheat me to be gay,
  And thou be sad the while.

But let me share thine every grief—
  Bring all thy sins to me:
Thy sorrows and thy suffering
  Come with thy love to me.

J. M. W.

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## TRIUMPH.

Work can never miss its wages.
One wide song rings through the ages;—
Ever loss true gain presages.

Not alone that flowers are blowing
Over graves; that bread is growing
In warm tears from heaven flowing;

That old Winter spring-seed hiveth;—
Ever Death Creation wiveth;
And God's Love the tempest driveth.

Let the conqueror blush for winning!
Little worth his conquest-sinning!—
They who lose are so beginning.

Through the years one chorus ringeth:—
The death-chant the martyr singeth
Is the root whence victory springeth.

In the desert sink the Weary;
Dry their pitcher:—Angels near ye!
Ishmael! Arab empires fear thee.

Joseph by his brethren barter'd
Hath his full revenge: the Martyr'd
Egypt saved, and Israel charter'd.

Round the ark the river gushes;
All is lost:—amid the rushes
Pharoah's daughter, dawn-like, blushes.

Calvary's complete surrender
Is of utmost conquest tender,
And its gloom intensest splendour.

What though Ruin cometh faster,
Look thou God-ward through disaster:
"In this sign thou shalt be master!"

Ever hangs 'twixt earth and heaven
Victory's Victor, unforgiven,
Crown'd with thorns and earthquake-riven.

Ever the same chorus ringeth :—
From his cross the martyr flingeth
Wide the seed whence mastery springeth.

Ever through the book of ages
The same echoes close the pages :—
Ever loss true gain presages.

W. J. Linton.

## BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

By Dr. Beard.

No. III.

### CAUSES OF THEIR FAILURE.

Ignorance, the bane of all, is specially injurious to the poor man; for it acts on him with greater intensity, while he has less power to bear its inflictions. Ignorance, the source of most of our social ills, is the great cause of the failure of those efforts of mutual aid and co-operation to which the bulk of our fellow-countrymen have looked for succour; and too often looked in vain. In the case of Benefit Societies, the value of which entirely depends on what may be termed scientific principles, the absence of accurate knowledge could not fail to be most detrimental. As soon might a safe Benefit Society be constructed and worked, apart from the ascertained results of systematic inquiry, as without the aid of science a vessel could be built and navigated across the Atlantic. In such a case, the question is one not merely of more or less good, but of life or death: the alternative is—"Employ the information and principles offered by thoughtful and scientific men—take such men for your counsellors, or fail." Unhappily, ignorance of the existence of sound and reliable information, and the prevalent jealousies of our disordered social state, have too generally occasioned the adoption of the latter member of the alternative. By ignorant men, and for grossly selfish purposes, have very many Benefit Societies been founded. Their origin is briefly told. A publican, finding trade bad, or desirous of doing his business on a larger scale, determines on the establishment of a Benefit Society. For this purpose he must have a secretary. Who so fit for the duties of the office as that frequent visitor of his "bar," that talks as hard as he drinks, has a ready pen and a touch of the genteel, albeit somewhat shabby. "Mine host" broaches the subject to this seedy "man eloquent," who thereupon goes at once to work. Rules are concocted, members found, the society established: They first have for their basis an old dirty copy of rules which once guided the course of a society that has already foundered. The publican's sign supplies the name—his tap-room the first bevy of members. The society, thus set on its legs, must now be nourished. A supper is given by the landlord, and an increase of members gained. Our secretary, "wanting a job," canvasses the neighbourhood from house to house. Individual members, in their several workshops, spread at once the fame of mine host's old ale and new institution. Never were such advantages offered before; never did a more jovial set engage in a work of true charity; never was there given a better supper; never would there be a more generous landlord. The fortune of the society is made; and so is that of the house.

But the seeds of future ill are sown, and the crop will be abundant. In societies having such an origin, the appetite for drink will infallibly be stimulated and encouraged. What number they may bear to the total societies of the kingdom, we have no means of ascertaining; but from a parliamentary "Return relating to Friendly Societies in the several counties of England and Wales," we learn that in 1842, of 3,860 of these instiiuions, not fewer than 1,396 were held in public houses; and, so far as can be gathered from the paper, only 176 in school-rooms or chapels. What a plentiful source of corruption is here. Were there no intentional and direct encouragement to drinking, such practises as this fact implies would go far to undermine the morality of a nation. The Benefit Society, which ought to be the working man's friend, thus proves first his tempter, and then his foe. It is an occasion, an excuse, and a cloak for intemperance. Not so easy would it be for the husband to make his way into the public house while his wife was sickly, and his children in rags. But "I am going to my club" is a very different statement to "I am going to get some drink." True it is, that after a time the pretext deceives no one; but *then* the habit is formed, the way to the tap is trodden and smooth. Perhaps the wife, too, has her club, with its comforting drop or two, and the gossip to boot: so that man and wife agree to a mutual tolerance of practices that are destroying health, substance, and character.

The facilities to intemperance afforded by Benefit Societies are growing less. They are still too numerous—far too numerous. Did there linger but one, that one would be our justification in this exposure of its baneful tendencies. We are, however, surrounded by evidences. Let the reader take as a specimen what follows. It is a general rule in societies held at public houses, that a certain sum shall be spent each meeting in intoxicating liquor. Say that the subscription is two shillings a month, then, in addition, three-pence, fourpence, or sixpence must, by the rules, be expended "for the good of the house." This increases the subscription by one fourth—and if we take into account what is voluntarily spent in addition, perhaps one half. Thus three, instead of two, shillings are given for certain specified advantages. To make these advantages secure, perhaps two shillings are insufficient. The three shillings actually parted with would do even more than is contemplated. But of this sum one-third goes to the landlord—in other words, is wasted. Yes, for the purposes of mutual insurance is utterly wasted. But the waste entails another and deeper injury. The money for drink must be paid by all—the drink itself falls to the share of a portion of the members. In order to prevent disputes and brawling, each man is furnished with a ticket, which gives him command over so much beer; or perhaps the entire stock for the night is indiscriminately supplied by the landlord at his own pleasure. In either case, the bold and forward contrive to get others' shares besides their own. If they drink from a common stock, they "drink deep" and oft. If the ticket system prevails, they get into their hands the tickets of absent or soberer members; and that not the less easily because, being probably in office, they can grant little favours, or at any rate understand their business, and are not held back by any of that *mauvaise honte*, better known as "modest assurance," which may attach to younger men less used to the "free and easy" manners of the club room. In the club of the Manchester "Engravers and Calico Printers" is a member who bears the disreputable title of "*drink steward*," and whose office—namely, "*to serve round the drink in just and equal proportions*"—excites very painful reflections, to which we will

not give utterance. In this society the members are compelled to spend in drink at least three shillings a year; a sum which is not inconsiderable to a poor man, and which, if properly invested, would secure the payment of two shillings a week, in sickness, from the age of fifteen. Two shillings more, however, are required from each member to provide "an annual feast," to be had, of course, "at the house where the members of this sick list meet."

In the so-called "Prosperous Sick and Burial Society," held at the Crown and Cushion, Long Millgate, Manchester, it is provided "that the friends of every deceased member shall take from the house where the society is held, liquor in the following manner:—if the claim be eight pounds, eight shillings worth; if six pounds, six shillings worth; and others four shillings worth." Similar regulations are found in the "rules" of other societies, and they are the cause of intemperance and sometimes outrage at funerals; which are most unworthy and discreditable accompaniments of the last farewell paid to deceased relatives and friends. These evils invade even the sanctity of the day of rest! Among the "Rules and Regulations to be observed by the Sick and Burial Society held at the Three Tuns, Smimothy Door, Manchester," is this one:—"That if any members think proper to meet with the officers on a *Sunday* evening, they are at liberty to do so, provided they pay for their own liquor, and *come* in a state of sobriety!" There is no provision regarding the state in which they are to go. Sometimes officers are remunerated in beer. In "The Humphrey Chetham Lodge, No. 648 of the Manchester Unity," it is ordained that "one pint of beer be allowed to each brother, on attending a committee of this lodge." After a similar plan, "The Friendly Burial Society held at the Coachmaker's Arms, Jackson's-row, Manchester," allows to every collector, besides "one shilling and twopence" (weekly?), eightpence worth of liquor:" also, "The Committee when called upon to transact business shall have eight pennyworth of liquor each; likewise, on quarterly nights, the committee and collectors shall have eight pennyworth of liquor each." "The Trade Articles of the Journeymen Brushmakers" carry this indulgence so far as to decree—"That four pence for beer be *allowed* to *every member* attending on trade business at his respective club house, every monthly night."

The natural consequences of such regulations are disorder and vice. Of the actual existence of this, evidences are found in the same documents which record these pernicious laws. Thus, in the "Rules of the Salford Independent, held at the sign of the Dog," while it is set down that "the junior stewards shall order all liquor into the room, and see that no more than six pennyworth for *each officer* comes in, or pay the extra liquor themselves," we find regulations which betoken the natural results of ignorance and intemperance; as —"Any member attending the meetings being intoxicated, or making use of offensive language, or abusing the officers, shall be fined one shilling, —and on repeating the offence shall be expelled the room by the collectors;" who may call on any member, save the president and secretary, to give them aid, and if any member refuses he is to be fined sixpence. What a scene of confusion and violence! "The same rules present this regulation —"Any collector seen drunk on his round shall, for the first offence, be fined two shillings and sixpence; and for the second, be turned out of office." The money for liquor required by this society to be spent at a funeral amounts in one instance to one-fifth of the entire sum paid. (p. 9.) We may take another instance from the "Engravers Rules," already referred to;—"Any member who shall strike another shall pay two shillings and sixpence; should the member so insulted return the insult, he shall be fined one shilling. Any member who shall upbraid another shall be fined one shilling. Any member who shall curse or swear, or use any obscene or indecent expressions, shall for each offence be fined one penny. Whoever refuses to observe silence, after being twice warned by the president, shall for each offence pay a fine of one penny: and those proposing or accepting wagers shall pay one penny each." Ignorance and indecorum are found united in "The Laws of the National Independent Order of Odd Fellows." These gentlemen, who appear to have a grand array of officers and insignia, with secrets and mysteries—we presume of special value—with "Pass-words," "Lectures," and "Degrees," too, nay even a "*Purple* Lecture" (which surely must make the hearers look very *blue*), go the length of requiring that one of their chief officers shall be scholar enough to "read well" (p. 18), and find it necessary to enjoin—"That any member sleeping, eating, swearing, singing an indecent or political song, or giving an indecent recitation, or betting wagers, during lodge hours, shall be fined not less than one shilling." (p. 7).

The evil practice of making these institutions occasions of wasting money, and injuring character, has passed to societies having kindred objects. In the "Sixth Annual Report of the Plume of Feathers' Building Society" (Manchester), we find 72*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.* entered under the head of "Liquor." For the same, 136*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* were expended by the "Second Dog and Partridge Building Society," in 1842. In the same year, the "Hulme (Manchester) Equitable Society" thus threw away 44*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*; and out of payments amounting to 319*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*, "The Wellington *Burial* Society," in 1841, appear to have spent about one-fifth, or 60*l.*, in "Committee and quarterly-night liquor," "Collectors' liquor, old and new" (the collectors or the liquor?), "Officers' liquor for the quarter," "Collectors' liquor for the quarter," &c.

These are lamentable facts. Here is reason enough for failure. Founded by ignorance and cupidity, and supported in the midst of low habits which tend to degenerate into actual vice, Benefit Societies—so far as our case is realised—cannot succeed. These foreign and baneful elements must vitiate the workings of charity, and defeat the calculations of science. The remedy? We must look beyond the people themselves. They are often bound hand and foot. "Our host" has taken good care to rivet the society to his taproom. Perhaps he is himself the treasurer. Certainly he has one key of the strong box. Certainly, also, the club cannot be removed except by a strong effort, and under special circumstances. The societies that are linked with landlords, for the most part, must and will perish. The sooner they perish the better. A superior class will be formed:—provided due assistance be given to the people, who, specially in a case like this, must be aided ere they can aid themselves. Let information be spread among the people; let them be taught to understand the principles on which the virtue and the safety of Mutual Assurance depend; and let good model societies be established, by wise and honourable men, in various parts of the empire. The object is of importance sufficient to command the best efforts of the enlightened Christian.

# The Week

*Ending Saturday, July 17, 1847.*

### BREAD FOR THE PEOPLE.

"Necessity," it is said, "is the mother of invention,"—and, we may add, the parent of discovery. The necessities of the times, resulting from the scarcity of food, has caused important scrutiny into the qualities of various substances, and the economy of their use. Corn, the staff of life, has again been subjected to analysis; and it has been shown by Professor Johnston, that in the preparation of corn for bread we are grossly wasteful,—destroying for human use not only a large portion of the nutritive elements, but those portions which are peculiarly adapted to the repair of the waste which the body undergoes.

To obtain a clear view of the subject, it is necessary to understand that every action of the human frame, and every effort of the mind, is necessarily attended by a decomposition of a portion of the organised matter out of which, under mysterious laws, the capacities to think and to act are generated. Food supplies to the body fresh elements to repair the loss; and this repair must occur as constantly as the waste which renders it essential. The true value of food, therefore, must be tested, not by the gratification it affords the eye or the palate, but by its ascertained qualities for supplying the proper elements of nutrition to the wasted tissues of the body.

Professor Johnston remarks that—"The grain of wheat consists of two parts, with which the miller is familiar—the inner grain and the skin that covers it. The inner grain gives the pure wheat flour; the skin when separated, forms the bran. The miller cannot entirely peel off the skin from his grain, and thus some of it is unavoidably ground up with his flour. By sifting, he separates it more or less completely; his seconds, middlings, &c., owing their colour to the proportion of brown bran that has passed through the sieve along with the flour. The whole meal, as it is called, of which the so-named brown household bread is made, consists of the entire grain ground up together—used as it comes from the millstones unsifted, and therefore containing all the bran. The first white flour, therefore, may be said to contain no bran, while the whole meal contains all that grew naturally upon the grain.

The substances composing the human body are principally fat, muscle, and bone. Professor Johnstone proves as follows:—

"1. *The fat.*—Of this ingredient a thousand pounds of the

| | |
|---|---|
| Whole grain contain | 28 lbs. |
| Fine Flour ,, | 20 ,, |
| Bran ,, | 60 ,, |

So that the bran is much richer in fat than the interior part of the grain, and the whole grain ground together (whole meal) richer than the finer part of the flour in the proportion of nearly one half.

"2. *The Muscular Matter.*—Numerous experiments have been made to determine these proportions in the fine flour and whole seed of several varieties of grain. The general result of these is, that the whole grain uniformly contains a larger quantity, weight for weight, than the fine flour extracted from it does. The particular results in the case of wheat and Indian corn were as follows:—A thousand pounds of the whole grain and of the fine flour contained of muscular matter respectively—

| | Whole grain. | Fine flour. |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat . . . . . . . . | 156 lbs. | 130 lbs. |
| Indian Corn . . . . . . | 140 | 110 |

Of the material out of which the animal muscle is to be formed, the whole meal or grain of wheat contains one fifth more than the finest flour does. For maintaining muscular strength, therefore, it must be more valuable in an equal proportion.

"3. *Bone material and Saline matter.*—Of these mineral constituents, as they may be called, of the animal body, a thousand pounds of bran, whole meal, and fine flour, contain respectively—

| | |
|---|---|
| Bran . . . . . . . . | 700 lbs. |
| Whole meal . . . . . | 170 ,, |
| Fine flour . . . . | 60 ,, |

"So that in regard to this important part of our food, necessary to all living animals, but especially to the young who are growing, and to the mother who is giving milk—the whole meal is three times more nourishing than the fine flour."

Thus it is proved that, by rejecting the bran of wheat, we waste some of its highly useful constituents, and produce scarcity where plenty might prevail.

A little pamphlet, entitled *Instructions for making Unfermented Bread*, also throws important light upon the economy of the subject. It proves that considerable waste occurs in the ordinary fermentation of bread by the use of barm.

"The total loss by fermentation and by refining, taken together, independent of the cost of labour and machinery, is under estimated at 25 per cent. Now, by the common computation, 18 millions of quarters of wheat are made into bread annually in England and Wales. The annual waste of human food in these divisions of the United Kingdom is therefore, at the rates given, 4,500,000 quarters of wheat, equivalent to 3,357 millions of pounds of bread, or eight ounces per day for every member of the community, old and young; being nearly twice the quantity of wheat usually supplied by importation; and amounting in money value, at only 50*s.* the quarter, to 11,250,000*l.* sterling."

The bread containing all the constituents of wheat is undoubtedly more healthful than after the process of refining, and it may be prepared without fermentation, according to the following formulæ:—

"TO MAKE WHITE OR FLOUR BREAD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Take of Flour, dressed or household . | 3 lbs. avoirdupois. |
| Bi-Carbonate of Soda, in powder | 9 drachms apoths.' wt. |
| Hydro-Chloric (Muriatic) Acid (specific gravity 1-16) . . . | 11¼ fluid drachms. |
| Water . . . . . . . . . . | about 25 fluid ounces. |

TO MAKE BROWN OR MEAL BREAD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Take of Wheat Meal . . . . . . . | 3 lbs. avoirdupois. |
| Bi-Carbonate of Soda, in powder | 10 drachms apoths.' wt. |
| Hydro-Chloric (Muriatic) Acid (specific gravity 1-16) . . . | 12½ fluid drachms. |
| Water . . . . . . . . . . | about 28 fluid ounces. |

First, mix the soda and the meal or flour as thoroughly as possible. This is best done by shaking the soda from a small sieve over the meal or flour with one hand, while they are stirred together with the other, and then passing the mixture once or twice through the sieve. When the quantities are small, the mixing may be effected by rubbing the flour and the soda together with the hands. Next, pour the acid into the water, and diffuse it perfectly, by stirring them well with a rod of glass or wood. Then, mix intimately the meal or flour and the water so prepared as speedily as possible, using a wooden spoon for the purpose. The dough thus formed will make two loaves somewhat larger than half-quarterns. They should be put into a quick oven without loss of time. About an hour and a half will be required for the baking"

Once performed, the process becomes very simple. We have partaken of bread so made, and can speak to its excellence; and persons of weak digestion, or of costive habit, will find the advantage great.

"But the advantages of the process are not limited to matters relating to health. It is valuable, because bread can be prepared by it in the short space of two hours, thus saving much time and labour, and emancipating journeymen-bakers from the slavery of night-work. It is valuable, also, because the materials are not perishable, and may be rendered available in places, and at times, when yeast or other ferment is not within reach, as at sea, for example, or in country retirements; and it is still more valuable as regards economy. The cost of the chemicals is counterbalanced by that of the yeast, salt, and alum, otherwise employed; but were it not so, they would form an altogether unimportant item in the price of the bread, while, by their use, a saving is effected in the flour of about ten per cent."

Feeling this subject to be of vast importance, we have thus brought it before our readers as a good practical suggestion for their benefit.

### CONFERENCE OF VEGETARIANS.

On Thursday, July 8th, a Conference of persons favourable to the use of vegetable diet, and opposed to the employment of animal food, took place at Alcott House, Ham Common. Upwards of sixty persons attended, among whom were many ladies. Mr. Palmer was chosen President; and Mr. W. Horsell, editor of the *Truth Tester*, Secretary. The morning meeting was altogether devoted to conversation, and to the reading of letters from friends throughout the kingdom favourable to the objects of the Conference. At two o'clock the company adjourned to dinner—the tables were abundantly supplied with a variety of dishes, all prepared without the use of animal substance. As our readers may be curious to know the bill of fare upon such an occasion as this, we specify the principal dishes:—boiled peas, beans, potatoes, and carrots; maize, rice, peas, bread, and Indian meal puddings; herb and fruit pies—the paste of brown meal; brown bread; salad; apples, currants, raspberries, gooseberries, and other fruits, fresh from the garden; for drink, water. These various dishes were set out with extreme good taste; and although there were many persons present not convinced of the truth of vegetarian principles, they found no difficulty in giving a practical support to vegetarianism at the dinner-table. The plainness of these viands presented a striking contrast to the *Fricandeau de Veau, à la Sauce Tomate*, and *Les Filets de Soles à la Hollandaise*, &c., &c., set out at the Cambridge dinner, upon the installation of Prince Albert!

Among the persons present were the following disciples of the vegetarian doctrine:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| William Oldham, | age 57, | abstained from animal food | 12 years. |
| C. Lane . . . | ,, 48, | ,, ,, | 12 ,, |
| —— Palmer . . | ,, —, | ,, ,, | 3 ,, |
| J. T. Hawkins . | ,, 75, | ,, ,, | 4 ,, |
| Wm. Horsell . . | ,, 37, | ,, ,, | 2½ ,, |
| Jane Hurlstone . | ,, 27, | ,, ,, | 9 ,, |
| Fanny Lacy . . | ,, 50, | ,, ,, | 14 ,, |
| James Simpson . | ,, 35, | ,, ,, | whole life. |

The following cases, not present, were reported:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Elizabeth Simpson . | age 75, | abstained | 38 years. |
| John Wyth . . . | ,, 78, | ,, | 38 ,, |
| W. Martin . . . | ,, 78, | ,, | 38 ,, |
| J. Brotherton . . . | ,, 55, | ,, | 34 ,, |

And a great many others.

The day proving beautifully fine, the afternoon meeting was held on the lawn,—appropriate place for a Vegetarian Conference!—the green grass outspread as a cool carpet underneath, and the overhanging trees, laden with fruit, sheltering the groups

assembled from the rays of the sun. It was a sweet picture: the silvery locks of veteran age, and the rosy cheek of blooming youth, were there!

Mr. Lane spoke to the first resolution :—"That true humanity forbids the voluntary hurting, wounding, or slaying of any being susceptible of pain."—He believed that the use of animal food was a result of barbarous times, when people were compelled to hunt down beasts to render themselves secure. He thought that with the gallows, and with war, the slaughter-house should be allowed to pass away. He would appeal to those who had daughters: how could the fulness, the beauty, and the poetry of their being be developed, while the products of animal slaughter were daily set before them? Scotchmen, noted for their porridge, were also noted for their intellectual power. If there were difficulties in the passage from an animal to a vegetable diet, it was not more than might be said of the opposite case; take a simple countryman, who had lived upon vegetables, and transform him into a luxurious city alderman, and he would discover the ill effects of the change. But these cases did not show the impracticability of the system; for when the first inconveniences were overcome, greater bodily health and mental vigour and happiness would result.—Mr. Hawkins supported the resolution.

Mr. Simpson, in an earnest speech, moved the second resolution :—"That the custom of using the flesh of animals as food is erroneous and mischievous erroneous as a secondary and expensive means of obtaining a limited amount of the identical nutriment originating in and to be derived at a cheap rate from the products of the vegetable kingdom; and mischievous as limiting the supply of bread to the people; at the same time engendering disease, and by its unnaturally heating and stimulating properties, abridging the lives of its consumers." Mr. Simpson said he had been trained to abstinence from animal food and from intoxicating drinks. He believed that the facts of vegetarianism were not yet understood—they were fast coming up, and would yet effect great changes in the customs of society. It was a mistaken notion that beef contained more nourishment than an equal amount of bread. He cited the statistics of the subject :—

| Articles of Diet. | Containing: Solid Matter | Containing: Water. | Supplying: Flesh-forming Principle | Price per 100 lb. £ | s. | d. | Cost of Flesh forming Principle per 100 lb. £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | per cent | per cent | per cent. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
| Beans . . . | 86 | 14 | 31 | 0 | 6 | 11¾ | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| Peas . . . | 84 | 16 | 29 | 0 | 10 | 5 | 1 | 15 | 11 |
| Barleymeal . | 84½ | 15½ | 14 | 0 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 7¾ |
| Wheat . . . | 85½ | 14½ | 21 | 0 | 9 | 5¼ | 2 | 4 | 11¾ |
| Oats . . . | 82 | 18 | 11 | 0 | 7 | 6¼ | 3 | 8 | 6¾ |
| Turnips . . | 11 | 89 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 8¼ | 3 | 10 | 10 |
| Potatoes . . | 28 | 72 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 5¾ | 3 | 13 | 11¼ |
| Carrots . . . | 13 | 87 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 0¾ | 5 | 1 | 0¾ |
| Veal . . . | 25 | 75 | 25 | 2 | 14 | 2 | 10 | 16 | 8 |
| Beef . . . | 25 | 75 | 25 | 2 | 18 | 4 | 11 | 13 | 4 |
| Mutton . . | 25 | 75 | 25 | 2 | 18 | 4 | 11 | 13 | 4 |
| Lamb . . . | 25 | 75 | 25 | 3 | 15 | 0 | 15 | 0 | 0 |

Thus it appears that whilst beans, peas, barley, and wheat will supply 100 lbs. of the blood and flesh of our bodies at a cost ranging between 1*l*. 2s. 6d. and 2*l*. 4s. 11¾d., the same amount of this identical principle of nourishment can only be supplied by veal, beef, mutton and lamb, at a cost ranging between 10*l*. 16s. 8d. and 15*l*.—500 per cent dearer than the average of the same matter from vegetables. These calculations were founded upon the researches of Liebig and Playfair, had been examined by the latter, and pronounced correct. He recommended those who desired to learn more of the subject to read a pamphlet, *The Products of the Vegetable Kingdom, versus the Flesh of Animals*, &c. (Whittaker, London); Smith's *Fruits and Farinacea, the Proper Food of Man* (Churchill); Sylvester Graham's *Lectures on the Science of Human Life*; and Dr. Alcott's works. they must then be convinced of the truths of vegetarianism. And let them take courage and remember that "to do truth, to live truth, is to have a further view of truth!"

Mr. Horsell moved and supported the next resolution :—"That the members composing this Conference being fully persuaded that the habits of life which they themselves have had the happiness of realising may be generally adopted, are earnestly desirous of thus meeting together, from time to time, with the object of devising the best means of communicating their knowledge and experience to each other, and to the world at large, and awaking practical attention to the subject, assured that, in inducing the adoption of their principle of abstinence from the flesh of animals as food, they are labouring to prevent war, capital punishment, slavery, sporting, and the many cruelties originating in this leading error of diet—whilst they at the same time directly secure the increased comfort, well-being, and happiness of society generally."

Mr. Measom supported the motion.

The next and last resolution embodied an adjournment until the last week in September, when a meeting will take place, "with the view of organising a society."

The meeting separated at an early hour in the evening.

*Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society.*—The Annual Report of this Society has reached us, and we are glad to mark the zeal which animates its members. The Society was founded fourteen years ago. After the abolition of slavery in our own colonies, the friends of the negro looked abroad, and the women of Edinburgh, who had assisted in breaking the yoke of the West Indian slaves, resolved to work for the extinction of slavery throughout the world. And they continue to pursue this resolve. The Society forwarded a box of contributions to the Boston Annual Bazaar, to the value of 220*l*. We hope for the co-operation of this Society in the matter of the National Remonstrance, which will speedily be brought prominently before the country.

## New Publications Received

*To July 7, 1847.*

Designs, Tradesman's Book of Ornamental. Part 2.—*Orr & Co.*
Flowers and Fruits. By James Elmslie Duncan.
Franchise. Reasons for Appealing to the Middle Classes on behalf of their Unenfranchised Brethren.—*Sherwood & Co.*
Geography, The English Child's Introduction to. By a Mother. —*Green.*
Letheon, Supplement to the Account of; or, Who is the Discoverer? By Edward Warren.—*Houlston & Stoneman.*
Manchester Athenæum. Report of the *Soirée*, 1846. (For private circulation.)—*Forrest*, Manchester.
Medicine. Triumph of Young Physic.—By W. Turner, A.M., M.D.—*Burgess & Co*, New York.
Music:—
The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular. June and July.—*Novello.*
Handel's Oratorio, Judas Maccabeus, in Vocal Score. No. 1.—*Novello.*
Handel's Dettingen Te Deum, in Vocal Score, No. 1.—*Novello.*
Haydn's Oratorio, The Creation, Nos. 8, 9.—*Novello.*
Haydn's Messiah, Nos. 11, 12 (completed).—*Novello.*
Song—The Hand of Friendship. Words by Goodwyn Barmby. Music by J. Blewitt.—*Metzler.*
Palestine in 1843-4. By John Lothian.—*Houlston & Stoneman.*
Periodicals :—
The Long Lost Found With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. No. 1. *Menzies*, Edinburgh.
The Pennyworth. No. 5.—*Lewis & Co.*, Arbroath.
Poetry :—
The Bride of Imail. By Jane Emily Herbert.—*Curry & Co.*, Dublin.
The Heiress: a Tale. By W. C. Eaton.—*Groombridge & Co.*
Science for All: a Lecture. By J. J. G. Wilkinson.—*Newbery.*
Slavery. Annual Report of the Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society, 1847.—*Armour*, Edinburgh.
Taxation, Direct, Mr. Ewart's Speech in Favour of.



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FRITH'S VILLAGE MERRYMAKING.

## FRITH'S VILLAGE MERRYMAKING.

The old system of village merrymaking seems to have passed away, and we look upon scenes such as our engraving represents as belonging to another age and state of things. All such rural *fêtes* are fixed by the mind as having taken place in the fine old summers of the last century,—summers which, somehow or other, we imagine to have been hotter and jollier than those of this degenerate century. Every picture of rural merry-making that is now painted is cast in the Sir Roger de Coverly era. We look at old country life through the pages of the *Spectator;* for it is there that some of its sweetest pictures are to be found. There is something in the dress of the glorious old knight's time, and a little later, which accords well with that goodnatured, hearty, downright age, when the women were all Dolly Vardens, with their gowns looped up through their pocket-holes, showing their clean-cut ancles, and their caps set on one side, as an universal challenge to the lads. The men, too, in their knee-breeches, seemed to have such dancing legs—the Roger de Coverly could have been invented at no other period, there is such a thorough keeping between the dress and the dance, as though they had all grown up together in one piece.

Look how the young couple are threading the human bower, if we might so call it, in our engraving. What a picturesque arrangement it is. Mons. Perrot, with all his originality, could not invent such a movement. Then on one side of the picture a fortune-telling scene is going on—another feature of the bygone age. In the centre a country lover is inviting a maiden to foot it lovingly with him on the green sward—a feature we trust for all ages. And so this picture of the past is made up.

The aged oak trees of many a village green yet retain amid their gnarled boughs the remembrance of that old revelry which once resounded beneath them. But it is heard now no more; even the very green sward is threatened by commissions of enclosure. For all the gallant stand made by Lord John Manners, we fear the spirit of old country sport is gone. At the present moment the manners and customs of our rural population are undergoing an entire change. Let us hope that with the introduction of a little more mind into their pastimes, that that which was good and cheerful and conducive to the blending of the rich and poor in old customs, might not be overlooked in the new and better state of things which a more universal education is quietly establishing.

A. W.

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## MY AUNT'S VISIT TO THE WHITTINGTON CLUB.

My aunt, Mrs. Bond, is the widow of a surgeon, living with her son and daughter, on a small income, in a small house at a small street in merry Islington. Aunt Bond is a worthy lady, who always wears a black silk gown and a white cap, and has never yet been seen without her bodily and mental stays tightly laced about her. She is conspicuous in her circle, for the love of two minor virtues—Propriety and Economy—which she has come, at last, to consider of more importance than the cardinal ones, and practises to the exclusion of some of them. Strange, as it seems to my aunt, her children, George and Eliza, have neither inherited nor imbibed a love of these virtues so thoroughly as to satisfy their parent. While Mrs. Bond's first questions about anything are, "Is it proper?" "Is it cheap?" George asks, "Is it jolly?" and Eliza, "Is it beautiful?" It will, therefore, be plain to the discerning eye of my reader, that it is not an easy thing to hit upon a business, a pleasure, a plan, or an opinion, which shall give satisfaction to all three. I am often Quixotic enough to attempt this difficult task; for several reasons. First, because my aunt was kind to me when I was a boy; and I like to pay her every attention in my power now. Second, because George and I are in the same merchant's office in the city; and I have discovered that he has a good head, and that his heart is in the right place. Third, because I have also discovered that Eliza's head and face are both very good, and I am anxious to get her heart into the right place—viz., into my own keeping.

The other day I was lucky enough to carve out a day's amusement which gratified all parties. George and I had leave of absence from the office, and I was chosen as arbiter of the day's delights. I decided on taking them all to see the Dulwich Gallery. When my aunt found that there would be nothing to pay but the omnibus, and that the most distinguished persons sometimes visited the gallery, she was pleased; and Eliza was always glad to see pictures and get a glimpse of the country. George went with a friend by railway to the Dartmouth Arms, and walked thence to Dulwich, enlivening their conversation on the road with cigars and Burton ale. He got rid of his friend before he joined us in the gallery, when he declared he had had "a very jolly trip, and was quite *up* to admiring any dirty daubs which Eliza and I should swear to be first-rate." While saying these words, his eye fell on Gainsborough's picture of Mrs. Sheridan and her sister. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed: and he was silent for the next half-hour.

Some other time, dear reader, I may give you an account of our visit to the gallery, and all that was said and thought about it; but my business now is to lead you and my Aunt Bond by degrees to that important fact in our daily life—dinner. We walked about in the environs of Dulwich College, admiring

> Norwood and Dulwich and fair Sydenham,

till every one began to feel keenly alive to the importance of the fact just mentioned. We had returned into the village of Dulwich, when my Aunt Bond looking towards a respectable inn asked "if we should dine there?"

"No! My dear madam, I intend you to dine in a better place than that. I have arranged that we dine in the city, at—— I will tell you when you are there. Here is the cab which I have engaged to take us there."

"My dear Charles," said my aunt, "I hope you are not going to do anything extravagant."

"We are going to the cheapest place I know, where you can get a good dinner served decently."

"Then," she continued, "I fear it is not a fit place for ladies."

"My dear aunt! trust to my discretion on that point. I assure you it is visited by ladies of the highest respectability. You and Eliza will be able to judge for yourselves."

I handed them into the cab; and then George, taking me aside, said, with a deal of fun in his face, "I see! Whittington Club! Bravo! I wish to heaven you could make them sensible on this

subject; for they would find it a great convenience to become members. They are always complaining to me of not being able to find any place in the city, besides a hot pastry-cook's, where they can rest or have refreshments whenever they go there shopping (which is, on the average, twice in every week); and when I once recommended that they should become members of the Whittington Club, and told them something about it, the old lady was shocked, 'that I could think of letting my mother and sister go to a common club; where, if indeed there were, as I had said, ladies among the members, she knew enough to be quite sure that they were of a very *improper* class.' After that, I could say no more without getting into a passion."

"Has Eliza any objection to the club?" I asked, seeing that my aunt's objection was too absurd to be of any consequence.

"Oh yes!" replied George; "Eliza turns up her nose at the idea of 'eating in the same room with a set of vulgar, dirty clerks, or a knot of imitation common councilmen, ugly and gluttonous."

Oh! is that all? We shall see!" I replied. Let us entrap them into acknowledging that the Whittington Club is cheap and highly *proper* for ladies, and that you may dine there with 'no offence i' the world' from your companions in the dining-room." So saying I got inside the cab, and George mounted to the box.

As we drove to town, things happened as I wished. My aunt was drowsy and my cousin talkative. We looked over the catalogue together, and talked of the pictures in a low tone that we might not rouse the old lady. She talks very eloquently, does my cousin Eliza! better than any book! I wish, my dear reader, you could hear her speak in praise of beauty; it would do your heart good,—especially if you could see her face all the time. I am sure you would not find an argument to bring forward against her favourite doctrine, that "the contemplation of the beautiful is the most elevating of intellectual pleasures." On this occasion she was very animated, and said that her conscience was thoroughly satisfied with the way in which we had passed the morning. She reproved me for my folly when I alluded to that witty Frenchwoman, who "did not like innocent pleasures," and who said once, in the height of some harmless recreation, "How charming this is! what a pity it is not *a sin!*" Eliza proved to me that what the lady said was more of a folly than a *bon mot;* and wondered how any sensible person could be taken in by such shallow impertinence. Then, I remember, she quoted a sentence from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, in support of her opinion that it was incumbent upon all persons whose time is mostly occupied with the dry details of money-making, to seek *daily* some means of exercising the inner, higher faculties; which, without such exercise, would die away within them, leaving them mere machines for eating, drinking, and transacting business. She translated her quotation for me thus:—"We should endeavour to let no day pass without hearing a song, reading a good poem, seeing a fine picture, and, if it be possible, speaking a few reasonable words."

"Very good," I replied; "and I would add, that no man or woman should let a day pass without taking some interest in a question of social or political improvement; examining some new invention in science; and, if it be possible, doing some little stroke of work in the destruction of their our own prejudices and those of others."

"But, Charles!" said Eliza, sadly, "women can do so little towards social or political improvements, scientific inventions, or destroying the prejudices around and within them. Now, what can I do, this day, towards destroying prejudice, for instance?"

"I think you will soon have an excellent opportunity," said I, as the cab stopped in Gresham street.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"Hush! do not awaken my aunt, or her prejudices, and do not let me startle yours; but we are at the door of the 'Whittington Club.'"

"Well, I am ready to be convinced," said Eliza, with charming candour. "But what will Mamma say?"

"Oh! you are not to tell her, till she has seen all, and committed herself by finding everything quite proper and *very cheap*."

"Now, Ma'am," said I, awaking my aunt, "We are going to dine here." She alighted, without making any inquiry, being not very wide awake; and while George and I spoke to the porter, she observed to Eliza, that "it looked like a very respectable hotel."

As we went up stairs, I asked Mrs. Bond whether she "would not like to wash her hands before dinner?" adding, that "there was a very nice Ladies' Room, to which the housekeeper would take them immediately."

"Dear me! that is very convenient," she replied; "I think, my dear Eliza, we should be all the more comfortable if we were to get rid of a little of this dust. I suppose this is a regular expensive hotel, Charles," she added, as we passed several waiters in the passages.

"It is not a hotel at all, Ma'am," answered I, smiling; and you are forbidden to give anything to any servant in the house.—Mrs.——," I continued, calling the housekeeper, whom I just then saw on the stairs, "Be good enough to take these ladies up stairs.—In the mean time George and I will make a slight toilette, and will await you at the foot of this staircase."

"What! is there a dressing-room for gentlemen too?" asked my aunt; "why what place *is* this?"

"You shall know in good time, Aunt;" and making a sign to Mrs. —— not to enlighten Mrs. Bond on the subject, I ran off with George to make ourselves comfortable for dinner. When the two ladies joined us, Mrs. Bond was emphatic in her praise of the upper region of the establishment, which is devoted to the housekeeper and the Ladies' Rooms; "everything was so convenient, so nice; but it must all be very dear." She was particularly charmed with an article she found up stairs, which, I assured her, did not belong to the establishment; to wit, a beautiful, fat baby, the personal property, I have since ascertained, of the housekeeper and her husband the steward. The Whittington Club is, in this respect, not inclined to follow the example of many public establishments, by putting asunder those whom God has joined together.

"Well! are you ready for dinner, Mother?" inquired George in a hungry tone. "Quite, my dear boy!" replied my aunt with animation; and giving her my arm, we went down to the dining-room, followed by Eliza and George.

When my aunt saw the size of the room, and the many tables covered with white cloths, and a few persons seated at them, here and there, in the act of dining, she looked a little alarmed; but when Eliza said "it looked like a *restaurant—Very's*, for instance, minus the gaudiness," she recovered; and upon my asking her, in which part of the room

she would like to dine, she pointed to a table in a corner, near an open window, and said, "That place looks retired and cool, let us sit there."

In a moment we had our table supplied with knives and forks, castors, bread, bottles of water, and a *carte;* and there stood the waiter, ready to receive our orders.

"What soup will you take?—and you?—and you?"

Reference being made to the *carte*, "Two green pea, and one ox-tail," is the order given. Eliza found it too warm for soup, and, while we discussed ours, looked at the people in the room.

"There is a lady dining alone at that table, and a young lady too!" she said to me.

"Yes, she dines here every day: she is a daily governess, I think."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Eliza.

"Oh! she spends a pleasant hour here," I replied; "for her little dinner is soon over, and then she reads in a snug corner of the drawing-room till she is obliged to go. George can tell you all about her; for he contrives to dine every day at the same hour that she is here."

"Have you managed to speak to her yet, George?" inquired I.

"Pray do not talk so loud," said George, red in the face with annoyance; "she is looking this way, and may hear your impertinence."

Upon this Mrs. Bond looked round to inspect the lady, who was an object of interest to George; but George—quick-witted as a woman—diverted her attention.

"There!" he said, laying his hand on her arm, "do you see that lady with the straw bonnet and the blue feather, who has just come in with a little boy? There she is, coming this way. Well, that is Mrs. ——, the authoress."

"My dear boy, you do not mean that!" exclaimed his enraptured parent, dropping her spoon and taking up her eye-glass to look at the new comer. "So that is an authoress!" she whispered; well, I am very glad to have seen her. Really she looks a very lady-like sort of person, quite like anybody else, I may say."

"Take care she does not put you in her next book, Mother," said George, "if you keep staring at her so."

Aunt Bond was alarmed at the thought, and turned back hurriedly to her soup, and observed that there seemed to be "very good society here."

"Those two young men seem to be enjoying their dinners," said Eliza; "it is quite a pleasure to see them eat. How very nice this chicken is; but they have given me much more than I can eat."

When I proposed a glass of wine to my aunt, she only uttered a faint expostulation about "the expense," which I quieted by reminding her that it was not often that we all came out for a day's pleasure, and that our dinner here would cost less than a similar dinner in any hotel. After having finished and thoroughly enjoyed our dinners, (which enjoyment may be fairly attributed, in part, to my judicious selection of the morning's amusements,—intellectual occupation and exercise in pure air being the best provocatives to appetite), we left the dining-room.

"Where are you going to take us now?" inquired my aunt.

"Up stairs into the drawing-room, to take coffee."

"A drawing-room! Coffee! Well! you young men seem to find out very comfortable places to come to. I only wish Eliza and I could do the same."

"And why not? Other ladies come here, Mamma," said Eliza.

"But where is it? what is it? I never heard of such a place before! Can any one come who likes?"

At this moment we entered the handsome drawing-room, which looked very inviting. The windows were all open, and a pleasant *shady* sort of sunlight was spread over the spacious apartment, ending in a brilliant flood of golden rays at the door which leads into the little conservatory. The rich crimson of the couches and curtains; the fresh clean look of the walls, carpets, and tables, gave an idea of wealth and style which pleased my aunt. The want of all useless ornament, which Eliza denominates "drawing-room rubbish;" the plain elegance of the furniture; the many busts of illustrious men which "rain influences" from the walls; above all, the couches, divans and *fauteuils* around the room, which look so *perniciously* comfortable, and which, no one can say, are *not* as comfortable as they look;—all these things so charmed Eliza, that she declared she "had seen few rooms in which she could sooner feel at home."

"May we go *there*, George?" inquired my aunt, pointing to the conservatory with eager curiosity; but in a whisper, lest she should disturb an old gentleman who was reading a newspaper and sipping his coffee at one of the tables near us.

"Certainly! I can take you there. I can go anywhere about this house and so can Charles."

"How is that?"

"Because we are members."

"Why will you puzzle me so?"

"Wait a moment, my dear Madam; see all first, and then you shall know where you are," said I, interrupting them.

"Well! is not this nice, Eliza?" asked her mother, when we were in the little conservatory.

"It might be made to look beautiful indeed," replied Eliza, "with a very little money; but, at present, I think these scrubby, sickly-looking plants are a disgrace to the pretty green-house and the whole establishment. If you and I, mother, had a voice in the management of things here, we would soon rectify this, I fancy."

"Nothing would be easier than for you to have a voice in the management of things here. We should be very glad if ladies of sense and taste would devote some of their leisure time to the business of this house!"

"What do you mean, Charles?" asked my puzzled aunt. "But there is another room, there," she added, approaching it.

"Yes, that is the library and reading-room. No one is allowed to speak *there;* but you may look in."

"What a deliciously quiet refuge for a *read!*" whispered Eliza. "I see the girl who was in the dining-room nestling in such a cosy chair. There are several people there I see."

"Have you many books?" asked she, as we returned to the drawing-room to take our coffee, which was just brought up.

"Not yet," I replied. "But we are in our earliest infancy, and we hope to get funds to buy books in time. At present we are very glad to receive gifts, even of single volumes."

"We have at least twenty duplicates of standard authors, which I think I may venture to say my mother will give you, if I may judge by the expression of her face just now," said Eliza. "Do tell her where we are."

"Well, aunt, how do you like the Whittington Club?" I inquired, when my aunt had completed another survey of the room.

She sat motionless with astonishment for a moment, and then a smile spread over her face, as she said—"Well, wonders will never cease! It is a marvellous age that you children are to live in! I remember now, I heard of all this before, but I was too much accustomed to old-fashioned experience to believe it. In my time such a thing was not possible. Even now I do not quite understand *this*. Did you not say that the yearly subscription to the Club is only a guinea?"

"A guinea for gentlemen, and half-a-guinea for ladies, my dear aunt. Ladies, you know, are members: many ladies of high reputation for talent and every moral excellence are among our ladies' committee."

"My dear boy," said my aunt gravely, "I am an old woman, but I can see pretty clearly still, and I can draw tolerably just conclusions from what I see. If the funds are adequate to the support of this establishment"—

"They *are* adequate."

"Then it must succeed," she continued; "because I can judge from what I have seen this day, that everything is conducted upon principles of *propriety* and *economy*."

George laughed, and Eliza looked impatient.

"Is that all you can say in favour of it, aunt?"

"No. I think that the plan of admitting ladies is very good. Your poor dear uncle always said that the only fault in clubs was that women could not be members."

"Only think, mamma," said Eliza, "how nice it is for Charles and George to dine here in a Christian fashion every day, instead of dining in a dirty chop-house, without even washing their hands before they sit down. And how nice it will be for us to come here when we are tired with shopping, as we so often are."

"I think we must become members directly," said my aunt. "Will you tell me all about the rules and arrangements; and let me know in what way we can be useful?"

"Certainly. You shall have all necessary papers and reports; and I will have you proposed as members as soon as possible."

"What was Eliza saying about giving books?"

"That you have some duplicates which you can spare, to present to the library here."

Yes, we have a good many. I shall send them immediately. But I want to know all about the Club. Is this the only house?"

"At present, yes. But we are going to open another, before long, in a different quarter of the town. I am on the committee."

"And how many members have you?"

"I do not know exactly, but a very great number."

"How many dine here, on the average, every day?"

"About three hundred."

"And what other objects have you, besides affording conveniences for refreshment, repose, and reading?"

"We intend to have lectures and classes for various branches of education; because many of our members are persons whose education has necessarily been slight. There are to be *soirées*, and concerts, and various amusements which may promote conversation, and tend to make us more social than we English people are by nature. The presence of women will at once refine and enliven us. We shall make our shy young Britons less famous for their "talent for silence;" and we shall make the women of the middle classes more enlarged in mind, more able and more willing to interest themselves in matters beyond the kitchen, the nursery, the toilette, and the circulating library. As a committee man, you may think me sanguine, but I hope to see the Whittington Club become a blessing to the country. At present we have much to do."

"And what are your greatest wants?" asked Mrs. Bond.

"First, men and women who will work for us on the committees—men and women who have time to spare, and heads for the details of business, as well as for its general objects. Second, funds. These are the Alpha and Omega of our wants, in the present state of the Whittington Club."

"I think we must go now," said Mrs. Bond, rising, and drawing her shawl round her. "Is there anything more to show us?"

"Yes. Come this way," said I, leading them into the secretary's room. "Here is a book in which any visitor may write down a suggestion for improvement in the details of the arrangements. Will you write anything?"

"No, my dear. I am going to give my mind to the whole business of the Club. I like it very much," said my aunt, seriously.

In the meantime, Eliza snatched a pen, and wrote something in the book. I looked afterwards to see what it was, and read, with a smile—"Steel forks are disagreeable, and napkins are desirable at dinner, and decent at breakfast."

"That will soon be set right," said I to her.

"There is little fear that anything wrong should not be set right," said my Aunt Bond. "I hope to live to see the Whittington Club the pride and boast of the City of London.

J. M. W.

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## HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. X.

CARE OF THE POWERS CONTINUED:—FEAR.

There is nothing in which children differ more than in their capacity for Fear. But every child has it more or less,—or ought to have it: for nothing can be made of a human being who has never experienced it. A child who has never known any kind of fear can have no power of Imagination;—can feel no wonder, no impulse of life, no awe or veneration. Such a case probably does not exist, except in a condition of idiotcy. A child who is called fearless, and who is congratulated upon this,—who shows no shyness of strangers, who does not mind cold water, or falls, or being in the dark, who runs after animals, and plays with ugly insects, may yet cower under a starry sky, or tremble at thunder, or be impressed for life by a mysterious dream. It is for the parents to watch the degree and direction of an infant's fear, firmly assured that whatever be this degree and direction, all may end well under prudent care.

The least favourable case is that of the apathetic child. When it appears indifferent to whatever may happen to it, and shrinks from nothing, it must be as incapable of hope and enjoyment as of fear, and there must be something amiss in its health,—

in its nervous system; and its health is what must be looked to first. It must be well nourished and amused; its perceptive faculties must be exercised, and every sort of activity must be encouraged. If this succeeds, and its feelings begin to show themselves, fear will come with the rest; and then its education in that respect must begin. But it must ever be carefully remembered that fear often puts on the appearance of apathy,—especially in a proud child. No creature is so intensely reserved as a proud and timid child: and the cases are few in which the parents know anything of the agonies of its little heart, the spasms of its nerves, the soul sickness of its days, the horrors of its nights. It hides its miseries under an appearance of indifference or obstinacy, till its habitual terror impairs its health, or drives it into a temper of defiance or recklessness. I can speak with some certainty of this, from my own experience. I was as timid a child as ever was born; yet nobody knew or could know, the extent of this timidity; for though abundantly open about everything else, I was as secret as the grave about this. I had a dream at four years old which terrified me to such an excess that I cannot now recall it without a beating of the heart. I could not look up at the sky on a clear night; for I felt as if it was only just above the tree tops, and must crush me. I could not cross the yard except at a run,—from a sort of feeling, with no real belief,—that a bear was after me. The horrors of my nights were inexpressible. The main terror however was a magic-lantern which we were treated with once a year, and sometimes twice. We used to talk of this exhibition as a prodigious pleasure; and I contrived to reckon on it as such: but I never saw the white cloth, with its circle of yellow light, without being in a cold perspiration from head to foot. One of the pictures on the slides was always suppressed by my father, lest it should frighten the little ones;—a dragon's head, vomiting flames. He little thought that a girl of thirteen could be terrified by this: but when I was thirteen,—old enough to be put in charge of some children who were to see the magic lantern,—this slide was exhibited by one of my brothers among the rest. I had found it hard enough to look and laugh before; and now I turned so faint that I could not stand, but by grasping a chair. But for the intensity of my shame, I should have dropped. Much of the benefit of instruction was lost to me during all the years that I had masters: my memory failed me when they knocked at the door, and I could never ask a question, or get voice to make a remark. I could never play to my music master, or sing with a clear voice but when I was sure nobody could hear me. Under all this, my health was bad; my behaviour was dogged and provoking, and my temper became for a time insufferable. Its improvement began from the year when I first obtained some release from habitual fear. During these critical years I misled every body about me by a habit of concealment on this one subject which I am sure I should not now have strength for under any inducement whatever. Because I climbed our apple tree, and ran along the top of a high wall, and took great leaps, and was easily won by benevolent strangers, and because I was never known to hint or own myself afraid, no one suspected that fear was at the bottom of the immoveable indifference and apparently unfeeling obstinacy by which I perplexed and annoyed everybody about me. I make these confessions willingly, in the hope that some inexperienced or busy parent may be awakened by them to observe whether the seeming apathy of a child be really from indifference, or the outward working of some hidden passion of fear.

Bold children are good and promising subjects; and it is a delightful thing to a parent's heart to see an infant fairly trying its powers against difficulties and obstacles—confronting nature in all seasons, of light and darkness, of sunshine and tempest, in the face of strangers and friends alike, free and fearless. It is delightful to think how much misery and embarrassment he is spared, by his happy constitution of nerves and brain. But, while the proud parent sees in him the future discoverer or sailor, or leader among men, it must be remembered that in order to become great, in order to become truly a man at all, he must learn and endure much that can be learned and endured only through fear, and the conquest of it. That there is some fear in him is certain; and the parent must silently search it out, and train it up into that awe and modesty which are necessary to the high courage of a whole life. No man or woman can be a faithful servant of Duty, qualified to live, suffer, and die for it, who has not grown up in awe of something higher than himself—in veneration of some powers greater than he can understand; and this awe and veneration have in them a large element of fear at the beginning. What this element is, in each case, the parents must set themselves to understand. Too many think it their duty to make a child afraid, if fear does not seem to come of itself: and too many do this without thinking it their duty, from the spirit of opposition being excited in themselves, from the experience of inconvenient fearlessness in the child. I have known a tutor avow his practice of beating a bold boy till he broke two canes over him, because the boy ought to learn that he is under a power (a power of arm) greater than his own, and must, through fear of it, apply himself to his appointed business. Such inflictions make a boy reckless, or obstinate, or deceitful. And I have seen far too many instances of irritable parents who have tried to manage a high-spirited child by threats; and, the threats failing, by blows, or shutting up in the dark, or hobgoblin prophecies, which have created no real awe or obedience, but only defiance, or forced and sullen submission. This will never do. A tender parent will never have the heart to breed fear in a child, knowing that "fear hath torment." A truly loving parent will know that it would be less unkind to bruise his child's limbs, or burn its flesh, than to plant torturing feelings in his mind. The most effectual way, for all purposes, is to discover the fear that is already there, in order to relieve him from it, by changing this weakness into a source of strength and comfort. What is it—this fear that lies hidden in him? A boy who is not afraid of the dark, or of a bull, or of a ghost, may tremble at the sight of a drunken man, or at the hearing of an oath. A girl who is not afraid of a spider or a toad, nor of thieves, nor of climbing ladders, may tremble at the moaning of the wind in the chimney, or at a frown from her mother, or at entering a sick chamber. Whatever be the fear, let the parents watch, carefully but silently, till they have found it out: and, having found it out, let them lead on the child to conquest, both by reason and by bringing such courage as he has to bear on the weak point. In any case, whether of a bold or a timid child, the only completely effectual training comes from the parents' example. If the every day life of the parents shows that they dread nothing but doing wrong, for either themselves or their children, the fears of the most timid and of

the boldest will alike take this direction, sooner or later; and the courage of both will, with more or less delay, become adequate to bear and do anything for conscience' sake. If it be the clear rule and habit of an entire household to dread and detest only one thing, the fear and dislike of every mind in the household will become concentred upon that one thing, and every heart will become stout to avoid and repel it. And if the one dreaded thing be sin, it is well; for the courage of each and all will be perpetually reinforced by the whole strength of the best faculties of every mind.

As for the case of the timid child,—let not the parent be disheartened, for the noblest courage of man or woman has often grown out of the excessive fears of the child. It is true, the little creature is destined to undergo many a moment of agony, many an hour of misery, many a day of discouragement; but all this pain may be more than compensated for by the attainment of such a freedom and strength at last as may make it feel as if it had passed from hell to heaven. Think what it must be for a being who once scarcely dared to look round from fear of lights on the ceiling or shadows on the wall, who started at the patter of the rain, or the rustle of the birds leaving the spray, who felt suffocated by the breeze and maddened by the summer lightning, to pass free, fearless and glad through all seasons and their change, —all climes and their mysteries and dangers;—to pass exhilarated through raging seas, over glaring deserts, and among wild forests! Think what it must be for a creature who once trembled before a new voice or a grave countenance, and writhed under a laugh of ridicule, and lied, at the cost of deep mental agony, to avoid a rebuke,—think what it must be to such a creature to find itself at last free and fearless,—enjoying such calm satisfaction within as to suffer nothing from the ridicule or the blame of those who do not know his mind, and so thoroughly acquainted with the true values of things as to have no dread of sickness, or poverty, or the world's opinion, because no evil that can befal him can touch his peace! Think what a noble work it will be to raise your trembling little one to such a condition as this, and you will be eager to begin the task at once, and patient and watchful to continue it from day to day.

First, how to begin. The most essential thing for a timid infant is to have an absolutely unfailing refuge in its mother. It may seem unnecessary to say this. It may appear impossible that a mother's tenderness should ever fail towards a helpless little creature who has nothing but that tenderness to look to: but alas! it is not so. I know a lady who is considered very sweet-tempered, and who usually is so—kind and hospitable, and fond of her children. Her infant under six months old was lying on her arm one day when the dessert was on the table; and the child was eager after the bright glasses and spoons, and more restless than was convenient. After several attempts to make it lie quiet, the mother slapped it,—slapped it hard. This was from an emotion of disappointed vanity, from vexation that the child was not "good" before visitors. If such a thing could happen, may we not fear that other mothers may fail in tenderness,—in the middle of the night, for instance, after a toilsome day, when kept awake by the child's restlessness, or amidst the hurry of the day, when business presses, and the little creature will not take its sleep? Little do such mothers know the fatal mischief they do by impairing their child's security with them. If they did, they would undergo anything before they would let a harsh word or a sharp tone escape them, or indulge in a severe look or a hasty movement. A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind; and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere. Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself from the first the depositary of its confidence;—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her infinitely small. Entering by sympathy into its fears, she will incessantly charm them away, till the child becomes open to reason,—and even afterwards; for the most terrible fears are precisely those which have nothing to do with reason. She will bring it acquainted with every object in the room or house, letting it handle in merry play everything which could look mysterious to its fearful eyes, and rendering it familiar with every household sound. Some of my worst fears in infancy were from lights and shadows. The lamp-lighter's torch on a winter's afternoon, as he ran along the street, used to cast a gleam, and the shadows of the window frames on the ceiling; and my blood ran cold at the sight, every day, even though I was on my father's knee, or on the rug in the middle of the circle round the fire. Nothing but compulsion could make me enter our drawing-room before breakfast on a summer morning; and if carried there by the maid, I hid my face in a chair that I might not see what was dancing on the wall. If the sun shone (as it did at that time of day,) on the glass lustres on the mantle-piece, fragments of gay colour were cast on the wall; and as they danced when the glass drops were shaken, I thought they were alive, —a sort of imps. But, as I never told any body what I felt, these fears could not be met, or charmed away; and I grew up to an age which I will not mention before I could look steadily at prismatic colours dancing on the wall. Suffice it that it was long after I had read enough of Optics to have taught any child how such colours came there. Many an infant is terrified at the shadow of a perforated night-lamp, with its round spaces of light. Many a child lives in perpetual terror of the eyes of portraits on the walls,—or of some grotesque shape in the pattern of the paper-hangings. Sometimes the terror is of the clack of the distant loom, or of the clink from the tinman's, or of the rumble of carts under a gateway, or of the creak of a water-wheel, or the gush of a mill-race. Everything is or may be terrifying to a timid infant; and it is therefore a mother's charge to familiarise it gently and playfully with every thing that it can possibly notice, making sport with all sights, and inciting it to imitation of all sounds—from the drone of the pretty bee to the awful cry of the old clothes-man;—from the twitter of the sparrows on the roof to the toll of the distant church bell.

It is a matter of course that no mother will allow any ignorant person to have access to her child who will frighten it with goblin stories, or threats of the old black man. She might as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off thinking of household education altogether, as permit her child to be exposed to such maddening inhumanity as this. The instances are not few of idiotcy or death from terror so caused.

While thus preventing or scattering fears which arise from the imagination, both parents should

be constantly using the little occasions which are are always arising, for exercising their child's courage. The most timid children have always courage in one direction or another. While I was trembling and fainting under magic-lanterns and street cries, I could have suffered any pain and died any death without fear, the circumstances being fairly laid before me. Let the timid child be made hardy in its play by example and encouragement. Let it be cheered on to meet necessary pain without flinching,—the taking out a thorn, or pulling out a tooth. Let it early hear of real heroic deeds,—hear them spoken of with all the affectionate admiration with which we naturally speak of such acts. If a life is saved from fire or drowning, let the children hear of it as a joyful fact. Let them hear how steadily William Tell's little son stood, for his father to shoot through the apple. Let them hear how the good man who was on his way to be burnt for his religion took off his shoes, and gave them to a barefooted man who came to stare at him, saying that the poor man wanted the shoes, but he could do without them now. Let them hear of the other good man who was burnt for his religion, and who promised some friends, in danger of the same fate, that he would clasp his hands above his head in the midst of the fire, if he found the pain so bearable that he did not repent, and who did lift up his arms and join them after his hands were consumed,—so giving his friends on the hill-side comfort and strength. If any child of your acquaintance does a brave thing, or bears pain cheerfully, let your children hear of it as a good and happy thing. Above all, let them see, as I said before, all their lives long, that *you* fear nothing but wrong-doing,—neither tempests nor comets, nor reports of famine or fever, nor the tongues of the quarrelsome, nor any other of the accidents of life,—no pain, in short, but pain of conscience,—and the same spirit will strengthen in them. Their fear will follow the direction of yours; their courage will come in sympathy with yours; and their minds will fill more and more with thoughts of hope and heroism which must in time drive out such remaining terrors as cannot be met by fact or reason.

In this fearlessness of yours is included fearlessness for your children, as well as for yourselves. While their limbs are soft and feeble, of course you must be strength and safety to them: but when they arrive at a free use of their limbs and senses, let them fully enjoy that free use. We English are behind almost every nation in the strength and hardihood of the race of children. In America I have seen little boys and girls perched in trees overhanging fearful precipices, and crawling about great holes in bridges, while the torrent was rushing below; and I could not learn that accidents from such practices were ever heard of. In Switzerland I have seen mere infants scrambling among the rocks after the goats,—themselves as safe as kids, from the early habit of relying on their own powers. In Egypt and Nubia I have seen five-year old boys poppling about like ducks in the rapids of the Nile, while some, not much older, were not satisfied with hauling and pushing, as our boat ascended the cataract, but swam and dived, to heave off her keel from sunken rocks. Such children are saved from danger, as much as from fear, by an early use of all the powers they have: and it would be a happy thing for many an English child if its parents were brave enough to encourage it to try how much it can do with its wonderful little body. Of this, however, we shall have to say more under another head.

## MADELEINE.

*Translated from the French of M. Jules Sandeau.*

[We commence below a tale that will occupy, in portions, several numbers of the *Journal*. M. Jules Sandeau, the author, has just received a prize for it from the French Academy.]

I.

Like many other villages situated on the high road, Neuvy-les-Bois is an ugly place, dirty in winter, dusty in summer; and previous to the day on which our story opens, no public vehicle had ever been known to stop there, for the quality of its wine holds out no temptation to postillion or driver to do so.

It is a Sunday in autumn, between the time of mass and that of vespers. The inhabitants are gathered together at the entrance of the village, regardless of a burning vertical sun, to await gravely the passing of the diligence, which runs between Paris and Limoges; for this was their sole amusement on fête days. A brief pleasure, truly, but, like all others of its kind, very stimulating. As soon as the sound of the wheels is heard, they draw up in a line on each side of the road; and when the vehicle, passing rapidly between the lines of stupid staring eyes and open mouths, has disappeared at a corner of the road, amid a cloud of dust, these simple folks return home happy and satisfied.

Now, on the Sunday of which we are about to speak, it was ordained that Neuvy-les-Bois should witness an occurrence which this modest village, after half a century of hope deferred, could no longer expect to behold. Instead of passing through like an arrow, as usual, the diligence stopped in the middle of the road, between the two rows of living beings, who at this unhoped-for sight remained fixed to the spot, too much astonished to inquire the meaning of the unusual honour. Even the dogs, who were accustomed to run barking after the carriage, regardless of the active whip of the driver, seemed to partake of their masters' astonishment, for, like them, they remained mute and immoveable in wonder. The driver alighted, opened the door, and at the announcement "Neuvy-les-Bois," said in a dry hard tone, a young girl stepped out, with a small parcel under her arm, all the luggage she possessed. She was dressed in black, and appeared not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. Her extreme paleness, her eyes swollen with weeping, her dejected manner, were even more touching than her deep mourning dress. The driver remounted his box, giving the young passenger scarcely time to exchange a silent farewell with her travelling companions. She seemed but a child, more grave perhaps than is usual at her age; and on finding herself alone on the high road, at the entrance of a miserable village, where not a creature knew anything about her—alone, too, amid a crowd of persons who were busily scrutinising her with jealous or stupid curiosity, she sat down upon a heap of stones, and burying her face in her hands wept bitterly. The peasants did not move, but remained staring at her without even speaking. Happily, in the rustic crowd there were some women; and among these women there was one carrying an infant in her arms. Approaching the weeping girl, she contemplated her for some moments with a look of pity, but also of uncertainty; for while her outward appearance almost spoke of poverty, the natural grace of her person was singularly contrasted with the simplicity of her dress, commanding involuntary respect.

"Poor young lady," said the woman, at length, "since you are travelling alone, so young, upon the high road, you must have lost your mother."

"Yes, madam, I have lost my mother," replied the young girl, in a gentle voice, and with somewhat of a foreign accent. "Alas! I have lost all, all! even the spot of earth where I was born, and where lie the remains of those who are dear to me. There is now for me nothing under heaven," she added, bowing her head sadly.

"Dear young lady, may God kindly take pity on your trouble! Your speech shows that you are not a native of this country; you come from a distance?"

"Oh yes, madam, from a very great distance: I have often feared I should never arrive here."

"And whither are you going?"

"Where my mother, on her deathbed, desired me to go. I knew, at setting off, that if I once reached Neuvy-les-Bois, I could easily find the way to Valtravers."

"Are you going to Valtravers, then?"

"Yes, madam."

"To the chateau?"

"Yes."

"You have lengthened your road, miss: the driver ought to have set you down at the next village. But it matters little; you are but three short leagues distant, and you may save an hour by the forest path. If you please, my nephew, Pierrot, shall guide you; but the heat is overpowering, and I dare say, my little one, you have eaten nothing to-day. Come to our farm, and have some cows' milk; you can then set off in the cool of the evening."

"I thank you, madam—you are very kind, but I am not hungry. I wish to go at once, if it will suit M. Pierrot."

"Come here, Pierrot!" cried the farmer's wife.

At this call, made in a tone admitting of no demur, a little fellow came forth from the crowd, approaching with the woful air of a dog who thinks that his master calls him only to beat him. Pierrot had been all day reckoning upon his game at quoits on the church plain, after vespers, and was not much pleased with his aunt's proposition. However, she repeated it to him in such a manner, that he thought it prudent to submit. Placing in his hands the stranger's little bundle, and giving him a push by the shoulders, she said—"Take the forest path, and be careful not to make this young lady walk too fast: she has not your feet and legs."

Pierrot departed, pouting, while Neuvy-les-Bois, beginning to awaken from its stupor, gave vent to the remarks suggested by the events of the day.

It might be suspected that the above village received its name in derision. As to Neuvy, that may pass, but "woods" is another matter—there not being even a group of elms, poplars, or aspens, to shelter it from the north wind or noonday sun. The approaches are as naked and flat as the seashore, and there is not an oak tree to be found within half a league. But when the young girl and her guide had left the dusty road, the country showed a greener and more smiling aspect, and after having walked for two hours, they perceived the forest of Valtravers, which bounded the horizon. Notwithstanding his aunt's orders, young Pierrot went on at a rapid pace, without caring for his companion; the hope of returning in time for his game gave him wings. Although light and fleet of foot, the poor girl was obliged to remonstrate occasionally, but the abominable Pierrot turned a deaf ear to her request, and unpityingly pursued his way, now and then casting a sullen glance towards the lengthening shadows of the trees, feeling in the bitterness of his heart that if he went the whole way to Valtravers, there would be no Sunday game at quoits for him. On reaching the beginning of the forest, a wicked thought struck the young shepherd—"There," cried he, laying the little bundle down upon the grass, "you have only to follow this broad path, which leads straight to the chateau, and in a quarter of an hour you will be at the gate." The young urchin was about to steal away as he said this, but stopped at a sign from his companion, who, taking from her girdle a purse seemingly not very well filled, gracefully offered a small silver-piece to Pierrot, thanking him for his trouble. Pierrot was confused at this unexpected gift, he hesitated, and perhaps would have yielded to the voice of conscience, but at that moment the spire of Neuvy-les-Bois caught his eye, rising afar off across the plain, like the mast of a vessel, and his imagination painted a dozen young fellows at quoits and pitch-farthing on the church plain. In a moment he took the piece of silver, put it into his pocket, and ran off as fast as he possibly could.

On entering the forest, the young traveller felt herself refreshed by the coolness, and her first impulse was to thank God for having supported and protected her during her long journey, and to beseech him that she might find hospitality where she was about to ask it. Then, after resting herself for a few minutes under an oak, the shadow of which told her that evening was come, she set forth along the green path, expecting every moment to see the turrets of the chateau rise before her. Now it happened that this path, which Pierrot had assured her was the avenue to the chateau, terminated in another cross road. The girl listened for noises betokening a habitation near, but no sound met her ear, except the evening whispers of the forest. She ascended a hillock, but beheld around her only a large extent of verdure. For some time she walked on at hazard, and then wishing to retrace her weary steps, she could not recognise the paths she had crossed. Though the sun was still above the horizon, the forest lay in deep shadow; the birds had left off singing, night-moths were flying about, and a disagreeable concert of screech-owls had commenced. It was just the time and scene in which grief and loneliness press the most heavily on their victims; and the poor child, utterly discouraged, and too weary to proceed, threw herself on the turf, weeping. She had untied the black ribbons of her straw bonnet, and her golden curls waving in the breeze, were tinged by the gold of the setting sun. She had thus remained for a few moments sunk in despair, when raising her head, she beheld at a distance a gentleman on horseback regarding her with the surprise of a man to whom such a meeting was altogether unusual. He had approached unheard by her, and checked his horse to observe her. She arose hastily, then re-assured by his smiling and benevolent countenance, she said—"God has sent you to my assistance, sir. I am a stranger here, as you may perceive: for above two hours I have been wandering in the forest, not being able to find my way out of it, or to discover my right road; perhaps you will have the kindness to direct me?"

"Certainly," replied a gentle voice, "but I must know where."

"To Valtravers, sir."

"To the chateau?"

"Yes, to the chateau of Valtravers."

"You could not have asked a better person, mademoiselle, for I am going thither myself, and, if you please, I will have the honour of accompanying you."

Saying these words, the rider dismounted, without waiting for a reply. He was a young man of elegant appearance, handsome, and well dressed. "Is this yours, mademoiselle?" he asked, pointing with his whip to the little bundle on the grass.

"Yes, sir, it is all my fortune," replied the stranger, with a melancholy smile. The young man took up the bundle, and carefully tied it to his saddle, then offering his arm to the girl, they set forward in the direction of the chateau, followed by the handsome and docile animal.

"So, mademoiselle, you were bewildered and lost when I met you, and did not know what would become of you? I am glad that chance led me there, or you would have probably slept by starlight on the moss of the forest to-night."

"I was resigned to that, sir;" and the young girl related how she had been deceived by Pierrot.

"Pierrot is a rogue who deserves to be whipped. And you are going to Valtravers? Of course, you are acquainted with the chevalier, or at least with some one at the chateau?"

"I know no one there."

"Truly!"

"No one; but you know the chevalier, sir?"

"Yes, we are old friends."

"He is said to be kind, generous, and charitable?"

"Oh, very charitable," replied the young man, supposing his companion to be some unfortunate person requiring assistance; but, after a rapid examination of her appearance, he decided that hers was not a common case of charity or benevolence. "Mademoiselle," he added, gravely, "I assure you that the chevalier has the noblest heart that ever beat under heaven."

"I know it, I never doubted it; but it is delightful to be assured of it just now. Little Maurice, too, sir, perhaps you are acquainted with him?"

"What little Maurice, mademoiselle?"

"The chevalier's son."

"Oh, yes," cried the young man, laughing—"yes, undoubtedly I know little Maurice, too."

"Does he promise to be good and generous one day, like his father?"

"In truth, he generally passes for a good fellow: it is not for me to speak ill of him."

"I feel that I shall love him as a brother."

"I can assure you that on his part he will be delighted to see you."

At these words they crossed a glade, and within a park opening upon the forest appeared a handsome mansion, the windows of which were burnished by the setting sun.

II.

On the above evening, at the same hour, the aged Chevalier de Valtravers was seated on his terrace conversing of days gone by with the old Marchioness de Fresues, whose residence might be observed in the valley below, among the trees bordering the river Vienne. The Marchioness and Chevalier were old friends. When at the first appearance of danger to the monarchy the Marquis de Fresues had thought it proper to go with his wife to the banks of the Rhine, in order to show his abhorrence of what was passing in France, and his devotion to the throne of St. Louis, M. de Valtravers accompanied him. We know how these little excursions began like parties of pleasure, and ended generally in a long and rigorous exile. Our three companions, intending a speedy return, had taken with them only means sufficient for a year's maintenance; this being exhausted, and their ornaments disposed of, they went secretly to Nuremberg, where they settled in a mean lodging, thinking only of how to live. M. M. de Fresues and Valtravers were crest-fallen; and as always happens, it was left for the lady to set an example of resignation, courage, and energy.

"We will work," replied Mde. de Fresués, when the two friends anxiously asked what was to become of them. As she drew in crayons and painted miniatures well, she gave lessons and took likenesses; and her beauty, grace and misfortunes brought her many pupils, even more than her talents. The two gentlemen, who when they first saw the Marchioness at work, complained loudly of the disgrace, were soon obliged to acknowledge that they were very tolerably fed in idleness, and that it was the Marchioness who, in common language, brought the grist to the mill. The Marquis never did any thing, but M. de Valtravers began to think that he might as well use his faculties. But how? he thought of teaching French, but he found that he must learn it first; and in despair, thinking that he was good for nothing but to be killed, he was near going off to the army for that purpose, when one day he stopped mechanically before a stall of wooden toys, containing among other things, a number of bilboquets very neatly turned, and humming tops, the delight of childhood, and glory of Nuremberg. This was scarcely a sight to touch the imagination of an emigrant gentleman who was entirely ruined; but after some minutes of silent contemplation, M. de Valtravers seemed to experience some feeling like that of C. Columbus on beholding the shores of the new world arise from the bosom of the ocean, or that of Galileo when he was certain that our little globe really moved round the sun.

M. de Valtravers was born at a time when, thanks be to Rousseau's *Emile*, it was the fashion in high French society to complete the education by teaching the pupil a trade; and at the sight of these toys, M. de Valtravers recollected that he had formerly learned how to carve ebony and ivory. The remembrance was acted upon; within three months he had acquired the reputation of being the Benvenuto Cellini of Nuremburg, and had in fact attained a very superior degree of skill. His ivory nut-crackers, above all, were wonderful for the delicacy and detail of their finish, becoming so fashionable that while every body of rank in the old German town sat to the Marchioness for a portrait, every one also ate his filberts by the aid of the French emigrant. Our artists enjoyed their success; and after having worked hard all day they met gaily in the evening; the one exhibiting on her easel the blooming face of some fat Nurembergeois, while the other brought out half a dozen nut-crackers which he had been turning. They laughed like children without perceiving that they owed their delightful gaiety to their labour; to that industry which rendered them more estimable and happy than they had ever been in their prosperity. As for the Marquis, he thought it vulgar to earn his bread, fancying that a gentleman who respected himself ought to die like the Roman Senators in their curule chairs, rather than condescend to live by work like a beggar. He was sullen towards his wife on the point, and did not conceal his contempt for the Chevalier; but it exasperated him to see them always busy and happy, while he was literally

dying of lassitude. However, he ate heartily, and was as selfish and exacting as if he were still in his chateau on the banks of the Vienne.

"Marquis," said the Chevalier sometimes, "be so kind as to tell us where you would be if it were not for the drawings of the Marchioness?"

"And without our friend's nut-crackers?" added the lady smiling.

M. de Fresues shrugged his shoulders, lamented his tarnished shield, appealed to the honour of his ancestors on behalf of his wife, and complained of having no claret at his table. After some time, the Marchioness succeeded in making reduced copies of ancient pictures, which were in great request; and the Chevalier undertook large sculptures in wood, in which art he became eminent. Besides the household comforts it procured, this pursuit of art enlarged the ideas of the Marchioness and Chevalier; they acknowledged the nobility of labour, the aristocracy of intellect; and like butterflies escaped from the chrysalis, they emerged from their narrow caste to enter triumphantly the great human family. Meanwhile, devoured by ennui, the Marquis gave himself up to fertile desires and useless regrets; till one fine morning he yielded up the litle soul that he possessed, and was lamented as a child by his wife and friend.

Some months after this they returned to their country, by permission of the First Consul, found the best part of their domains national property, which was readily restored to them; and the years of exile seemed but as a long dream in which they had fallen asleep old, and had awakened young. As soon as he was settled beneath his paternal roof the Chevalier married a young girl whom he had loved in Germany, and who died, leaving him one son. This child grew up under the care of his father and Mde. de Fresues, who devoted themselves wholly to him, living in retirement, doing good, and employing their leisure hours in the arts they had cultivated. The Marchioness painted as in former days, while the Chevalier planed, turned and carved, pear-tree, walnut-tree, and oak. He undertook the task of renewing the worm-eaten wainscot of his mansion; now and then for old affection, turning nut-crackers, which he presented to his tenants' daughters. Reading, walking, the pleasures of an intimacy which had never waned, and the education of little Maurice, occupied days always to short for the industrious and benevolent.

*(To be continued.)*

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## INTROSPECTION.

Some few months I had absent been, and now was on my way
To where my mother's well-known home, deep in the valley, lay.
Oh, with what altered feelings did I that home draw near;
For she had left it—borne away, upon her silent bier.
The mountain firs, so strangely grouped, that 'bove her dwelling grew,
No sportive fancies now called forth, but coldly rose to view ·
The village church—that on the hill to all the landscape gave
A pleasing feature once—alas! now pointed to her grave.
I paused—I felt no heart or strength up that hill-side to wind,
For bitter, self-accusing thoughts came rushing on my mind:
I thought of times gone by, when first among the world I mixed;
When undecided was my fate, my prospects all unfixed;
When doubt and fear came o'er my soul, uncertain what to dare,
Hers was the voice which cheered me on, and bade me not despair.
I thought of times, when on the couch of sickness I did lie;
When my daily most familiar friends, how seldom they came nigh;
Her hand alone my pillow smoothed, as on that couch I laid:
Alas, my mother! oh, how ill have I thy cares repaid!
I've seen deep sorrow cloud thy brow—I've seen, and marked it well—
Yet wrapped in selfish cares myself, did I thy grief dispel?
Oh, seldom has the wish to please been present in my thought;
It seems as I had never *tried* to love thee as I ought!
It seems as thou hadst lived for me—but I for thee in vain!
Oh, God! if but for one short year thou could'st return again!
Then burning tears roll'd down my cheeks—when, lo, a gentle tone
Broke on my ears—my mother's voice! it was—it was her own!
It was her footstep which I heard! the gently opening door
Had waked me from a feverish sleep—a dream—it was no more!
Yet in the joy which seized my soul, to find I still possess'd
A lov'd one whom I mourned as lost, this truth rose in my breast—
This mournful truth—strange law which binds us children of the earth,
That our best blessings still must fly before we know their worth!
Then all too late the knowledge comes, and tears repentant rise,
When those for whom we vainly weep no more may meet our eyes.
Then, oh my mother! from this time may I a warning take,
And from this feverish fretful dream of life forthwith awake—
Wake from this lethargy of soul, wherein too long I've been,
And make thy happiness my care, till death shall close the scene.

B. P.

*Darlington*, 1847.

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## WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

BY C. PLANCHE.

Spirit! that hauntest every whispering glade,
Where bowed corn ripens, or swift sun-gleams pass
O'er the glad fields, or where the broad oaks' shade
Sleeps in dark masses on the new-mown grass.

Thou, who dost wander with the autumn rills,
Chaunting low strains in cadence with their song,
Or travellest on the fresh warm air that fills
All lonely nooks bright autumn's scenes among;

Threading thy wild path where brown hazels bend,
In the low copsewood, or by mazy streams,
Watching the white clouds' contour, change and blend,
Like the wild shapes of half-remembered dreams,

Now pausest, catching the low passionate tone
Of the sweet wood-dove, breathing forth its joy;
Now glidest to some forest-opening lone,
Where the blue heaven seems melting on the eye,

Passing like gentle thoughts from hill to wold;
Floating with streams, or winnowing on the air;
Thou, when blithe Autumn turns the ear to gold,
Like a blest presence hoverest everywhere.

Changing—as eve subdues the crimson flush
Of sunset to deep gold—with happy sleight,
Spring joys and summer raptures to the hush,
The chastened gladness, of subdued delight.

Fain would I catch thy influence—fain would bind
Sweet thoughts and gentle feelings round my heart;
And, with hushed passions and a thankful mind,
In the great chorus bear a humble part.

Earth heaves with fulness!—the bright sun looks forth
With gaudier lustre o'er the grain crowned hill:
When the full heart of Nature swells with mirth,
Shall man's alone, the noblest voice, be still?

*Sutton-in-Ashfield*, 1847.

## BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

By Dr. Beard.

NO. IV.—THE REMEDY.

The evils incident to Benefit Societies as in general at present constituted, arise mainly from ignorance. Hence it at once appears that intelligence is the appropriate cure. Those great principles of mutual assurance which science has developed and experience found safe and satisfactory, must be applied in order to secure the working man from want and dependence. The propriety of this is so obvious as to need no illustration—some however may be disposed to think that every needful provision has been already made in Mutual Assurance societies free from objections, if not in the Savings' Bank; such an opinion betrays ignorance of the feelings and wants of the people. Towards Saving's Banks, many of them entertain grave suspicions. The existence of those suspicions we regret. We think those suspicions unfounded. Did we hold that England was on the eve of a social convulsion: did we believe that its rulers were aiming at an aristocratical despotism, we should have a ground for these suspicions. As it is, the security afforded by Savings' Banks is among the best in the country,—when that security fails, none will be safe, and if any are afraid that the minister, by having in his pocket the people's money, may be aided in playing the tyrant, let them reflect that the people by withdrawing their money within comparatively a short period, have full power to disappoint an ambitious and paralyse a tyranical governor. In most transactions the creditor has power at least equal to that of the debtor. If by the Savings' Banks the state pledges the people to abstain from violence, the people by the same means impose on the government the necessity of ruling not without a regard to their advantage. And the larger their deposits, the greater security is possessed by the people that their interest will not be wholly neglected. If the National Debt were possessed exclusively by the working classes, they would thereby hold over the minister a rod which he would never cease to regard with respect. The true objection to Savings' Banks and most other existing institutions is this: they are not in their instruments suited to the habits and wants of the people. To meet and satisfy these, a new class of societies must be called into existence:—founded on the ascertained and approved data of Mutual Assurance. These societies should unite in their constitution the three great elements of British prosperity and strength, namely, intelligence, wealth, and popular influence.

The first element required is intelligence. In order to procure this, an effort must be made on behalf of the people by persons whose education and position, give them opportunities of gaining accurate and trustworthy information, first on the general principles involved in Mutual Assurance, and secondly, on the actual working of such societies as are esteemed at once the cheapest and the most solid. For this element we are compelled to look above the ranks of the working classes. We need and we solicit the assistance of persons of leisure, information, and benevolence. Let individuals possessing these qualities look each one around his neighbourhood for fellow workers. Let some organ of intercommunication be found or instituted. Let thoughts be freely communicated and candidly exchanged,—a combination may hence arise, which shall confer a very high benefit on the working man, and through him on society at large.

Let it not be supposed that in calling for this aid we ask for charity. Charity in the common sense is to us a term of offence, and the thing which it represents, we deplore and deprecate; our aim is not to bring in another system of almsgiving, but to aid the people to do without those pauperising influences which already exist. We would make every man's home truly his castle—free from the invasions alike of zeal without knowledge, and penury and degradation in the shape of patronage. And we would also take care that by his own independent exertions and honourable thrift every man had a home. On behalf of the people therefore, we ask for not patrons but friends; we appeal to the benevolent and bid the condescending stand aside. The intelligent, if they will kindly come to the aid of the people, they must come as joint-assurers with the people; must have an interest in common with those whom they wish to serve. In doing good to the people they must benefit themselves: where their own property is at stake and in proportion as it is at stake, the intelligent will devise with care and superintend with vigilance. Honorary members are of as little true value as are patrons—their respectable names may serve to cover misdeeds on the part of working officers or shield an unworthy servant from merited punishment; but for the safe conduct of a society, little at the best can be done by persons who in lending their names think they have performed their duty. It is not names we want but intelligence; and this intelligence in order to be effectual, must be engaged in the daily working of the machinery: more, this intelligence must work under the stimulus of self-interest. Gratuitous services are mostly worthless, even when they are not suspicious. Few men that can command remuneration labour without it; if they have it not in meal they will take it in malt. Refuse a servant his proper salary and he may succeed in becoming your master. There are other besides money-payments in the world. power has its sweets, patronage is not without advantages; if in serving you, I take not your gold, you must not be surprised if I curtail your liberties: the man that accepts a favour, justifies while he occasions a frown. Thus at present does society speak and act.

Under these conditions we further ask aid from wealth. Without wealth Mutual Assurance cannot work out its legitimate results; money makes money: money in large masses brings a return which cannot be otherwise gained. The whole here is greater than its constituent parts; besides, the wealthy understand the use of money; they know when and in what investment it can be laid out most beneficially, and their opulence affords some solid guarantee of their honesty.

It is, however, chiefly at the commencement that the co-operation of men of substance is requisite. Wealth generally brings caution with it, into whatsoever enterprise it enters. And wealth gives as well as justifies confidence. The people who are too apt to look to names, should look first to true liberality of opinion and action, and then to solid property. These, in any enterprise, are among the prime causes of success. These, with intelligence, must be engaged in any comprehensive system for aiding the people to aid themselves, by means of Mutual Assurance. After, however, the society has been set on a solid basis, the necessity for seeking this element of wealth beyond its ordinary members will soon cease, for numbers will ensure a sufficiently large vested capital. The pence of the people will themselves suffice.

Our third requisite is popular influence. Unless

**we can have this, we wish not for intelligence or wealth. Apart from the former, the latter cannot accomplish the good we seek. They could not gain, because they would not deserve the confidence of the people. They would not surely work free from corruption. The people's good must be wrought by the people's own hands. In conjunction with them must the machinery of our *Working Man's Self-Providing Society* be devised and constructed; and under their immediate supervision and control must its operations proceed. If there were for this no other reason, one would suffice—namely, that self-government is the best instructor, whether for rich or poor. Hitherto the English have, to a large extent, been a self-governed people. In their private concerns the state has in some degree let them alone. Thus left, they began with characteristic energy to help themselves. They made mistakes—who has not done? No child ever learned to run without a fall. In learning to govern their clubs and their "conventicles," the people learned to think. If experience involved pain, it also gave wisdom. And the great change in the constitution of Benefit Societies which is now preparing to take place throughout the land, is chiefly owing to that sense of its necessity, and that dim view of something better, which the people have acquired in their past efforts to make for themselves provision against sickness, age, and death.**

Clear, therefore, are we that in any well-judged plan of aiding them in instituting a solid system of Mutual Assurance, their own energies should be called into action. It is to the representative system that we look to supply this popular element; because that system is not only suitable for the purpose, but one with which the people are in a measure familiar. Let popular influence be the broad deep foundation stone. Glad should we be to see the people take the initiative. Let them assemble, and ask the aid they need. We are confident that aid would not be refused. We fear, however, that a different course is the only one that is practicable, if our suggestions are to take effect. The ground which in these papers we have broken, others must plough, harrow, and sow. To drop metaphor, lectures must be given, cheap and striking tracts must be put in circulation, the people must be appealed to by those who from fellow-feeling know the way to their hearts; trouble and pains must be unsparingly taken in order to open the people's eyes to existing evils, and the good in prospect—or, rather, to show them practically a way in which they may escape from the one and secure the other. Let not the well-disposed be deterred by the magnitude of the task. It *is* great; but great is the reward. A sound and widely spread system of Mutual Assurance would in a few generations destroy pauperism, and so relieve England of its foulest and most deadly blot.

The direct agency of the people themselves is the more necessary, because the adapting of the principles of Mutual Assurance to the habits and wants of the working classes necessitates arrangements, the nature of which they themselves only fully understand. Whatever degree of centralisation it might be found wise or practicable to retain, certain it is that local organisations would be indispensable. Facilities, too, would have to be afforded in the way of making the payments and receiving the benefits. Persons to visit the sick, collectors to gather in the contributions, frequent payments, would be absolutely requisite in any system of Mutual Assurance that was to become popular.

We think it a recommendation of our plan, that it involves the combined action of classes of persons who now commonly stand much aloof one from the other. Of this alienation there has been far too much. With this alienation are connected distrust, heart-burnings, and social peril. In common action, for a good and great object, is a source of healing, mutual confidence, and growing strength.

### ONE MORE.

One more slinking from the contest,
One more weary of the toils!
Thou, too, Friend! art weigh'd and wantest.

Lo, he deem'd we play'd with foils:
But he finds our game is earnest;
And his shrinking soul recoils.

Brave young Spirit, passion-furnaced,
Surely thou shalt lead the world!
Scarcely won thy spurs, thou turnest.

How thy budding life unfurl'd
Truth and gentleness and fervour:
How we loved thee, we storm-whirl'd.

Freedom!—thou wert sworn to serve her;
Gave thy hand on't: 'twas a grasp
*Of exile:—Loose thy fingers, Swerver!*

Fame, affections, cautions, clasp
Thy being: ay! SELF, hidden under
Fruit, like Cleopatra's asp.

Thou and martyr Faith must sunder:
Keep thy usefulness; escape
Worldly loss, friends, fears and wonder.

Make thy life smooth; take the shape
Of the times, their hue and fashion;
Play the philanthropic ape.

Gain men's praise; dispense compassion;
White-wash wrongs; speak fair to all;
Keep thy sleek soul free from passion.

Be respectable; and call
Thy treason care, thy shame self-guidance:
Yet thou know'st not of thy fall.

Still thou bidd'st us have reliance;
As of old thy heart is ours:
In thy face we fling defiance.

Let it pass!—A few short hours,
And our onward march shall leave thee
To thine own scorn, 'mid thy flowers.

Never more can we believe thee:
Hang not on us! take thy stand
With the foemen: doth that grieve thee?

Only that way, hand to hand
Can we meet again: beseech thee,
Load thy soft arm with a brand!

Let thy new friends courage teach thee;
Wear the bold front that rssoyls
The renegade: our smile shall reach thee.

Pass!—Time hide thee 'mong his spoils:
One more slinking from the contest,
One more weary of the toils!

W. J. LINTON.

# The Week

*Ending Saturday, August 14, 1847.*

### THE MISTAKEN PLAN.

The doctrine of "Let us do evil that good may come" has been so strongly denounced by the highest of all authority, that to the thinker, the present state of society and its doings with regard to this doctrine seems most outrageous. Everywhere is the practice denounced and still everywhere is it followed. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles" says the great teacher, and yet the conduct of men is as if they were in daily expectation of proving the teacher a liar.

Man comes into the world, physically an infant, intellectually a blank; at birth the faculties of sense comes into play; things are impressed on the brain, the hands come into contact with various substances, and the permanence of these impressions constitutes mind (the mass of remembered sensations).

Mind is the result of experience, and the very word experience, (the act of trial) implies occasional mistakes, and failure, for if we could always escape failure; trial, experience, would be unnecessary.

If *men* in their various experiments and with their accumulated knowledge go wrong and fail, what is to be expected of *infancy*, having all its knowledge in the future, its mind to gain, its trials to pass through,

If a man in the pursuit of a good object lays plans, and toiling to fulfil them, fails, does not the constitution of the world (nature) teach, calmly and beautifully teach, more thought, more care, more trial. no active opposition see we, no beating, no punishment, but simply a declaration that this mode of action is not a proper one, some of your calculations are not correctly made, go, look the matter over, find out the error, and your gain is great and certain, your experience is valuable, your mind is enlarged.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," says the teacher. Here is the teacher according to nature; not the dogmatic who tells us what to believe, what to think; no, we have still to make out the lesson, and we cannot avoid learning from it *how to think!*

What! the kingdom of heaven of little children, a heaven of ignorance, of stumbling and failing in our plans, a heaven of errors and their consequences as exhibited in the eye of babyhood? No, not so; but a heaven of everlasting activity, of purest innocence in its plans, of thorough forgetfulness and forgiveness of evil. Children are not vindictive, they are only self-defensive; vindictiveness is the insanity of self-defence, instilled and brought out by maltreatment on the part of the instructors.

Childhood has two teachers, Nature and the parent, or parent-constituted instructor, and it often happens that the modes of teaching pursued are very different. Undoubtedly both teachers are necessary, but how much better would the tasks of the human teacher be performed, if the position of mediator between the great master and the pupil was always kept. Fire is so constituted as to cause pain on contact, and yet so as to attract prominent notice from the child. The parent sees the danger, and prohibits the action, either without reason, or with such a one as the child cannot comprehend. sometimes paternal love goes the length of punishment, how the child is to understand the meaning, the parents know not, but one thing we know, viz, that this treatment will excite the feeling of self-defence to excess, to insanity of vindictivenes. Yet the parent expects this treatment to produce good, expects by this mode to educate intellect, and to excite moral feeling; expects, in short, to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. How different to nature's teaching; the child touches and is burned, and if the power of reasoning be not active, it touches again and finds the consequence regular and inevitable, there is no escape other than not to touch. The parent may prohibit and punish for an attempted infraction of the prohibition, but the parent is not omnipresent, and the child not understanding why it is not to touch, falls under the temptation in the absence of the guardian, learns to refrain from the influence of fear only. The day will arrive when the fear of the parent is outgrown, and unless a considerable amount of knowledge has been garnered, the youth breaks out into all kinds of injurious practices. The parents' teaching is upon the mistaken plan. Well, but it is dangerous to leave children to nature's teaching alone, for it would often come too late for the individual most concerned. True, and hence the use and true province of the teacher is found. We have said that mind is made up of experience; and the teacher should watch and see that experiment does not go the length of permanent injury. Where is the utility of telling an unburned child that fire will injure, but let the experiment be made on some occasion when the pupil is tempted —let it be tried, we say, upon the end of a finger—and a few such experiences will form a general ground of reasoning with regard to the touching of all injurious substances. Teaching by things must supersede the teaching by words. We do not derive ideas (pictures of memory) from words, but from things; and to cram with words (the signs of ideas) before we have had experience of the things which words are the signs of, before we have the ideas themselves, is only to make a child into a tinkling cymbal, having no knowledge even of the meaning of the sound it makes. The knowledge of things must precede that of words; the reading of nature must go before that of books.

"Bless them who curse you," says the teacher, "and great is your reward in heaven;" but they who profess to believe the authority, and who continually repeat to others the advice, say, by their actions, one of these two things—"Master, we do not believe you;" or—"We want none of your reward!" Forgiveness of injury, is the motto; an eye for an eye, the practice! "If one sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak, also," is the precept; sue again to the uttermost, till he have not bread to eat, or water to drink, is the real working plan of society. • "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," says the Master; society, by its own sin of omission, first makes the wrong-doer, and then, with all the frigidness of stoical virtue, regrets the necessity, but feels it a duty to stone the criminal to death. • The whole round of action is in fulfilment of the doctrine—"Let us do evil that good may come"—is a personified expectation of gathering "grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles"—an apparent faith that "an evil tree can and will bring forth good fruit"—that the fountain made bitter can send forth sweet water.

"Punishment is always an evil," says the learned Archbishop Whately; and yet he, a teacher of the falsity of the doctrine—"Let us do evil that good may come," is one of the strongest advocates of severe secondary punishments. Surely, the recommendation is upon the mistaken plan. How is it that examples of the right course, such as our history exhibits in the lives of Howard and of Mrs. Fry, produce no sensible effect upon governments and people? why, when the looked-for effect does not follow the application of the means, are the same means continually applied in the same manner? why, when nature, in her own calm and dignified manner, says, by the failure of punishment to prevent crime or reform offenders, this is not the proper course, stop, think again, find out the error and remedy it—why does not man take the advice, instead of blundering on and on, to the utter confusion, disappointment, and misery of all concerned?

The error is commenced in infancy, continued through youth and manhood up to old age; it is begun at our birth, and only dies at our death. Intellect doubts it, moral feeling shudders at it, nature objects to it, our scriptures, in the name of the All-in-all, denounce it. Why do we yet, as a rule, return evil for evil? *Why continue to act upon the mistaken plan?* Surely, the subject is worth a thought.—J. W.

### AN INCIDENT OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

New Orleans is fast rising to pre-eminence, and is situated on the Mississippi, "The Father-Water," at 92 miles from its mouth. The trade of New Orleans in cotton, tobacco, and sugar, both maple and cane, is considerable; though the bar at the entrance of the river will not admit of ships beyond six or seven hundred tons' burden; the average depth of water being 14½ feet. New Orleans proper is situated on the northern bank of the river; that part of the town on the south side is called Algiers, of very small extent, and usually the place where the smaller merchantmen were built and others repaired. New Orleans is in a slave state, Algiers is in a free one. The Father-Water, bearing numbers of fine merchantmen and hundreds of noisy active steamers on its broad bosom, separates Indiana from Louisiana; the free state from that of servitude and bondage.

The inhabitants of New Orleans may be divided into five castes: Whites, Mulattoes, Quadroons, Mustis, and Mustivinos; the first being generally regarded as the most humane slave-masters; the mulatto forming the next order, and being less harsh and cruel than the quadroon, who, in his turn, makes way for the worse, musti and mustivino. The slave-owners who approach the nearest to the white man in colour, are the most sensitive to the reproach of being tainted with black blood; and they may be suspected of affecting a want of feeling for the negro, striving thereby to hide and to disclaim their own connexion with the race. There are a few amongst the agricultural slave-owners whose slaves are treated with some humanity; but can any treatment compensate for the loss of liberty and the degradation attached to the name of slave?

Not far from the town of New Orleans lived a musti, named S——d. His European parents came originally from France, whilst the deserts of Africa had been scoured to find a black progenitrix for his race. He was a man of great wealth, a large landed proprietor, and a considerable slave-owner. His mind brought up to recognise the inferiority of his party-coloured race, and most dangerously sensitive to the ill effects of that withering prejudice against colour, even now far too prevalent in our own colonies. A barrier in society, fathered by pride and ignorance and the devil's ally as regards the propagation of the gospel. Nursed by the hand of wealth, self-willed, unrestrained in his desires, he had attained the middle age, when one of his female slaves, a quadroon, became the object of a passion as licentious in its career, as horrible in its end. The too willing favourite was installed in all the luxuries of European ladies of large fortune, though her mind was clouded with all the ignorance of her mother race. Nothing disturbed the union, which continued between them till the gay quadroon became enamoured of a creole black slave, one of the servants of the house, whose situation led him to be treated with less severity than the other slaves, the property of the same master. The latter at length became aware of what was passing, and was at once fired with jealousy and hatred. He caused the quadroon to be closely confined, and what her final destiny was I never could learn.

Cæsar, for so the black was called, was bound hand and foot. The master's two brothers were next sent for; they came, their knives in their belts, their rifles in their hands. An immense branch of a large tree was cut and thrown by his trembling slaves into the Mississippi. The unfortunate Cæsar was bound on to the smaller branches, so as to prevent any part of his body from being immersed in the water. He was now towed by two boats to a part of the river adjoining a savannah, and there kept till the mosquitoes had bitten him all over (he being quite naked), and his eyes closed, so as to prevent his seeing at all. He was then taken out of the shade and exposed to the hot broiling sun, in the height of summer. One of his eyelids was cut completely off, the other half only. When it was deemed that the sun had sufficiently blistered the mosquito bites, and those parts of his body which had been injured by the rough usage of his lord and master, he was towed farther down the river to where a few putrid cattle were lying, serving as a prey for the alligators, and a deposit for the eggs of the sand-fly. He was kept there till the sand-fly had done its work, and the heat of the sun and his body had commenced theirs, by hatching the flies' eggs and producing a small white worm that greedily fed on his flesh, while Sand arrived and stood over him, glowing with fiendish delight.

The news at length arrived at the Levée—for that is the name given to that part of the river bank, that the vessels lie alongside of to discharge and take in their different cargoes. The labourers, for the most part European, instantly felt revolted at this atrocious cruelty, and a gang of them proceeded to the spot. The writer of the present article accompanied them. The excitement created was not so great as might have been expected; but still sufficient, with a little extraneous aid, to have prompted them to retaliate with equal severity. There was a man in the crowd, an American Scotchman, or a Scotchman who had emigrated and been naturalised. He was a man rather over than under six feet, whilst the proportions of his limbs might have vied with those of Hercules himself. The prominent features of his face were,—high salient cheek-bones, large bushy whiskers, and shaggy eyebrows, while the dull unmeaning gaze of his eye contrasted strongly with the determined and reckless expression of his mouth. A hat originally composed of the celebrated Panama grass, but now in patches and mended with an infinite variety of articles, covered his head. A blue dungaree shirt came down to his loins, covering his powerful shoulders, and being confined at the waist by a leathern strap, in which on the left side he wore his cotton hook, and on the right his knife; a pair of canvass trousers covered his legs down to the knees, where they were placed inside of rather a heavy pair of boots. This man of a disposition rather phlegmatic than otherwise was a stivador, and known by the expressive name of "Bully-in-the-woods." He had once been a settler. Under an exceedingly rough exterior he concealed a generous heart, entirely reckless of himself or the consequences of his actions. As soon as he appeared, the crowd made way; for Bully, he was known to everybody—both feared and liked. Seeing the unfortunate man was too far gone for it to be of any use attempting to liberate him, he drew his large knife across the throat of the negro, in order to put an end to his sufferings; though probably the wretched man had breathed his last a short time previously. The spot where the branch had been towed and dragged close to the bank was about seven miles from English Turn, on the north side of the river. I saw the unfortunate being still lying on his back, the flies buzzing round him in myriads, his whole body, one hideous sore, shining with a horrible lustre in the sun. On a nearer approach, I plainly discovered the small white worms of the fly revelling in his flesh, as in carrion; the form of his body so much disfigured, as to prevent one from feeling the intensity of his sufferings. His face was the most horrible of all horrible things, more like a ghastly sore resembling a face, than a fellow-creature in the image of God. My heart quailed and sickened, and I turned from the sight. The remains disappeared in the night, either the prey of an alligator, or interred by some brother slave, at the risk of sharing the same fate himself—nature's child in his virtues, the white man's in his crimes. The affair passed silently by: no notice, that I am aware of, was ever taken of the circumstance.

*National Hall, High Holborn.*—The annual *soirée* of the National Association was held on Monday evening, the 26th July. Some disappointment was felt in the unavoidable absence of Dr. Epps, and other members of the Association, who were detained in consequence of the elections. Mr. C. H. Neesom presided on the occasion; and appropriate sentiments were proposed and responded to by Mr. Wm. Lovett, Mr. Thos. Cooper, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Tapperill, and Mr. Thos. Beggs. These were interspersed with a number of choruses, very beautifully sung, by the singing class meeting weekly at the Hall. It is much to be regretted that these places for rational amusement and instruction are not better attended, while the gin-shops and taverns are crowded.—B.

*Mutual Instruction Society.*—There has been established at the house of Mr. C. Westerton, librarian, 15, Park-side, Knightsbridge (the room having been fitted up expressly for it), a Discussion Society, independent either of a public-house or coffee-house. The members are not known as pledged teetotallers, but the baneful effects of establishing societies of the kind at public-houses, has induced several young men to establish this one as an experiment. The question under discussion is the Character of Cromwell, which will be followed by one on the Laws of Entail and Primogeniture.—J. B.

*Lancashire and Cheshire Union of Mechanics' and Literary Institutions.*—On Saturday, July 24, a meeting of the committee of this union held their first meeting at the Manchester Institution. There were present delegates representing the Manchester Athenæum, Manchester Mechanics' Institution, Ancoats Lyceum, Stalybridge Mechanics' Institution, Oldham Lyceum, Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, Miles Platting Mechanics' Institution, Salford Lyceum, &c., &c. At this meeting arrangements were made for providing the smaller institutions with good honorary lecturers, books at a cheap rate, and many other indirect advantages. The subscription to the union is in proportion to the number of members in each institution. This union, which is formed upon the model of the Yorkshire union, will soon give "outward visible signs" of vitality and energy, as it is proposed to arrange for courses of lectures, at regular intervals, to all the smaller and poorer institutions, free from expense.
J. B. Langley.

*Roscoe Club and Liverpool Athenæum.*—The first general meeting of this society was held on the 27th July. The period of doubt is over, and this institution is now established with every prospect of brilliant success, and what is far better—of extended usefulness. It is formed upon a somewhat similar basis to the Manchester Athenæum. There is at the present moment a much larger number of names of persons pledging themselves to become members, and who have paid their subscriptions, than was anticipated by the most sanguine well-wishers of this promising institution. It principally owes its existence to the exertions of Mr. Charles Redish, the honorary secretary.
J. B.

*Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.*—Dr. Hodgson, the principal of this institution, having resigned his office, having connected himself with the Charlton High School of Manchester, the following resolution was passed unanimously by the general committee on Wednesday, July 14, 1847:—"That this committee accept with great regret the resignation of Dr. Hodgson of his office as principal of this institution; and in doing so, record their high sense of the benefit which the institution has derived from his services during the period of eight years in which he has been connected with it, and express their best wishes for his future happiness and prosperity in life."

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THE VESPER HOUR.

FROM A PAINTING BY ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

## THE VESPER HOUR.

Our engraving this week is of that class whose deep feeling and quiet suggestive beauty grow gradually upon the mind. The old monk has been upon a mission of comfort to some dying peasant, and is returning to the monastery, which we dimly see through the golden haze of the setting sun. How calm and delicious is the evening, how noiselessly the rude boat moves from shore to shore—the good priest moralising, likens it to the peaceful passage of the soul from this to a better world, such as he has just witnessed. The declining sun catches not a ripple on the smooth tide, save the gentle track of the boat, which, like a burnished thread of gold follows it athwart the blue bosom of the tide.

Suddenly, the silvery sound of the convent bell proclaims the vesper hour. The rough boatman reverentially doffs his cap and mutters his Ave Maria; the woman rower more fervently clasps her hands; and the monk, half-mechanically at the sound he has heard for fifty summers and winters, commences his routine prayer. The boat for a moment is at rest, the paddles, as they are withdrawn from the water, let fall great drops like molten gold upon the glossy tide, which then spread in widening rings. Nature seems to sympathise with the sentiment of the moment, and the "keeping" of the picture is complete.

A. W.

## WAKEFIELD,

### THE CAPITAL OF THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, AND SOME OF ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

When Kohl, the German traveller, was in England, he was curious to see the place at which Goldsmith has fixed the scene of his charming fiction. In one of his tours northward, Wakefield lay not far out of his path, and he readily made a digression in its behalf. We suppose that the intelligent German expected to find the town not much changed from its condition sixty years back. Possibly he hoped to stumble upon some ancient inhabitant full of traditions concerning Dr. Primrose himself. In both respects he was unfortunate. Instead of a pleasant cosy little place, full of all the attractions of a rural community, he found himself handed out of the railway train into an omnibus, which conveyed him through long streets distinguished by all the unromantic features which make up the aspect of a town of 15,000 people mainly employed in manufactures, corn-dealing, and the cattle trade. In the days of Goldsmith the writers of fiction were not so precise as they are at present in the local fidelity of their stories. We dare say that poor Goldy had no very exact notion where the town of Wakefield was to be found. It was, at all events, a good way off—pretty near a week's journey—and that would be a strong recommendation to an author in search of a title, specific without being familiar.

Wakefield has had a very unusual good fortune in the associations connected with its name. The reader of Shakspeare and English history remembers it as the scene of one of the most remarkable battles of the middle ages; Goldsmith has taken care that there shall always be a "Vicar of Wakefield" as long as there is an English language; the modern politician remembers the name in connexion with the electoral influence of the greatest constituency in the empire—that of the West Riding of Yorkshire; and to all men concerned in the ordinary but indispensable commodities of corn, and wool, and beef, the place is very familiar.

It has been our own fortune to be conversant with Wakefield for some time, without being connected with it as a regular inhabitant.

In ancient days the town appears to have been the centre of a wild and extensive forest, thinly peopled by a rude and fierce race of inhabitants. The "Manor of Wakefield" either does or originally did extend very nearly to the borders of Lancashire and Cheshire,—including the whole of the wide parish of Halifax, itself almost as big as a German principality,—a large slice out of Huddersfield and Almondbury,—and exercising jurisdiction over 120 towns, villages, and hamlets, scattered over an area of more than thirty miles in length from east to west. There certainly is no part of England which presents a more striking example of the immense improvements which have been accomplished by skill and industry than those districts of the counties of York and Lancaster, which are the seats of the woollen and cotton manufacture. In Lancashire there is the forest of Rossendale, a tract of country about twenty-four miles square, which, in the time of James I, possessed about eighty inhabitants, and produced a rental of 120*l*. The population is now 80,000, and the rental 50,000*l*.

Then again, there is Halifax, one of the constituent parishes of the manor of Wakefield. In 1453, Halifax contained thirteen houses. In the time of Camden the number had risen to 580. At this moment the population of that single parish reaches 120,000 souls. There can be no doubt that when the boundaries of the great feudal domain of Wakefield were originally fixed, the entire district was in a condition hardly better than the unsettled districts of North America at the present moment. It was a wide forest, plentifully intersected with stagnant pools and treacherous morass, and its chief occupants were stags, wolves, and the wild boar.

The legislation of this region was consonant with its social character. The Gibbet Law of Halifax has, perhaps, scarcely ever been exceeded in merciless severity. Its general interpretation was this: any man or woman detected with stolen goods in their possession of the value of 13½*d*. or more were handed over to the Manor Bailiff, who forthwith impanelled a jury of *four* persons, before whom the charge was summarily proved. The verdict of this jury was final and fatal; and it was executed upon the culprit on the next market day. On the intervening days he was placed in the stocks with the stolen goods fastened round his neck. The instrument of execution was a barbarous sort of guillotine, the knife or axe of which is still preserved. *After* the execution the coroner of the county investigated the legality of the punishment. So that, in point of fact, the man was beheaded first and tried afterwards.

The list of executions under this local law are very numerous. The latest was that of three men on the 30th April 1650. There is still a traditional litany once current among the people of the

Riding,—and, it must be admitted, with great reason,—which runs thus: "From Hell, Hull, and *Halifax*, good Lord deliver us."

The natural advantages of Wakefield are considerable. It stands upon a rising ground on the north bank of the navigable river Calder, just at the point where the range of bold hills which stretch away into Lancashire and Cumberland take their origin. The scenery is diversified and pleasing, but not remarkable for any extraordinary features of boldness or beauty. The site of the great battle is on the south side of the town, not far from the conspicuous hill on which stand the remains of the old feudal Castle of Sandal. By far the best view of the field is to be obtained from the top of a hill of some elevation called Lane Hill, and bearing very visible traces of a Danish encampment. Lane Hill faces Sandal Castle, and between them rolls the Calder. We have often stood upon this pleasant eminence, and wished that some poetical painter would choose it as his point of sight for a vigorous picture of the desperate scene of the 30th December, 1460. The local antiquaries are not agreed as to the precise localities of the more important incidents of the battle; but to our minds it is clear, that the great Lancasterian army of Somerset occupied, prior to the engagement, the level ground which stretches away to the left of a spectator standing in the position we have described, and in the direction of Agbrigg and Heath-Common. The decisive movements of this fight, we have as little doubt, took place on the smooth ground immediately surrounding the base of the Castle Hill. The issue of the battle is well known. The Yorkist army of 6000 men were half of them cut to pieces by the 18,000 men on the side of the House of Lancaster. The Duke of York himself, his son Rutland, and an immense number of his influential followers, were either slain in the conflict or beheaded afterwards.

Nominally, Wakefield is the capital of the West Riding; but its real metropolitan importance is confined to the holding of sessions and elections. The sessions are very ordinary affairs; but the elections, when they happen to involve a vigorous contest, are upon a very imposing scale. We certainly never remember to have beheld any scenes more full of life and energy than those which occur at Wakefield on the decisive days of a Riding election. The railway from the west brings down its thousands, almost its tens of thousands, from the dense hives of industry which fill the Cleckheaton Valley, from Huddersfield, Halifax, and Todmorden, and out of the district of Saddleworth. The greater part of these men come in bands and companies headed by a staff of standard bearers and musicians dressed in a tasteful uniform. They fall into procession at the railway station, and after marching through the town, take up their position in front of the hustings. The townships which have not the facility of the rail, either traverse the distance on foot, or are imported very extensively in the large wool waggons so plentiful in the district. In fact, the multitude of these waggons, the enormous cargoes of people they convey, their accompaniments of banners, music, and vociferation, are among the most remarkable features of the scene. During the business of the election, you meet with huge collections of them in all directions: all the publichouse yards and stables are crammed right and left with waggons, carts, gigs, horses, asses, mules, and every variety of vehicle, or beast of burden, which is to be found between Leeds and Rochdale. All the avenues leading to the election ground,—a declivity on the south side of the town, used for the cattle-market,—are choked up with eager pedestrians. Every five minutes you have the arrival of a township, headed by its blue or orange banners, inscribed with the most enthusiastic mottoes, and led on by a band of music playing, with spirit and precision, some favourite air. As soon as the crowd already assembled recognise the new comer, there is a hearty exchange of cheering, and then follows a friendly—and not always a friendly—scuffle for the best place. The Bradford woolcomber, in his long blue apron, jostles the cutler from Sheffield, and he again is confronted by a sturdy grazier out of Craven. The manufacturer shares the *melée* with his workmen, and the only law which rules the day, is the good old English rule of "a clear stage and no favour." These gradual aggregations go on until the hour of proclamation arrives and the High Sheriff advances, with his hat off, to command that the peace may be maintained, and that every man may have a fair hearing: he addresses an assemblage of twenty or thirty thousand men.

We do not mean to say, that these occasions do not very often give rise to accidents and excesses every way lamentable, but we do mean to say that there is no country in the world but England that can exhibit the glorious spectacle of the Wakefield fair ground covered with a concourse of thirty thousand freemen, knowing their rights, and asking no man for leave to enforce them.

The woollen trade which, fifty years ago, was carried on very largely at Wakefield, has been almost entirely transplanted to Bradford and Huddersfield. A few manufacturers still remain, but they are by no means so numerous as to give a character to the town. There is still a tolerable market for English wool, but even in that branch of business, we believe that the tendency is rather to a contraction than an extension of the Wakefield dealers.

By far the most remarkable feature of the place is its extensive corn granaries and corn market. Wakefield is the grain depôt for the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire; and it will be worth while to explain how this happens. The agriculture immediately surrounding the populous industrial towns is quite unable to supply them with corn; but there is a continuous water navigation between them and the great corn-growing counties of Norfolk, Lincoln, and Cambridge. The arrangement, therefore is very simple. Vessels capable of navigating as far as Wakefield and Leeds are laden with corn at Lynn and the other ports on the east coast; and Wakefield possesses a large corn market, simply because it stands at the head of the deep inland navigation. Beyond Wakefield there is no transit for sea-sized craft. When the railway is completed to Goole, a curious problem will be put in course of solution, viz., whether it will answer best to land the corn at Goole and carry it inland by railway, or to preserve the present arrangement.

Many of the Wakefield granaries are of enormous capacity. They stand chiefly along the banks of the river, and to several of them there are branches from the stream artificially deepened to admit the loaded vessels quite into the middle of the warehouse. By this contrivance the process of loading and discharging can go on in all weathers, and under the strictest inspection. We believe that the weekly amount of business transacted on the Wakefield Corn Exchange is not much less than 20,000*l.*

## Our Library.

**WAYFARING SKETCHES AMONG THE GREEKS AND TURKS, AND ON THE SHORES OF THE DANUBE. BY A SEVEN YEARS' RESIDENT IN GREECE.***

A conscientious book; written by one who had ample opportunities of knowing her subject perfectly; the tone and style thoroughly oriental—warm, gushing, impetuous; the diction too gorgeous perhaps to please the literary tastes of our frigid northern climes, but perfectly in keeping with the splendours of those Grecian suns and Asiatic skies, the memories of the immortal dead, and those scenes of unrivalled beauty, which she dilates upon and describes with a feeling akin to poetic inspiration.

It has been so much the custom of late for English tourists to describe the Greeks as a people unprepared for, and unworthy of, self-government, and their country as swarming with dangerous brigands, who infest the roads and mountain passes leading to the capital and the chief towns, levying tolls upon merchandise and perilling the lives of travellers—that we are glad to receive the evidence of so competent a witness to the contrary. Our authoress, with her family, passed the winter months in Athens, and the summer, which is too melting for a town residence, in the wild solitudes of the mountains, and had consequently very frequently to travel along the least-frequented roads. Yet she never once saw a brigand. She discredits all the received notions on that subject, and instances some of the false stories palmed upon the people of Western Europe for the purpose of depreciating the character of the Greeks. amongst others, a report that the village in which she was actually a resident at the time, had been pillaged and burnt to the ground by the robbers! and one to the effect that the king's yacht had been attacked and burnt, after all the crew had been murdered—entirely without foundation. The royal yacht is as safe as the "Victoria and Albert:" and our fair authoress describes herself as having enjoyed many a pleasant cruise therein, after Europe had been horrified at the state of the country in which such audacious violations of the law went unpunished? In fact, the same policy which vilified the revolutionists of France, gets up conspiracies in Italy, and menaces Switzerland, for the same purpose traduces Greece—in order to discredit popular government and constitutional law in the eyes of the world. But in vain. Ever and anon some writer comes forward with the requisite knowledge and honesty to undo the work of deception. Englishmen make mistaken reports rather from want of information than otherwise. We should smile at the Greek who gravely set down the English as a nation of thieves, because he had his pocket-handkerchief stolen in the Strand—yet our countryman who is robbed of a few piastres on a mountain road in Attica, will not scruple to write the Greeks a nation of brigands. The real fact is, that public statistics show that the average number of crimes is decidedly *less* in Athens than in any other European capital, in proportion to the population. The highways of Greece—a country only twenty years old; prior to 1827 subject to the most revolting servitude; in whose days of shame the brigand was the only freeman, and the pulikare, or mountain robber, a popular hero—the present state of the highways of Greece is the best possible evidence of the fitness of the peasantry for freedom:—those roads are safer than the highways of England were thirty years ago; or than those of Spain, Portugal, Italy, or almost any other country of Europe, are at this moment!

Our authoress expresses a deep faith in the future destiny of the Greeks: her long residence amongst them only increased her attachment to their persons, and her confidence in their capacity for advancement. We are glad to know it. They are a glorious people—much wronged and misgoverned; but, on all trying occasions approving themselves not unworthy of their history. They have suffered greatly; but they have now arisen to a new life. A great destiny in the future history of the east is before them. In the new arrangement of nations on the south-eastern borders of Europe, which the development of eternal laws of progression is preparing in those regions, their subtle intellect and political genius will ensure to them a commanding position as the allies, perhaps as the champions, of those free Christian nations which on the European boundaries of Turkey have detached themselves, either completely or in part, from the tyranny of an Arabian religion and an Asiatic despotism. Moldavia, Wallachia, Servia, Montenegro, the Ionian Islands, and Greece, circle that declining empire round: and when the last scene of the great tragedy of Ottoman occupation of the Eastern empire closes, to these free Christian peoples—not to Austria or to Russia—will the important Constantinople, in all probability, fall a prize But this is not the place to enter further into the political questions of the east: our authoress deals rather with the descriptive than the political: and we hasten to give a few specimens of her pictures, conscious that our extracts will induce many of our readers to turn to the volume itself. How luxurious is this description of

A SUMMER NIGHT IN GREECE.

It is indeed a wonderful thing, a summer's night in Greece, or rather the space between the setting and rising of the sun: for it cannot be called night where there is no darkness, no chilling dews, no sleep. People sleep during the hot languid hours of the day, and they are thankful to wake, that they may revive under the delicious influence of the faint night-breezes, so mild, so soft, that they seem to be but the gentle breathing of the earth in its slumber; we cannot call it night, but yet it is not day, though the whole heavens are glowing with the intense brightness of the great stars, hanging so motionless in the unfathomable depths of dark unclouded blue, and the very air is filled with light from innumerable meteors shooting to and fro. It is not day, for there is a solemn, a profound repose, which day could never know; the very spirit of rest seems to go forth over the earth, hushing not only winds and waves, but causing every leaf on the sombre olive-trees or green myrtle-bushes to lie still, as though spell-bound; and the starlight, radiant as it is, has a softness which tempers all on the wide-spreading landscape, that might be harsh or abrupt in a more glaring light. Wherever it may be seen, a calm summer's night is assuredly one of the most beautiful things in nature; but there is something peculiar in the influence it has on the mind in Greece, which I have nowhere else experienced; there is such purity in the sky, the air, the light, such a holy tranquillity on all around, that the strife of human life seems suddenly stilled, the fire of human passion quenched, and the most perturbed of spirits could not fail to partake somewhat of so intense a rest.

On such a night our authoress witnessed the striking conclusion of the Greek ritual for Passion week, and pourtrays it with a gorgeousness that continually reminds one of the scenes in Southey's eastern poems.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

There was not a light, not a sound; each individual of that immense multitude, filling even all the adjoining streets, remained still and motionless, so that even the most distant might catch the murmuring voices of the priests, who were reciting the service within the church; troops lined the streets to see that perfect quiet was maintained, but assuredly it was a needless precaution, for there was not one present who did not seem

* Chapman and Hall.

to share in a general feeling of gloom and depression, as though a heavy cloud were hanging over all things; and so complete was the realisation of all that these ceremonies are intended to convey, that I am certain the power of death, still so awfully manifest in these last tedious hours, was present with each one of them.

As midnight approached, the archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the king and queen, left the church and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and that Easter Day had begun; then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud, exulting tone, "Christos anesti," "Christ is risen!" and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled for ever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, "Christ is risen!" "Christ is risen!" At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers, which, communicating from one another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces, full of exultation, of the rejoicing crowd; bands of music struck up their gayest strains; the roll of the drums through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon, announced far and near these glad tidings of great joy; while from hill and plain, from the sea-shore and the far olive grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leapt for joy; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight, as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed; and so in truth it was;—and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory, in tones so loud and clear, that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how "Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath his feet, and henceforth the entombed have everlasting life."

**Some of the episodes from real life introduced into the volume are strangely wild and dramatic. As a concluding extract, we present our readers with one of them, which we may designate**

THE FRATRICIDE.

Long ago, when the Turks were still in quiet possession of the country, he lived in this village with his father and his only sister. The old man was very aged; and to the instinctive hatred which the Greeks seem at all times to have felt towards these their bitter enemies, he added all the rancour which a long life of compulsive submission to an abhorred yoke and to continued insult could not fail to produce. His son shared these feelings with all the strength of a fierce, proud spirit; not so his daughter, the gentle gazelle-eyed Daphné. Doubtless, like a true Greek, she deplored her country's slavery, and her Helenic blood boiled within her when her father had to crouch before a detested tyrant, or she herself to shrink trembling from some fierce Moslem's gaze; but the eyes of the young Achmet, the only son of the village Aga, were very mild and gentle; they never turned on her but with a gaze both eloquent and timid—*his* voice at least was soft and low, and that voice had told her that he loved her better than any thing on earth; and Daphné, though she knew that to love him was to love persecution and misery and death perhaps, yet learned to feel for him so deep and passionate a tenderness, that country, father, friends, and home, all lost their hold on her young heart, and left him reigning there alone.

Not less profound was the attachment felt for her by the young Moslem; but carefully, in trembling, did they conceal it from all eyes, knowing too well that the disclosure would probably insure their mutual destruction—for Daphné had but to look at that vindictive old man, and stern, unyielding brother, to feel sure they never would allow their blood to flow unarrested in the veins of one allied to their country's foe.

The young lovers succeeded, however, in keeping their attachment secret, till they found means to bring matters to a crisis. Some suspicious had, it appears, long rankled in the mind of the son; but the father himself had never dreamt that a few soft whispered words had made his child already a renegade to her country, till one fatal morning, when he called for her as usual, to bring him his pipe when he rose, and for the first time was unanswered. When this seemingly trifling circumstance occurred, her brother, who was seated beside him, started up as though moved by some strong impulse, and flew into the inner room, where she ought to have been, but he found that she was not there. It required but a moment to complete his search, still ineffectual, round the little garden and vineyard, whose limits she had never dared to pass before; and he then returned to his father's presence to announce her disappearance with so perfect a conviction of the truth that his furious rage knew no bounds. He scrupled not to communicate his fears to the father, and the bitter tidings were as the falling of a thunderbolt to the wretched old man: with a cry of rage and horror he bid his son go forth to seek her, and tear her living or dead from their detested enemy. The infuriated man required no second bidding; he dashed from the house, mounted his horse, and was soon careering through the village seeking the smallest indication of the route the fugitives had taken. This for some time seemed a vain attempt: Achmet Aga was known to be absent, but none could tell whither he had gone: at length a sufficient clue was given him by an old woman, who had passed the night on the plain, gathering herbs by moonlight, the necessary ingredient of some infallible remedy. She said that she had been greatly terrified by a vision which had passed her—she had first seen a whirlwind of dust approaching, and as she knew, according to a popular superstition in Greece, that each one of these eddies, which the wind sometimes raises in fantastic circles along the road, contains a demon, who wreathes himself in them that he may dance therein unseen, she crouched behind a bush, and made the sign of the cross incessantly, whilst a huge black horse, bearing a double burden, flew past her at a furious pace. The outraged brother only paused to ask in which direction they had gone, and when she had pointed to the road which led to Marathon, he vanished from her sight, still faster than the ghostly horseman of the night before.

When he reached the village of Marathon it was already late in the evening; but he had no difficulty in ascertaining that Achmet Aga had arrived that day, and had retired within a Turkish tower belonging to his father, which stood in an isolated position at some little distance. Thither he instantly repaired. It was surrounded by a high wall, but this the Greek, young and active, scaled in a moment, and dropped lightly and noiselessly within the garden which it enclosed. The first sight that met his eyes was his sister, who, in her fancied security, had come to enjoy the cool evening air, beneath the shade of the mulberry-trees, and was standing alone, evidently waiting for some companion. There was one near her, however, whom she dreamt not of; her brother silently approached her, and as he did so, he unslung the carabine that was strapped ready-loaded on his shoulder. At the sound of his footstep close to her, Daphné started, and looked round to meet his fierce eyes, fixed on her with so stern and resolute a gaze, that in one terrible look she read and knew her doom. The extremity of terror has generally the effect of paralysing the faculties altogether; and this was the case with poor Daphné. She stood as though transfixed, her great eyes riveted on her brother, and mechanically following his every movement with a sort of dreadful fascination. Vainly would she have striven to use her powerless limbs in flight; her bloodless lips refused even to utter a cry, and some invisible power seemed to hold her there before him, who now deemed himself but the instrument of her country's just revenge. Calmly, not a muscle of his stern countenance moving, not a moment's dimness moistened his angry eye, her brother raised the musket to his shoulder, adjusted it, took aim, and fired! A few steps only separated those children of the same parent, and the shot could not fail; the ball went straight to her heart, and with one single groan—but a groan that was never forgotten by him who heard it—Daphné fell lifeless to the ground.

He did not wait to look on her: rushing from the spot, he once more leapt the wall, mounted his horse, and fled, as men fly who bear with them the knowledge of a deed like this. He rested not till he reached home, and stood once more by his father's side. Unconsciously to himself, he seemed to have longed for the old man's commendation of this atrocious act, as a relief to the sharp sting which, in spite of every effort, pierced him now. He knew not human nature when he cherished such a hope. It is true he had but done the old man's bidding; but he went forth at the command of the patriot; he returned to tell the father he had slain his child! dreadful, therefore, was indeed the punishment of the fratricide, for the father cursed him with all the energy of his despair, and then turned away to weep and lament, and refuse all food, until he drooped and died; and thus was the miserable man left alone with so heavy a remorse; and it has been to him as the avenger of blood. It has tracked *his* steps and haunted his pillow, and dried up the sources of joy and hope within him, till he seems to be daily growing into the image of the phantom that pursues him.

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## LOVE'S MEMORIES.

By J. Dennis.

Down by the woods, where the blooming purple heather
Sheds its sweet perfume in the pleasant morning prime,
In the quiet hill shade we wandered forth together,
Gladdening our young hearts with many an ancient rhyme:

Chaunting some old ballad, some wild and artless measure;
Or reading about Rosalind among the forest boughs;
In the golden age of courting, when the minutes, winged with pleasure,
Flew lightly at the whispering of lovers' fervent vows.

And sometimes on the page such a glorious light would glisten—
Such a flash from out the ether of a bright and purer sphere—
That we closed the book with wonder, and sat us down to listen,
For we thought that angel voices were singing to us near.

Glimpses of a golden future, tender memories of the past,
Hopes of deep and solemn import, from their spirit-home above—
Slightly veiled from our seeing by the glory round them cast—
Come like mirrored shapes before us when the soul is filled with love.

And the light which love had kindled had shed its halo round us
As we gazed upon the woodland with its old majestic trees,
Mid the depth of nature's stillness how its silken fetters bound us,
And the secrets of the future were whispered 'mong the leaves.

Not the noblest strain of music pealing through the solemn aisles,
Till the old cathedral towers seem to vibrate with the spell,
Fills the spirit with such rapture, or the fancy so beguiles,
As the music of love's making on the chords it knows so well.

Years have flown—for youth is fleeting—love is like a stranger guest;
Yet the memory of its glory melts like music on our souls:
Wits may sneer and fools deride it, pointing with a courtly jest—
But the passions of the morning manhood's calmer noon controls.

## CONSOLATIONS.

*From the French of Lamennais.*

My father, our work is fatiguing to-day; the spade rebounds upon the parched earth; the sun darts rays of fire; the dust raised by the south wind blows in whirlwinds over the plain.

My son, He who sends burning gales sends also bedewing cloudlets. To each day belongs its pain and its hope, and after labour comes repose.

My father, do you see those poor plants, how they languish, and how their yellow leaves droop down their exhausted stalk?

They will rise up again, my son; no blade of grass is forgotten; fruitful rains and fresh dews are always provided for it amidst the celestial treasures.

My father, the birds are silent in the foliage; the quail, immoveable in the furrow, does not even recal its companion; the heifer seeks the shade; and the ox, with his limbs folded beneath his heavy body, his neck stretched out, dilates his large nostrils, in order to respire the air which he is in need of.

God, my son, will restore the birds their voices, and the oxen their strength, exhausted by the extreme heat. The breeze which will re-animate them already glides over the sea.

Let us seat ourselves, my father, upon the fern that borders the pond, near that old oak whose hanging branches so gently touch the surface of the water. How calm and transparent it is! How gaily the fishes play there! Some pursue their winged prey, poor gnats just entered into being; others, raising their heads, with their mouths half open, appear to be softly kissing the air.

He who has made all things, my son, has everywhere bestowed his inexhaustible gifts, life, and the joy of life. Evil consists only in appearance, 'tis the dark side of love, the similitude of good, its shadow.

And yet, my father, you suffer. What labour, what fatigue, you endure, in order to provide for our wants! Are you not poor? Is not my mother poor? It is the sweat of your brow which has given me food; have you ever, for one single day, had the morrow provided for?

What signifies the morrow to us, my son? The morrow belongs to God; let us confide in Him. Whoso rises in the morning knows not whether he shall see the evening. Why, then, trouble and disquiet one's self about a time which will perhaps never arrive? We live here below like the swallow, seeking from day to day the bread of each day, and like her, when the winter approaches, a mysterious power draws us to milder climes.

What is this, my father? It resembles a corpse wrapped in its shroud, or an infant rolled in swaddling clothes.

My son, it was a crawling worm, it will soon be a living flower, an aerial form, which, decked in its brightest colours, will rise towards heaven.

## THE HOLY LAND.

By Harriet Martineau.

### III.—JERUSALEM. THE TEMPLE.

My room opened upon a little terrace,—the flat roof of a lower apartment in our inn at Jerusalem, and from this little terrace I was never tired of gazing. A considerable portion of the city was spread out below me; not with its streets laid open to view, as it would be in one of our cities; but presenting a collection of flat roofs, with small white cupolas rising from them, and the minarets of the mosques springing, tall and light as the poplar from the long grass of the meadow. The narrow, winding lanes, which are the streets of eastern cities, are scarcely traceable from a height: but there was one visible from our terrace,—with its rough pavement of large stones, the high house-walls on each side, and the arch thrown over it, which is so familiar to all who have seen pictures of Jerusalem. This street is called the Via Dolorosa, the Mournful Way, from its being supposed to be the way by which Jesus went from the Judgment Hall to Calvary, bearing his cross. Many times in a day my eye followed the windings of this street, in which I rarely saw any one walking: and when it was lost among the buildings near the walls, I looked over to the hill which bounded our prospect;—and that hill was the Mount of Olives. It was then the time of full moon, and evening after evening I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace, watching for the coming up of the large yellow moon from behind the ridge of Olivet. By day the slopes of the Mount were green with the springing wheat, and dappled with the shade of the Olive clumps. By night, those clumps and lines of trees were dark amidst the lights and shadows cast by the moon; and they guided the eye, in the absence of daylight, to the most interesting points,—the descent to the brook Kedron, the road to Bethany, and the place whence Jesus is believed to have looked over upon the noble city when he pronounced its doom. Such was the view from our terrace.

One of our first walks was along the Via Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the streets of

Jerusalem, from the picturesque character of the walls and archways. The old walls of yellow stone are so beautifully tufted with weeds, that one longs to paint every angle and projection, with their mellow colouring, and dangling and trailing weeds. And the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on;—large, slippery stones, slanting all manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House, which stands where Fort Antonia stood when Pilate there tried Him in whom he found, as he declared, no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount to the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reasons of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of the Temple has not been sacred from their earliest years. None but Mohammedans may enter the enclosure now;—no Jew nor Christian. The Jew and Christian who repel each other in Christian lands are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Solomon built and Christ sanctified the temple of Jehovah; and they are alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near the gates. Of course, we were not satisfied without seeing all that we could see of this place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar—the most sacred spot to the Mohammedans, after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gate, outside the walls: we could measure with the eye, from the bed of the brook Kedron, the height of the walls which crowned Moriah, and from amidst which once arose the temple courts: we could sit where Jesus sat on the slope of Olivet, and look over to the height whence the glorious Temple once commanded the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay between us and it: but this was not enough, if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates, as far as the Faithful permit the infidel to go: and even there we had insulting warnings not to venture further, and were mocked by little boys. From this threshold we had looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the enclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mohammedan usurpers. But we could see yet more from the roof of the governor's house; and there we went accordingly.

The enclosure was spread out like a map below us: and very beautiful was the mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all round, and the row of cypress trees under which a company of worshippers were at their prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things, when the sacred past seemed spread before our eyes? I was looking, almost all the while, to see where the Sheepgate was, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought: and the Watergate, through which the priest went down to the pool of Siloam for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the Temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer courts extended,—the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Women, the Treasury, where the chest stood on the right of the entrance, and the right hand might give without the left hand knowing: and the place where the scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the altar must have stood, and where arose, night and morning, for long centuries, the smoke of the sacrifices. I saw where the golden vine must have hung its clusters on the front of the Holy Place, and where, again, the innermost chamber must have been,—the Holy of Holies, the dwelling-place of Jehovah, where none but the High Priest might enter, and he only once a year. These places have been familiar to my mind's eye from my youth up;—almost as familiar as my own house: and now I looked at the very ground they had occupied, and the very scenery they had commanded, with an emotion that the ignorant or careless reader of the New Testament could hardly conceive of. And the review of time was hardly less interesting than that of place. Here, my thoughts were led back to the early days when David and Solomon chose the ground, and levelled the summit of Mount Moriah, and began the Temple of Jehovah. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice, and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the sun; and the rebuilding in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles; and in the full glory and security (as most of the Jews thought) of their Temple while they paid tribute to the Romans. O! the proud Mohammedans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their Temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride, and where before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plough was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations. Having witnessed this heart-breaking sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and were not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off. In the age of Constantine, they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills;—a mournful liberty, like that of permitting an exile to see his native shores from the sea but never to land—at length, the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldiers leave to enter Jerusalem once a year,—on the day when the city fell before Titus.

And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell; for I saw it. The mournful custom abides to this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous looked the Mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns, and gaily dressed people,—some at prayer under the cypresses, some conversing under the arcades;—female devotees in white sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes:—all these ready and eager to stone to death on the instant, any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we saw within—next we went round the outside till we came by a narrow crooked passage, to a desolate spot, occupied by desolate people. Under a high, massive and very ancient wall was a dusty narrow space, inclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ancient wall, where the weeds are springing from the crevices of the stones, is the only part remaining of the old temple wall; and here the Jews come every Friday, to their place of wailing, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their temple, and pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these humbled people present to the proud Mohammedans within? The women were seated in the dust,—some wailing aloud, some repeating prayers with moving lips, and others reading them from books on their knees. A few children were

at play on the ground; and some aged men sat silent, their heads drooped on their breasts. Several younger men were leaning against the wall,—pressing their foreheads against the stones, and resting their books on their clasped hands in the crevices. With some, this wailing is no form: for I saw tears on their cheeks. I longed to know if any had hope in their hearts, that they or their children of any generation should pass that wall, and should help to swell the cry " Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!" If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to this rite of humiliation. We had no such hope for them; and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned away from the thought of the pride and tyranny within those walls, and the desolation without, carrying with me a deep-felt lesson on the strength of human faith, and the weakness of the tie of brotherhood.

Alas! all seem weak alike. Look at the three great places of prayer in the Holy City. Here are the Mohammedans eager to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter the Mosque of Omar. There are the Christians ready to kill any Mohammedan or Jew who may enter the church of the Holy Sepulchre. And here are the Jews pleading against their enemies,—"Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O, daughter of Babylon that art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happier shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones!" Such are the things done and said in the name of Religion.

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## THE QUARRY MAN.

By J. Bradshawe Walker.

The sun has seen him all day long,
With the sweat upon his brow;
Tearing, with sinewy arm and strong,
Huge blocks from their beds below!

Little he knows, or seeks to ken,
Of all the great world beside;
Who wields the sword, or who the pen,
Or if tyrants realms divide.

No need hath he of dainties rare,
Or of costly pampering wines;
His lips are kiss'd by fragrant air,
On the rude rock where he dines.

That ruddy child, besmeared o'er
With blackberries ripe, hath come
With his frugal meal across the moor,
From a lowly cottage home.

Again he seeks the ponderous rock,
And he strikes with giant might:
The work of ages feels the shock,
And it rushes into light!

His time is measur'd by the sun—
Now he hails its western ray;
Another hard day's toil is done,
And he whistles on his way.

Cheerly along the lone green lane,
To his straw-thatch'd cot he goes;
He hears his children's voice again,
And 'tis there his joys repose!

## MADELEINE.*

Translated from the French of M. Jules Sandeau.

(*Continued from page 96*).

III.

One evening then, seated side by side, the two friends were amusing themselves by retracing the stream of time which they had descended together, when they perceived emerge from one of the thickets in the park, the two young people whom we left at the gate. Arrived at the foot of the terrace, the young girl ascended the steps slowly, and without embarrassment, though evidently with some agitation. The Marchioness and Chevalier arose to receive her; and she drew from her bosom a letter, which, after having pressed it to her lips, she gave to M. de Valtravers, who was examining her with benevolent curiosity; he at once broke the seal and read, while the stranger with her arms crossed and her eyes cast to the ground stood before Mde. de Fresnes, who regarded her kindly; and at a little distance the young man who had conducted her hither remained a silent spectator of the scene.

"*Munich*, 15 *July* 18—

"At the moment of leaving this world, within sight of that eternity which must soon open to me, it is not towards heaven but to France that I turn my closing eyes; it is not to God but to you that I cry, my brother, and to you I stretch my suppliant hands in the name of her who was my sister and the wife of your choice. Alas! how has that family which you knew so prosperous been cast down! Where is the happiness of that fireside where you were once a guest? The tomb has robbed me of all my felicity. My husband could not survive misfortune, and I, wretched that I am, I am about to follow him: I die—and I am a mother; this is a double death! When you shall read these lines, the sole bequest which I can leave her, my child will have only you in the world; when you hold in your hand this paper blotted with my tears, my child will be before you, alone, having travelled from a distance, overcome by grief and fatigue, without any other refuge than your roof, any other support than your kindness. Oh! by that sweet tie which was so dear to you, and which even death cannot break, by that Germany so long a hospitable home to you, by my family become also yours, by that angelic being too early torn from you, and who entreats you through me,—oh! repulse not my dear child! Receive and shelter in your bosom the dove cast out from her nest! and thou whom I know not, but whom I love to unite with my daughter in my tender solicitude, son of my sister, if thou resemblest thy mother in heart, thou wilt be a kind brother to my beloved Madeleine. Protect her, watch over her, when your father shall be no more: and never forget, young friend, that the orphan sent by heaven often becomes the guardian angel of the house which is opened to receive her."

"Come, my daughter, come to my arms!" cried the Chevalier when he had finished reading; "Welcome my child, to the roof of thy aged uncle! had not sorrow conducted thee, I should call this day thrice happy, and thy arrival should be a fête to us all. Marchioness, this is my niece," he added placing his hands upon the girl's head; "Maurice, this is yonr cousin, or a young sister who comes from your mother's country."

The orphan passed from her uncle's arms to those of the Marchioness. Madame de Fresnes had lost an only daughter, taken away when nearly the age of Madeleine; all mothers who have been thus sadly tried, love to discover the likeness of the child whom death has snatched from them, in those young persons whom they afterwards encounter in their path through life; and thus was the Mar-

chioness attracted towards the fair young creature who powerfully reminded her of her daughter. She had the same eyes, the same countenance, the same pensive manner, characteristic alike of beings early tried by sorrow, and of those destined to be cut off before their prime. Thus pre-disposed, it may be imagined that the kind and generous heart of Mde. de Fresnes took a strong and immediate interest in the young stranger, whom she warmly welcomed with the most tender appellations. Then came the young man's turn.

"What, cousin! was it you?" cried the stranger smiling through her tears. "Were you little Maurice? I thought you were only a child like myself."

Maurice embraced her cordially, though till this day he had never heard of her existence. To the old servants, the Chevalier said with glad enthusiasm, "We have now another child!"

If the mother beheld the reception of her daughter at Valtravers this evening, it must have caused her joy even in heaven.

The arrival of Madeleine made no alteration at the Chateau. She was a good, modest, simple-minded girl, already serious and reflecting, moving about noiselessly, and generally occupied with her needle in silence, but rendering herself a favorite with all for her gentleness and kindness. Of her appearance it is not necessary to say more than without being really handsome, she gave promise of becoming so. Such as she was, the Marchioness and Chevalier loved her very dearly, and her time was passed between the two houses, which in truth formed but one family. Her education had been so carefully conducted, and was so nearly completed, that she needed no further assistance; she spoke French well and was a good musician; and the Chevalier and Marchioness delighted in hearing her sing the mountain songs of her country, thus recalling the days of exile and poverty to their minds, but to her the memory of her mother, and often was her song interrupted by tears. As for Maurice, after having done the honours of the neighbourhood to his cousin, he seemed in two or three weeks to have forgotten her presence. Impetuous and passionate, he had reached twenty years of age in full freedom, spoiled by his father and the Marchioness, who thought him the most charming and handsome creature in the world. He had learned a little Greek and Latin of a tutor, while M. de Valtravers had initiated him in the art of wood carving, delighting himself with the hope that his son would one day surpass himself. Maurice on his part appeared to take pleasure in this harmless recreation, till he unfortunately asked himself one day, whether there were not other beings in the world besides the Chevalier and the Marchioness, and other things to be done besides wood carving.

To gentle dispositions, the dawn of life opens in dreams and poetry, to others it is a season of fire and energy. Maurice participated in both these characters. He was sometimes thoughtful and melancholy; and then perhaps he was suddenly seized with impetuous activity, roaming abroad, not knowing how to exert his super-abundant energy; when at home affectionate towards his aged father, attentive to his old friend; kind to all, adored by all; having his head full of wood carving, manorial rights, and interminable family legends; but he could not avoid sometimes asking himself whether his days were always to be passed in turning wood, and his evenings in the chimney corner listening to the tales of the emigration. Meanwhile he hunted with ardour, scoured over the surrounding country, and rode his horses to death.

While he was in this state Madeleine arrived; but of what importance to such a young man could be a little girl of fifteen, neither beautiful nor graceful, but silent, timid, and reserved? In truth he troubled himself as little about her as if she had never left Munich. He went out early in the morning, and did not return till night, often passing a week at the neighbouring town, or in the chateaus of the vicinity. If he saw Madeleine at her window in the morning he carelessly bade her good day, and no more; at meals he said a few insignificant words without looking at her; when she sang, as if this was only to introduce the conversation of the Marchioness and Chevalier about Nuremberg, nut-crackers, and miniatures, Maurice stole out of the room at the first note. One evening however, being seated near her, he was involuntarily struck by the luxuriance of her hair, which was extremely beautiful; and remarking this aloud, he familiarly raised the mass of delicate curls which ornamented the head of the young German. The poor girl, unaccustomed to such notice from her cousin, blushed and trembled; but when in order to express her gratitude, she looked up smiling, she found that Maurice, fearing a song, had already left her. Another day he offered her a pretty pheasant which he had rescued alive from one of his dogs. "What cousin, you sometimes think of me then?" cried the poor girl in agitation; but Maurice had already turned away. It was not that he disliked the residence of the orphan under his paternal roof, far from it; if he had the impetuosity belonging to his age, he possessed also its generous and noble instincts; and it had never entered his head to calculate Madeleine's place in his father's will; for the honour of youth it must be said that such calculations rarely disturb the mind at twenty years of age. Maurice would have divided all he possessed with his cousin as with a sister; and if he was not tender and assiduous to her, it was only because she was not more nearly his own age.

The Marchioness and Chevalier had noticed with pain the change in the habits of one who had hitherto been so docile and easy tempered, but they understood it not. They had been young at a period when the buoyancy of youth evaporated in trifling inanities and elegant frivolities; but, although brought up in the country, Maurice was subject to the influence of the novel ideas which pervaded France. Fashions and ideas are borne on the air to all points of the horizon; they cannot be escaped or avoided, and their influence is not the less certain because it is sometimes unrecognized; we are always the result of the age in which we live. The Chevalier and Marchioness were not so much surprised at Maurice's exuberant activity as at his fits of deep melancholy; and at length they came to the conclusion that he required amusement; and that even wood carving, delightful as it was, would not entirely suffice to fill the youthful heart. This was the opinion of the Marchioness, and the Chevalier agreed in it. But what was to be done? finally, it was decided that Maurice should go abroad into the world for two or three years: first to Paris, then, as he pleased, either to Germany or Italy, in order to complete his education by an acquaintance with men and things.

A short time after this conversation, on an autumnal evening, just a year after Madeleine's arrival, the Chevalier, his son, and the Marchioness were together in the saloon at Valtravers.

Maurice's horse was ready at the foot of the terrace to take him to the next town, where he would meet the mail coach. It was time to say farewell. There is always something solemn in a departure even when it is not sorrowful. The Chevalier appeared painfully touched; the Marchioness could scarcely conceal her emotion; Maurice himself was moved; and when his aged father held out his arms to him he threw himself upon his bosom weeping, as if it were a last embrace. Mde. de Fresnes pressed him to her heart; and the old servants who had witnessed his infant years, embraced him as their child.

Time pressed. Maurice must tear himself away; and it was only at the last moment, when his foot was in the stirrup, that he remembered Madeleine. He looked for her, and astonished that she was not there, he desired that she should be called, when he was told that she had gone out some hours since. Leaving some kind words for his cousin he rode slowly away, often turning round with a parting signal to the worthy creatures whose eyes were following his steps. At the park gate he hesitated like a young eagle on the edge of his nest before plunging into untried space. Recalling to memory the happy days which he had passed under shelter of the noble mansion, the anxiety of the Marchioness, and the tenderness of his father, he fancied that he beheld among the trees, the bright phantom of his childhood looking at him with grief, and endevouring to retain him. He thought that gentle voices exclaimed, "Ungrateful boy, where goest thou?" His heart was softened and his eyes were wet, but fate called him on, and he hastened into the forest, through which he must pass to reach the town.

After riding quickly for some time, at the spot where he had met her a year before, on a similar day, at the same hour, Maurice perceived Madeleine sitting, musing. As on the former occasion, the step of the horse upon the soft moss was unheard by the orphan. Raising her eyes, she beheld her cousin watching her. It was the same picture in the same setting. Nothing had been altered; but instead of a pale, melancholy girl, without beauty, and almost devoid of elegance, there was a delicate form around whom floated the fair poesy of youth. Maurice alighted, embraced his cousin, and bade her adieu; then remounting, he pursued his journey without suspecting that he left his happiness behind him.

After Maurice was out of sight, Madeleine returned to the chateau, and entering the saloon she found the Chevalier seated by his lonely hearth. She gently approached the chair in which the old man was seated, sunk in grief, and after leaning on the back of it for some minutes contemplating him in silence, "My father," she cried bending her fair head towards him, "my father, you have still a daughter."

The Chevalier smiled, and drew her tenderly to his bosom.

IV.

After the departure of Maurice, Madeleine became the life of Maltravers, cheering by her unwearying goodness the spot no longer enlivened by his presence. She redoubled her tender offices towards her aged uncle; and although still more serious than is usual at her age, she could to amuse him, forget herself, and exchange her natural gravity for winning smiles. She accompanied him in all his excursions, hovered around him when he worked at his turning lathe, read the papers to him, was never weary of listening to the tales of his emigration, and never failed to be in ecstasies at all the pieces of sculpture with which this indefatigable artist filled every corner of the chateau. She was also a beloved daughter to the Marchioness, who taught her to paint, and who was delighted to bring out all the charming qualities with which she was endowed; thus did she grow in talent and virtue under the care of these two aged persons. Three years after her arrival Madeleine was a pleasing and lovely creature, not however of that perfect beauty described by novelists and poets. Her face was not perfectly oval, her nose not regularly formed, her mouth was a little too large for a statuary, and her lips were rather too thick; her eyes were neither very blue nor quite black, and her complexion was as pale as a white camellia; but all her imperfections of face and figure harmonized so well together as to render her extremely pleasing. The cares of the household were executed by Madeleine with prudence and forethought; and while she inherited from her mother an inborn grace of manner, from her native country a romantic and poetical turn of mind, it is easy to imagine Madeleine's position with the Marchioness and Chevalier. She was the sunlight of their old age, shedding around her peace and joy. This calm existence however was not undisturbed.

Maurice's letters were at first full of the simplicity and poetry of youth, making post day always joyous at Maltravers; when Madeleine watched for the letter carrier, ran to meet him, and returned triumphant to the chateau. She generally read her cousin's letters aloud; and if she found her own name there, which did not always happen, a gentle blush overspread her alabaster face; if there was no mention of the little cousin, she appeared neither surprised nor vexed; but it might have been observed that she was more grave than usual during the rest of the day. The heart of the good Chevalier was rejoiced by his son's letters, perceiving through their passionate tenderness the growth of a noble mind and quick intellect; besides which, several old friends at Paris wrote to congratulate him on the fine qualities of his son. All went well, and already the pleasure of his return was talked of.

But after a year's absence the young man's letters became shorter and less frequent; by degrees also, less affectionate, betraying constraint of mind. The little party at first grieved silently; were then seriously alarmed; then complained; while to their gentle reproaches, Maurice answered evasively. The time fixed for his residence at Paris had long since expired, but he did not seem inclined to set off for Germany or Italy, as had been proposed. To the inquiries of the Chevalier he at first made no reply; to his remonstrances he answered impatiently; while the old friends of his father complained of not seeing Maurice now, as formerly; and lastly there came occasional demands of money which spread alarm at the chateau. This was not the result of weeks nor months, but at the time of which we speak, Maurice had been absent nearly three years. Nor was this all. If, by means of the pretexts by which Maurice sought to conceal his delinquencies, M. de Valtravers had retained any doubt as to his son's conduct, the good folks in his neighbourhood would have kindly removed it. As he was a perfect gentleman in the true meaning of the word—which is so common, while the thing itself is so rare—generous, accessible to all, of a noble spirit, a kind heart, and a loyal character, the Chevalier had many enemies, not among his dependents, for they adored him; but in the neighbouring town, where some lawyers and bailiffs,

self styled partizans of liberty, could not forgive him for having regained his patrimony, and succeeded in making himself beloved. Now all the town knew how young Valtravers lived at Paris; for the native province is a good mother who never forgets her absent children, following them with a curious and jealous eye; always ready to revenge herself for those who rise by trampling on those who fall; and thus Maurice soon became a capital subject for open reprobation and secret satisfaction. Charitable warnings and hypocritical condolences were not spared, towards the Chevalier; anonymous letters accomplished the rest.

The Marchioness suppressed her tears; the Chevalier shrank from the public eye; all the happiness of these old friends was gone. Madeleine went from one to the other like a consoling angel, excusing Maurice, and still talking of the speedy return of the prodigal son; but she no longer hoped it herself, and often retired to weep. The good Chevalier's affliction showed itself in his neglect of his wood carving, which at length he abandoned altogether. He no longer took pleasure in any thing; Madeleine alone knew how to smooth his furrowed brow, and bring a faint smile to his lips. He would sometimes say to her,

"Before I die I must provide for you, my poor child; for as things go on now, Maurice will be no guardian for you when I am no more."

"Do not speak of that, my father," replied Madeleine; "do not be anxious for me. I wish for nothing but to love you, I shall want nothing when you are gone. I am old enough to take care of myself; thank God I have courage to do so; and what you and Mde. the Marchioness did in my own Germany, dear uncle, that will I do in your France. I will work; why not?"

The old man smiled and shook his head. Once the young girl wrote secretly to her cousin; the letter was excellent, but it brought no reply. As to the Chevalier, he no longer corresponded with his son, and scarcely permitted any one to mention his name to him; but when he felt his strength going, and death approaching, he determined to make one more appeal of love and despair to the wretched young man.

It was long before a reply arrived. Having been absent from Paris nearly a year on a journey no one knew where, nor in what company, Maurice had not received the last advice of his father till his return, and happily he had been awakened to better feelings by the perusal. This was evident by his reply, in which might be read the misery of a wounded heart, endeavouring by a determined effort to recover itself. He solicited his father's pardon; appealed tenderly to the Marchioness; even Madeleine had a share in his declarations of repentance. He asked but a few weeks to break his evil connections; then he would depart, he would bid farewell for ever to the society which had led him astray; beaten by the storm he would seek the haven never again to quit it. The hope of returning to his paternal roof, to the house of his infancy, to the beloved companions of his youthful years, warmed his heart, bringing back to it for a time the freshness of youth. Unhappily this letter did not arrive at the chateau till twenty-four hours after death had released the Chevalier, one evening as he was seated in his easy chair by the window, the Marchioness and Madeleine each holding a hand in theirs.

On the evening of the funeral, after the remains of this excellent being whom chance had created a gentleman, but whom poverty and labour had made a *man*, had been committed to the earth, the Marchioness took Madeleine home with her, a second time an orphan.

"My child," she said, "your task is not yet accomplished. You must assist me to die, and close my eyes."

After a long and heartfelt embrace, she added, "You have given me back my daughter, it is right that I should hold the place of a mother to thee."

From this day Madeleine lived at the Chateau de Fresnes. A week before his decease, the Chevalier had placed in the hands of the Marchioness a will, written in the most affectionate terms, leaving to his niece the farm of Coudray, worth about 100,000 francs. This proof of her uncle's affectionate care for her, was given to Madeleine, by the Marchioness; but the former, after pressing it gratefully to her lips, tore it in pieces, and put the relics in her bosom.

"My child, what have you done?" cried the astonished lady.

"Do you, noble hearted as you are, ask me this?" replied Madeleine smiling. "I know not how Maurice lives; I know only that he must require all his resources; and that to deprive the son of any of his fortune, would be a bad return for the kindness of his father. Be certain my friend, that I have acted rightly; you would have done the same had you been in my place."

"But poor girl, you possess nothing. I advise you not to depend on the devotedness of Maurice. When I am gone, and I have not long to live—what will be your fate, my dear child?"

"The fate of all who possess only courage and willingness. Am I not, thanks to your instruction, as rich as you were yourself when you went to Nuremberg? I trust that God, who assisted you, will not abandon me, and I shall earn my bread as you did yours."

"Well, you are a noble girl, as good as you are handsome," replied the lady placing her white and shrivelled hands upon Madeleine's head, and repeatedly kissing her forehead.

Every day they expected Maurice, to whom his father's death had been a thunderbolt; but weeks and months passed by, and he came not; and they soon learned that he had instructed an agent to settle his affairs for him. On first hearing of his loss, he had written a very proper letter to his cousin, neither enthusiastic nor cold, offering her a considerable portion of his inheritance, namely, that same farm of Coudray which the orphan had so generously relinquished; thus unconsciously tendering to her what she had just given up to him. The young girl merely replied that as she was living with Mde. de Fresnes, she required nothing; and Maurice did not insist on her acceptance. What now had become of his good resolutions? Overcome by remorse, perhaps, he dared not yet behold the grave which he might justly accuse himself of having prepared before the due time. They gave him credit for this feeling, doubting not that he would some time hence bring to Valtravers the offering of his amended habits.

While the inhabitants of Fresnes consoled themselves with this hope, other suppositions were spread in the neighbourhood. A year had passed since the Chevalier's death, and it was reported that the chateau of Valtravers was about to be sold by auction. The Marchioness and Madeleine refused to believe this, denying it as a calumny as they had before defended Maurice against the scandal of the neighbourhood. But as they were walking in the forest one day, talking of the unkind, yet still dear absentee, they saw through the park gates a number of servants and peasants gathered together on

the terrace and apparently conversing upon some alarming subject. Half from presentiment, half through curiosity, the two ladies approached the house, to which they paid frequent visits.

"Ah, Mde. the Marchioness! Ah, Miss Madeleine!" cried the people as they drew near. "Ah, what a misfortune for us all! the bolt has fallen on our heads and ruined us for life."

"What is the matter good folks? What do you mean?" asked Mde. de Fresnes.

"See! see, Madame! What would our good master who is gone, think of this?"

And they pointed to large bills of sale which disgraced the door and windows of the chateau; to doubt any longer was impossible. Madeleine held down her head while tears flowed upon her cheeks; she had not till this moment fully understood what she had heard said of the irregularities of Maurice, and she had excused him to herself; but now all her best feelings revolted at this proof of the young man's being utterly lost. As to the Marchioness, her blood mounted to her temples from that indignant heart which age had not chilled.

"No, my friends, no!" she cried; "while I live, this domain and this chateau shall not be the prey of the lynxes of the law. I will not allow such a satisfaction to the foolish and the wicked. Be easy my friends, you shall still remain as usual in the farms in which you were born, in the mansion where you have grown up. Nothing shall be altered, take my promise and go and comfort your wives and children."

Without further delay she sent for her lawyer, and placed in his hands the means of purchasing the estate; and thus one fine day the Marchioness arose the lawful proprietor of Valtravers. She however continued to live with Madeleine at the chateau de Fresnes, where her daughter had died and where she also wished to die.

Alas! this was the last shock to the amiable and beloved Marchioness. For some time she had felt that she should soon rejoin her old friend and companion; and on the evening of her decease, on awaking from a long slumber, she turned to Madeleine, who was seated by her pillow, and said,

"I have just had a strange dream. I beheld Maurice at the bottom of a pit; frightful reptiles were turning and hissing around him, while the poor fellow vainly endeavoured to escape from the abyss. I tried to run to his help, but my feet were rivetted to the ground; and I was holding out my two weak arms to him in vain, when you suddenly appeared coming at a distance, calm and serene. When you reached the edge of the pit, you untied the white scarf which you wore, and smiling threw it towards Maurice. He seized it, and you drew him out easily, while he seemed to me radiant as an angel. This was my dream—what think you of it, my daughter?"

A melancholy smile flitted across Madeleine's countenance, but she made no reply. The Marchioness died on the day following; or rather she passed gently away in the arms of her adopted daughter.

"My child," she said, some hours previous to to her death, "I have not neglected you in my will. As you have a talent for miniature painting I have left you my colours and brushes. Try if they will obtain you a husband."

When the will was opened Madeleine found that Mde. de Fresnes, had spoken the truth; but to this little legacy she had added the chateau and estate of Valtravers, leaving also a good fortune to her natural heirs, who in truth did not want it.

Thus the young girl was to return as its possessor to that house where she had presented herself five years before with only her little bundle under her arm.

V.

Less elated than might be expected by her new position, Madeleine returned to the chateau where she was received as a queen by the dependants, who all loved her. She conducted herself as formerly, modestly, unostentatiously, occupied only in promoting the welfare of those committed to her care. Her power was seen solely in the profusion of benefits which she showered around her; in other respects it would have been difficult to believe the amount of her wealth; she might still have been supposed the young orphan dependent on the charity of her uncle. She immediately declared that none of the old customs of the house should be altered, and that all the habits of the late Chevalier should be respected; as if he were not dead, but expected back again one day; while she would have no other apartment for herself than the little chamber in which she had spent the years of her youth. In all important matters she inquired what would have been the Chevalier's desire, and by this she was guided: while she always spoke respectfully of Maurice seeming to regard herself as holding the property only for him. The intelligence of her good fortune brought many suitors to Valtravers, of all degrees and ages; but now, as heretofore to the Chevalier and Marchioness, Madeleine declared that she had no intention of marrying; and deserted by her admirers, she lived in retirement, dividing her time between the care of her estate, the exercise of benevolence, and the cultivation of the arts which she loved. With the good old books of her uncle's library she strengthened her intellect; and at twenty one she was distinguished for beauty, accomplishments, and good sense. She attended mass every Sunday at Neuvy, where the orphan and the poor blessed her name. Nor did she forget the good farmer's wife who had succoured her, when she first visited that wretched village; Pierrot alone would never enter her presence, for whether he was tormented by remorse, or whether he feared she should ask him for the silver pence he had so easily earned, the fellow always ran away as soon as he saw her.

When time had lightened the shadow of death around Madeleine, and remembrance had become less painful, she might have acknowledged herself happy, had not one thought incessantly intruded itself upon her—"What was Maurice doing? what had become of him?" Since his father's death, he had been heard of only through his increasing irregularities. With the delicacy of a generous mind, Madeleine had written to her cousin, before she took possession of Valtravers, relating to him, and apologising for, the change in her position. This letter, which if he were not entirely lost to virtue, ought to have been sacred to him, he had never acknowledged; and yet, despite so many reasons for casting him from her heart, whatever he might have done, and whatever people had said, Madeleine still thought of him with anxiety; she still beheld him in her dreams such as he was on that evening when he first opened the door of hospitality to her. She was then but a little girl; but who can say what feelings had grown in her heart since that first meeting? Madeleine had long refused to believe Maurice so fallen as he was represented; she had defended him to his indulgent parent and kind friend; and now, when he had shortened the days of the chevalier, and given up

to public sale the domain of his ancestors—now, when appearances against him were irresistible—he was not less her secret thought, the hidden romance of her life. This feeling had become more intense since she had lived at Valtravers, among the memorials of his youth. In his apartment, where nothing had been changed since his departure, she passed many long hours, sorrowing or dreaming. She seated herself, in the park, under the trees which he had planted; his dogs sprang forward to lick her hands when she appeared; his horses were feeding at liberty in the rich meadows on the borders of the Vienne; the whole forest was filled with his image alone. The sculpture in the dining-room was the work of his hand; and, more than all this, there resided at Valtravers his foster-sister, who had never quitted the estate. This young woman, on whom the Chevalier had bestowed some education, was an active, neat, free-spoken person, perhaps sometimes too plain in the expression of her feelings, but adoring her foster-brother. She thought it nothing strange that Maurice should have enjoyed himself as he liked best; had he set fire to the chateau, instead of selling it, Ursula would have vindicated his right of so doing. From the first moment that she heard of a young German, an orphan, cousin to Maurice, having arrived at the chateau, she had taken a strong affection to Madeleine, who on her part liked talking with her; and the charm of these conversations may be imagined, as Ursula had no greater pleasure than in talking of her young master. While seated in the bay window, conversing of Maurice, Ursula described his infancy and childhood: it was always the same thing, but the one was never weary of listening, the other never tired of relating; and when, in the course of the conversation, they insensibly arrived at the present time, Ursula always spoke of her foster-brother as a lamb without stain, prophesying his speedy return. Madeleine then hung down her head; but the farm of Coudray had not been put up for sale, and therefore Maurice had not bidden adieu to the neighbourhood for ever.

This remaining hope was soon dispelled. They heard one morning that Coudray was for sale; and as misfortunes seldom come singly, an event still more unforeseen, on the same day threw trouble and dismay into the little household. A lawyer came to inform Madeleine that Madame de Fresnes' nephew, who had long been supposed dead, had returned to the country; that he disputed his aunt's will; and that proceedings would be commenced immediately.

A short time after this, Madeleine was walking one evening in the park, alone. She sauntered along, sorrowful and sad. Although the result of the suit could not be foreseen, and although she dreaded the trouble attendant on such an affair, it was not solicitude for herself which then disturbed her. The first impulse of her mind had been to leave the chateau with a free proud step; and if she now resolved to defend her rights, it was only from respect to her benefactor's memory. Let what will happen, she had done her duty; the result did not distress her. Of what value would this estate be to her, if Maurice should never return? She had always considered it as her cousin's property; for nearly three years it had been the dream of her life and the delight of her heart to think of the day when the prodigal son should be re-instated by her in the domain of his ancestors.

But what now was he doing? At a turn in the path Madeleine beheld him before her. It was indeed he, it was Maurice, but so pale and changed that he seemed but the semblance of the young man. Alas! he was truly but the ghost of himself. Madeleine, bewildered, would have thrown herself into his arms, but her emotion was chilled by the cold expression of his sad countenance. After a remark upon the coolness of the evening, he offered to accompany his cousin to the chateau. Madeleine trembled on his arm, while he walked with a firm step, and ascended the terrace without hesitating; but when, on entering the saloon, Madeleine said, "It was here that your father died!" he seemed to tremble, and hid his face in his hands.

"Ah! are you here?" he said to Ursula, who smothered him in her embraces. After some trifling compliments to his cousin's taste, he said, that before setting off on a long journey, from which he had no hope of return, he had wished to behold the mansion of his ancestors for the last time, and bid adieu to all that he had once loved. At the end of an hour he retired to his chamber, Madeleine having requested that he would seek no other lodging.

Ah! wretched, wretched!" cried she, in a violent burst of tears.

As for Ursula, she was changed to marble.

Maurice had determined to stay but a few hours at Valtravers, then to return to Paris, to settle his affairs, and prepare for the long journey which he meditated; but in compliance with his cousin's desire, he agreed to remain some days with her; and thus Madeleine had an opportunity of remarking the alteration which had taken place even less in his person than in his heart and mind. She saw him frequently gloomy or bantering, rarely affectionate or kind. He seemed, however, to be interested in Madeleine's affairs; and one evening he turned over the law papers, said the matter was going on well, and, without knowing anything about it, declared her certain of success.

"That concerns you, Maurice," replied the young girl, smiling.

"Me, cousin?"

"Are you not aware that this estate has not changed its master since your father's death?"

"Oh, Madeleine!" cried Maurice, "your generosity is useless. I assure you that all the estates in France would not make me happier than I am now."

"You are unhappy then, Maurice?" asked she, in a tone so sad, so sweet, that it might have softened a heart of stone.

"I, cousin? I am the happiest of men!" And he gave way to a burst of that hollow laughter which is the cry of weakness and despair.

The next morning, Madeleine learned that Maurice was gone without bidding her farewell; but he wrote to her from Paris, apologising for his abrupt departure. Two months afterwards he wrote again; his preparations were completed, and in a fortnight he was to set off. Under an appearance of raillery, these letters showed the wretched state of his mind; the last especially breathed a gloomy despair. The first letter made Madeleine miserable; at the second she was horror-struck.

During this time the lawsuit went forward; all the pious pilgrims whose vows Madeleine had repulsed were already rejoicing at the unexpected turn which the affairs of the young German had taken: Madeleine alone did not seem to care about it.

*(To be continued.)*

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, August 21, 1847.*

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SNEEZE.

Reader—have you ever *sneezed?* Not a paltry half-stifled "t'shaw!" but an unmistakeable involuntary outburst, which it was impossible to restrain, which shook the apartment wherein it occurred, startled everybody within hearing, and left you for a few seconds seemingly doubting whether your head remained in its right place or not! Such is what I call a sneeze—and strange though it may seem, I am about to endeavour to eke a little philosophy out of it. If the falling of an apple led Newton to the discovery of the laws of gravitation, may not the contemplation of the peculiar phenomena constituting a sneeze lead to the discovery of some great truth, the practical application of which shall add to the proper enjoyments of life?

The nose is the member principally concerned in the inquiry—what causes a sneeze? This member is prominent enough—always conspicuous, but little appreciated. Like most "forward" beings, it seems treated with contempt. It has served the caricaturist more than the philosopher. The eye has been universally admired: its physiology has been taught in schools and lecture-rooms—poets have sung its praises—the ear and the organs of voice have proved the themes of many musings—but the poor nose, more sinned against than sinning, has met with comparative neglect. Shakspeare describes Bardolph's nose as "a ball of wildfire!" and Randolph, an old poet, speaks of the nose "spoiling the beauteous face!" If ever complimented, it is in the ironical strain of the song—"Nose, nose, jolly red nose!" In this way, the poor unfortunate organ has been handed over to the management of the ignorant and sensual, who have not failed to heap upon it unmerited oppression.

Many things will excite sneezing—but tobacco possesses in an extraordinary degree the power to produce this strange effect. A single grain of the dust of tobacco applied to the healthy nostril will excite one of those uncontrollable explosions which I have already called your attention to. You may be quite calm and comfortable, even dropping away into a dreamy "snooze"—say on a summer afternoon—and if any one wickedly cast but a grain of snuff up thy nostril, thy dreams are at end, and the pleasant composure just spreading calmly over thy face is ruffled at once into an indescribable grimness of visage. Strange that so trifling a cause should produce so startling and decided an effect. Yet so it is—and everybody knows it. Now the philosophy which I gather herefrom is this—*that tobacco is repugnant to the organs of smell, injurious to life, and should be altogether dispensed with.*

What *is* a sneeze? It never occurs in health, except excited by some foreign agent, irritating the membranes of the nasal passages, upon which the nervous filaments are distributed—and in cases of cold, or what is termed influenza, these are unduly excitable, and hence the repeated sneezings which then occur. The nose receives three sets of nerves—the nerves of *smell*, those of *feeling*, and those of *motion*. The former communicate to the brain the odorous properties of substances with which they may come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose, but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited in a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which dispatch to the brain the intelligence that "snuff has attacked the nostril!" The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying—"Cast it out!" And the result is unmistakeable! So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostril held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defence. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue—nearly one half of the body arouses against the intruder—from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff!

Let us consider what occurs in this instantaneous operation. The lungs become fully inflated, the abdominal organs are pressed downward, the ribs rise and extend forward, the lips firmly close, and the veil of the palate drops down to form a barrier to the escape of air through the mouth—and now, all the muscles which have relaxed for the purpose contract simultaneously, and force the compressed air from the lungs in a torrent out through the nasal passages, with the benevolent determination to sweep away the particle of snuff which has been causing irritation therein. Such, then, is the complicated action of a sneeze; and if the first effort does not succeed, then follows a second, a third, and a fourth; and not until victory is achieved, do the army of defenders dissolve their compact, and settle down to the enjoyment of peace and quietude.

Surely, then, the contemplation of a sneeze teaches us something.

In the year 1845 there were imported into Great Britain considerably more than *thirty-five millions of pounds of tobacco*—the gross amount of duty received thereon was over *four millions two hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds, or about five shillings per head for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain*; and the philosophy of a sneeze tells us that a large proportion of this immense sum may be much better applied than in arousing the defensive powers of nature, and when these are exhausted giving free inroad to disease, impairing the sense of smell, creating habits which are at once uncleanly, unhealthy, and expensive, and producing a morbid appetite, from which its victim can never obtain rest.

Out of the 35,053,516 lbs. of tobacco imported, nearly 32,000,000 lbs. were the produce of American slave labour; and thus two systems of slavery, widely different in their characters, find support in the use of tobacco; the self-imposed slavery of the British smoker and snuff-taker, and the slavery of the negro bondsman.

That disease and premature death occur as the result of these habits, the history of medicine abundantly proves; and none but those who are utterly ignorant of the physiology of health can doubt the assertion.

What then can be done? Let us act upon the philosophy of a sneeze, and cast away the boxes and pipes to which we may hitherto have been chained. A few of them may be put into our Museums to remain for the amusement of posterity among the curious relics of a bygone age. The metal boxes may be moulded together to form a statue to commemmorate this great moral victory. It may be mounted on a stupendous arch—which even *Punch* shall not dare to ridicule,—and when the Wellington Statue shall have gone back to the elements, or be cast into buttons for the jackets for the poor, thousands of grateful noses shall offer up their praise to this one, which through ages shall remind them of the "Philosophy of a Sneeze!"

R. Kemp Philp.

### THE BRIDGENORTH UNION SCHOOL, AND 'LA COLONIE AGRICOLE," AT METTRAY.

We have received copies of the reports on these Institutions presented to the Committee of the Philanthopic Society, St. George's Fields. The School was established by the Guardians of the Bridgenorth Union, in Shropshire, for the pauper children of the parishes under their controul, in which the experiment of making gardening and farm labour the chief occupations of the boys, has been fully and fairly tried, with remarkably successful results. This report, together with a Report on the system and arrangements of "La Colonie Agricole, at Mettray," in France, has been presented to the Committee of the Philanthropic Society, with the view to establishing an asylum of reform for youthful English Criminals on some similar plan of agricultural employment. At the Bridgenorth Union establishment the usual routine of the children's employment is as follows:—" They rise at five in summer, and about seven in winter. Before breakfast, they work in the fields, clean the house, prepare the food, &c. From nine till twelve, they attend school, and are instructed in reading, writing, cyphering, religious knowledge, and a little geography. In the afternoons, they work in the fields. The evenings are spent in stocking-knitting and straw-plaiting, varied by reading, singing, or the telling of some useful story by the Master. They go to bed about nine."

La Colonie Agricole, at Mettray, was established through the benevolent exertions of two French gentlemen, Mons. Demetz, and the Viscomte de Courteilles, for the improvement of juvenile offenders. The majority of the boys are instructed in agriculture or gardening, and a few are instructed as carpenters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, &c., &c. A farm of 500 acres is attached to the colony. The boys are divided into families of about forty each, over whom are placed a master and two assistants. They are exercised *en masse* on a military system. The boys elect from their number their own monitors; they receive religious and elementary instruction, are allowed suitable amusements, and are subject to a discipline of rewards and punishments.

"Since its first establishment in 1839, there have been received 521 boys. The number of present inmates is 348. Leaving a remainder of 173 to be accounted for. Of the 173, 17 have died, 12 have been sent back to their prisons for misconduct; 144 have been placed out in various situations in the world. Of the 144 thus placed out, 7 have relapsed into crime, 9 are of doubtful character, and 128 are conducting themselves to the full satisfaction of the Directors, and of the "patrons," under whose superintendence they have been placed.

All the boys are taught vocal music on the Wilhelm's system, and occasionally on Sundays they are instructed in gymnastics, on the principle that, to learn to help one's neighbour, to defend one's country, and to keep one's body vigorous and healthful, may be said to be a religous duty.

### USEFUL HINTS.

Dear Sir,—There are few circumstances in which the pressure of poverty is more painfully felt, than in severe illness. Will you allow me to suggest a few alleviations generally in the power of all, not utterly destitute.

In cases of great internal pain, especially in the region of the stomach, much relief may be often obtained by fomnetations, which are applied by wringing flannels in boiling water, placing them on the part affected, changing them every three minutes, until relief is obtained.

When a person is too weak or ill to have the bed made, it will often be rendered comfortable by pulling the under sheet or bedding quite tight. Where there is much thirst from fever, cooling drinks may be made by pouring hot water on the skins of fruit or a bit of lemon peel and sugar. In burns, while waiting for medical advice, dusting them with flour is the readiest method of lessening the pains. Many headaches, especially those in females engaged all day in sewing, might be much les-

sened, and the circulation improved, by putting the feet into hot water, for ten or twenty minutes, with a teaspoonful of mustard flour mixed with the water.

In colds, sore throats, and soreness of the chest, much relief is often obtained by inhaling (carefully) the hot vapour from a jug or teapot of boiling water, with a towel over the head.

A bag of hot salt will be very useful for tooth-ache and ear-ache.

Cold feet in illness, when rubbing cannot be procured, will be benefited by a brick heated, either with hot water or in the oven, and wrapped in flannel.

I wish these hints might prove useful, and still more, that your readers would remember how much is in their own power of prevention by bathing, thorough washing, opening the windows of bed-rooms daily, while the bed-clothes are turned down; exercise in the open air, and relaxation of mind. Another time I hope to give you a list of amusements, which can be carried on in even very poor homes. H. M. RATHBONE.

*City of London Mechanics' Institution.*—On Monday evening, August 9th, Luke Burke, Esq., delivered a second Lecture on Ethnology, or the Science of the Human Races. The lecturer adduced many interesting facts and arguments to prove that neither climate, food, nor exercise had any influence in producing the different races of mankind, so that the stature, the colour of the skin, &c., were entirely independent of all those circumstances, which hitherto have been considered to be causes of all the varieties of man.

At the conclusion, the lecturer stated that a society was forming for the study of this most useful and interesting science. So that we are now likely to become better acquainted with this subject.

3, Gould-square, Crutched Friars.

*Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*—In consequence of the increased leisure hours of the working classes, resulting from the Ten Hours' Law, the Committee of this Institution has issued a suitable address, calling upon the people to apply their spare hours in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and thus to make the measure what it was designed to be, a substantial good. The address says:—

"Strive to raise yourselves in the scale of social importance: endeavour, by the increase of your knowledge, to merit the respect and association of the educated; and then you will not only be large producers of the means of wealth, but able contributors to the cause of the greater civilisation of your country. These remarks are not merely intended for the man, but the woman; she who sustains so many interesting and delicate positions in society, and who, with a superior education would shed a more salutary and illustrious influence upon it. The Institution opens its advantages to both the sexes. Let parents encourage their sons and daughters to participate in its advantages by becoming members. The winter is advancing; the length of the evenings will be felt, and ought to be dedicated to personal improvement. They may be rationally and beneficially spent by reading at the Institution; or, by the perusal at home of works which the Institution will supply. In this latter case, a whole family may be benefited; one member of it may read aloud, so that amusement and instruction can be imparted to all; and thus rational happiness and respectable enjoyment be promoted, while freedom from the temptation and allurement of vice is secured."

We hope that a ready and general response will be made to this timely appeal.

*Tollcross' Sanitary Society.*—We are glad to learn that a public lecture was lately delivered in this village by the Rev. Mr. D'Orsey, the master of the Glasgow High School. The chief subjects of the lecture were the importance of cleanliness, temperance, and ventilation, as the best means of preventing the spread of infectious disease; and the necessity of taking instant measures to improve the health of the poor. At the close of the lecture, a large and influential society was formed, having the following objects:—"To collect statistical facts, and to diffuse information by lectures and hand-bills, as to the fearful evils that result from badly constructed houses, defective drainage, insufficient supply of water, air, and light. To urge on the working-classes the vital importance of sanitary reform, to assist the poor in cleaning out their rooms, staircases, and closes, and to co-operate with the public authorities, clergymen, and medical men, in every effort to prevent those evils which charity may palliate, but cannot cure."

## New Publications Received

*To Aug. 5, 1847.*

BIOGRAPHY:—
Memoir of Mrs. Jane Mawson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—*Chapman.*

EDUCATION:—
Horace Mann's Education Tour through Europe. With Preface and Notes by W. B. Hodgson, LL.D., Principal of the Mechanics' Institution, Liverpool. 2nd edit.—*Simpkin & Co.*
Latin Made Easy. By the Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D.—*Ib.*
How to Speak French. 2nd edit. By Achille Albitès.—*Hamilton, Adams, & Co.*

GUIDE BOOKS:—
Pictorial Guide to Woolwich.—*W. S. Orr & Co.*
" " to Erith and Greenhithe.—*Ib.*

HEALTH OF TOWNS:—
Plymouth Health of Towns Advocate. Nos. 1 to 4.
Home, the Way to make it comfortable.—*Darton & Clark.*
Irish Famine, a Lecture on the Antecedent Causes of. By the Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Bishop of New York.—*E. Dunigan*, New York.

MUSIC:—
Caldwell's Musical Journal. Parts 1 and 2.—*Orr & Co.*
Musical Bouquet: Two of Jenny Lind's favourite Songs from *Robert le Diable.*—*W. Strange.*
Ornamental Designs; Tradesman's Book of. Part 3.—*Orr & Co.*
Peace, Encyclopædia of Facts, Anecdotes, Arguments, and Illustrations in support of Peace. By Edwin Paxton Hood.—*C. Gilpin.*

PERIODICALS:—
North British Review. No. XIV.—*W. P. Kennedy*, Edinburgh.
Christian Examiner. No. CXLII.—*W. Crosby*, Boston, U. S.
Long Lost Found. A Tale. With Illustrations by Hablot Browne. No. 2.—*W. S. Orr & Co.*
Haverstock, A Tale of the Mania of 1845. No. 1.—*Sherwood and Co.*
Philosophical Lectures. By the Rev. H. Leask.—*Johnson*, Dover.

POETRY:—
Miscellaneous Poems and Songs. By Francis Davis. (The Belfast Man.) *Henderson*, Belfast.
Our Era. A Soliloquy. By W. Leask. *Johnson*, Dover.
The Hall of Vision. A View of Principles. By W. Leask.—*Ib.*
League's Convert. A Tragedy. By Henry W. Pearson.—*Saunders & Otley.*

SLAVERY:—
Address from the American Abolitionists to the Friends of the Slave in Great Britain.
Swedenborg, a Popular Sketch of his Philosophical Works.—By J. J. G. Wilkinson.—*Newbery.*

THEOLOGY:—
The Life of Christ, the source and pattern of Christian influence. A Sermon. By Dr. Beard.—*Chapman*
The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Parts I. to XVII.—*Simpkin & Co.*

## To Correspondents.

Declined Manuscripts are destroyed at once, unless *Envelopes, with sufficient Postage Stamps, and properly Addressed*, be enclosed, for their return by post. They can be returned in no other way. Anonymous communications are never used.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Index Sheet to Vol. III., price one Penny, is now ready. Also,

CASES FOR BINDING THE VOLUME,

Bound in the RICHEST CRIMSON CLOTH, embossed, price One Shilling each. Both may be obtained from our Agents.

## Contents.



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THE TRAMPERS.

BY W. HUNT.

## THE "NEW" COUNTY COURTS.

By J. B. Kington, Barrister-at-Law.

*(In Two Papers.)*

NO. I.—THEIR HISTORY.

Although the attempt might be vain, which sought to dispute the authority of a maxim so time-honoured as that which is expressed in the phrase—"a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," yet, as a *People's Journal* would be a strange anomaly, if not conducted on popular principles, so we may be allowed to object, *in limine*, to the title "County Court," though qualified by the adjective "new," as indescriptive of the thing when applied to the Courts instituted by 9 and 10 Victoriæ, cap. 95, for "The More Easy Recovery of Small Debts and Demands." In fact, they are not formed on the model of the old County Court, as the name would seem to imply, but, with certain modifications and additions, upon that of those scattered local jurisdictions which have, from time to time, been created by statute, to meet the growing requirements of trade and population, under the titles of Courts of Conscience or Courts of Requests.

This may seem a slight matter; but, in the same sense that "words are things," so are names ideas; and as the qualifying adjective "new" has no statutory warrant—the words County Court being indifferently applied to both the old and the new—and as, whilst the former is preserved as an institution, the greater part of its jurisdiction is transferred to the latter—and both may happen to be sitting contemporaneously in the same county—the term District Court would have been infinitely more applicable to these new jurisdictions, such being their nature, and such their limits by the statute. To obtain, then, a clear conception of them, we must consider them from the first (without reference to a mere name, calculated solely to mislead), as the creatures of an act of Parliament, governed by its provisions, and, such provisions falling short of the daily exigency, by the principles of the common law, and by the rules which regulate the superior courts at Westminster.

The history of the statute is a brief one, but it is a curious instance of the conflict of opinion; and the result is illustrative of the eminently practical character of the English people. The increase of local courts' acts, during the latter portion of the reign of William the Fourth and the present sovereignty, had attracted the attention of Parliament to the subject, which, joined to the internal agitation in the profession for law reform, and the outer demand for cheap law, in respect at least of minor claims, resulted in many vague propositions for one general measure for the creation of small debts' courts, as infinitely preferable in principle, and more economical in practice, than the desultory mode of prosecuting a bill in parliament for each court by private promoters.

Had the matter been less hotly insisted on, and had professors of the law, in both its departments, been indifferently consulted as to the mode of carrying out the object, we might possibly, and should probably, ere this time have seen instituted a well-digested system of circuit courts, to which might have been committed a legal, equitable, and criminal jurisdiction up to a certain amount and extent; the respectability of the courts being guaranteed by the presence of authorised practitioners, and their efficiency by a power of appeal.

But, unhappily, the general conception of law and lawyers is as vulgar as it is untrue. Law as a human institution, and lawyers as human beings, have no more claim to be considered perfect than any other terrene person or thing; but the public, which sees much that it cannot understand, and has few opportunities for, and many difficulties in the way of, becoming better instructed in matters of law, is too apt to follow a misconception—to accept declamation for fact, and to set down the Buzfuzes and the Phunkies, the Dodsons and the Foggs of fiction as the types of their class: in which respect they act about as wisely as if an economist should estimate the social condition of France and Ireland by the conventional Monsieur Tonsons and Teddy Mulrooneys of the British stage. In this way the public loose the co-operation of that skilled labour which can alone give an efficient direction to the popular energy; and the motive power of the people runs wrong, because counsel, which is the result of knowledge, is wilfully ascribed to mere selfishness, or at best to an *esprit de corps*.

This has operated to render the present courts defective in many important particulars; and would, probably, have operated to postpone the experiment, but for one of those circumstances as sudden as they are extraordinary, which precipitated the event.

The subject of Imprisonment for Debt having attracted the learned leisure of Lord Cottenham, was introduced by him to the notice of the House of Lords, when it was at once seized upon by Lord Brougham; who, with his characteristic energy and power of will, took the matter suddenly out of the hands of its prime mover, introduced an extempore measure of his own, forcing it through its several stages with a rapidity second only to that of a cholera bill, until the smaller tradesmen of England, going to bed one night in the security of their ledgers and of the law, awoke in the morning to find that the guarantee, as they esteemed it, of imprisonment for debt, had been taken from them on all sums not exceeding 20*l.*

There is no doubt that this converted a large aggregate amount of claims into bad debts. Young men, being lodgers, suddenly set their tailors at defiance; and the Duffer system—the Tally system as it is called in the metropolis—was at an end. We confess to little sympathy with the latter class. Theirs is a system which begins in cupidity practising on improvidence and folly, and ends, for the most part, in intemperance, the result of accumulating difficulties, and in ruin, the necessary consequence of summons, judgment, and execution. The extent of this system amongst the poor is frightful. It has recently been stated that, in the Westminster Court of Requests, 100 summonses were issued in one day by a single tallyman: the amount of misery which this represents is truly appalling; and infinitely better would it be for society that sums, except wages, beneath forty shillings, should not be recoverable other than in the superior courts, than that the poor, who seem incapable of reasoning out consequences of this sort for themselves, should be so demoralised and prejudiced by it to the extent that they are. The tallyman "ploughs with the heifer;" and the wife of the poor man, assailed with the gaudy print and the cheap shawl, is much more an infant in fact, than the minor in his teens, who is but an infant in law.

From special inquiries made by us with reference to the operation of Lord Brougham's act, we ascertained that several concerns conducted on the "duffer". or "tally" system, and which always had from 50 to 100 cases floating in small debts'

courts, had changed hands; the proprietors backing out of the trade with the instinct of rats quitting a falling building; and, in one instance, it came to our knowledge that a "little" concern had at once estimated the amount to be written off—bad, at 500*l.*! If we bear in mind that execution against the goods of the debtor still existed in full force, that this floating balance was liquidated weekly at an average rate of from 6d., to 1s., and 1s. 6d. per debtor, balanced at the same time by renewed purchases, made in folly and, in some instances, in fear, and only kept in process of liquidation by the dread of imprisonment, we may indeed understand the system; but it is difficult, very difficult, fully to estimate its evils, without seeking examples in the dwellings of the poor.

This was the system to which the new measure was all but utterly destructive, and, had that been all, the duffer and the tallyman would have had as little as he merited of our sympathy; but the measure gave opportunities to dishonesty of which dishonesty availed itself, and the outcry was proportionately vehement. That outcry came, however, from parties in a condition to help themselves—it came from the class of shopkeepers who possess the 10*l.* votes; and, with regard to England, the motto of the revolutionary "*aide toi*" society of Paris may be well and freely translated —"Help yourselves, and parliament men will help you!" Associations were instituted, votes were counted, communications were opened with representatives, and very pertinent references were made to the next election. The result was soon very obvious. The philanthropy of popular members took a new direction; and men who had been most earnest and eloquent in unbarring the prison door, were invited to feasts, and rewarded with testimonials,, for their exertions in restoring the key: the "poor debtor" had been the cry; it was now the "poor creditor!" Imprisonment for debt was re-instituted, in the shape of a penalty. Granted, it was said, that the imprisonment of an honest man, who has become unfortunate, is no mode of helping him to pay his creditors, yet surely the dishonest and fraudulent debtor is a fit object of punishment; and, that being admitted, one of the signs of fraud instituted was—the contracting of a debt without any reasonable expectation of being enabled to discharge it; a most vague exception, difficult to prove, and resting on the opinion of one man—who, from the habitual contemplation of fraud and dishonesty, becomes hardened into a harsh estimate of human motives, and who would, in the majority of instances, consider, except in the case of clear, unforeseen misfortune, that no reasonable expectation existed which could not be distinctly shown. Thus, out of the conflict of opinion, imprisonment being re-instituted as a penalty, and not operating, as before, as a discharge, the condition of the small debtor was, so far, rendered worse by the re-action.

But the example is not an unusual one; yet it is singularly illustrative of the oscillation of public opinion, or, rather, of the ever varying successes and reverses of hostile principles, and of the tendency which all parties have, at times, to overlook the means, in the too fixed contemplation of the end. Thus, in the very measure now before us, it was intended to give a power of personal search to the bailiff having the warrant of execution; and under this power, the person, not only of the debtor, but of his wife and children, might have been assailed and rifled of the few poor pence they might have possessed—the price of their next humble meal. Upon a suggestion, however, privily made, that bailiffs were not the most discreet or gentle class of persons to be entrusted with such a power—that it confounded poverty with crime —and that its tendency was to create repeated breaches of the peace, which might even result in a modern version of the story of Wat Tyler—the clause was as privily withdrawn. In a like spirit, it has been suggested by traders that an overdue account should constitute an act of bankruptcy: and, after public opinion had long put it down, parliament has recently re-instituted flogging at the cart's tail, to be put down, no doubt, very shortly by public opinion again.

> For earthly powers do then look likest heaven's
> When mercy seasons justice!

And, indeed, mercy would seem, by the Christian dispensation, to be an essential constituent of justice; for "Joseph *being* a just man, was minded to put her (his wife) away, *privily.*"

And out of all this chaos—after one abortive attempt, which lasted for one session of parliament only, grew the present act—a remarkable illustration of the practical spirit of the English people, which could turn a mere accident, through the awakened feeling of a class, to such substantial account; for although the statute, for the reasons we have expressed, and for more, which may be inferred from its history, is very far from perfect, there is no doubt that it is the initiative of a vast revolution in the judicial administration of the country.

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## MADELEINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. JULES SANDEAU.

BY MRS. ALFRED BARNARD.

(*Continued from Page* 165.)

### XV.

IT chanced that the young man was seized with a strange complaint; trembling at the sound of Madeleine's voice, and turning pale when she looked at him. He would remain for hours watching her while at work in the evening, but not with his former contemptuous air. What was the matter with him?

By Marceau's introduction, Maurice had received the order for a full length figure of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, intended by a rich Catholic baronet for the chapel of one of his seats in Lancashire. The artist had accepted this order the more gladly because his mother bore the name of this saint, and he felt the same veneration for both. But, notwithstanding the practice and instructions of his father, in spite of his own skill with the chisel, he was seized with despair the moment he touched the block. He, who had hitherto sported with difficulty with a boldness which might have been called presumption, now hesitated, astonished at his own timidity, which dared not make the first cut in the wood; for he did not yet know that doubt of one's self is the mark of real talent. He called up the remembrance of all the sculptured figures which he had seen in churches; none of them realised his idea of a queen, and a saint, none had the combined grandeur and purity characteristic of such a person. Time pressed. He sketched first the drapery and the hands. The ambition of producing a work which should establish his fame, and merit his cousin's praise, gave him courage, making him at the same time more severe towards himself. The

folds which he had just carved did not please him; he could not satisfy himself with the fall of the drapery, or the gracefulness of the limbs. The hands detained him a long time, by his endeavour to give them a regal delicacy. It is thus that master-pieces are accomplished: the admiring crowd do not suspect the pains they have cost.

When the head was to be begun, Maurice's trepidation increased; but he began to work, and presently the chisel seemed to obey some mysterious instinct. The forehead was formed without difficulty; the eyes modelled themselves as by enchantment—shaded by their soft lids, they seemed to express the action of prayer. The hair, parted on the forehead, descended the cheek in bands, marking the perfect oval of the face. After some minutes of silent thought, Maurice slowly, and with internal satisfaction, retouched those parts which he thought not sufficiently delicate, and, at length, laying down his tools, he stepped back a few paces, in order to judge of his work the better. At this moment Madeleine entered, and at once recognised herself. Clasping her hands, she showed artless delight; while Maurice, confused and embarrassed, blushed deeply, not knowing which way to look. While seeking a model, he had found the image of Madeleine in his heart; and had unconsciously given to his work the beautiful features of his cousin. He did not suspect that it was to influence his whole destiny.

This statue of St. Elizabeth was still in his workshop; it seemed as if Maurice could not resolve to give it up—as every time that it was sent for, he found some pretext for delay. According to him, there was always some last touch to be given; but, in fact, the artist had never retouched his work, being content, like Pygmalion, with gazing on it. One morning, the baronet presented himself in person. He was an elegant young man, rather older than Maurice, though appearing younger. Entering with a stiff bow, he walked up to the St. Elizabeth, without further notice of the master of the house; and after having examined it for some time, silently and without moving—"I was not deceived," said he, at length, not turning his head, and as if speaking to himself; "it is the ideal of which I dreamed: it is truly the work of a great artist." Having said this, the gentleman drew some bank notes from his pocket-book, and laid them carelessly on the bench.

"No, sir, no!" cried Maurice. "If you please, we will keep to the price agreed on. Take back these notes; your generosity is thrown away; for your whole fortune would not suffice to pay the price at which I value this statue myself."

At these words, Sir Edward Walsingham cast his eyes for the first time upon the wood carver. Although Maurice was in his workman's dress, the whiteness of his hands, the regularity of his features, his dignified attitude, at once convinced the baronet that no common workman stood before him. It was the more easy for him to see this, because he himself was superior to those of his station in talent and cultivation. Somewhat confused and distressed, he wished to apologise for his abrupt entrance into the room; and seating himself upon the edge of the little couch, which served for both bed and sofa, he entered graciously into conversation with Maurice, speaking to him of his art with the feeling of a man who understood and could appreciate it. The young artist was at first reserved, cold, and constrained, but by degrees he gave way before the earnest simplicity of his guest's language and manners; and they conversed together amid the blocks of oak and chips of wood which strewed the floor, as freely as if they had been in a saloon. While the one, by an involuntary impulse of vanity, was endeavouring to show that he had not always lived by the work of his hands, and that he was no stranger to the elegancies of opulence, the other exerted himself to prove that, notwithstanding his wealth, he felt the value of labour and intellect. They touched upon serious subjects. While listening to Maurice, Sir Edward became more and more certain that he was in the presence of an equal; and Maurice on his side acknowledging to himself that poverty has not the monopoly of wisdom, but that all conditions of life, from the highest to the lowest, bear their appointed teachings, to those who know how to profit by them. Going back to the statue of the sainted Duchess of Thuringia, the baronet said that his mother had borne the name of Elizabeth during the few years that she had lived. Maurice mentioned that his mother also, who had died young, was called by the same name; and this coincidence, slight as it was, established a kind of sympathy between them. In short, they separated at the end of two hours, well pleased with each other, and already almost friends.

This incipient intimacy grew stronger. Rich without haughtiness, grave without being gloomy, open-hearted, affectionate, and clever, Sir Edward Walsingham was termed singular, and in truth he was so; for with all his advantages of nature and of birth, he possessed that feeling which may be called modesty of station and wealth. More happy and strong-minded than Maurice, he had passed through the difficult paths of youth unharmed; the realities of life had not led him astray; and in learning to know mankind, he had not felt himself impelled either to hate or despise his fellow-creatures. To the experience of a sage, he united the enthusiasm of a poet, the candour and artlessness of a child; and besides this, he had improved his mind by study and travelling. For several years he had passed the winter at Paris, where, however, he was to be found less often in the fashionable saloon than in the studio of eminent artists.

Sir Edward came again frequently to visit Maurice. He would come in the afternoon, bringing some good cigars with him, and seat himself upon the couch, smoking and conversing, while Maurice was at work at his bench. Sometimes he would rise, and take a look at the wood carver, and sometimes Maurice would leave his employment, light a cigar, and rest himself by the side of his companion: thus a steady friendship grew up between the young men, and Maurice had unconsciously given way to some half confidences. Prudently keeping silence respecting the irregularities of his youth, he spoke warmly of his sister, who was living and working with him. These recitals touched the kind heart of Sir Edward; but though he wished much to be acquainted with this young sister, he did not dare to ask Maurice to introduce him; and, strange enough, notwithstanding his sincere friendship, the latter gave not the least hint of doing so; as if he had some presentiment that the introduction might destroy his own happiness. Alas! what must happen does happen. One day, while the baronet was with Maurice, Madeleine came into the room. Maurice had often spoken to her of his new friend; and she had encouraged the growing intimacy, glad to see kind feelings again take root in a heart so long desolate.

Madeleine's character was brought forth advantageously in Sir Edward's presence; for in the wish to please her cousin, and perceiving in a

moment that his young friend was worthy of her esteem, she was less embarrassed than usual at a first interview. When, at the end of an hour, she left the room, Sir Edward was perfectly fascinated.

"You were quite right, sir," he exclaimed warmly—"you might well boast of your sister; but I think you spoke even too coldly of her beauty and elegance. Never did a more lovely mind show itself in a sweeter countenance! I comprehend how easy it is for you to produce perfection; the beauty of the model explains the artist's success. My friend, fortune has been less unkind to you than I feared, since she has spared to you so valuable a treasure."

He might have continued long in this strain without fear of interruption; for Maurice was leaning over his bench planing a bit of wood, not seeming even to hear what Sir Edward was saying. On that day at dinner, and during the evening, nothing was talked of in Madeleine's room but the baronet, who had pleased her extremely by the elegant simplicity of his manners, and the natural elevation of his thoughts; and she warmly congratulated her cousin upon such a friendship. Women who love have an extraordinary instinct in measuring and appreciating at the first glance the worth and sincerity of the friends who surround us. But, more than this, Ursula, who had met the gentleman upon the staircase, spoke vehemently in praise of his elegant appearance, refusing to believe him to be an Englishman. Marceau also, who passed the evening with them, and who had known Sir Edward a long time, from having made some furniture for his hotel, related some instances of his generosity which appeared to strike the mind of the young German forcibly, while Ursula loudly expressed her admiration. Maurice was not silent amid all these praises; but he felt very uneasy, without knowing wherefore.

Henceforward Sir Edward often called on Madeleine. His visits, short at first, became insensibly longer and more frequent. He called during the day, and often returned in the evening. Madeleine received him with a grateful pleasure, which she did not attempt to disguise, but which Maurice saw with uneasiness, watching them both sometimes with a jealous eye. There were hours in which the poor fellow felt an irritation against his friend which he could not account for; and soon he fancied that his cousin became more reserved towards him, more frank with the stranger. He had already remarked that the baronet no longer talked of the journey which he was accustomed to take at that period of the year; and one evening, when he ventured to speak to Sir Edward of his approaching departure, the baronet's reply that he should not go, drew, according to Maurice's imagination, a smile of thanks from Madeleine. This strange uneasiness at length took a serious form, causing Maurice to seek solitude, and destroying his love of his art; while, what was still more extraordinary, Madeleine, hitherto so watchful and clear-sighted, did not seem aware of the change in her cousin, and appeared to have eyes for Sir Edward alone.

One morning, when he was seated upon his couch, melancholy, downcast, feverish, and alarmed at his own feelings, Maurice beheld Sir Edward enter, more grave than usual. Seating himself, in silence, the gentleman began to trace figures upon the floor with the end of his cane, with the manner of a man who has something important to say, and does not know how to begin it; while Maurice watched him, as if aware that the storm, which for a month he had felt approaching, was about to burst upon his head.

"Maurice," said his friend, at length, "I loved your sister before I saw her. You taught me to love her, by talking of her; and I delighted in giving her the same affection and respect that I bestowed upon you. I became acquainted with her, and these feelings soon led to love. Judge for yourself; if this charming person had not been your sister, could you have known her without adoring her? I know nothing of your family or your fortune; I have seen how you live, and that is enough for me. You have proved yourselves worthy of riches, by the manner in which you have borne poverty: on my side, I believe I have shown that I am not unworthy of poverty either. Maurice, we are friends—are you willing that we should be brothers?"

Paler than death, Maurice let his icy cold hand fall into that of the baronet.

"Sir Edward," he replied in a tremulous voice, which he endeavoured to render calm, "the words which I have just heard are honourable to all of us; believe that I am grateful as I ought to be; but Madeleine—but my sister;—doubtless she loves you? You have her consent? At least you have learned the secret of her heart?"

"No, my friend, no; I know not whether I am beloved;" replied Sir Edward timidly, "but I believe so firmly in the attractive power of true love, that I hope by persevering tenderness, by unlimited devotion, my heart will in time obtain the affection of the heart which it has chosen."

"But Madeleine, Sir Edward, Madeleine knows that you love her?"

"I do not think I am unpleasing to her, but I have not spoken of my affection either with my eyes or my lips. Before I ask her consent, I thought that duty and honour commanded me to seek yours."

"It was right!" said Maurice, in his turn holding out his hand to Sir Edward. "It was not left for the present moment to assure me of your worth; my esteem and friendship have long been yours. I will consult Madeleine, and if your wishes are agreeable to her, I will at once promise you that nothing shall interfere with your happiness."

The Baronet went away with his heart full of hope. If he loved Madeleine, if he had not been able to contemplate her beauty and grace without being fascinated, he also loved Maurice fervently, and his generous mind was delighted with the thought of revenging the injustice of fortune, towards these two young people, by restoring them in the face of the world to the position they had lost.

XVI.

When left alone, Maurice was overcome by a chaos of thoughts so confused, feelings so contradictory, that the most skilful analyser, the most profound philosopher, would have been unable to disentangle them. After having, with great effort, conducted Sir Edward to the top of the staircase, he returned to his room, and threw himself on his bed as if struck to the earth by the words he had just heard. He felt almost suffocated, and this was followed by faintness from which he recovered to feel his perceptions become by slow degrees more and more clear. Light seemed to break in upon his heart—it was the dawn of a new life; his countenance brightened and a smile played in his features. For some time he remained in silent ecstasy; then suddenly he arose with a gesture of

delight; the intoxication of love filled his heart. But it soon vanished, leaving behind it vexation and despair. He was thrown back upon reality as a bird on the wing falls to the earth when mortally wounded by the fowler. Wretched that he was! he had loved too late! too late had he arrived at the gate of paradise; he beheld happiness there at the moment of bidding it adieu for ever. The violence of his nature broke forth once more in jealous exclamations against Sir Edward, and in the depth of his misery, scarcely sparing Madeleine herself. He recalled to his mind his cousin's manner of late; he beheld her smiling on the baronet, whose eyes dwelt fondly upon her; and his heart was torn with envy. He had not even the consolation of thinking that he might possibly be mistaken. Even had he not watched the young people—had he not, with a restless eye, marked the progress of their mutual passion—the wretchedness which he had suffered ought already to have enlightened him; the martyrdom which he had endured would have cried loudly enough to him that Madeleine loved Sir Edward Walsingham. He was pacing his chamber violently, when on a sudden he stopped, ashamed of his fury; examining himself, he blushed with confusion.

"Wherefore dost thou complain wretched one?" cried he, holding down his head. "Scarcely hast thou escaped from the mire which stained thy youth when thou complainest of not being beloved; thou art indignant at seeing preferred to thyself, a noble heart, a virtue without stain, a conscience which has never swerved! What hast thou done to deserve that affection which now appears the greatest of all blessings to thee? In the two years during which this treasure has been within thy reach, what hast thou done to render thyself worthy of it? Thou hast neglected it, thou hast disdained it, thou hast trampled it under foot; and now thou art wretched and angry at the thought of another possessing it! As a return for the injuries thou hast cast upon her, it is not enough for thee that the adorable being whom God had placed under thy care, has drawn thee from the abyss into which thou wert fallen, that she has cleansed away the stains of thy soul, and opened blessed paths for thy feet. In return for the cowardly affronts which thou hast showered upon her, for thy unfeelingness, thine infamous behaviour, her love appears to thee not too great a recompence. Ah! be silent, shrink into shade, and be thankful to heaven which has given thee grace to be able to love!"

Never had Maurice wept so bitterly over his past faults; never had he shed such scalding tears at the recollection of his wanderings; never had remorse for illspent days pressed so heavily upon him. He saw for the first time the whole extent of his ruin; he was aware at last of the happiness which had been within his reach, but which he had not known how to seize.

"If," said he to himself, "like Sir Edward, I had always followed the strict line of duty, I should have been at this moment, under my paternal roof, with Madeleine, who perhaps would have loved me, for I should have remained worthy of her love."

True affection is modest, resigned, always ready to sacrifice itself. What could Maurice offer to his cousin? With all his courage and perseverence, with all the celebrity and sale which his productions met with, even supposing that celebrity to be lasting, he could never offer her more than a mean and limited income. In marrying Sir Edward, Madeleine would regain that place in society which belonged to her, and which she ought never to have lost. If she felt the slightest degree of affection for him, ought Maurice to thwart it? Was it not his duty on the contrary to encourage it by all the means in his power, and to sacrifice everything for Madeleine's happiness? He could not hesitate; his decision was immediate.

Sorrowful and silent, but not out of temper, he passed the evening with his cousin as usual. By one of those contradictions so frequent in home life, the young German was in high spirits this evening: Maurice saw this with sadness, but also with smiling resignation. He did not seek for a word or a look which could shake his resolution; but towards the end of the evening, he requested Madeleine to sing the "Adieu," that song of Schubert's which had once so much touched him. Never had she sung it so affectingly. When she had concluded, Maurice rose, took both her hands, pressed them respectfully to his lips, and left the room with a bursting heart.

"You are melancholy, M. Maurice, what is the matter my dear young master?" said Ursula stopping him in the ante-chamber.

"It is nothing, my good Ursula," replied Maurice commanding himself. "You know that for some time my melancholy fits have not been of any importance. Embrace me, I am sure that will do me good."

Ursula threw herself upon the neck of her foster brother, who pressed her in his arms, and for a moment his self-control gave way to despair, and he wept bitterly. It was the last touch of weakness. The next morning he arose early, and to complete the sacrifice of his hopes, repressing by a last effort the love which he dared not encourage, he wrote with a steady hand:

Madeleine, I have kept my promise. You besought me to remain two years with you, and that period expired some months since. You asked of me two years of self-denial and sacrifice, and you fixed my manner of life yourself. In teaching me the value of labour, the greatness and holiness of duty, you have nearly effaced my former errors from my character. Whatever God may intend for me in future, I shall always bless you and be grateful to you; but I will not, I ought not, any longer to accept the sacrifice to which you have so nobly resigned yourself; that would be a selfishness which I could never pardon in myself. It now concerns not me; but you, and your happiness. Sir Edward Walsingham loves you; he is worthy of your love. He will secure to you the station which you deserve; and his affection for me will induce him to pay my debt of obligation towards you. Farewell then, I leave you. Be not uneasy about my fate. Wherever I may be, my work, as you know, will supply my wants. Do not fear lest I should fall back again into the darkness whence you extricated me; a mysterious star will always guide me along the path which you have opened to me. If strength fail, if discouragement oppress me, I shall only require to look into my heart to reassure myself: I shall find your image there. I am about to revisit the house of my ancestors; it is an offering which I owe to my father's memory; I wish to show myself virtuous and reformed among those spots which saw me sinful and debased. My father died, and I was not there to receive his last look: this pious pilgrimage will appease my troubled conscience, and I shall then go with a firm step wherever God may lead me. Once more, Madeleine, farewell; may you be happy; and while I shall bless the remembrance of the days which we have passed together, may that remembrance not be very bitter to you!

Your brother,
MAURICE.

Having folded this letter, and written upon its envelope that dear name which henceforward was to be all the happiness of his life, he placed it within sight upon the mantelpiece. At the moment of doing this, his eye caught Marceau and his wife already at work near their children's cradle, and he saluted them with an affectionate nod. After having contemplated this happy household for some minutes with an eye of envy, he busied himself in the preparations for his departure. All was ready in a quarter of an hour; in his work-

man's dress, with a knapsack at his back, and a travelling stick in his hand, he went forth, after having cast a melancholy glance around that little chamber which he had entered hardened by selfishness, weakened by idleness, worn by debauchery; but which he left regenerated by labour, his youth renewed by love, and sanctified by self-sacrifice.

*(Will be completed in our next.)*

## WINDOW GARDENING.

By Mrs. Loudon.

In crowded cities like London, where ground is so valuable, that large houses have sometimes only a court ten or twelve feet square behind them, window gardening becomes an important branch of floriculture, as it affords the inhabitants almost their only chance of enjoying the luxury of flowers. That the cultivation of flowers, even in a window, is, indeed, an enjoyment to the inhabitants of cities, is evident by the pleasure with which we see many of those, who live by their labours with the needle or the loom, spending the greater part of their few leisure hours in tending a few geraniums or other flowering plants arranged on a window sill; and there is something affecting in the sight, when we recollect that many of these persons probably came originally from the country, and that these few leaves and flowers are all that remain to remind them of their native fields. The plants of persons of this class are, however, generally much more healthy than those of richer cultivators, probably because they are more cared for, and more diligently watched; for no living objects more amply repay the attention bestowed upon them than flowering plants.

All plants grown in pots, and kept in a room, require more attention than they would do in any other situation, as they are in a most unnatural state, and they need the greatest care that can be bestowed upon them to counteract the bad effects of their peculiar position. To understand thoroughly how disadvantageous that position is to their growth, we must recollect that plants derive their nourishment partly through their roots, and partly through their leaves, by means of pores so extremely fine, that they can only be seen by the aid of a very powerful microscope. When a plant is kept constantly in an inhabited room, the pores of the leaves become choked up with dust; and as the air of every room inhabited by human beings must necessarily be very dry, the delicate points of the roots, which are of a soft spongy nature, to enable them to imbibe water, become withered or dried up, and lose that power of alternate dilation and contraction, which is absolutely necessary to enable them first to absorb moisture from the soil, and afterwards to force it up through the stem and leaves. In addition to these evils, which it is extremely difficult to guard against, may be added another of almost equal importance, arising from the use of saucers to the flower-pots. These it is difficult to dispense with in a living room, as, without them, there would be danger of injuring the carpet, and other articles of furniture, every time the plant is watered; for water is of scarcely any use, unless it be given in sufficient quantity to saturate the whole mass of earth in the pot, and this cannot be done without some escaping by the hole at the bottom. If, however, water be suffered to stand in the saucer, unless there be abundance of drainage in the bottom of the pot, the water will sodden the earth: and if it does, the spongioles of the roots will inevitably become rotten. Wherever, therefore, plants are kept in pots, it should be a paramount object with the cultivator to set them out in the open air as often as possible, and then, while the pots are standing without their saucers, to give them abundance of water, either syringing their leaves, or washing them thoroughly by holding a watering pot, with a fine rose, above them, and letting the water descend on their leaves like a shower. In summer, plants may be watered in this manner twice a day, and in spring and autumn once a day, without receiving the slightest injury from over-watering. In winter, however, the case is different; and as soon as the air becomes frosty, the plants should not be exposed to it, and they should be watered as little as possible, so as to keep them alive, unless they should be plants which flower in the winter, in which case they should be watered daily, as all plants when in flower require more water than at any other season. As these winter-flowering plants must, of course, be placed in saucers, for the sake of cleanliness, it will be necessary to take care, when the plants are watered, that the saucers are emptied out, as soon as the water has run through into them, so that no stagnant water may be allowed to remain to chill the roots. Another point which should be attended to, when plants are kept in living rooms, is to remove all the dead leaves as soon as they appear, as the decomposition of vegetable matter is extremely injurious to the health of human beings. Even the plants themselves appear to grow better when all the decaying vegetable matter they produce is regularly removed from them; and not only do they grow more vigorously, but the perfume and beauty of their flowers is said to be increased.

In attending to the cultivation of plants which are to be kept in rooms, it must never be forgotten that they require air as well as water to nourish them. It has been long known that plants will not thrive unless the air has free access to their leaves; but it has only lately been ascertained that the leaves not only act in elaborating the sap, but that they also take in nourishment from the atmosphere. Air should likewise be permitted to have access to the roots moderately, so as not to dry them; as the roots can derive nourishment from it, as well as the leaves, provided they are kept in a sufficiently moist state by the earth with which they are surrounded, to be capable of taking nourishment from anything.

The important fact that plants derive a great portion of their nourishment from the atmospheric air, was little known before the time of Liebig; and even now, it is so contrary to all our ancient prejudices, that even where it is acknowledged, it is rarely remembered when the rules derived from it are to be acted upon.

Light is as essential as air or water to the growth of plants; and as plants in pots rarely obtain a sufficient quantity when they are kept in living rooms, their stems are frequently drawn up till they become weak and slender, and neither their leaves nor their flowers are so dark as they would be if the plants were grown in the open air. When plants are grown in greenhouses, they are generally placed upon a stage raised on steps one above another, and in this manner the leaves receive the full advantage of light, while the sides of the pots are not dried by exposure to the sun; but the reverse of this generally takes place when plants are kept on a window-sill, as the leaves of the

plants are frequently shaded by some projecting part of the house or window; while the pots are exposed to the full influence of the sun, and thus the points of the roots of the plants contained in them are very apt to become dry and withered.

It may possibly be thought by some persons, that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge on the importance of light, air, and water to the health of plants, as every one must be aware of that fact; this, however, is far from being the case. The generality of amateurs who cultivate plants in pots, think that the principal care requisite for their plants, is to keep them warm; and if they do not grow freely, to give them manure; but nothing can be more erroneous than this mode of treatment. Too much heat is as injurious as too much cold; and if plants are brought suddenly out of a cool greenhouse into a very warm room, they will become sickly; their flower-buds will fall off without expanding, and probably they will lose the greater part of their leaves.

Over-manuring is still more injurious. The roots of plants in pots are so cramped by the confined space in which they are kept, that they have seldom strength to digest strong manure; and there is no doubt that great numbers of greenhouse plants were killed by over-doses of guano, when it was first introduced. Giving strong manure to a sickly plant is as injurious as giving strong food to an invalid; and in both cases, does harm rather than good. If to over-manuring be added abundant watering, and want of drainage, the earth contained in the pot becomes what is called sour, and is not only totally incapable of affording nourishment, but it actually rots the roots of the plants growing in it.

## THE PROMISED ABUNDANCE.

By Dr. Beard.

Innumerable are man's relations with the outer world. Think not merely of the links which bind to it your animal life. True, our feet cling to the soil where we were born. True, our life depends every moment on the air in the midst of which we live. But we bear other relations to the visible world. The skies are yours, for you behold them with wonder and delight. The variegated earth is yours, and the rich uplands of the swelling hills: the music of the rustling trees and of the rippling brook; the changeful anthem of the ocean is yours; for things properly belong to those who can enjoy them, and the man of a cultivated mind has inlets of pleasure for every department and almost every object in the world. How rapidly increase our relations with the universe in proportion as we gain knowledge and become refined in taste. The infant sees in life nothing but smiling eyes and happy faces; and pleasurable is the sight. The boy views every object in relation to his amusement. The boor ascends not beyond the associations connected with animal gratifications. Hills to the shepherd are made for grazing sheep. Rivers in the eyes of the commercial man are means of inland navigation; and the ocean rises to no higher character than the great highway of nations. How different the views of him whose mind is well disciplined and well filled; whose heart is pure and lofty; how dissimilar his views, and how much more true, varied, rich, and elevated. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the obvious are the sole qualities of bodies—that the lower are the only real relations that exist between them and us. If it is found that these relations multiply with every step man takes in advance, then may we infer that there is much more yet to be known—many links to discover—other spheres of beauty, of use, of gratification.

Indeed we are as yet only in the alphabet of our knowledge of nature; we stand only on the threshold of her temple. Not on the most tiny and inconsiderable object can I look, but wonder mingles with my pleasure: the little that I know of it tells me there are greater secrets to be explored; a richer mine in nature to be discovered and worked. That leaf pleases by its contour, and gratifies by its texture and its hue: place it under the microscope, how eclipsed is its superficial beauty. That rivulet has caught your eye, you listen pleasurably to its soothing melody: then mark how the daisy and the buttercup enamel its banks; how the mild violet peeps smilingly up from under its tangled shrubs; but carry forward your thoughts; see how a thousand streamlets trickling down from their gravelly beds unite to form a rivulet; and a hundred rivulets running over richly covered plains meet together in a stream; and how several streams, after watering and refreshing many a homestead and many a village, flow into a river: how after having left their benefactions behind for men and cattle, rivers unite, and in one grand volume go like a monarch, forward to the ocean, there to blend with other streams from opposite quarters of the globe, and form the great reservoir of waters which binds together remote nations, supplies the clouds with moisture, makes our atmosphere fit for sustaining animal life, and sends dews and showers to enrich the earth and feed every living thing.

It is chiefly when the moral and the religious feelings intervene, that man's relations to the world become most impressive and most gratifying. Abundance and privation seen as God's ordinations for man's good—instruct while they move and fill the mind with sentiments of the holiest kind. How great, how enobling, is the contemplation of the universe, when all is seen in God; and God is seen in all.

Then is there excited in the mind a feeling which more than any other, combines what is pleasurable with what is elevating; namely, gratitude. This is the emotion which our present abundance spontaneously awakens. In every plain, on every hill-side, along the winding banks of every stream, we behold gifts of the divine bounty, trace our relations with inanimate nature, and hear claims on our grateful adoration. The birds and the cattle, in partaking of these provisions, and uttering the glad tones which abundance prompts, join in inviting man to praise the common benefactor. The joy excited by the bright promise of the present is enhanced, when we look back to the privations and sufferings that in the last twelvemonths thousands have had to endure. The time will come when there will no longer be the possibility of a widely-extended famine. Dearth of food does by no means depend exclusively on the abundance of one harvest, or the ample returns reaped by the agriculture of one country. Moral causes here, as in every human interest, have very much to do with our condition. In the earliest periods of history, famine frequently devastated large portions of the earth. Yet the population was thin and scattered, land was not wanting, harvests in general were copious. Dearth of food

arose from men's improvidence. They lived for the passing hour. Plenteous and unlimited in her gifts is our mother earth. But if men will not ask her for more than they at the moment need; or, if they squander what they have; or, if they will not take and enjoy in one part what she produces in another—what but famine and distress can be expected? We are very far from having reached the limit of the earth's productiveness. How large a portion of its surface is yet uncultivated! how imperfect much of our actual cultivation! In science, the progress of society has been most rapid and most extensive. Have its resources no new power to unfold, in regard to the production of food for man? Amid its multitudinous combinations, is there not one which will directly minister to the support of human life? We can send our words with the rapidity of lightning over the earth's surface. We dart through the air more swiftly than the birds. Shall we despair of yet discovering means for multiplying the supplies of human food? Such a secret will, I do not doubt, be discovered.

But were it actually in our possession, and were we in consequence able to increase the common stock a hundred fold, still should we possess no absolute guarantee against want and dearth. The lands that are most prolific are not the most free from famine. On the virgin prairies of the western continent more within the last hundred years has been suffered from dearth than here, where the land is worn by the tillage of many centuries. It is not abundance so much as thrift that secures man from indigence. Those who have most at their command are generally most in need. A duke's estate comes to the hammer, while the cottage of an industrious peasant passes down through successive generations. Where nature or providence is most bountiful man is most wasteful. The barbarian consumes as fast as he gains. Here, what is termed civilised society bears some resemblance to savage life. Hitherto, each land has first kept its own produce to itself, then refused to receive the produce of other lands, and lastly, consumed every year what the year has brought forth. It is partly to the folly of governments, partly to the improvidence of individuals, that we owe dearth, famine, and pestilence. When I think of the amazing command over external nature that man has gained, and think also of the resources of moral wisdom, I feel no less amazed than grieved that such a calamity as the late dearth was possible. Three millions of men, women, and children in the nineteenth century reduced for their daily subsistence to the dole of charity! and in a most prolific land, with abundance on foreign shores waiting to be purchased and consumed! An entire people living from hand to mouth! the British islands with no provision against the day of need! their barns empty, their storehouses exhausted! and that too, when thousands and tens of thousands of hands were ready and willing to labour in producing or sending us food! Such a state of things at the present day is most discreditable.

I put these words forward now, when we appear to be on the point of returning to plenty, because if dearth is not to visit us again, we must learn to husband as well as multiply our resources. To small purpose will it be that every breeze that blows brings food to the British consumer, unless he learn to practise thrift. The highest prosperity will quickly vanish in a nation, the members of which make no provision for the future. The true wealth of a people is what they save from the present. Men must hoard, if they would be safe. Accumulation renders want impossible. Accumulation promotes accumulation. A great nation should have in its storehouses at least one year's food in advance. Every individual ought to lay by for the future a portion of his present gains. These exertions of our moral nature must become, and they only can become, the guardians of our physical life. He is not poor, he never will be poor, who consumes less than he obtains. Where there is a spare loaf, famine never comes. Individual thrift is national prosperity. Abundance vanishes before wastefulness. An impoverished must be a suffering people. Whether, in general, the relation which the outer world bears to us individually and collectively shall be one of happiness or of suffering, depends mainly on our character. Mental culture, wise forethought, generous affections, a healthy frame—these are the great sources of happiness; and were these universal, pain would be rare, and famine unknown.

## THE HASTY WORD

By Anna Savage.

We are too swift to judge the hasty word,  
Called forth, may be, by jarring some fine chord  
We have too roughly handled. Swifter we speak  
Our scornful bitter thoughts, the bloodless cheek  
May fail to tell how keen the shaft hath been;  
No quivering of the tutored lip is seen  
To tell how sure the vengeance, but the heart?—  
Could we but raise its veil, then should we start  
As if a charnel-vault revealed its store  
Of lifeless forms, in trappings that they wore  
Ere Death's cold care had claimed them. We should hear  
Wailings of smothered anguish, though no ear  
May tell it to the world, sounding amid  
The forms of mournful memories that lie hid  
In Time's dark treasure-house. The world?—it hath  
Too little joy upon its thorny path,  
That we should scorn to heed another's pain.  
Like sunshine breaking through the summer-rain,  
Is the sweet bond of kindness, brightly thrown  
On life's dark clouds, forming a heavenly zone;  
And fairest in the stormiest sky appears,  
Weaving a web of beauty, e'en from tears.

## SPIRIT SOLACE.

By Thomas Wade.

Perpetual moanings from the troubled sea  
Of human thought, and wail from the vex'd wind  
Of mortal feeling, fill our life's wide air:  
Yet, let thereof the breather not despair;  
For wind and wave obey a high decree,  
Which we perceive not in this transit blind  
From body unto soul. Oh! the clear calm  
Of that wild ocean, and its sunlit splendours,  
And even the rainbows of its tempests fierce,  
Beget a tranquil spirit-trance, which renders  
Its terrors dreadless: and the flower-fed balm  
Of that mind, lull'd to zephyrs, doth so pierce  
The immortal sense with an odorous hope,  
That earth seems verged on heaven, and all heaven's portals ope.

## HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

By Harriet Martineau.

No. XII.

CARE OF THE POWERS: PATIENCE—INFIRMITY.

Though the great majority of children born into the world have five senses and four limbs, a full-formed brain, and a well formed frame, there are many thousands in every civilised country that have not: and so many more thousands are interested in their lot, that it is, or ought to be, a subject of wide and deep concern how their case should be treated, for their own sake, and that of all connected with them. It is a matter of great and increasing surprise, when elections of objects for Blind and Deaf and Dumb Institutions, or a special census for the purpose occurs, how very numerous are the Blind and Deaf and Dumb: and much greater still is the proportion of persons who, through ill health or accident, lose a limb, or grow up deformed. And I believe the cases of total or partial idiotcy are more numerous even than these. The number of persons thus interested in the subject of bodily infirmity is very large indeed; and it would be a great omission in treating of Household Education, not to speak of what concerns so many homes.

The first impulse of a parental heart, on becoming aware of the infirmity of a child, is to lavish on the sufferer all its tenderness, and thus to strive to compensate to it for what it must forego and suffer from its peculiarity. The impulse, being natural and unselfish, is right; but it is not enough. It is very far indeed from being all that is due to a creature whose helplessness gives it a sacred claim upon its whole race for whatever aid can be given it. If it were good that a mother should nurse an infirm child through the day, and guard it all the night;—that she should devote all her time and all her love, and sacrifice all her pleasures to it, and minister to its wishes every hour of its life;—if it were good that she should do all this, it would not be enough. It is not good, and it is not enough.

The true claim of an infirm child, as of every other child, is to be made the most of. And no human being was ever yet made the most of by lavish and unchastened indulgence. Every human being,—not excepting even the idiot,—has a world of its own, wherein to act and enjoy: and the parent's charge is to enable it to act and enjoy in its own world in the fullest and freest manner possible.

Let us take the worst case first:—that of the idiot.

It is never the case that a human being has no faculties at all. A child whose brain did not act at all, could not live. It could not move nor swallow or digest food, nor see, nor hear, nor breathe. And it seldom or never happens that it has not many faculties, though the want, in an idiot, of what we call Sense makes us too careless in observing what powers he has, and in making what we can of them. From the deficiency of some faculties, and the consequent want of co-operation and balance among his powers, the idiot lacks sense, and must therefore be taken care of all his days, like an infant: but it does not follow that he can never do and enjoy more than an infant. On the contrary, we see, oftener than not, that an idiot has some strong faculties. One may be shockingly gluttonous and sensual: another is desperately orderly: another is always singing: another is wonderful in arithmetic, though nobody can conceive how he learned: another draws every thing he sees: another imitates everything he hears: another is always building clay houses, or cutting wood or paper into shapes: another can always tell the time—day or night—even where there is no clock in the house or within hearing. One will share every thing he has to eat with the dog, or the cat, or the bird: another caresses his mother, or brothers and sisters, and follows them about wherever they go; while another gives no heed to anybody, but stands out of doors for hours listening to the wind or the birds, and sits a whole winter evening watching the blazing fire. One will not be ruled, and fights everybody who tries to control him, while another is in a transport or an agony, according as his mother looks pleased or displeased with him. All these tendencies show that some part or other of the brain is alive and active: and it is the parent's business, with this child as with the rest, to make the most that can be made of his brain.

As reason cannot be used in his case, there must be all the more diligence in the use of Habit: and as he has no reason of his own, that of his family must be made available to him to the utmost. He must be made the family charge; and every member of the household must be admitted into the council held in his behalf. There is hardly a child so young but that it can understand the main points of the special training required, and the reasons for them. There is hardly a child so young but that it can understand that John does not know, as other people do, when to leave off eating; and that this is why the proper quantity is set before him, and no more is given: and there are not a few little ones who will refrain from asking for more of a good thing at table because John is to be trained not to ask for more. If the object is to make John clean and tidy, the youngest will bear cold water, and the trouble of dressing cheerfully, that John may see what other people do, and perhaps learn to imitate them. If John ever sings, some little one will begin to sing when John looks dull; and the family will learn as many tunes as they can to give him a variety. If he is fond of arranging things, they will lead him to the cupboard or the play-room, when it wants putting in order. When he mopes, they will bring him the scissors and paper, or the slate and pencil, or they will empty the box of bricks on the floor, that the pleasant rattle may tempt him to come and build. If, happily, the time should arrive when John may learn to do something useful, every one takes pride in it. At worst, he may perhaps be trained to work the mangle, or to turn the wheel at the rope walk. His faculty of order may be turned to account by letting him set the dinner and tea-table, and clear away. By a faculty of constructiveness, he may become a fair basket-maker. By his power of imitation, he may learn to dig in the field, or to saw wood, or blow glass, or do other such mechanical work. If the whole family not only love their poor brother, but take his interests fairly to heart, his case may be made something of in one way or another. At worst he will probably be saved from being offensive or annoying to those about him;—a thing almost always practicable in cases of idiotcy from birth: and it is very likely that he will be enabled to pass through life, not only harmless, but busy, and, to some extent, useful, and as happy as his deficient nature permits.

This is not a case in which patience can be spoken of as a solace to the individual. He may be saved from the misery of impatience by wise training,—by the formation of habits of quietness, under the

rule of steady, gentle authority. This may often be done: but the noble and sweet solace of patience under his restrictions is not for him: for he is unconscious, and does not need it. It remains for those who do need it—for those who suffer for him and by him—for the father who sighs that his son can never enjoy the honour and privilege of toil, or the blessing of a home;—for the mother whose pillow is wet with the tears she sheds over her child's privations;—for the children whose occupations and play are disturbed by the poor brother who wants their playthings, and hides or spoils their books or work. They all have need of much patience; and, under good training, they obtain patience according to their need. From what I have seen, I know that the training of such a being may become a cheerful and hopeful object to his parents, and one which strengthens them to repress his whims and deny his animal appetites, and inflict the pain of their displeasure upon him, in the patient hope of giving him some degree of the privilege of self-government. From what I have seen, I know that the most self-willed and irritable child of such a family may learn never to be angry with John, however passionate at times with others. Toys broken by John are not to be cried for;—work spoiled by John is to be cheerfully done over again: and every body is to help to train John not to do such mischief again.

Poor John knows nothing of life and its uses. He goes through his share of it, like one walking in a dream, and then passes away without leave-taking. He passes away early; for people in his state rarely live very long. Brain is the great condition of life; and an imperfect brain usually brings early death. It is when he has passed away that the importance of poor John's life becomes felt and understood. Neighbours may and do reasonably call his departure a blessing; and the parents and brethren may and do reasonably feel it an unspeakable relief from anxiety and restraint. But they mourn him with a degree of sorrow surprising to themselves. When the parents mark the habits of self-government, and the temper of cheerful patience, generated in their remaining children, they feel as if under deep obligations to their dead son, as the instrument of this. And the youngest of the tribe looks round wistfully for John, and daily wishes that he was here, to do what he was fond of doing, and enjoy the little pleasures which were looked upon as particularly his own.

If the worst case of infirmity may issue thus, we may turn cheerfully to some which are light in comparison, however sad when looked at by themselves—the cases of blind and deaf children. What is to be made of these?

The case of the deaf is unquestionably the worst of the two, when the deficiency is from birth. The subsequent loss of either sense is quite a different matter. Then, blindness is the severest privation of the two, from its compulsory idleness, and total exclusion from the objects of the lost sense, while the deaf can always be busy in mind and hands, and retain the most important part of the world of sound in written and printed speech. It is the privation of language which makes the case of those born deaf worse than that of the born blind. Those born deaf are dumb; and they are rendered incapable of any high degree of intellectual and moral cultivation, by being cut off from all adequate knowledge of the meaning of language, and from the full reception of most abstract ideas. This is not the place for discussion on this subject. It is enough to say here that every one who has tried knows that though it is easy to teach a deaf and dumb child what is meant by the words "dog," "sheep," "spoon," "tree," "table," &c., it is found beyond measure difficult to teach it the meaning of "Monday," "Tuesday," "Wednesday," &c., and of "love," "truth," "hatred," "wisdom," and the names of unseen things in general. There is every reason to believe that the most highly educated deaf and dumb persons, who use language readily and prettily, have yet very narrow and superficial minds—from language not being to them natural speech, incessantly bringing them into communication with other minds, but a lesson taught as we teach blind children about colours, which they may speak about without making mistakes, but can never understand.

It is necessary for the parents of the deaf and dumb to be aware of these things, if they are to look their child's lot steadily in the face, and learn what is the best that can be made of it. They must apply themselves chiefly to give it what it is least likely to obtain from others—not so much ideas of sight, touch, smell, and taste, as of unseen things. They must ever bear in mind that the great purpose of the human ear and of speech is not so much to convey ideas of sound—sweet and profitable as is all the natural music of the universe—as of unseen things—of the whole world of the spirit, from which their child is naturally shut out by its infirmity. After all that they can do, there will be a sad deficiency; but they must lessen it as much as they can. There is no fear but that the child will, much as others, enjoy the sights which are laid open to it, and be quick and ready in action, according to its ideas. They must arouse in it the pleasure of using its mental faculties; and more carefully still, the satisfaction of moral energy. They must be even more careful with it than with the rest to lead it on to the exercise of self-denial, and a habit of thoughtful conscientiousness, that it may learn from its own moral experience much that it is debarred from learning as others do of the rich kingdom which lies within us all. In this case, above all others, is the moral example of the parents important to the child. Other children hear every day the spoken testimony of their parents in favour of what is good in morals and manners. They hear it in church, and in every house they enter. The deaf child judges by what it sees, and guides itself accordingly. If it sees bad temper and manners, how is it to know of anything better? If it sees at home only love and kindness, just and gentle, has it not an infinitely better chance of becoming loving and gentle itself?

The parents must keep a careful guard on their own pity for their defective child. A deaf child has scarcely any notion, as a blind one has, of what it loses; and nothing is more certain than that deaf children are apt to be proud and vain, and to take advantage of the pity which everybody feels for them. Knowing little of their own loss, they misunderstand this pity, and are apt to take to themselves the credit of all the notice it brings them, and to grasp at all they can get. A watchful parent knows from her heart that there is no blame in this; but she sees that there is great danger. The child cannot help the liability; but it may be rescued from it. She must not be lavish of indulgence which may be misunderstood. She should let it be as happy as it can in its own way—and the deaf and dumb are usually very brisk and cheerful. What she has to do for it is not to attempt to console it for a privation which it does not feel, but to open to it a higher and better happiness in a humble, occupied, and serene state of mind. She

should set before it its own state of privation, notwithstanding any mortification that the disclosure may cause: and when that mortification is painful, she should soothe it by giving, gently and cheerfully, the sweet remedies of humility and patience.

In the case of the blind child, the training must be very different. Every day, and almost every hour, reminds the blind child of its privation; and its discipline is so severe, that almost any degree of indulgence in the parent would be excusable, if it were not clearly the first duty to consider the ultimate welfare of the child. It is natural to the sighing mother to watch over its safety with a nervous anxiety, to go before it to clear its way, to have it always at her knee, and to make everybody and everything give way to it. But she must remember that her child is not destitute, and for ever helpless, because it has one sense less than other people. It has the wide world of the other four senses to live in, and a vaster mental and moral world than it will ever learn fully to use: and she must let it try what it can make of its possessions. She will find that it learns like others that fire burns and that bruises are disagreeable, and that it can save itself from burns and bruises by using its senses of touch and hearing. She will encourage it in the cheerful work of shifting for itself, and doing, as far as possible, what other people do. The wise and benevolent Dr. Howe tells us of the children who come to the Blind School at Boston, that for the first two or three days they are timid and forlorn—having been accustomed to too much care from their mothers, who will not let them cross the floor without being sure that there is nothing in the way. But they presently enter into the free and cheerful spirit of the house, use their faculties, feel their way boldly, and run, climb, swing, and play as merrily as any other children. That school is a little world of people with four senses—not so happy a one as if they had five, but a very good one, nevertheless; sufficiently busy, safe, and cheerful for those who use heartily such powers as they have.

This is the way in which the lot of the blind should be viewed by their parents. And even then the deprivation is quite sad enough to require great efforts of patience on every hand. The parents have need of a deep and settled patience when they see that their child has powers which, if he had but eyes, would make him able and happy in some function from which he is now for ever cut off: and the whole family have need of patience for their infirm member when they are gaining knowledge, or drinking in enjoyment through the eye, while he sits dark, and unconscious or mortified. As for him, in his darkness and mortification, there can be no question of his need of patience. How to aid him and supply this need, I shall consider in my next paper, when treating of the other infirmities which some children have to learn to bear.

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## SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE OF DENMARK.

By Mrs. Percy Sinnett.

### No. III.—The Frisian Archipelago.

It has been already said that the inhabitants of these islands hold their land by a very uncertain tenure, being merely tenants at will of old ocean, who when he wishes, like certain Scotch and Irish landlords to *clear* his estate, does not even go through the preliminary legal forms, but serves his writ of ejectment at once, and even on occasion, swallow his tenants—an extremity to which, as far as we know—no Scotch or Irish landlord has yet proceeded. Sometimes, however, he does not perform the process of eviction in person, but by the agency of the sand, which, deposited in great quantities on the shores open to the Atlantic, forms long rolling ridges, which are driven forward by the wind, and gradually bury houses, churches, and villages, beneath their accumulations. Day and night the enemy comes flying in at doors and windows in company with the westerly gales, till no sweeping, and at last, no shovelling will help any longer. Sand covers the floor of the church, the seats and the altar—and the preacher stands up in the middle of the sand to preach his sermon. The people hold out as long as they can, but at last confess themselves beaten, and abandon the field.

The island of Sylt is one of those most exposed to these devastations; but, fortunately, as land is encroached on from the west, it forms again on the eastern, or inner side; so that it is calculated that in a thousand years it may become united with the continent.

One of the few branches of industry, for which nature has furnished the materials to the people of Sylt, is that of dredging for oysters; considerable beds of these dainties are found in some of the narrow passages between the islands, and especially to the northward; some of which, according to tradition, were sown by no less renowned a person than King Canute the Great. These beds belong to the crown of Denmark, and are farmed out for twenty thousand dollars a year, but their worth varies from time to time, from changes that take place in the sea, or from the influence of the weather. In very severe winters they are sometimes quite destroyed, being apparently suffocated under the ice, and it then becomes necessary to sow them afresh.

When this is required, a boat furnishes itself with a number of fresh young oysters, and sails backwards and forwards over the bank, sowing them as it goes, as the husbandman does his seed; and having a due regard also like him to the nature of the soil. Some banks are covered with a muddy deposit—and the oyster prefers a firm sandy bottom; others lie so deep that air enough cannot reach them; others are too high, so that there might be danger of their being laid dry in a continuance of easterly winds. Care must be taken, also, that the oysters chosen for seed shall be not too young, and not too old, but just in the prime of life, when they may be expected to produce a numerous and thriving family.

Oysters lead, on the whole, as is known, a tolerably quiet life; but even they cannot get through this world it appears without their troubles. Now they are attacked by a kind of star-fish that lies watching till they open their shell to take in fresh water, and then darts in its long tough arms, kills them, and consumes them in a fresher state than they have ever yet been enjoyed by any epicure; now their sorrows proceed from within, in the shape of a small worm that destroys them; and sometimes, according to the testimony of the people of Sylt, they are attacked successfully by a bird called thence an oyster-fisher, who disturbs their tranquillity whenever he can find an opportunity of introducing his long sharp beak. When this may be, however, does not seem very clear. There are also various diseases by which they are occasionally attacked; but those who are so for-

tunate as to escape these dangers, pass their time comfortably enough, for thirty or forty, or even up to a hundred years, unless fate has allotted them the more honourable destiny of being dredged up, packed into barrels, and sent off to Copenhagen, Berlin, Hamburg, or St. Petersburg, where their merits are duly appreciated.

Among the peculiarities which strike the eye of a stranger visiting these islands for the first time, is the great predominance of black in the dresses of the inhabitants, which is accounted for by the custom to wear mourning not only for deceased relatives, but also for those who have gone to sea.

"The neighbours would talk indeed," said an old woman in allusion to this custom, "if I should go to church in a coloured gown while my husband was out at sea;" and so large a proportion of the male inhabitants is constantly absent on distant voyages, that there are few who do not think themselves bound for some reason to assume this mournful hue in their habiliments. Formerly, fleets of seventeen or eighteen vessels, each with a crew of sixty men, would often sail at once; and sixty men not unfrequently comprised the whole male population of an island, with the exception of the maimed, the halt, and the blind, necessarily left at home.

It is no uncommon thing to meet with families who have lost three or four sons at sea, and a comparatively very small number of the men die quietly in their beds. The churchyards contain many more tombstones of women than of men, and there is perhaps scarcely a sea or a coast on the globe's surface where rest not the remains of some of these wanderers o'er the deep.

The customary memorial to those who depart this life from their native shore, is the figure of a ship engraved on the stone, and in which the artist endeavours in various ways to connect the ideas of life and death with this symbol. The most common is a ship, painted black, lying at anchor, with a monstrous thick cable, and in a dismantled condition, with some such inscription as this,—

Through sorrow, toil, and danger our life's voyage may be passed,
But a Christian's death will bring us to the port of heaven at last;

and the artist, taking very literally the phrase of the "port of heaven" frequently gives a representation of a neat little harbour, with rows of heavenly houses along the quays, which have a most striking resemblance to those of the towns on the opposite coast of Denmark.

Sometimes the effigy is a ship in full sail, on a tranquil sea, with—"I am setting out on a voyage whence I shall never return;" or perhaps one struggling with a storm, with—"Steer your course across the ocean of this world, as if you were bound for the port of heaven." It seems indeed impossible for them to figure the future world of bliss under any other image than that of a haven.

One custom, which perhaps is scarcely to be met with elsewhere, is for widows, when they put up a stone to the memory of their husbands, to have also their own name, date of birth, &c., inscribed, leaving only a blank for the yet uncertain day of death; thus simply, but forcibly, expressing that they have no thought of a second marriage (which is indeed an uncommon occurrence), and that they regard themselves as devoted to death, and simply waiting to know when they are to be summoned.

Sometimes an old married couple, who are looking forward to a no very distant departure, will quietly get everything in order for the event—have their coffins made, their graves dug, the tombstone engraved, and adorned with its ship, its inscription, and any other decorations they may think suitable, with their names at full length, and only a small blank left for the unknown figures, as—"Died, the — day of —, in the year of our Lord, —. The coffins are then placed in the loft, and carefully wrapped up in sail-cloth, to keep them from mice or worms. Surely there is something beautiful in this tranquil, unshrinking, almost smiling contemplation of the mystery on which a different temper of mind has bestowed the name and attributes of a "King of Terrors." Compare it with the half frantic dread felt by a Louis XV., the descendant of a line of kings, who would not have death so much as named in his presence, and shrank from even passing a churchyard.

For those who may be desirous of viewing the "beauty and fashion" of the Frisian Archipelago, there is no better plan than to make an excursion to the island of Fohr, which for several years has, for three or four weeks every summer, rejoiced in the presence of an illustrious personage, no less a one than "the Majesty of Denmark;" and since then it has been discovered that Fohr is, at that season of the year, a delightful watering place.

On the day when he is expected, the whole population of the island, drest in its very best, crowds down to the shore, to welcome the "Landsfather," who, also, can seldom be seen to so much advantage, as when exchanging kind words and affectionate greetings with these, of course, loyal subjects.

The king occupies, during these annual visits, a one-storied thatched house, takes his daily walks like everybody else, gives alms to the poor, goes every Sunday to the church, where everybody may see and even speak to him, hears and answers graciously the address of the humblest, and altogether, on this his holiday, behaves like an exceedingly good boy.

On this Island of Fohr is situated the little town called Wyk, which may be regarded as the commercial capital of the Archipelago. It contains the best harbour, and hither come many of the dwellers on the smaller islands for their supplies of sugar, coffee, tea, wood, &c. There is, also, a little dockyard, and two or three little factories, and a little market for the productions of the little island, and Wyk can even boast of its little fashionable society; for here dwell several of the before-mentioned retired sea-captains, and a consul, who watches over the interests of London and Hamburg insurance companies.

What effect the recent influx of fashionable visitors may ultimately have upon the innocence of little Wyk, one almost fears to inquire; but the last accounts were highly satisfactory—the guests were enchanted at the simplicity and honesty of the inhabitants, and at finding that, contrary to the time-honoured custom of watering places, of having two keys to every door, there were neither locks nor keys to any. No instance of theft by an islander had been known within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant," and no damsel of Wyk had had to lament that "men were deceivers ever." There was, indeed, a gibbet, but it stood there, it is to be presumed, for purposes of ornament only, for except for a rebel, some hundreds of years ago, it had never been put to any practical utility; and though there was a case of burglary, a year or two since, the act turned out to have been perpetrated by some of the hungry Juts (who often come over to help in haymaking), who had broken into a pantry, and stolen some hams and sausages. On the whole, therefore, Wyk cannot fairly be pronounced an immoral capital.

## The Week

*Ending Saturday, September 25, 1847.*

### MUTUAL INSTRUCTION CLASSES.

Winter is coming, with its long, wet, cold, and snowy nights, when fireside attractions are increased a thousand-fold, and the people must seek entertainments under shelter of roof and walls. Even stern Winter, with all its terrors, has its charms: men come together in closer association, and rely upon each other for sources of entertainment, that the dull hours may glide pleasantly away. Our Institutions have already filled up their programmes for the first winter quarter. Busy philanthropic minds have been preparing for the coming season, that the people may suffer no lack of enjoyment. Manchester, through its Athenæum and Mechanics' Institution; Liverpool, through its Collegiate and Mechanics'; London, through its Whittington Club, City, and other kindred associations, have all been catering for the public wants, and taking steps to secure a rich fund of amusement and instruction, to be dispersed through the otherwise dull months of winter. Lecturers are now poring over their studies, and turning the pages of weighty tomes to eke out new matter, stirring up fresh thoughts, that they may scatter mental light through their winter orbits. Newton, Buckland, Müller, Magendie, Brewster, Davy, Liebig, Shakspeare, Goethe, and others, are all in great demand: philosophy, poetry, and music, are undergoing dissection, and new and unheard of discoveries in each department will be announced in due season. We fancy that we already see the great theatre of the Manchester Mechanics' crowded with a multitude anxious to hear the welcome voice of Henry Russell—we almost see the modest head of the worthy resident director peeping over the pannelling of the staircase to take an exulting survey of the thronged house just a moment before the hero of song shall make his first appearance for the season! Or George Dawson casting a spell of enchantment over an Athenæum audience, as he puts forth a combination of old and new philosophy in a rich flow of somewhat studied oratory! Or Dr. Hodgson from behind a broad table spread over with busts of dead and living notables, setting forth the science of phrenology, and exhibiting to a gratified auditory the cranial prominences or declivities that have influenced the fate of heroes and the faults of fools! Or Spencer Hall, in the gaze at once of the most credulous and incredulous eyes, casting his mesmeric spell over some somnambulic being, who prays or steals, or laughs or cries, fights or fondles, at the mere movement of a finger! John Parry has already been sought from a hundred places, and Wilson and Sherer, the Scottish vocalists, are reading new compositions to delight those who will assemble again and again to hear their "Who'll buy my caller herrings?" and "The barrin' o' the door." So vivid are our recollections, that we almost seem to anticipate the coming time, and begin to clap our hands at the mere thought of the rich delights in store.

But we have a care for those who, in places remote from these scenes of busy enjoyment and instruction, have few or no facilities for relaxation or culture: where the alehouse is almost the only place of neighbourly association, and where mind and morals wither from the lack of opportunities for improvement. And our purpose in the present paper is to recommend to the people of every town and village where the want of these privileges is felt, the formation of *Mutual Instruction Classes*.

There are many difficulties in the way, but none which may not be overcome. The old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way," may apply here. Let the first steps be earnest in their character, and humble in their aims, and much good will be accomplished. How many are the places in which the people have no fitting opportunities for the exercise of mind, or the enjoyment of harmless relaxation from labour; where the occasional exploits of a mountebank, or the awkward strides of a dancing bear, the crazy notes of a hand-organ, or the bouncings and thumpings of Punch and Judy, are their only pastime, their music, and their drama; where, in fact, there is nothing to fill the great vacuum between the austerities of religious worship and the profanity of the public-house. Here are great moral and intellectual wants to be supplied; and those may become truly the benefactors of their race who, having the power, may originate the will to contribute to the need of those who suffer from privation. Let those who seek to curtail the influence of the tap-room think how much that influence rests upon the absence of opportunities for purer modes of association. Where there is one man with an intelligent mind in the midst of such circumstances, let him at once call together a few whom he thinks he may interest in such a movement, and propose the formation of a Mutual Instruction Class, by which the means for instruction and recreation may be alike supplied. But half a dozen earnest men, having in themselves a moderate ability, may form a nucleus in each locality where hitherto such wants have been altogether unheeded, and may, by their united aid, do much to benefit their fellows. They may expect to meet with much apathy and some distrust. But let them press on regardless of impediments; and if they only give light and joy to a few noble minds, they will do a great work.

Hereafter we hope to point out the means to this desirable end; to suggest modes of action—rules for guidance—subjects for papers, lectures, and debate—pleasant and cheap entertainments, experiments, &c. &c., and so to help those of our readers who may be interested in the onward movements of mankind, to a simple and easy method for contributing largely to the welfare of their race.

R. KEMP PHILP.

### MORE GOOD NEWS FROM AMERICA.

In No. 75 of the *Journal* we published an interesting and important letter from America, proposing to the people of this country a scheme of mutual co-operation for supplying from the American shores corn and other articles of food, free from the burdens and uncertainties imposed by the prevailing system of competitive commerce. Mr. Philp, on the part of the Editor of the *Journal*, communicated with the writer of the proposal, and solicited further information upon the subject. We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Mr. John O. Wattles, who is deeply interested in the matter. It will be seen that our American brethren are in earnest; and it now remains for the co-operative bodies in this country to organise some plan for securing to themselves the immense advantages thus offered. The Co-operative League, the Leeds Redemption Society, the Co-operative Corn-mill Companies, and all kindred Institutions, should now unite to commence this fraternal intercourse with America; which, if rightly carried out, by men of the proper order, for the general rather than individual good, cannot fail, without risk or sacrifice, to bring great blessings to the homes of British people, and to afford to their American brethren the consolation of having commenced the first practical step towards the realisation of Brotherhood:—

BELOVED FRIENDS—I will send you a hasty acknowledgment of the reception of your favour, and await a better opportunity to write more fully.

I rejoice to utter thanksgiving to God, for the indications of good brought over by your letter. "*Universal brotherhood*" is the motto of the new age. And the times seem to signify that we shall more than cast the lingering look down the future, that we may see it.

The correspondence commenced thus seasonably, will afford opportunity for the necessary preliminaries for so great an undertaking. Nevertheless, we must give all diligence, and use all discretion, to carry the glorious objects into effect.

A portion of the "True Brotherhood" (for thus we call ourselves) have organised themselves into a business firm under the name of "Gilmore, Porter, and Moore." Their address is, and will be, Cincinnati, Ohio. They are all at this time, however, absent from the city. One is in the northern part of the states: one is on his way to the eastern cities, Boston, New York, &c.: the other is superintending the erection of the family residence. They are putting up somewhat of an extensive building in the city for the mercantile purposes, and are making all necessary arrangements to commence business as soon as practicable. Meanwhile, on your side of the water, lose no time gathering the friends of God and humanity, and becoming acquainted with men and women of principle, and effect, as fast as nature will allow, a consolidation of talent, capital, and moral worth. This is the triune power that shall burst the gates of competition, and usher humanity into the new age of love and unity. Capital will then cease to be capital, and become "*comfort.*" It is necessary now, not because it is capital, but because it is subsistence.

Permit me to make a few suggestions. Would it not be well for some one of your number to make a visiting tour, expressly for forming an acquaintance with the friends of humanity, and having organs of communication—effect a more concentrated action for co-operative movements—and, among others, a branch expressly for supplying yourselves with grain, &c., from this great North American Valley?

I find on inquiry that kiln-dried corn-meal, and all other provisions exported, can be shipped to New Orleans, and from thence to London, or Liverpool, or elsewhere, at less expense than *via* New York. But of this, more hereafter.

Now suppose we could unite sufficient capital and the *right kind of men*—and such can be had—to charter or own a ship to commence with, manned by a Teetotal crew (for no others are safe), and make a commencement in the great work, as soon as the matter can be drawn up right. Could we man her with our own kind of men, all expense in consequence of delay, demurrage, and all that, might be avoided. Should not the brethren in the city be ready to commence operations as soon as you wish, you can open negociations with "Wattles and Cornell," the ostensible purchasers of this location, and they stand pledged to act as agents or otherwise in the purchase of grain or other produce, upon the principles of universal brotherhood. The facilities for such business you may infer from the following—made, too, from the last year's crop, for the present year's is not yet brought into market. These exports were made from La Fayette, Louisiana, during the week ending July 22, in canal boats:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Flour . . . . . . | 1,013 barrels |
| Wheat . . . . | 7,808 bushels |
| Corn . . . . . | 89,728 „ |
| Oats . . . . . | 1,900 „ |
| Pork . . . . . . | 934 barrels |
| Lard . . . . . . | 184,627 pounds |
| Bacon . . . . . | 8,827 pounds |

This canal terminates in Cincinnati. We have numerous friends of community in that section, who are ready for co-

operation, besides a community on the borders of Grand Boisis called "Grand Boisis Community," twenty-five miles from La Fayette. And here around us, is a vast region of grain growing, which we can readily obtain to ship directly to New Orleans, where can be had (in the good time coming), a ship ready to bear it to the homes of the hard-labouring families on your side of the water.

Oh! what a blessing would that be! Could the productions of this land be taken to yours at a reasonable expense, how many hearts that are now pained with poverty would leap from joy! Would not a shout of exultation go up at the sight of the ship of "Brotherly Love," with her streamer at mast head, bearing the motto of the new age—"Universal brotherhood;" while from her spars and rigging shall hang the appropriate inscriptions of—"All men are brethren," "Peace on earth and good will to men," and her very sails shall be covered with words of love and unity. Oh! what a shout would go up, as she entered the heart of your city, to cast anchor in the midst of that great metropolis. I had rather be the veriest servant in that ship than the greatest monarch that ever existed.

And why may not this be done? Why may not the friends of God and humanity, trusting in *his* power and *their* co-operation, do this great work? As ever, for God and humanity.

JOHN O. WATTLES.

*Excelsior Community, August* 1, 1847.

SHEFFIELD ATHENÆUM AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Fifteen years ago a Mechanics' Institute was formed in Sheffield, which has since been subjected to many reverses, chiefly attributable to long periods of bad trade; but it is now about reaching the very proudest position among the Yorkshire institutes. It has always been regretted by the progressionists of Sheffield, that they had not a suitable building wherein to conduct the affairs of the institute, and many attempts have been made to obtain that desideratum. The people of Sheffield are not generally noted for their devotedness to go-ahead principles; but in this case the successive committees of the institute have steadily and pertinaciously pursued their course, never for a moment losing sight of the goal which they had set their minds on reaching, until at last they have—at an almost incalculable sacrifice of time, and by the most munificent donations, by members of the committee, and the leading merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the town, as well as by donations from the neighbouring aristocracy and gentry—*struggled* into a position to warrant the commencement of a building commodious enough to meet all the wants of the case.

Some time ago the committee determined upon combining the advantages of an athenæum with those of the institute, and a meeting was called for that purpose in January last, at which meeting the subscriptions towards the building fund (which had been slowly accumulating for some years) were of such a character as to leave no further doubt as to the propriety of commencing the building—a very eligible site having long before been purchased, adjoining the Music Hall, Surrey-street. A new difficulty, however, here presented itself. A number of young men, some of them members of the liberal professions, and the remainder merchants', manufacturers', and lawyers' clerks, who had bestirred themselves about the Athenæum, made such extravagant demands that the committee were compelled to break with them, as they could not conscientiously make the very marked distinctions between the working man and the clerk and professional man which were required. Consequently, as the committee did not concede to their wishes, a split has taken place, and a rival Athenæum has been a short time established. Nevertheless, the erection of a building has been so strongly felt to be necessary, that the committee some time since advertised for plans, &c., for a building, and those of George Alexander, Esq., F.S.A., of London, were accepted. The cost will be about 4500*l.*

On Wednesday, Sept. 1, the foundation-stone was laid by the Earl of Arundel and Surrey: and in the evening of the same day a *soirée*, commemorative of the event, was held in the Music Hall, at which the Earl of Arundel and Surrey presided. Lord Morpeth, M.P., Col. Thompson, M.P., George Thompson, Esq., M.P., John Parker, Esq., M.P., John A. Smith, Esq., M.P., James Heywood, Esq., M.P., Edward Baines, jun., Esq., and the leading gentlemen of the neighbourhood, among whom were the Mayor, T. Dunn, Esq., M. Ellison, Esq., W. Fisher, Esq., R. Solly, Esq., E. Bramley, Esq., and J. Yeomans, jun., Esq. The speeches, particularly those of Lord Morpeth, the veteran Colonel, and George Thompson, Esq., were of first-rate character, the speakers being frequently and vociferously cheered by one of the most numerous and respectable assemblages which have for some years past been assembled in Sheffield. Under such auspices the Sheffield Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute cannot fail to go on prosperously, especially when it is taken into consideration that the staff, comprising president, hon. secretary, managing directors, and committee, are of a very persevering, energetic, and liberal character.

There can be no question but that similar institutions have had, and are destined to have, a most salutary influence on the character of the people; and it is on account of the tendency which the acquirement of knowledge has to develop and foster the social virtues, and improve the intellectual and moral stamina of the people, that the completion of the building is anxiously looked forward to. For my own part, I look upon Mechanics' Institutes to be the most efficient allies the press can possibly have. I wait to see the people forsake the ale-bench, and take seats on the learners' benches of Mechanics' Institutes; forsake their grovelling unintellectual pursuits, and apply themselves to such studies, both of the rudiments and the more advanced sciences and philosophy, for which these Athenæums are peculiarly adapted. Instead of pinning their faith on other men's sleeves, let them begin to think for themselves. I rejoice in being able to say that, young as I am, I have perceived a very marked improvement in the masses intellectually, and, as a necessary consequence, morally. This change has been observed by the powers that be, and it has caused a very marked change in the lawmakers towards the unenfranchised. We no longer hear them contemptuously styled the "swinish multitude," the "great unwashed," or very charitably denounced as revolutionists and thieves, because they contend that the man, and not the bricks and mortar he calls his own, ought to be the voter—that intellect and not acres should send members to St. Stephen's. Educational machinery is the only power which can obtain a firm leverage for removing the disabilities under which the British artisan is held down. "Knowledge is power." I wish the working men would keep this saw constantly before their eyes. As the intellect of the people expands, so will the moral influence of the people become more and more irresistible, until (and I hope to live to see it) the people of England all assume that proud and prosperous position which, but for the feudal tyranny to which they have for centuries been subjected, they might long ago have attained. Every inch which the British people advance in intellect lessens the power of feudalism to a corresponding extent. Just in proportion to the ignorance of the people is the power of the aristocrats over them. Fools need masters—wise men will govern themselves.

Again—the people of these realms were put in a false position by the "glorious revolution" of 1680. The result of that false position is a taxation greater than any other nation can bear; and a war debt of more than 800,000,000*l.* sterling. The working men, in their ignorance, have gloried in our naval and military conquests. They will learn a lesson before the *score* is liquidated. Meanwhile, I would just suggest a couple of problems for them to solve. First, Assuming that the wars in which this country has been engaged since 1680 have been worth the cost, who have received the benefits? Second, Have the parties benefitted paid the piper? The practical answer to these questions, which will ere long be given by an intellectual and righteous people, will be, the discontinuance of brute force instead of argument, and the adoption of the principles of Universal Brotherhood.

CRESWICK R. CORBITT.

266, *Beet-street, Sheffield.*

ANOTHER IMPORTANT STEP.

The directors of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution have made arrangements for greatly increasing their educational classes during the ensuing winter; and have also determined upon opening a new department for female education, in which pupils destined for the duties of governesses and teachers, will be furnished with the means of going through a course of instruction to qualify them for their future pursuits.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY PRESS.

Frederick Douglass is announced as a regular contributor to the American *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and to the *Ram's Horn*, an abolition paper, the name of which he proposes to alter to the *Fugitive American*. His writings and speeches are exciting much attention, and contributing largely to the progress of the anti-slavery cause. Garrison and Douglass have been on a tour through the State of New York. A great national Anti-Slavery Bazaar is appointed to be held in Boston during Christmas and New Year's week; and contributions from England are solicited. The ladies of Scotland are already making up a box of free-will offerings.

Now ready, the first Three Vols., Gilt Edges, 15s., of the *People's Journal*, edited by JOHN SAUNDERS. Above Two Thousand Pounds have been expended in the Literature and Illustrations alone of these three volumes; which comprise about twelve hundred and fifty royal octavo pages, double columns, and nearly One Hundred Engravings.

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In order to gain increased space, and improve the appearance of this page, we shall henceforth omit the "Contents," and confine our Notices to the ordinary type of the Journal.

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SWEEP! HO!

## LIEUT. HOLMAN, R.N., AND F.R.S.*

### THE CELEBRATED BLIND TRAVELLER.

By An African Rambler.

Lieutenant Holman must be considered one of the most remarkable men of his age. He has been enabled to accomplish, in the midst of one of the severest of physical afflictions, more than men of greater mental power and greater opportunities, and with all their senses in perfection; and this he has done by an indomitable will, combined with a large portion of good solid common sense. I met with him in North Africa and Malta, and had many opportunities of witnessing these qualities. But I shall first give some account of his early life, and allow him to be his own biographer.

He has published two works, the first of which is, *The Narrative of a Journey through various parts of the Continent of Europe, in the years* 1819-21. In the preface of this work, Lieut. Holman says he was destined for the naval service; but that in "the bloom of expectation," on the threshold of promotion and distinction, his hopes in this honourable career were irrevocably blighted. At the age of twenty-five years, from the effects of an illness contracted by the discharge of the duties of his profession, he lost his sight—

> Total eclipse! nor sun, nor moon;—
> All dark amidst the blaze of noon.

After the first shock of this irreparable disaster, his active mind began to seek for occupation and amusement. He once told me that his first determination was to get his mind more cultivated, and enlarge his stores of information; and for this object he attended lectures at Edinburgh. Here he began to find unexpected resources and enjoyments, and he quotes the words—

> ———— though sight be lost,
> Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
> Where other senses want not their delights.

He had always cultivated letters, but now he applied his mind to them with the greatest assiduity. He tells us that, from his earliest childhood, he had an irresistible desire to visit different parts of his own country, as well as foreign climates: and this was one motive for engaging in the naval profession, where he had an opportunity of sailing to the ends of the earth. This passion for travelling instead of, as in ordinary men, damping the energies of his mind, only impelled him on in his bold and eccentric course. He reminds us, that if he lost his sight he was compensated in some measure—for God is good to all, even to those whom he afflicts with the most trying visitations—by the superior powers of those senses remaining, particularly that of touch, which has attained great delicacy in him. He also adds, "I have acquired an indefinable power, almost resembling instinct, which I believe in a lively manner gives me ideas of whatever may be going forward externally." His health, however, sunk under his new and serious studies, and he was obliged to visit the more genial climates of Europe. During this visit he wrote his narrative, published in May, 1822.

Lieut. Holman's second work is very elaborate —no less than *A Voyage round the World*, including travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c., published in 1834. In Chap. I. he gives again some account of his personal infirmity, and replies to certain objections against his travelling and publishing. He says:—"The passion for travelling is, I believe, instinctive in some natures. For my own part, I have been conscious from my earliest youth of the existence of this desire to explore distant regions, to trace the varieties exhibited by mankind under different influences of different climates, customs, and laws, and to investigate with unwearied solicitude the moral and physical distinctions that separate and diversify the various nations of the earth. I am bound to believe that this direction of my faculties and energies has been ordained by a wise and benevolent Providence, as a source of consolation under an affliction which closes upon me all the delights and charms of the visible world." He says:—"To those who inquire, what pleasures I can derive from the invigorating spirit of travelling under the privation I suffer,—I may be permitted to reply, in the words of the poet—

> Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
> Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame;
> Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
> Unquench'd by want, unfanned by strong desire.

Or, perhaps, with more propriety, I may ask, who can endure life without a purpose, without the pursuit of some object, in the attainment of which his moral energies should be called into healthful activity? I can confidently assert, that the effort of travelling is very beneficial to my health and spirits." He continues—"I am asked, what is the use of travelling to one who cannot see? I answer, does every traveller see all that he describes? And is not every traveller obliged to depend upon others for a great proportion of the information he collects? Even Humboldt himself was not exempt from this necessity." He dwells strongly upon the necessity of his being obliged to investigate objects more intimately and elaborately than a person *who can see* feels himself compelled to; and in this way he thinks he has the advantage over the traveller who sees. He adds:—"I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels, as the majority of my contemporaries; and by having things described to me *on the spot*, I think it is possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do: and to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless inquiries, and insatiable thirst for collecting information." Indeed, the *African Rambler* is one of these "living testimonies." I have often walked out with Mr. Holman in Tunis, and found myself completely occupied the whole of the time of our walk in answering his ten thousand queries, from wind and weather, to rocks, and mountains, and herbs of the field—from servants and domestics, to the sovereign of the country, his court, and ministers. Nothing, indeed, escaped the eye of the mind, though "so thick a drop serene" had quenched the orbs of physical vision. He continues—"I am frequently asked how I take notes? It is simply this. I keep a sort of rough diary, which I fill up from time to time, as opportunities offer, but not from day to day, for I am frequently many days in arrear. But I always vividly remember the daily occurences which I wish to retain, so that it is not possible that any circumstances can escape my attention." A friend occasionally acts as an amanuensis. Besides these various means, he employs another resource—that of a *writing apparatus*. The invention of this apparatus is invaluable to those afflicted with blindness.

* He is also one of the Knights of Windsor. For the Portrait see page 197.

For, besides being a source of amusement and occupation, it is the means, he observes, "of communicating our secret thoughts to a friend, without *the interruption of a third party.*" This apparatus is called the *Nocto via Polygraph,* and was invented by Mr. Wedgwood. This gentleman has also invented many other things for the use of the blind, which reflect great credit upon his ingenuity, as well as on his philanthropic efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Such is the account which Mr. Holman gives of himself and his early career. I shall conclude my short sketch of this remarkable man by a few anecdotes of him, which occurred about the time of our travelling together.

Many foreigners persisted in asserting that Mr. Holman was *not* blind. Nothing could induce them to believe to the contrary. They could not comprehend how any one could travel about the world who was blind, and were more incredulous than those who questioned the man who was born blind, and received his sight by the Great Physician making clay and anointing his eyes. In Russia, the police swore Holman could see, and was an English spy, which was sufficiently characteristic of a nation of police and spies. They *set spies* to watch our intrepid countryman *as a spy.* But Mr. Holman vindicated his character. Indeed, he is not a man to be daunted by Russian, or any other spies, or police; neither will he suffer any imposition, even in the least things. He understands and maintains his rights as inflexibly as if he could see, and knew everything going on around him. We made a sea voyage together. One day, the Maltese sailors came to me and said: —"You gentlemen, very rich gentlemen, will give us your mattresses when you arrive at Malta—won't you?" "What! what!—what's that?" cried Holman to me; "that's cool: I warrant you, if the fellows come to me with such impudence, I'll knock them overboard."

Our blind traveller made a voyage from Malta to Naples with a friend of mine; the steamer was overtaken by a storm, and all were sick but Mr. Holman, and my friend. The captain came down to dine, and found no one at table but Holman and his companion.

"Ah!" said the French captain, "it's always so; there are but two English passengers, and you are both ready and up for dinner."

"Yes," replied Holman, "Our *port* is on the high seas."

Indeed, Holman is always at home in a gale of wind. When the captain had finished and gone on deck to look at the weather, Holman said to my friend:—

"Now, T., lash down my chair, make it snug and fast, and bring the wines within my reach; you know we are not *freshwater* sailors."

Mr. T. said to him, whispering—"How astonished all the passengers are to see us, and especially you, eat and drink this way in a storm!"

"Poor fools!" returned Holman, "they don't know I have sailed round the world. But do you bring the wine near, and see my chair is all snug."

This, in fact, is only the way a blind traveller can get through the world. He must *see* to himself, and Holman knows how to *look after* himself—if not by his *own* eyes, at any rate with the eyes of *others.* As illustrative of his peculiar and increased power of hearing, with a farther perfection of his other senses, he said to me one day, when I called upon him—"Ah, ah! I have got a droll fellow here for a servant. He is nearly ninety years of age, and was a cook to two or three Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta. He is, nevertheless, so nimble that he dances about like a page of twelve years old. But he's a dirty sneaking little rascal. I *hear him peeping* over the window, looking at me. He thinks I can't hear him, and smell him—*but I can hear and smell him all over the place.*"

I have mentioned the blind traveller's writing apparatus, and I have in my possession a very legible letter, written to me by him after we had the first time separated in our travels. I saw him last at the Royal Society's *soirées*, and spoke to him, without mentioning my name. Three years had now elapsed, but he immediately recognised my voice, and he can recognise the voices of people after fifteen or twenty years. But, of course, he does not always enjoy the same health of body, nor the same active exercise of the mind. He complained to me, that often, when first waking in the morning, he forgot in what part of the world he was. And this is not surprising; for we travellers, with our sight and eyeballs open to the day, often wake in the morning, and are some time before we can recollect at what stage of our journey we are. I conclude, with a motto from one of his published volumes—

Sightless, to see, and judge through judgment's eyes;
To make four senses do the work of five,
To arm the mind for hopeful enterprise,
Are lights to him who doth in darkness live.

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## THE DELUGE.

### THE LATEST SONG OF BERANGER.

[Before the fall of the Restoration, it will be remembered that Beranger, with the far-seeing eye of the prophet, and the bold free voice of the people's poet, issued some oracular warnings, which might have averted the impending fate, but did not. For some time back it has been understood that he had hung up his bard's lyre to remain henceforth in silence; but it wanted, to consummate the signs of the times, one voice yet from the song-poet of the nation, and he has broken the silence to send forth this prophetic warning to the blinded rulers, which they of course will pass unheeded, but which the people, through the length and breadth of France, will be drinking in ere this be published in the *People's Journal.*—TRANSLATOR.*]

A prophet always, in my ministry holy,
On the future I dare to interrogate God:
The princes of earth to chastise for their folly,
Th' old world shall be swept by an o'erpowering flood.
Already upon them, the tide growls, and lashes
Its limits: "Look, masters, it comes, wild and free!"
I say to them "Look;" but they answer "Thou dreamest:"
Poor kings! they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

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* Though kings and monarchies in general appear to be the theme of the great poet's bitter and prophetic denunciations in the original poem that we have this day the pleasure to present to our readers, there can be no doubt that it is one *particular* king and monarchy Beranger is thinking of, and helping—most powerfully—to cast down. The verses, indeed, form but too significant a token of the state of feeling in France under the rule of Louis Philippe. The "Napoleon of Peace" proves to be as untrue as the Napoleon of War to the people who raised him to the throne, and to the best interests of the country—with the difference that he adds traits of personal baseness peculiarly his own. It is hardly possible for Englishmen living under a really constitutional sovereignty to understand fully the present humiliation and wrongs of the French people, who have the worst of despotic kings to deal with—that is, one who acknowledges constitutional forms just so far as they suit him—and no farther; and who uses the mighty power thus entrusted to him, merely to aggrandise his family and name, no matter at wha cost to others. One needs but to mention the young Queen of

What for thee, O my God, these good kings, have they
done?
So many there are, with whose laws we are blessed!
'Tis the people their rights have forgot; and we groan
'Neath the weight of our down-crushing burdens oppressed.
But the waves speed their march, irresistibly willed,
Against these chiefs, once so well pampered: ah me!
An ark for themselves they're too witless to build—
So poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

Who speaks to the waves? A despot of Afric,
A black son of Ham, a wild barefooted king—
"Down!" cries he, "base waves, to my fetish antique
Yield ever, and double the sweet gold ye bring."
And this excellent king, his dear lucre a-taking
From Christian sea-rovers and traders in blood,
Sells his subjects, to slave it, our sugar a-making—
Poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the flood!

"Come here!" cries a sultan of Asia, "I will it!
Wives, viziers, and eunuchs, up! start into motion!
Throw up your pale corses around me, to still it,
Or bank in the waves of this turbulent ocean."
And then, in his harem all perfumed, from out
Which already his terrified guards seek to flee,
He smokes coolly, yawns, and makes heads fly about—
Poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

In our Europe from which this great deluge out-flows,
United in vain, to lend each other aid;
"O God, be our judge!" all have cried in their woes:
"Swim, swim on always," in reply God hath said;
"Those dread powers already the deluge nigh drowns,
Their proud thrones fall in dust 'neath the hands of the
free,
And money is coined with the gold of their crowns"—
Poor kings, they shall all be engulfed in the sea!

"This ocean, oh prophet, what is it?" ye say:
'Tis us, Peoples, unbound from the fetters of hunger;
'Tis us, more instructed, and clearing away
That vain crowd of monarchies, useful no longer;
Our on-moving billows so long led astray,
God makes pass o'er these sons of the stubborn knee;
Now the sun shineth forth, and the storm calms away—
Poor kings, they are all in the depths of the sea!

LACIOOGNE.

*Paris, Sept. 20, 1847.*

## THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF ENGLAND.

By W. COOKE STAFFORD.

"THE Fairies"—beautiful creations of the olden time—when imagination peopled earth and air, hill and dale, land and water, with bright intelligences, whose business it was to watch over favoured mortals, and to counteract the dark spells of the evil genii, with which, according to popular tradition, creation teemed—where are ye now? A modern poet tells us—

> Ye are flown,
> Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
> In Superstition's web, when Time was young,
> And fondly loved and cherish'd—ye are flown
> Before the wand of science! Hills and vales,
> Mountains and moorlands—ye have lost
> The enchantments, the delights, the visions all—
> The elfin visions that so blest the sight
> In the past days romantic. Nought is heard
> Now in the leafy world but earthly strains,
> Voices yet sweet, of breeze, of birds, and brook,
> And waterfall: the day is silent else,
> And night is strangely mute!*

Shall we recall a few of these traditions, and record in the modern *People's Journal* some traits of the ancient people's belief? The task is a pleasant one: let us essay it.

The popular faith in fairies has existed in England for ages; and they are, by far, the most interesting of all the mythological personages, a belief in which was once an article in every popular creed. Chaucer tells us, that in the days of King Arthur—

> The Elf-Queen, with her jolly company,
> Dancèd full oft in many a greene mead.

And some trace the opinions relative to fairies to the traditions derived from the druidical superstitions. That the aboriginal Britons believed in fairies appears highly probable, from the similarity of features which is observable between the sprites of England and those of Wales and Ireland. But whether they did or not, "our Saxon ancestors," as Dr. Percy observes, "long before they left their German forests, believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demon, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Dwergar or dwarfs." They attributed many wonderful properties to these dwarfs, which were common to all the Teutonic tribes under different names. In the *Edda* (Scandinavian mythology), we find the words Alfa, and Elves used for the whole tribe of fairyland. On the name elves, Sir Walter Scott remarks, that "it is of Gothic origin, and probably signified simply a spirit of the lower order. Thus the Saxons had not only *dun-elfin, berg-elfin,* and *munt-elfin,* spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains, but also *feld-elfin, woden-elfin, sae-elfin,* and *water-elfin,* spirits of the fields, of the woods, of the seas, and of the waters."

As the Celts, the Danes, the Goths, and the Normans, contributed to people England, so its fairy mythology partakes of some of the distinctive features of the creeds of each of those people; and the severer portions of their belief will be found meliorated by the admixture of Oriental and classical superstitions; for the fairies of England possess some of the qualities of the *dwergas* of Scandinavia, the *peris* of Persia, and of the sylvan deities of classic mythology.

The fairies seem, like mankind, to have been divided into classes: they had their King Oberon; and their Queen Titania and Mab, with their attendants and guards of honour.† These were spirits of the nobler kind, who floated in air, and loved, as old Lilly tells us, "the southern side of hills, mountains, and groves." They protected those mortals they favoured, and brought good

Spain, to indicate to what depths of infamy, state policy can sometimes go, for the paltriest of purposes.

It may be thought that the poet is somewhat indiscriminate in his attack upon kings; happily, we in England, have nothing to fear from any such attacks. No royal policeman here "stops the way" on the path of progress. We too have our struggles to make, but they are not of that kind. We may in a word, be at once loyal and free, and can therefore the better afford to sympathise with our brethren in France, who thought they had obtained a similar position by their "glorious three days," but who have in fact been reduced so low by it, that even the very liberty of the press, which Charles the Tenth strove to destroy, and lost his crown in the attempt, has been yielded up to Charles the Tenth's successor, Louis Philippe. He was trusted, and lo! the result. Can we wonder if the faith in princes waxes low in France?—EDITOR.

* Carrington's *Dartmoor.*

† Chaucer calls Pluto and Proserpine the King and Queen of Fairies.

luck to the houses they patronised.* Their dwelling was in "a curious park, paled round about with pick-teeth; a house made all with mother-of-pearl; an ivory tennis-court; a nutmeg parlour; a saphire dairy-room; a ginger hall; chambers of agate; kitchens all of chrystal; the jacks being gold, the spits of Spanish needles."* Ants, flies' eggs, fleas' thighs in scollops, butterflies' brains dissolved in dew, with glow-worms' hearts, and sucking mites, formed their food; and at night they assembled

> On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
> By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
> Or on the beached margin of the sea,
> To dance their ringlets to the whistling wind.

They loved to sport in the moon-beams; and revelled in the luxury of a fine atmosphere, when the heavens were thick-set with diamonds in the shape of stars. Then

> Their pigmy king and little fairy queen
> In circling dances gambolled on the green,
> While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
> And airy music warbled through the shade.†

In their dances they left traces behind them, which were of a circular shape, and are known by the name of "Fairy Rings." These rings were considered charmed spots. No one was found hardy enough to step within them, as, by so doing, the fairies obtained power over him; and the maidens, when gathering May-dew for a cosmetic, always left what they saw upon the fairy rings, lest the sprites should, out of revenge for their taking it, spoil their beauty.

Another class of fairies were an industrious useful race. "They have, in England," says Gervase, of Tilbury, in his *Otia Imperiale*, "certain demons, though I know not whether I should call them demons, or figures of a secret and unknown generation * * * It is their nature to embrace the simple life of comfortable farmers; and when, on account of their domestic work, they are sitting up at night, when the doors are shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and take little frogs out of their bosoms, roast them on the coals and eat them. They have the countenance of old men, with wrinkled cheeks, and they are of a very small stature, not being quite half an-inch high. They wear little patched coats, and if anything is to be carried in the house, or any laborious work to be done, they lend a hand, and finish it sooner than any man would. It is their nature to have the power to serve, and not to injure; they have, however, one little mode of annoying. When in the uncertain shades of night, the English are riding anywhere alone, the Portune (so old Gervase terms the fairy) sometimes invisibly joins the horseman; and when he has accompanied him a good while he at last takes the reins, and leads the horse into a neighbouring slough; when the animal is fixed and floundering in the mire, off goes the Portune with a loud laugh, and by sport of this kind he mocks the simplicity of mankind."

John Heywood is less scrupulous than Gervase; he does not hesitate to class the fairies with demons; he says.—

> In John Milesius any man may read
> Of devils in Sarmatia honoured,
> Call'd Kotri, or Kobaldi, such as we
> Pugs and hobgoblins call; their dwellings be
> In corners of old houses least frequented,
> Or beneath stacks of wood; and these convented
> Make fearful noise in buttries and in dairies;
> Robin Goodfellows some, some call them fairies;
> In solitarie rooms these uproars keep,
> And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep,
> Seeming to force locks, be they ne'er so strong,
> And keeping Christmas gambols all night long.

Robin Goodfellow is the most individualised of the fairies, if we except perhaps Queen Mab, who is immortalised by Shakspere's description of her, with which all our readers must be so familiar, that it is unnecessary to quote it. Ben Jonson also enumerates the qualities of Mab, in a passage which is not so well known.

> This is Mab, the mistress fairy.
> That does nightly rob the dairy;
> And can hurt, or help the churning,
> As she please, without discerning.
> She that pinches country wenches,
> If they rub not clean their benches,
> And with sharper nail remembers
> When they rake not up their embers,
> But if so, they chance to feast her,
> In a shoe she drops a tester;
> This is she that empties cradles,
> Takes out children, puts in ladles,
> Trains forth midwives in their slumber,
> With a sieve the holes to number,
> And then leads them from her burrows
> Home, through ponds and water-furrows.
> She can start our Franklin's daughters,
> In their sleep, with shouts and laughters;
> And on sweet St. Anna's night,
> Feed them with a promised sight,
> Some of husbands, some of lovers,
> Which an empty dream discovers. *

Such is Mab; who

> Plaits the manes of horses in the night,
> And bakes the elf-locks, in foul clottish hairs,
> Which, once entangled foul misfortune bodes.

She may be considered as the Queen of those dark spirits, who can only frequent the "glimpses of the moon!" while the fair and gentle Titania reigns over those superior intelligences, to whom day and night are alike—and who, being

> Spirits of another sort,
> Have with the morning's love full oft made sport,
> And like gay foresters the wild groves tread,
> Even till the eastern gate all fiery red.
> Opening on Neptune, with full-blessed beams.
> Turns into yellow gold, his salt green streams. †

Robin Goodfellow was a merry sprite, with a spice of devilry in his composition. He delighted in playing tricks—practical jokes—upon travellers and others, whom he would deceive by various protean transformations; at the same time, he would assist the servants in their household drudgery: but for such services he required to be rewarded. Reginald Scott says—"Indeed, your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before Incubus and his cousin, Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight; and you have also heard, that he would chafe exceedingly, if the maid, or goodwife of the house, having compassion of his nakedness, laid any clothes for him, besides his mess of white bread and milk, which was his standing fee; for in that case, he saith, 'What have we here? *Hemten, hamten*; here will I never more tread nor stampen!'"‡

Besides the terrestrial fairies, there was another species, supposed to live in mines, where they were often heard to imitate the actions of the workmen; and they had great skill in forging and working metals.

A prevalent belief in the olden time was, that the fairies stole or exchanged children. We have seen what Ben Jonson says of Queen Mab; and Shakspere recognises this article in the popular

* Randolph's *Amyntas, or the Impossible Dairy.*
† Pope's *January and May.*

* Mask of *The Satyr.* † *Midsummer Nights Dream.*
‡ *The World of Witchcraft discovered.*

creed, when he makes Henry IV. wish it could be proved

> That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged,
> In cradle-clothes,

Hotspur for Harry. Drayton mentions the same propensity in his *Nymphidia*—

> These when a child hap to be got,
> That after proves an idiot,
> When folk perceive it thriveth not,
> The fault therein to smother,—
> Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
> That understands things by the half,
> Says that the fairy left this aulf
> And took away the other.

Such were some of the superstitions in which our ancestors believed; superstitions that lingered amongst us till a very recent period—even if they are yet entirely extinguished. In the early part of the last century, the winter evening's conversation used often to turn on fairies, which were then seriously believed in: and Bourne tells us that people would affirm they had "frequently been seen and heard; nay, that there were some still living who had been stolen away by them, and confined seven years." Mr. Keightly has conversed with a girl from Norfolk, who said she had often seen fairies; and also with a person from Somerset, who seemed to have no doubt of their actual existence. We have seen a curious conical stone, found near Shotesham, Norfolk, and were told that similar ones are often found there. The people call them "Fairy-loaves," and say, while they keep one in their house, they will never want bread. We have also heard the people in the remote parts of the West Riding of Yorkshire talk of the "Boggart," a domestic sprite of the Robin Goodfellow species. In Hampshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, they believe, to this day, in the traditions respecting the "Pixies;" but generally, the march of science has destroyed the dream of imagination in which our ancestors loved to revel: we have reality instead of romance—the useful instead of the ideal. Even our poets now seldom call to their aid the "Fairy Mythology" of our ancestors. Hood however, has done so in his *Plea for the Midsummer's Fairies;* and Southey, in his *Joan of Arc*, has the following beautiful passage:—

> There is a fountain in the forest called
> The Fountain of the Fairies. When a child,
> With most delightful wonder, I have heard
> Tales of the elfin tribe, that on its banks
> Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
> The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
> It ever has been deem'd their fav'rite tree.
> They love to lie, and rock upon its leaves,
> And bask them in the sunshine. Many a time
> Hath the woodman shown his boy where the dark round
> On the green sward beneath its boughs bewrays
> Their nightly dance, and bid him spare the tree.
> Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
> And made it holy. and the villagers
> Would say, that never evil thing approached
> Unfurnished there. The strange and fearful pleasure
> That filled me by that solitary spring
> Ceas'd not in riper years; and now it woke
> Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.

## OF TRUTH IN THINGS FALSE.

By J. Baxter Langley, M.R.C.S.

No. I.—THE RAINBOW.

Few men know the whole of the greatness and universality of the truth they utter. After many searchings of nature, and communings with his own soul, an author often discovers that, with the impulse of strong belief, he has enunciated what was not only true of his own sphere, but is true of all spheres—not only for his own age, but for all time. Many great men have given testimony to this fact; and, in all probability, the author of the sentiment—"There is no error so gross, but it has a particle of truth in it"—was not aware how unexceptionable was the rule. In a former article,* I quoted those words as an axiom, but had not then come to see the universality of their application. A great German writer has said that nothing can remain which is false, and that nothing can *be* which is entirely error. This is the same sentiment in an inverted form, and is, I am convinced, utterly true.

A short time ago, meditating upon these sentences, I wandered into the fields. It was a warm summer afternoon. The grain was not yet ripe, but, in the words of the Psalmist, "the valleys stood so thick with corn, that" there was ample cause for the people "to laugh and sing." A fresh breeze swept over the ears of wheat, and made the thick crop look like some vast crowd, cheering and waving, and swaying their heads, in joyful popular commotion. The sweet-scented vernal grass loaded the air with its fresh strong smell from the field where the merry haymakers sported, and sang or whistled while they worked—the hedge-sides were beautiful with wildflowers wreathed into garlands by the pale convolvulus—in short, every sense was so saluted with pleasure, that gloomy indeed must have been that spirit which was not exalted with gratitude, and forced to acknowledge that, although many were the ills which man has made to cloud our life, the original design was perfectly good, and that it was a beautiful and happy world after all. A cloud, like the transient sorrows of our existence, rose above the horizon, and the haymakers hurried to prepare for the expected shower. The sunshine was obscured, and the sparrows chattered anxiously in their leafy habitations, seeming to discuss the consequences of the future rain. The flies were driven by the greater coolness of the air to shelter underneath the leaves of the tree to which I came for covering, whose boughs were now swung to and fro by the increasing power of the wind. Large drops fell here and there, as outriders and heralds of the crowd to follow them, and then the pattering upon the leaves quickened, till the falling rain dimmed the prospect, and made the horses droop their heads, and the cows set up their backs, and helter skelter, the haymakers ran from the field for protection from the wet. And now the sun shone out from below the cloud, like a young bride withdrawing her veil, to show how many smiles are mixed with her tears; and then, like that bride's hopes in prospect, up sprang the gorgeous tints of the rainbow. Broad and bright, opposite the sun it shone, like the triumphal arch of God.

"There," said one of the haymakers, addressing a little boy, "there's a chance for you, Charlie, to make your fortune; for old folks say, that *if you dig at the foot of the rainbow, you will find a heap of gold.*"

In momentary unbelief, I said within myself, "Is there not here an error so gross that it hath not a particle of truth in it? Can nothing false remain? How comes it that this fanciful old adage about the rainbow has been handed down from time immemorial to posterity, and still continues to be repeated?"

I walked from my leafy covert, towards the

* Astrology, No. I., p.13.

beautiful vision which was the subject of my contemplation, but it fled me ever, and left me far behind in the distance; and at last, as the heavenly blue became unclouded, it vanished altogether.

Philosophy suggested that the rainbow had no place—that the adage was a false prophet—that it was like the sybil's leaves at the Delphian oracle, which only prophecied in such a mode that if the words were untrue it was impossible to demonstrate their falsehood and absurdity. It would most certainly be a vain imagination for a man to search for the rainbow's foot; and, as he never could find *that*, he never could prove that a heap of gold was *not* buried there.

Thinking upon these things I turned my steps homewards; and though I was loth to part with my belief in my axiom, I resolved that by the truth or falsehood of this well-known adage, it should remain to me as truth, or be exploded as error. "If you dig at the foot of the rainbow, you shall find a heap of gold." What is the rainbow? Sunlight during its passage from any transparent medium to another more dense, whose surface is not at right angles to its direction, becomes bent or refracted. In this refraction, some portions of the white light are more bent than others, and thus the white sunlight is decomposed into its three primitive colours, blue, yellow, and red, and their intermediates, green, orange and violet. These tints are always in the same sequence as we see them in the rainbow; which has been proved to be the resulting phenomena of the refraction of the rays of the sun shining upon the falling drops of rain. It could only therefore be seen by a person standing at some distance from the shower, at the extremity of a line corresponding to the direction of the refracted rays. It is then impossible to stand at the foot of the rainbow, and to see its colours at the same time.

Phenomena of this kind are constant; nature's laws are unexceptional; and we may therefore say without hesitation, that whenever the sun shines upon falling raindrops, this refraction invariably takes place. These iridescent colours are certainly manifested, and could be seen by any person in the proper position. The foot of the rainbow may then be said to be wherever the sun shines and rain falls. Here is the great truth; I saw it as I looked over the yellow fields—in the teeming gardens of the cottages—in the bright green meadows. Man's toil shall always be repaid by earth's gratitude. Truly, "If you dig at the foot of the rainbow you shall find a crop of gold."

The showers and sunlight of April had made rainbows everywhere, and men had ploughed and dug, and have found that golden harvest which is now gathered into a thousand garners. The proverb is true, and my axiom shall stand. "There *is* no error so gross but it has a particle of truth within it."

## THANKSGIVING HYMN FOR 1847.

Rejoice! rejoice!
In the abundance of this harvest-tide
Let man's glad voice
Be heard in anthems echoing far and wide.

Yes—let us raise
To the Almighty and all bounteous God
Anthems of praise
For the rich produce of the teeming sod;

For herb and root
Fertile, ev'n to profusion; for the trees
Laden with fruit,
Whose luscious beauty every sense may please;

For hill and plain,
Crown'd with luxuriant verdure; for the fields
Where golden grain
Its full ripe "harvest to the sickle yields;"

For deadly fears
Removed, of famine and disease at hand;
And gloom and tears
Brooding in horror o'er a blighted land.

Yes! God has bade
The dark destroying angel fold his wings;
And from the shade
They spread around, lo! a bright cherub springs;

Who all the while,
Unseen, had followed in the stern one's track,
And, with a smile
Of hope at once and confidence, points back

Where he had sown
The seed of *future* good along the waste;
Which had upgrown
High o'er the rank foul ills 'mid which 'twas placed.

Oh! let us then
For boundless mercies boundless thanks afford;
"Maids and young men,
Infants, and hoary heads, praise ye the Lord!"

Or, if too weak
Our mortal lips such heavenly theme to bear,
Let our hearts speak
In mute devotion—God will read it there!

## LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

By Parke Godwin.

A NEW COMMUNITY IN AMERICA.

*To the Editor of the People's Journal.*

*New York.*

Sir,—My object is now not to discuss the general question of community, but simply to give you an account of a new organisation that has recently come to my notice, and whose history and present condition furnishes a topic of appropriate interest. I allude to an associative village, which has been established about seven miles from the city of Buffalo, and not far from Niagara Falls, called Ebenezer. It is composed of a colony of some one thousand Germans; who, about four years since, emigrated from Germany, where they were not allowed so free an opportunity as they wished for carrying out their peculiar plans. They were not driven to the undertaking by any civil or religious oppression, nor actuated by any peculiar fanaticism, but simply by the desire to live a pure spiritual and happy life. Many of them were able to contribute from three to fifteen thousand dollars to the common stock, while one put in fifty—and another as high as a hundred thousand dollars. With a

portion of these funds they came to America, and purchased above seven thousand acres of Indian reservation lands, formerly belonging to the Seneca tribe, but more recently held by the state government. The tract is situate in an exceedingly fertile and picturesque region, intersected by beautiful water-courses, and agreeably diversified by the varieties of soil and natural formation. It is within reach of several very important markets, to which, by means of canals and railroads already in operation, it can have access both summer and winter.

Since purchasing their estate, these enterprising Germans have cleared completely and put in the best order, nearly five thousand acres of their land, erected a great many miles of durable fences, planted twenty-five thousand fruit-trees of various sorts, settled three compact villages, about one mile apart; each containing one hundred large and commodious dwelling-houses, some thirty or forty barns, of the largest size and most substantial structure, four saw-mills, which are kept constantly running, one flour-mill, one oil-mill, one large woollen factory, calico-print works, a tannery, a variety of workshops for mechanics, public halls, and several school-houses. Besides these, they possess extensive herds of cattle and swine, their sheep alone numbering above two thousand heads. Indeed, their property, with its improvements is estimated to be worth more than a million of dollars; which, if divided, would give ten thousand dollars to each man, woman, and child on the domain. Such are some of the internal advantages of unitary labour.

Of course, this domain having such a large and effective working force, to be applied always at the right time, and with the completest effect, is well cultivated. It is said to be the envy of the surrounding farmers, on account of the neatness, order, and success which attend all its operations. A writer in the *Cultivator*, one of our leading agricultural papers, in describing their location, says " their gardens, yards, and fields, display refined taste, and the highest state of cultivation. From present appearances, they act on the principle that to eat little and often, is better than to overload the stomach at long intervals; they accordingly eat uniformly five times a day viz. at 5½ a.m., at 9, 11½, 3 p.m., and 7. All of a suitable age, both male and female, are required to work at such business as either their taste, genius, or habits, may render fit. And, whenever, from any cause, such as change of weather, or sudden ripening of a crop, an extra number of hands are needed, they can bring fifty or a hundred into the field, at once, with any requisite number of teams; and thus enjoy great advantages in cultivating and securing their crops. By a rather minute division of labour, each man, or group of men, are set to do one thing; so that order and system are everywhere manifest, and nothing it wasted. In a high sense, a place is provided for everything, and everything is found in its place. Their cloth and other manufactured articles are made in the best manner; and their farm operations crowned with the highest success."

The same writer, in the continuation of his account, proceeds to describe the various outbuildings and storehouses of this prosperous community. He says, " Separate barns, spacious and well ventilated, are provided for horses, oxen, cows, yearlings, calves, and sheep. So that they are all sheltered in the most comfortable manner during the winter, and the apartments for the sheep are thoroughly whitewashed four or five times a year. Thus they promote health, and increase the weight and fineness of the fleece. The sheep are divided into parcels, each of which is in the constant attendance of a shepherd and his dog during the day in summer, and is driven up at night and huddled; and the land thus manured by them during the night is, at the proper time, sown with turnips, &c. The cattle are also kept in separate classes, each under the constant attendance of its herdsman, and driven up to the yards at night. Then there are a series of barns, say 150 by 40 feet in size, standing in a line, eight or ten rods apart, the whole lower part fitted up exclusively, one for horses, another for cows, another for young cattle, another sheep; another series standing in another line, and filled, some with hay, others with wheat, others with oats, barley, &c. &c.: and then again other ranges of buildings, enclosing hundreds of swine; and others still, to accommodate all the poultry belonging to the community. Every stable for horses and cattle has trenches to carry off the liquid manure into tanks, to be thence conveyed to the growing crops of the farm; and indeed in all their barns and yards, the utmost attention is paid to making and saving manure; and their luxuriant crops bear ample testimony to its importance and the skill with which it is applied. Even the conveniences of their houses have their vaults extended some three feet back, and covered by a lid hung on hinges; and the night-soil—removed by long-handled dippers—is used most plentifully in the gardens. And such splendid heads of brittle lettuce, such cucumbers, cabbages, beans, peas, and maize, as have been grown under the stimulus of this liquid excrement, it has seldom been my lot to see."

The testimony of this disinterested eye-witness is itself enough to prove the *practicability* of the external arrangements; but I have learned from friends who have visited the colony, that their internal harmony is no less remarkable. Thus far, their property is held in common, though any person is at liberty to retire at any moment, by merely withdrawing what he originally contributed. No interest on capital is allowed, and of course none of the profits of the concern are regarded as belonging to individuals. But, as yet, no person has made an application to remove, as all seem so contented with their positions, that it is doubtful whether they ever will have an occasion to distribute any portion of their funds. One would suppose that, from the want of a direct personal interest in the results of their labour, there would be great temptions to indolence; but it is said that is by no means the case. The difficulty is, not in getting the people to work, but in restraining them from work at improper times and seasons, so as not to injure their health. The only provision made against the shirking of labour by any, is the degradation of the delinquent into lower classes of labour; but the government have not yet had to use this alternative in a single instance. All labour cheerfully, aud in perfect union with the rest.

They have not yet erected any unitary mansion, most of the families preferring separate dwellings and households; but their cooking, washing, and other domestic operations are done by divisions of ten families each, so as to avoid the confusion of a large number on one hand, or waste and trouble of an extreme isolation of families on the other. The plan is found to work pretty well, though a large unitary edifice would doubtless contribute much to the economy, ease, and efficiency of their movements.

The Community is a regularly organised township, under the laws of the state, but being a little republic in itself, having its interests concentrated within itself, it has no inducement to take part in the general politics of the nation. Our hot disputes about rum licenses and no rum licenses, about tariff and free trade, about war and anti-war, do not trouble these men, who are happy in the privilege of working directly for the good of their fellows, without the distractions of competition and selfishness. They are governed by a council who are annually elected by themselves, who do all the buying and selling, and have the entire management of affairs. If either of them should betray his trust, of course he would be rejected from office at the next elective assembly of the people.

The children are required to attend the schools, where they are instructed in all branches of useful knowledge, and in the English and German languages. They are carefully instructed in their moral duties, though I believe no specific forms of religion are taught. The larger portion of the community are attached to the Lutheran Church, but do not insist upon imposing it upon others. At morning and evening, the beginning and close of their labours, public prayers are offered; and religious exercises are observed on Wednesday afternoons, and on Sundays. No restraints are laid upon freedom of marriage, as among the Shakers, though every caution is used to prevent the young from entering into that deep and awful engagement without due reflection upon its issues and responsibilities.

Such is a brief sketch of this young and important association, which begins with so much vigour, and whose prospects are so flattering. Its history and present condition need no comment, beyond the simple statement of facts.

## CRIME:

### HOW HAS IT BEEN TREATED?—HOW SHOULD IT BE TREATED?

By Lord Nugent, M.P.

No. VI.

At the close of our last paper, we said that, in the reign of George the Second, when the last efforts of the Jacobite Party had been absolutely crushed, the Parliament betook itself to a new and active course of legislation, with the purpose of suppressing a new influx of crimes, not political; private robberies, of violence or fraud, which were rapidly becoming more frequent. And it is remarkable how great had become the frequency of crimes of this sort, even from the early years of the eighteenth century, and how that increase continued until after the middle of it, nay, nearly to the end;—from the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, till near the close of George the Third's. The frequency of these offences, of greater or less danger to the general interests of the State, increased with increasing wealth, and with the more generally diffused employment of it,—with the increase of Commerce carried on by a promissory system of Exchange, and with the laws enacted to protect it. Besides, in George the Second's time, facilities and encouragements to depredation of all sorts were growing up on every side. There were more travellers throughout the country. Those of the wealthier sort still travelled on horseback, or in their own coaches, with large purses of money, on high roads which in some parts ran for many miles through large unenclosed tracts of hill, plain, and woodland;—many of these too bordering on populous towns. And many Soldiers of Fortune as they were called, (young spendthrifts, and subaltern officers discharged from the King's army, and adventurers who had volunteered into the service of the Pretender, and afterwards had served under foreign colours, and had now returned home without prospect of employment, proscribed and desperate,) were cast loose upon the nation and their own devices for subsistence. Many of these took to the Gambling Houses as sharpers;—some to other yet more dangerous haunts, where acts of more violent depredation were planned and prepared for execution;—and some, not a few, varying the occupations of common cheat, of hired bravo, and pick-purse, sallied forth in the evening, mounted and armed, upon the road.

Then came the Act of the 3 G. II., c. 25, extending the punishment of Death from the offence of Highway Robbery by violence to that of robbing the Mail, (which in those times was carried by a single horseman), whether the act were done with or without violence, or of robbing "*any house or place used for the receipt and delivery of letters.*" And robbery of all sorts continued to increase. In the same spirit were passed the Acts, 14 G. II., c. 5, and 15 G. II., c. 34, denouncing Death against anyone feloniously driving away, or stealing, or wilfully killing any sheep or cattle with intent to steal the whole carcase or any part thereof, or assisting or aiding therein. And cattle-stealing continued to increase.

But perhaps the most notable example of inconsiderate legislation against great crimes prevailing in a turbulent state of society was the act of the 25 G. II., c. 37, (in force till within the last very few years,) which directed that, in cases of conviction of Murder,—that crime of which the proofs, *cæteris paribus*, must generally be the least complete and the most subject to doubt, since from the very nature of the crime, the testimony of the injured party, in what is generally a hidden transaction, can never be producible,—the execution shall take place, except in special and reserved cases, *on the next day but one after conviction.* As if, in its mode of visiting one of the greatest of crimes, subject to the heaviest and the *irreparable* punishment, the law wished to hurry over the punishment, and *so* make it the *least enduring* in *example*, and also to abridge its own opportunities of reconsidering and redressing any *possible* error of a *fallible* tribunal. But, as we before observed, this most manifestly unwise and hazardous Act has been, within the last few years, repealed.

We proceed. In the early part of this reign, as in the latter part of that of George the First, the small coin had, on many occasions, been debased by order of Privy Council. Private adventure followed in the track of this legalised public fraud; and the offence of counterfeiting the King's coin, (made High Treason under the Statute of Ed. III.,) and the colouring or altering of half-pence or farthings, or sixpences, so as to make them resemble higher coin, now made High Treason under the 16 and 18 G. II., c. 28), prevailed. Bills of exchange became more common. Banks of issue were established, superseding the trade in the hands of the Goldsmiths as the ordinary depositaries, which till then they had been, of Capital unemployed by the owners. Promissory notes

overwhelming the sterling currency of the realm, were introduced, representing very small sums—and therefore Forgery also increased.

Ten new and separate Acts—all denouncing the punishment of Death for different acts of forgery or embezzlement of notes and bills—passed the legislature in rapid succession; making the English Statute Book a dreary wilderness of blood. And still the prevalence of these offences increased;—and immediately after the passing of the last-mentioned act for the *protection* of the Bank of England, the *first* forged Bank of England note was presented for payment by Richard William Vaughan, a Staffordshire linendraper. Not only companies, but private speculators also, Tradesmen and Innkeepers, issued their Tokens. A new class of offences arose. And a new law, 15 and 16 G. II., c. 28, made it felony, after the second conviction, to *utter any* counterfeit coin.

Sir Robert Walpole's famous Excise Bill, which had been passed during the preceding reign in despite of a strong constitutional opposition of some of the Whigs and all the Tories, was afterwards vastly extended in its operation by a multiplicity of yet more oppressive acts. And, that the duties might not be evaded, the Commissioners of Excise were directed under the 14 G. II., c. 72, to provide stamps for all exciseable stuffs; and, to protect these duties in their operation, a penal clause was inserted in the same Act affixing the punishment of death to the offence of counterfeiting such stamps.

The other principal branch of the revenue, that of the Customs, had always been guarded by very severe laws against Smuggling. But, by the 19 G. II., c. 34, the capital punishment was extended not only to the case of forcibly assaulting or wounding any officer engaged in seizing goods or being on board of any vessel, and to the wearing any disguise while passing with goods relanded after drawback, but also to the *assembling*, to the number of three, armed with offensive weapons, *in order* to *assist* in the exportation or running of any goods prohibited or that had not paid duty, or in relanding any after drawback. And frauds on these branches of the revenue, as recited in the preambles of several subsequent acts, assumed a much more extensive and more dangerous character.

Against all these classes of offence,—the increased and the increasing,—(most of them the result of bad financial and worse penal legislation, and of the havoc, too, of Bubble Companies, against which the people had not been sufficiently warned by the fate of the Mississippi Scheme in France and the South Sea Scheme in England durtng the earlier part of the same century,) the wrath of the law was more and more hotly kindled. The 2 G. II., c. 25, made it felony to steal *any* bonds of *any* public company, without even the proviso of such company being chartered. Private depredation, also, even down to its lowest and most petty forms, was considered to be fit subject for calling forth the highest penalties into conflict with it; and the law, as though disdaining to entertain any calmer mode of prevention, engaged itself, as it is often too apt to do, in a desperate race of headlong severity, against any offence to which circumstances, of themselves temporary, may have offered temporary facilities or temptations. In this spirit had been enacted the 9 G. I., c. 22, commonly called the Black Act, extending its capital provisions to the offence of (*whether armed and disguised or not*), unlawfully and wilfully hunting, wounding, destroying or stealing any red or fallow deer in any forest or park, or killing, maiming, or wounding any cattle, or unlawfully and maliciously *breaking down the head of any fish-pond, whereby the fish shall be destroyed*, or *cutting down or otherwise destroying any trees planted or growing in any avenue, garden, or orchard, for ornament, shelter, or profit*: and the 6 G. II., c. 37, against wilfully and maliciously *cutting hop-binds in any hop plantation*.—Death! The law had, for a time, lost both heart and head.

Add to all this that the Correctional Police joined in the process of detection by means not less inconsiderate and still more plainly at variance with every sound administrative principle. It connived at the worst sorts of crimes, and became virtually accessary to them, in order to betray the criminals to justice, and thus not unfrequently made those criminal whom it found innocent, or made those more criminal whom it found less so. Hence blood money, and the practices of thief-takers in encouraging crime for the benefit of the reward on conviction. This was imperfectly attempted to be checked by the Act 4 G. I., c. 11, commonly called Jonathan Wild's Act, against persons taking reward for helping to stolen goods, *unless they cause the felon to be brought to trial*, and which denounced the pains and penalties of felony according to the nature of the felony committed.

We have gone into this detailed enumeration of the principal laws of extraordinary rigour enacted about this time for the prevention of crime, because we know not how, sparing such detail, we could have so thoroughly illustrated our main argument.

This may be truly called the commencement of a sad æra in England of the rapidly advancing prevalence and multiplication of heavy crimes against both property and person, and of statutes hardly varying in violence, and followed again by a corresponding multiplication of crime. It was an æra of transcendent glory to our country in her foreign policy; and it is but justice to add this testimony of praise to the brilliant history of Lord Chatham's career in the administration of her affairs at home, that, considering the habits of legislation on criminal matters which he found in progress, and considering also his uncompromising decision of character, the system of aggravation of punishment seems to have been remarkably suspended during the epoch of that great Statesman's triumphant power.

But under the sway of the next sovereign, when the counsels of the country were directed by Lord Bute and by those ministers who afterwards supplanted Lord Chatham's second administration, and under the advice of their principal law officers,—with one or two short intervals of very transitory power in the hands of statesmen not favoured by the court—the warfare between crimes of the most dangerous sort and penalties of the most rash and unsuccessful violence continued, and lasted even to the close of that long reign. It is true that some few capital statutes, almost obsolete in practice (but still on the one hand capable of being unexpectedly carried into execution by any intemperate judge, and on the other deterring all humane and considerate men from prosecuting upon them), were repealed, and wiser, and milder, and more effective penalties provided in their stead. But these were indeed very few. The Black Act, and the act respecting Hop Binds remained in force. The acts against witchcraft, and the ancient law of trial by wager of battle remained in force. And so far was it from being true that the penalties which the practice and improving spirit of the last few years had suspended from general operation

were entirely obsolete, and incapable of being revived, that, as late as the middle of George the Third's reign, the following event took place. A miller at Chelmsford had suffered some loss and much vexation from the wanton and malicious spoiling and cutting down of the trees in his orchard. At length, the culprit was detected, prosecuted, and convicted before Judge Buller, at the next assize for the county of Essex. It was not till the judge proceeded to pass sentence of death, that the wretched prosecutor was made aware that he had brought the depredator to trial on a *capital* statute. The prisoner had employed no counsel. The jury knew not till that moment the consequences which their verdict carried with it, or, as they had the boldness to say in their petition to the judge before he left the town, they would have preferred the perjury of a false acquittal to the dreadful remorse of having sacrificed a fellow-creature's life to such a law. Vain were the petitions of Grand and Petty Jury for mercy; vain, the petition, the entreaties, the agony of the prosecutor. The convict was left for execution, and hanged! So much for the harmlessness of a law deemed obsolete.

We proceed. The same spirit of relentless penal legislation which prevailed in George the First's and George the Second's reigns went on, with little abatement, and with but rare intervals of remission, through that of George the Third, until the epoch of the Regency. Offences against the revenue, against trade, against private property, were made the subject of various new capital laws. And, whereas in George the Second's reign there were ten, in George the Third's there were *thirty* new statutes enacted, *all* denouncing death against different sorts of forgery and counterfeiting only!

It may, however, be permitted to the zeal of kindred affection and personal veneration here to record that, during Lord Grenville's tenure of office at the head of the Home Department, and during his very short administration as Prime Minister, *not one* new capital law was enacted, but several repealed. Amongst other acts, that copious source of the worst crimes, crimes affecting human life, the African Slave Trade, was abolished, as far as British Law, British Example, and British Influence could abolish that detestable practice throughout the world. An act which has since been followed up and completed by the entire abolition of slavery itself within the British dominions and dependencies;—a condition of man which, wherever it prevails, must place uncontrolled power, extending even to that over human life, in the hands of the slaveholder. For the admission of the evidence of slaves in any case against their masters is incompatible with the continuance of the condition of slavery; and, therefore, in very rare cases can any violence committed by a slave-master against his slave be prosecuted to conviction.

Let us now retrace our steps, for a short space, to observe how far the spirit of mitigation of penal law had been gaining ground in other nations, and what was the success.

In France, the most dreadful atrocities had, from the earliest times of the monarchy, been perpetrated, under a form of government practically arbitrary, and, under colour of Law. In the disputes between Louis XV. and his Parliaments, the Parliament of Paris and those of the Provinces, which, be it remembered, were courts also of penal judicature, the power of the king to interfere in criminal matters by edict or by rescript, had been challenged. The lower courts took part with the parliaments, and gave decisions in their favour. The crown brought the matter to a settlement for the time by proroguing the parliaments, and imprisoning the refractory leaders under *lettres de cachet*. The spirit of liberty, which had thus made a feeble and partial display, met with no support from the nation, and utterly gave way. The vindictive tyranny of the court kept pace with its unbridled licentiousness. The ordinary revenues of the state, were brought to bankruptcy, and the food of the poor was taken from them by taxation, to pamper the luxuries of the gross unfeeling sensualist upon the throne, and to support the boundless profusion of his three successive mistresses and their favourites. During the sway of Madame Chateauroux and Madame de Pompadour (an epoch in French history wittily termed in the Memoirs which go under the name of the third and last, and least guilty of his mistresses, Madame du Barré—"*Les Regnes de Cotillon Premiér et Cotillon Second*"—"The Reigns of Petticoat the First and Petticoat the Second"), there were some faintly uttered murmurs of dissatisfaction. These aroused the resentment of the court, which showed itself, as the resentment of such a court was likely to do, in what were called judicial acts, of the most detestable cruelty, all of which were perpetrated, unchecked by any open expressions of disgust, and some of which were witnessed with an appearance of approbation from a scandalously demoralised and shamefully enslaved people. What is one to say of the moral condition of a people who could crowd round a scaffold, and look on, for *two hours* says Voltaire, at the torments prepared under the deliberate report of a pandæmonium of surgeons assembled by order of Louis XV., to advise what were the most exquisite sufferings to which the human frame could be subjected, and under which it could hold the sense of pain the longest before it might be baffled by faintness or by death? Such was the sentence executed upon Damien, the very description of which would be an outrage. He was a half-mad fanatic. His crime had been an attempt to assassinate a despicable and hateful tyrant, on whom he succeeded only in inflicting a shallow scratch; but whose coward horrors at the danger he had escaped could be soothed only by the contemplation of the torments to be endured by the miserable criminal. It was devised as a parody, transcending in ferocity the guilty example of the punishment inflicted on Ravaillac in the early part of the preceding century. But thus much at least is to be said, in contrast, of the case of Ravaillac; that *his* blow had not failed; but had deprived France of Henry the Fourth, who, with all his faults, was the greatest sovereign that ever filled her throne. And the atrocious vengeance upon Ravaillac was *not* inflicted by *him* against whose life the arm of the assassin had been raised. What are we to say, we repeat, of the people thus trained by their government to be passive if not applauding spectators of such a scene? Why, that such bloody instructions were not given in vain—that they trained the people of Paris for the savage excesses which, within less than the next fifty years, marked the whole course of the Carmagnole Revolution, in which the innocent successor of Louis the Fifteenth, "*delicta majorum immeritus*," paid the forfeit of the many crimes of his many ancestors upon the block.

In our next paper, we shall have to treat of an improved system of penal law in England, which commenced within the remembrance of most men of the present generation.

## HARRY SMITH'S MARRIED LIFE.

By Mrs. W. B. Hodgson.

PART II.

"It would be a sin indeed not to be good and happy here!" said Mary as she sat down with her husband in their new home, after having taken a minute survey of the whole premises.

"It would indeed," replied Harry, looking proudly round the little room, and then more proudly still upon the beaming face of his wife; "and it shall not be my fault, Mary, if we are not; good, *you* are sure to be, and I think—I am sure—that I shall be too. I am very glad now that I did not take the pledge; for I feel that though it is such a good thing, it is better to do without it if we can. I have a great deal better opinion of myself, by trusting to my own good resolution, and I know it is a good thing to have a good opinion of one'sself; for when I used to think myself bad, I used to feel as if I didn't care what bad things I did. I need not take to myself any credit though, on the score of my good resolution; for what temptation can I have to go and drink with such a home as this to come to?"

It was indeed a pretty place that they had chosen for their home. It was a small thatched cottage, containing three rooms—a kitchen, with a room behind which was called the parlour, though it had only a sanded floor, and a bedroom above, which Mary had declared looked quite spacious and airy, notwithstanding the low ceiling. It was a humble enough abode, but everything within was so bright and clean and neat, and everything without was so fresh and beautiful, that it seemed to the newly married pair quite luxurious. It looked out upon the extensive nursery gardens of which Harry was one of the gardeners; and they had a little plot of garden ground to their own cottage, in which the flourishing and choice flowers, growing in small beds on the well kept grass-plot, gave evidence of Harry's skill in his business. Roses and honeysuckles crept over the pretty porch, and roses and honeysuckles crept up the cottage wall, and peeped in at the little casements.

It was the first evening of Harry Smith's married life; and in the joy of his heart, in his pride as he sat for the first time at his own fireside, with his wife beside him, no wonder that he felt as if he could never again give way to his besetting sin. We shall see how he went on.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month passed away, and Harry's happiness and comfort in his home seemed to increase with each day and week and month. His gardening work was always sweetened by the thought of the hour when it should be over, and he should go home to be with the dear wife who seemed to grow dearer to him than ever. He thought she grew handsomer, too, every day; and, indeed, Mary did look quite beautiful, in her pretty light coloured print dresses, fitting so neatly her neat figure, with her hair always so shiney and so smoothly braided, and her skin always glowing and polished with health and cleanliness. Then she always did everything so cleverly, and so quietly, too, that she never seemed to have anything at all to do. His dinner he found always ready for him; but it might have been cooked by magic, for no sign could he ever see of any cooking business. He saw the little round table with the clean cloth, and well polished knives and forks and plates upon it, and the simple but well cooked dish which was to form the meal; but dirty pans and dishes, and scraps and scrapings and all the *et ceteras* which the process of cooking usually involves were nowhere to be seen. Mary the magician had touched them all with her wand, together with the cooking garment which had enveloped her own person, and *they* were invisible, and *she* was free from speck or stain, and ready to sit down with her husband to share and to give a zest to his meal. In the summer evenings Harry was not too tired to work a little in his own garden; and Mary was always with him to help him, though as Mary was not used to the work, her *help* afforded the experienced gardener no little amusement; however, she kept him talking and laughing, and that was something. Then they would sometimes vary the recreation of the evenings by long walks together, and Harry said he never could have believed there was so much enjoyment in a stroll in the country; but Mary was such a person, she seemed to find beauty where no one else would ever think of looking for it, and she made *him* think it delightful to feel the fresh air, and to smell the fresh earth, and to hear the birds sing, and to take notice of the flowers in their path, and even to watch the clouds in the sky. When winter came, and the evenings began to be dark, Mary devised a nice plan for pleasant occupation. She had a few books which had been prizes to her at school, and presents from school companions, and she asked Harry to read aloud to her as she sat at her sewing (she was then busy making some miniature garments). Harry was a long time before he would comply, for he said he had hardly seen a book since he was at school, and then he was not much of a reader. Mary, however, rallied him into making the attempt. There was a volume of selected poems; she thought he might try one short poem. Harry took the book, and turning over the leaves, his eye was attracted by the title of one of the poems—it was a song of Burns' which he knew almost by heart. There was an opportunity for him to make a display. With a preparatory clearing of the throat, he began to read, and went through the whole song so surprisingly well, that Mary was delighted. Harry laughed: he was too straightforward a fellow to allow her to believe that he could really read so well, so he avowed the true state of the case. Mary said that, notwithstanding that, she was sure, from his manner, he would also read well anything he had never seen before. Assured by this praise, Harry was induced to try a short poem of her selection; and, in spite of a little bungling at the hard words, he managed to get on so much to his own satisfaction, that he tried also another and another. Then Mary, seeing that he was tired, took the book from him, and read to him a little. Then they talked together about various subjects suggested by their reading; and Harry was so much interested that, when the hour for going to bed arrived, he declared that he had never spent so short an evening in his life. That was the beginning of a taste in Harry which made many and many an evening seem quite too short for him—many and many an evening which might otherwise, perchance, by its length and tedium, have tempted him to resort to less innocent means for making it pass. The mind craves for excitement, and it will have it, of one kind or another. After this first essay, Mary praised him so much, that Harry was proud to go on reading to her a little every evening; and he soon began to read as much for his own amusement as for hers. At last, he be-

came so fond of it, that before the first winter was over, he had read quite through Mary's little library. Then he had nothing else to turn to—for, unfortunately, in that country village there was no cheap library; so he was content to read the same over and over again. And many a lesson of wisdom and many a thought of beauty Harry imbibed from those few books. Besides the book of poems before mentioned, there were *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *Thomson's Seasons*, and *The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin*, and *Bacon's Essays*. The latter was an especial favourite with Harry.

It must not be supposed that during all this time Herry had quite neglected his former companions; he had kept up a slight acquaintance with them, and had even gone with them occasionally to the public house—but how it was he knew not—he certainly did not seem to like them as well as he used to do. They seemed different somehow; their manners and language were coarser surely, and more rude. And the public house, could he ever have liked to spend his evenings there? could he ever have loved to breathe that impure atmosphere? His friends thought *him* an altered man—sadly altered for the worse.

One evening Harry told Mary "that he had had such a joyful surprise that day." He had seen his dearest friend who had been abroad three years, and who had just come unexpectedly home. "I am going to sup with him to night at his father's house," Harry said, "I wanted him to come here instead, but he said there was to be a meeting of friends to welcome him home, so I must go. I daresay I shall be kept late, so don't sit up for me."

Mary immediately got out a clean shirt for Harry, and his best clothes; and when he went away he looked so radiant and so handsome, as he smiled upon her at parting, that Mary felt a very proud woman when she turned again into her comfortable room. She had plenty to do; so she thought she might as well sit up for her husband; and she was not solitary, for there was a little being, Harry's very image, sleeping in a cradle, and of course she had to go to look at it at least a dozen times within the hour. At twelve she begun to expect Harry home. At half-past twelve she thought time was passing very slowly. One o'clock came, but no Harry: half-past one—two—still no Harry. Mary made all due allowance for the occasion; but still she thought he was staying rather too late. She was beginning to look pale, and to feel faint and cold, and she had just risen to walk about for exercise, when she heard a sound which made her turn paler than before. It was a sound of voices—not talking, but singing in a key of unmistakeable elevation; and though they were somewhat distant, she could plainly distinguish that of her husband above the rest. Soon there was a bungling attempt to open the cottage door. Mary opened it, and Harry *staggered* in. His face was flushed—his eye unnaturally bright. He was in high spirits, and was beginning to talk in an unusually fluent, but rather incoherent strain. But Mary, without saying a word, calmly took him by the hand and drew him into the parlour and to the little sofa that stood there. He was passive, for her manner subdued him. He laid himself down on the sofa as she desired; but he would retain his grasp of her hand. In a very few minutes she was able to release herself, for he was fast asleep. She then retired to her own bed; but her sleep that night was not so sound as that of her husband.

Next morning Harry awoke early. It was some time before he could understand why he was lying there. When he did recollect some of the incidents of the preceding evening, he guessed how it had been with him. His situation was exaggerated in his imperfect recollection, and he was filled with horror and dismay. "*How should he face Mary again? he never could!*" Everything was quiet in the house: she must be still sleeping upstairs; but she would be coming down soon to prepare his breakfast, for he had to be at his work early. No, he could not meet her *then* at any rate. He rose without noise, and being already dressed, he stole from the house. After washing his aching head in a neighbouring stream, he went at once to his work, and tried, by labouring hard with his spade, to drive away his torturing thoughts. Poor fellow! it was in vain. The agony of his mind during that long, long morning, who may tell? The words seemed to ring in his ears which Mary once spoke: "*If ever I should lose my respect for you as my husband, happiness for both of us would be at an end.*" Had that time now come? Was their happiness (and how very happy they had been) now to come to an end? If so, better give up life at once. He was afraid and ashamed to go home—so afraid and so ashamed, that he even contemplated the idea of running away altogether. But when dinner-time came, he summoned up all the fortitude he could muster, and went to meet his fate. His hand trembled as he lifted the latch of the door, and his face was deadly pale. But Mary was there ready to greet him with a smile as kindly as ever; and her words, "*Dear* Harry, why did you leave me to take my breakfast alone?" were uttered with so kindly an emphasis, that poor Harry could answer only by a burst of tears. He sat down, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a child. Mary, with a little gentle force, removed his hands, and kissing him on the forehead, she whispered,

"Dearest Harry, it is over now, and *I can trust you still.*"

"Bless you, bless you, for that," cried Harry, as he folded her in his arms: "then all is right again."

All *was* right again: Mary's trust had never again to receive the slightest shock. He had learned experimentally to doubt the prudence of that resolution which trusts itself on the inclined plane, hoping to be able to stop at some point in the descent, in spite of the increased momentum. To "*resist beginnings*" was henceforward his wise and solemn determination. He lived to be old and grey-haired, he and his beloved partner; and though they had their trials (for who has not?), in bringing up a numerous family, they *did* lead a good and happy life to the end.

"I often wonder," Harry would sometimes say, "what my life would have been without you, Mary; and I shudder to think of it. Women have a great deal in their power. If my mother had been like you, I don't think I should ever have gone wrong."

"And," said Mary, "if my mother had been other than she was—had she been less careful to train me to do right—what might have been *my* fate."

"We both owe her much," said Harry; "we must pay to our own children the debt due to her."

Then both in silence, serious, but not sad, would look fondly on the young ones, who "grew up chirpingly and multitudinously around them."

### A HOPE FOR IRELAND.

One of the best things—apart from all political complexities—which we have observed for a long time, has presented itself in the correspondence between the Lord Lieutenant, and the Duke of Leinster, with reference to the state of Ireland, and especially the education of its agriculturalists. The proposal of the Earl of Clarendon is fraught with so much importance in relation to the social condition of Ireland that we gladly lay its chief features before our readers. We select (with careful curtailment) some of the more important passages of Earl Clarendon's letter to the Duke of Leinster.—

"Phœnix Park, Sept. 28.

"My Lord Duke,—I think it most useful to address your Grace in your capacity of president of the Royal Agricultural Society, as I believe it is through the numerous branches of that most useful institution, that the agricultural classes can best be reached; and, as I consider the means of bettering the condition of the Irish people, must, for a long time, at least, be looked for in the improvement of the processes adopted in the cultivation of the soil

"I would suggest to your Grace that a number of persons should be selected, possessing sound practical knowledge of the most improved systems of agriculture applicable to Ireland, and of such general education, as may enable them to communicate that information orally in a satisfactory manner; and that those persons should be employed to perform each a circuit through a certain district of Ireland, such as your Grace may decide upon, and to deliver lectures on practical agriculture, to the farming population.

"For those objects, a small number of lectures in each locality would suffice. Your Grace may possibly consider that three lectures, devoted respectively to the demonstration of the advantages—

"1. Of draining and sub-soiling.

"2. Of rotations, and of green cropping.

"3. Of economy of manures and house feeding,

should embody most of the information of which the farmers could, under present circumstances, practically make use.

"Your Grace will probably agree with me, that it would be highly important that these lectures should not be conceived or delivered in an abstract or purely scientific style, unsuited to the habits of thought, and state of education of the agricultural classes; they should be couched in clear but simple language; and might, in some cases, be usefully illustrated by practical demonstrations.

"It is to those remoter districts, where cultivation is imperfect—where the mind of the farmer is depressed—that our efforts should be especially directed, to assist him, by explaining to him the means of his own advancement, which really lie within his reach, and teaching him the modes by which alone they can be made available.

"Wherever a farming society exists, the managing committee of it, may, in conjunction with the neighbouring landed proprietors, arrange a place of meeting, and give such notice as may secure the attendance of the farmers of the surrounding country, and it should be a peculiar advantage to those local farming societies, in connection with your central institution, that, after or between the lectures, there might be discussions or explanations of the matters lectured upon; which should render more definite and satisfactory the information given by the lecturer. In those places where no farming societies exist, and and where, for that very reason, the necessity for supplying instruction in agriculture is greater, the local gentry, who, I should hope would all ardently assist in promoting the public good, might arrange a place of meeting in the school-house—they might give notice to their tenantry—and advise and explain to them the value they may derive from attending such instructions, "I have the honour to be, my Lord Duke,

"Your obedient servant,

"CLARENDON."

Towards the funds for carrying out these operations, Earl Clarendon presents 50*l*, ; and the Duke of Leinster also contributes a like sum. In the communications by the *Times* Commissioner, which excited much attention some time ago, the ignorance of the farmers and peasantry upon matters of agriculture was repeatedly spoken of. May not the movement now proposed contribute to the removal of that ignorance, most hostile to the interests of the Irish nation?

In connection with this subject, it is pleasing to find Sir Robert Peel (as the papers speak of him) "contributing in no small degree to the intellectual gratification and happiness of his friends and neighbours." Sir Robert has been employed in communicating through scientific men, and the observation of practical results, the most approved methods, and the successful consequences of scientific husbandry. Men of all politics have participated in the *re-unions* of Drayton Manor, and the spirit of progress seems at last to have overcome the inertia of once formidable barriers to advancement. Truly, when governors and ex-governors become the pioneers of social improvement, it may be held as one of the indications of the reality of the advance already made.

### EMANCIPATED NEGROES.

The eighth report of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society is full of important facts upon matters relating to slavery, and the cause of emancipation. With regard to the state of the emancipated classes in the British colonies, the Report says:—"The wretched and debased condition of the negroes during the period of slavery, led some to fear that emancipation would scarcely prove a blessing to them; and many predicted that, as soon as the restraints which that infamous system threw over them were removed, they would soon lapse into a state of savage barbarism, and be content with such food as they could obtain without toil, and such shelter and clothing as would barely suffice the wants of nature. The event has wholly falsified the prediction. In no British colony can we observe the slightest signs of retrogression. On the contrary, everywhere we discern manifest signs of progress. The physical condition of the emancipated negro is wonderfully improved, and his moral state and social habits partake of the inspiring impulse of liberty, and the elevating influence of education and religion. No doubt much remains to be done, to perfect the work of emancipation; but it may be truly said, that no people, placed in similar circumstances with them, could have behaved better, or have given larger promise of future excellence and prosperity."

### AN ARGUMENT AGAINST HANGING.

The recent case of Mary Ann Hunt, an unhappy female sentenced to be hung, notwithstanding her plea of pregnancy—is worthy the serious consideration of all who have hitherto been listless to the voices raised against the gallows. Mr. Robert Barnes, Bachelor of Medicine, publishes in the *Times* a case of similar character which occurred in 1833. He says:—"While at Norwich during the early part of my professional education, the similar case of Mary Wright made a deep impression upon my mind. This poor woman, at the assizes holden in that city in the year 1833, in like manner pleaded pregnancy in bar of execution; a jury of matrons was empannelled, and their verdict was—as in the case of Mary Ann Hunt—that she was not with child. Through the active and benevolent interference of the late Joseph John Gurney, execution was stayed; the surgeon of the gaol was directed to examine the unhappy woman; and he ascertained that she was not only with child, but five months gone. At the expiration of the natural term of gestation, the birth of a child proved at once the necessity of appealing to competent professional skill in questions of medical science, and the deplorable absurdity of risking the life of a human being on the uncertain guess of twelve ignorant women, drawn hap-hazard, as the law directs." The question submitted to the jury of matrons in these cases is well known to be one of the most difficult in obstetric practice. And again the futility of testing so serious a matter by a jury of unskilful women, is glaringly manifest in the fact that medical opinion has pronounced Mary Hunt to be pregnant. To keep the unhappy wretch alive awaiting the slow approach to the pains of child-birth; and then to drag her from her infant offspring to meet the terrors of the gallows is now the dreadful alternative. And what may be the effect of these awful circumstances upon the being to whom she may hereafter give birth, time only can show. The probabilities are of a lamentable nature. Does not justice to an innocent being demand that the mother shall at once be relieved from the fear of such a death?

### HOW TO PREPARE A DISINFECTING FLUID.

Much attention has been excited by the discovery of a fluid having the property of completely neutralising the poisonous exhalations from cesspools, drains, and other sources of impurity. From the first we regarded this discovery as of much importance as a preservative of public health, and resolved upon the first opportunity to give a formula for its preparation. This we now do.—

Dry white lead, 2lbs. avoirdupois;
Nitric acid (commercial), 10 oz. avoirdupois;
Sufficient water to make up one gallon.

Put the lead into a large basin or pan; mix the acid with thrice its bulk of water; pour on the lead, and stir well with a stick. When the effervescence has ceased, add the remainder of the water. One part of this solution to be mixed with two parts of water to be sprinkled about rooms; and a pint to a pail of water for disinfecting drains, &c. This preparation the (formula of which has been communicated to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, by Mr. John Fordred, of Hackney), has been found highly efficacious.

### COTTAGES FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES

There is a scheme which has struck me as being a most desirable undertaking. It is the formation of a company for the purchase of land at a short distance from large towns, like Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., whereon to build cottages for the middle classes, each cottage to have allotted to it at least two or three acres of land, so that the occupiers of every cottage might have the opportunity of cultivating a garden, keeping two or more cows, pigs and poultry, and of supplying themselves with fruit and vegetables, and whatever surplus might arise, could be sent to the nearest market. In Liverpool, alone, I doubt not there are hundreds of families of respectability among professional men of limited incomes, merchants' and bankers' clerks, revenue officers, shopmen, and others, who would rejoice at the opportunity of locating their families in some healthy spot in the neighbourhood of their daily avocations. Now that railroads are being formed, affording easy access to any part of the country, the plan I have hinted at might, without much difficulty, be accomplished.

How many rising families might be permanently benefited by the adoption of the plan I have proposed, inasmuch as it would

afford useful occupation for the younger branches of families in horticulture, agriculture, botany, &c., and would certainly form a most powerful means of tempting youth to abandon the cigar, the card-table, the tea-garden, and other places of amusement where so many are first led astray from the paths of virtue and sobriety.—P. STEVENS.

VEGETABLE DIET.

In Page 5 [Annals], we noticed the proceedings of a festival held at Alcott House, Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey, on the 8th of July, for the purpose of gathering together the adherents and friends to a farinaceous and fruit diet, in preference to the use of flesh. It appears that the results of that conference have so far realised the designs of the projectors, that a similar meeting is announced for Thursday, the 28th inst., at the same place. The proceedings are to commence at 11 o'clock, and refreshments, prepared according to vegetarian views of physiological rectitude, will be provided at a moderate charge. Since the former meeting, a Vegetarian Society has been founded at Ramsgate, by a gathering of vegetarians from many parts of the kingdom. Opportune to these movements, a pamphlet of *Recipes of Vegetarian Diet* (Whittaker and Co.), has been published. The recipes appear to be carefully constructed. An article upon the scientific and economic bearings of the question accompanies the work, and from this we snatch a brief passage:— "Science demonstrates that the nutritive qualities of all kinds of food originate in the vegetable kingdom, and that the nutrition of the body can only be secured in a less degree, and in a secondary way, and at far greater cost, from the flesh of animals; while the most striking facts of physiological research have shown, that the ordinary articles of farinaceous and vegetable diet are more digestible than those of flesh-meat."

RAILWAY BUFFERS.

Mr. Sutton is the proposer of locked buffers for railway carriages. These buffers, when a shock takes place, become locked into each other, and thus the whole line of carriages, or those to which the shock extends, will become as immoveable as one body. This invention, if successful, will prevent carriages overturning, running off the line, or being dashed one upon the other immediately upon a collision.

KEW GARDENS.

Progress is making in various improvements at Kew Gardens, a portion of which has lately been applied to the growth of medicinal plants. A Museum of Vegetable Productions is about to be added to the establishment, so that visitors, as well as having the privilege of examining living plants, will see also preserved specimens, and all the various products in every stage of their manufacture. These gardens offer a place of delightful recreation to botanists, and to the lovers of nature in general. They are open every day, from one o'clock to six (except Sundays). The grounds are divided into three portions —First, the Royal Botanic Garden, comprising about sixty-four acres, to which has recently been added the Royal Kitchen Garden of fourteen acres; Second, the Royal Pleasure Ground, 170 acres; and third, the old Royal Deer Park, about 400 acres. The Botanic Garden is divided into several compartments for the convenient arrangement of the various classes of plants, and has numerous hothouses and conservatories containing a very valuable collection of exotics. All the plants are named and classified in such a manner as to afford every facility to the student, and the communication existing between this establishment and foreign countries throughout the globe, is the means of introducing from time to time new and interesting plants, which are cultivated and naturalised for the benefit of the public. During the past year, upwards of 4000 plants of different kinds have been dispensed from the garden. During the year 1841, the number of visitors was 9,174; in 1846, it was 46,573.

THE GIPSY TRIBES.

Near to the quiet village of Farnham, a school for the education of orphan gipsy children, and for the younger branches of those gipsies who have large families, has just been opened. The children will be taught to read and write; and will be trained to the performance of such duties as will render them adapted for apprentices and domestic servants. The building which has been erected for the purpose is commodious, and well-adapted. The expenditure thereon has been about 1,220*l*. The opening meeting was attended by a large number of gentry, patrons of the institution; and, after the preliminary proceedings, about twenty gipsies and gipsy children were regaled with tea, &c.

MALLEABLE GLASS.

Professor Schoenbein, the inventor of gun-cotton, is said to have succeeded in making malleable glass. The invention should rather be named transparent paper; for it appears to be a paper paste which has undergone a treatment by which it is rendered clear and glass-like. Out of this, window panes, bottles, &c., which resist the effect of water, are made. They may be dropped upon the ground without breaking.

GOOD-WILL AMONG MEN.

Elihu Burritt, having returned from France, is again pursuing his mission of Peace and Brotherhood. As heretofore, multitudes gather to hear him. It is understood that E. B. remains in England another year, and that he will, during that time, lay out his best energies for supplanting the war-spirit by the holier influence of love.

THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.

This invention is said to be the nearest appoach yet made to the long-talked-of "perpetual motion." The inventor states that a solid three-feet cube of zinc, and a corresponding surface of copper, placed deep in the ground some distance apart, and joined by a strong wire well insulated and protected from moisture, would institute a source of electricity which would move the pendulum through several hundred years. It is said that these clocks may be moved simultaneously throughout the whole country where wires are laid down for the purpose, so that Greenwich time may be everywhere kept. This would be effected by having a pendulum set in motion by the electric current, which, once regulated, would, by a number of wires, set in motion any number of clocks, and thus each dial would present an exact fac simile of every other dial connected with the apparatus. These clocks will work for years without attention, and may be made of any dimensions. At the Telegraph Company's office are two clocks which have been working upwards of seven months, and not varied half a second during the whole time!

By the telegraph two clocks, being two hundred miles apart, can be compared as accurately as if they were in adjoining rooms. The time required for the electric fluid to travel a distance of 450 miles is so small a fraction of a second, that it is imperceptible.

A NEW MOVEMENT FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Active steps are being taken preparatory to the holding of a conference of the ministers of religion for the promotion of abstinence from intoxicating drinks. It has hitherto been a reproach to the Christian ministry, that, with comparatively few exceptions, they have held aloof from a movement having the strongest claims upon their sympathies, and of which they should have been the ready pioneers. A great effort will now be made, in all kindness and good-will, to awaken them as a body to a sense of duty upon this subject. What! shall it be said that drunkeness swept over the land, ruining health, desolating homes, and destroying souls, and that Christian ministers more than any other class, kept aloof from the application of a simple and effective cure, which, if not commanded, is evidently sanctioned by the word of God?—No, no! the time is come when the teachers of of the Gospel must add one other virtue to their present excellence, and thus increase abundantly their good works. The doctors of physic have pronounced their approbation—let not the D.D's. lag behind. The British Association has opened the way to this great work: let them be encouraged by the hearty support of all who are eager to share in good works while yet it is day. The conference is proposed to be held in Manchester in the month of April, 1848. Let this be steadily kept in view, and let every day up to that time see something done toward the great business then to be consummated.—W.

GHOST SEEING.

Did you ever see a ghost? Well, I'll venture to tell you where the unearthly spectre came from. No matter, whether wrapped in a white sheet, invested in blue mist, creeping like a reptile, or flying like a winged demon; whether peeping between your bed-curtains, grinning through your window, or moving at a respectful distance behind your back; whether all head, or tail; having the external shape of a monkey or a magpie—no matter: these ghosts are a long and varied progeny of one parent—the offspring of one cause. Hearken!—you have been abusing yourself; drinking too much, eating gluttonously, vexing over imaginary ills, prostrating body and mind to the pursuit of worldly gain. Or you have been sluggish, suffering faculties which should have been exercised upon proper objects, to sink under the *ennui* of ignorance and inactivity. You have either done too much or too little. Bear it in mind then, that ghosts originate in disordered stomachs, bewildered brains, diseased eyes, and morbid appetites, or half-torpid senses. And when next you see a ghost, calm yourself, and look back a day, a week, a month, or a year, and you will not fail to discover that the spectre brings neither "airs from heaven, nor blasts from hell," but just a friendly hint from your inner-self to your outer-self to be wiser and better in the future than you have been in the past!—P.

MAIN-SPRINGS.

M. Laugler has conducted a series of experiments to ascertain the proportions of metals for the production of compensation clocks to keep true time. The following is said to be the result: iron, 100; copper, 135; zinc, 109; platina, 147.

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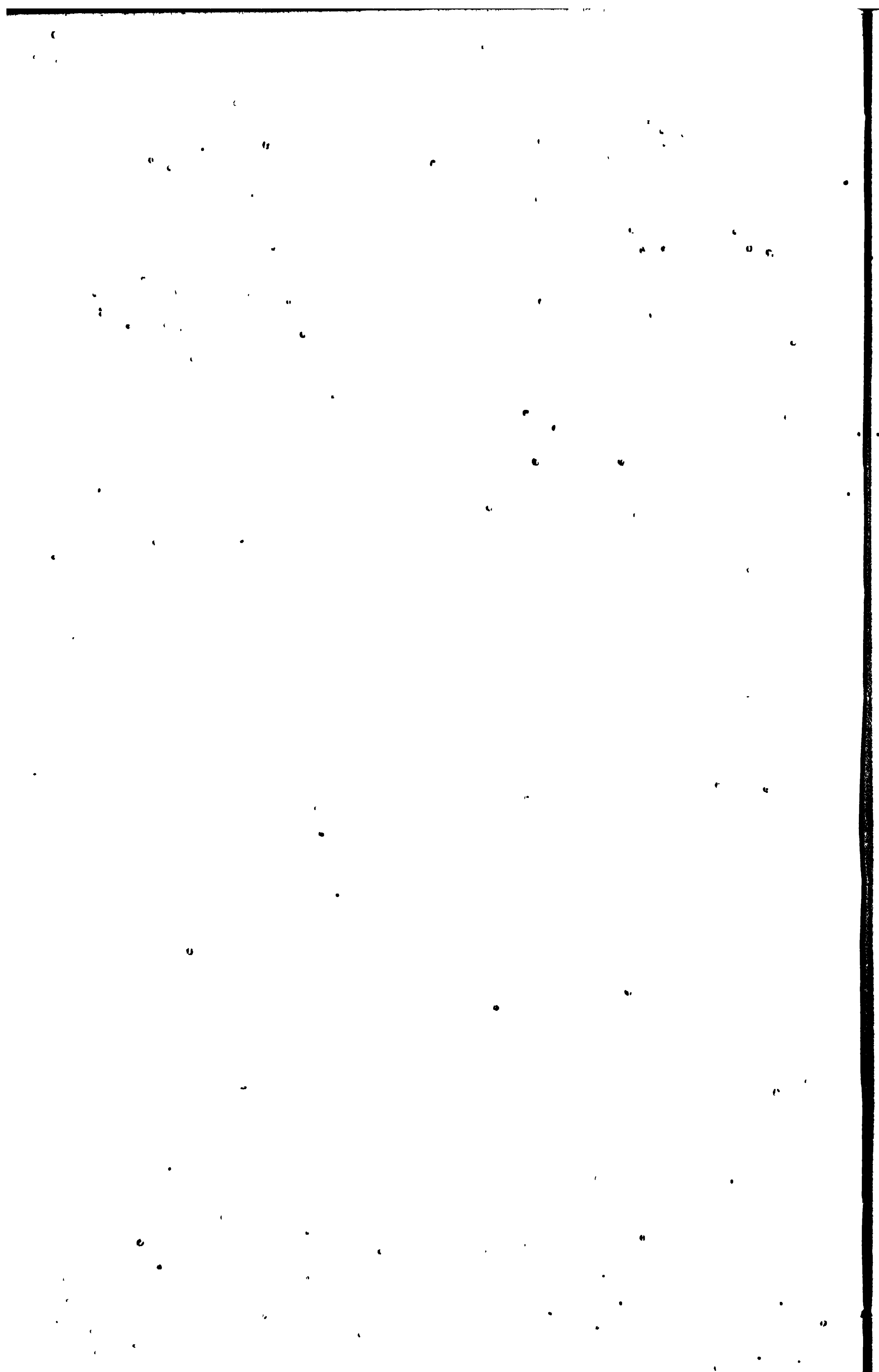
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BELISARIUS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GERARD IN THE LOUVRE



## BELISARIUS.

The preceding engraving is from a picture by the celebrated Gerard, in the Louvre, and is founded upon the ancient tradition of the fate of Belisarius, whose history is of much interest, and has been rendered doubly attractive by the fiction of Marmontel. Belisarius was a general under Justinian I., and distinguished himself by many signal victories. The times in which he lived were troubled by much anarchy: conspiracies and assassinations were but common occurrences. He is described as having been very brave, commanding in person, and inflexible in purpose. His successes in arms excited against him the envy of other chiefs by whom his assassination was once attempted. Even Justinian himself became jealous of his fame. In 503 a conspiracy against the emperor was discovered, which Belisarius was falsely accused of participating in. Of his ultimate fate there are various accounts. Gibbon states that his life was spared, but that his wealth was confiscated, and he was placed in confinement. A tradition prevails that his eyes were put out, and that he travelled as a blind beggar, guided by a boy, and exclaiming, "Give a penny to Belisarius the general!" The artist has evidently worked upon some such tradition, and it would seem that the boy has set his foot upon a reptile which has stung him, and the blind Belisarius is now compelled to bear his helpless guide.

## Our Library.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH A POEM, BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE. IN TWO VOLUMES.*

The age of the regular Epic is held to have begun and ended, in England, with the age of Milton. There is but one epic poem in our language. Nay, so difficult is this highest and most operose task of the muse, that it is not less true that there is but one epic in Greek, one in Latin, and one in Itallan. There are many metrical tales or romances. Walter Scott furnished six. But the regular-built epic, the noblest, is the rarest form of song. On this truth is founded the belief that the godlike genius fitted to produce that "lofty rhyme," has been so rarely vouchsafed to man, that epic poets are not again to delight the world. Nevertheless an epic poem—aye, and of thirty books—has just appeared, which, still leaving Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, in their unapproachable glory, is, on its own merits, a noble effort of poetical aspiration and power. The extinction of the empire of Ninus and Semiramis, which was founded four thousand years ago, endured fifteen hundred, and fell when Rome only began; whose sway covered nearly all Asia; among whose armed millions the armies of tributary kings were but legions, themselves but subordinates; whose vast city it was a three days' journey to the prophet of Israel to pass through from west to east; and yet whose very site is now blotted out, and disputed; are contemplations of grandeur sublime enough for the epic muse; and we can scarcely imagine them approached by any other. Sardanapalus was the last of the Assyrian kings. It is recorded, sacredly by the prophet Nahum, and profanely by the Greek historians, that the oppressions of Nineveh, under which the subject nations groaned, came at last, because of the frantic and capricious cruelties and gross iniquities of Sardanapalus, to be no longer endurable, and roused the Medes, Arabians, Bactrians, and other tributaries, to a united revolt, already serving as they were in the camps around Nineveh. These assisted, as the poet adds, by an army from Jerusalem, took Nineveh, after a fearful struggle, by assault, when its proud walls and palaces were levelled with the earth, the tyrant perishing in its ruins.

The hopes of the rebels, as they were deemed till they triumphed, were sustained, and their arm strengthened to overcome the tremendous resistance of the Assyrians, and the tributary powers that adhered to them, by the belief inculcated by the Median priest Belissus, that the gods were warring with them, and had decreed the doom of the wicked Assyrian power by their hands. Their vast force when united was commanded by the Median king, the young Arbaces; whom the poet depicts as another Achilles in prowess, and infinitely his superior in mercy and generosity. A more magnificent hero of war has, perhaps, never been described. He is chosen by the acclaim of the other chiefs, and plants the standard of revolt with his own hands.

The poem is necessarily full of battles, alternated by councils of war. Yet although battles can scarcely be varied, or war councils either, there *is* an interesting variety in both, as treated by Mr. Atherstone. On the one hand there is a stirring interest in the conflicts of thousands of chariots, tens of thousands of horse, and countless masses of combatants on foot, with all the pomp and circumstance of ancient war, and a nervous feeling for their various fortune, and anxiety that the right shall prevail; and on the other there is attraction in the diversity of character in the chiefs, and in their sentiments and eloquence, suited with much skill to the existing state of the contest.

To read thirty books seems a serious undertaking; but the seeming is only to those who turn over the leaves and have not yet sat down to the work. Book after book glides away, without being counted by the engrossed reader, as the happy are said not to number the hours. Now the reader is spectator of the gorgeous, but profligate and effeminate life of the Assyrian monarch; of the assembled beauty of Asia, often the daughters of nobles and princes, torn from their homes to form his harem, ready at his nod to wake their lyres, to sing, to tread the graceful dance, to dally with and praise their pampered lord, or to vanish when the whim changes, and the sensualist would be alone. Anon he surveys the glorious halls, the cool fountains, the exquisite gardens of the monarch's palace, the dazzling magnificence and luxury of his garniture of peace and furnishings of a war, his very chariot, blazing with gems like a sun, valued "at a kingdom's ransom." Anon he sees this splended car issue forth as the massive gates are rolled back, bearing its "woman king," now a hero of the fight, into the strongest of the most deadly battle, and that again and again. At last he sees the capricious being stretched on his couch, and madly leaving the failing war to his beaten troops, till his heroic queen dons his armour, mounts his chariot, and sallies forth to the battle to reanimate the soldiers; but, alas! only to be wounded, and borne back to the gates, leaving the costly chariot with its four milk-white steeds, the prize of the "rebel" chief, Arbaces.

* London: William Pickering, 1847.

The fortunes of the army of revolt vary from victory to defeat, and defeat to victory. They are once in full retreat, bearing their wounded chief on a litter, pressed by their insulting foe; and driven from the mountain vantages which they had reached;—yet they retrieve their disasters, and, joined by a vast Bactrian force (arrested and won over by the Medes, when on their march to succour Nineveh, by a stratagem, furnishing one of the most striking incidents in the history,) again assume the offensive, cover the city's plain with their whole strength, fight repeated battles, and ultimately lay the mighty queen of the nations in the dust. They are aided, as they believe, by gods, who river Tigris to such a height as to make a breach even in the giant wall of Nineveh, which give entrance to the victors several squadrons abreast. Their night assault during a raging storm, the lightning illuminating their triumphant way, and the supernatural deadly hailstones, are all described with great force and spirit; while the self-destruction of Sardanapalus, firing with his own hand his gorgeous palace, and with himself, sacrificing its boundless wealth, and all his concubines in the flames, that neither might fall into the hated rebels' hands, form an epic catastrophe altogether appalling. Martin has chosen this awful crisis for his well known picture. The poet saves his generous hero, Arbaces, from the act of destroying the city. He and his brothers in arms essay in vain to arrest the flames and save the inhabitants, multitudes of whom they do save, and shelter in their camp. The doomed city is destroyed by the flames, to which the victors do not add one brand; but which spread around from the torch of the last of the Assyrian despots.

As a specimen of the verse, we shall conclude with the noble and confiding offer of mercy and peace from the victorious chief to the humbled Assyrians:—

At length alone,
His shield, and sword, and spear laid by—his head
Uncovered, and his hands in friendly guise
Extended tow'rd his foes, Arbaces walked,
And stood before them. Silent for a time
And motionless, he stood; his mild bright eye,
And countenance so finely eloquent,
Though pale and sorrowful, from chief to chief
Successive turning. With calm tone, at length,
Not as a victor, but as one who sues
But for strict justice, equal unto all,
Thus spake he—"Wherefore should we longer strive
In wasteful battle? Glory it is none,
To tread out life, the form divine of man—
Of living, breathing, feeling, thinking man,
To change into a clod, a loathsome clod,
More vile than common clay! Could we create,
From the dull earth, one living sentient thing,
Though humblest far of all that breathe and move,
That were indeed true glory. To destroy
Is but the act of the unreasoning brute,
Urged by a blind fierce instinct; to preserve
Is attribute of Deity. And see—
If still ye think of war and glory joined,
How pitiful the boasted might of man;
His sword, and spear, and shield, and armour bright,
His war-horse and his chariot! There they lie,
The strong and weak alike! Who smote them down?
What ever glorious warrior, in the pomp
And splendour of the battle—with an arm
Strong as of banded giants; clothed in mail,
Brilliant as sunshine, hard as adamant;
His eye as lightning, thunder his dread noise—
Who strewed the ground with dead? Alack, alack!
The hailstone, that scarce hurts the butterfly,
A little larger moulded, crushes man;
Strong, valiant, boastful, glory-loving man!
Such, through the simplest means, the power of God.
"Herein, may we not read the will of heav'n,
That our poor war should end? Oh, be it so!
Hard strife hath made *us* victors, and the terms
Of peace ye know. Plain justice must be done;
No more we ask, though powerful all to take.
Then answer me, and let this right be peace,
Firm peace betwixt us; now and evermore."

## THE LOVE MATCH:

### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

By Mary Leman Gillies.

It is a common remark that love matches prove unfortunate marriages, often proceeding in discord and ending in disunion; but on looking into the cases and their causes, it may usually be seen that *love* is not to blame. Rash matches, not love matches, is the true title of the marriages in question; which, instead of being the junction of individuals perfectly loving each other, are usually the union of persons possessed by an intense love of self, which in its strong and selfish action renders them regardless of others—leads them, at the sacrifice of every consideration of duty and discretion, to wilful self-gratification. But all our errors, to use no harsher term, like young chickens, come home to roost, and the breast which refuses just weight to what is due to others, will, sooner or later, have a large reckoning to settle on its own account.

Ralph Clayton and his cousin Agnes belonged to that wayward class of mortals, who are so intent on pleasing themselves, that they see nothing but the one object they have in view for the moment; and this partial vision is almost equivalent to blindness, since it shuts out contingent and collateral circumstances, often of the most vital importance. Both young, both handsome, with lively talent and temperament, they one day "took the wings of the morning," and fled, under an impression that they were deeply devoted to each other, and took so dangerous and defiant a step purely for each other's sake. A very slight self-examination might have disabused them of this conviction. Reflection, however, little embarrassed the light freightage they carried with them on the voyage of discovery on which they were embarked. They had, as a sailor would say, no look-out ahead, and the rocks and shoals were as little apprehended as they were perceived.

Married, and safe from opposition and pursuit, the first sparkles of their champagne draught began to evaporate, and some of their intoxication to subside. The journey homeward, after the Hybla month was over, was a sober affair, compared with their outset; and already, though they were far from perceiving it, the first leaf of the marriage wreath was changing.

Reconciliation to family and friends was the first measure to be considered, especially by Ralph, on whom troublesome responsibilities to baker and butcher must necessarily fall. A well-penned and penitent letter to his father was recognised, after a few days of salutary suspense, by reply and appointment; and the young bridegroom, amid the conflict of many hopes and fears, proceeded to the home of his boyhood. He had not been asked to dinner: that had an angry look; but he consoled himself with thinking that his father would have experienced its mollifying influence, and he knew the power it possessed to allay the asperities of his temper. Ralph was pleased to see some of the social apparatus—namely, decanters and glasses—yet on the table, when he was ushered into the paternal presence; and the reconciling hand which, having shaken his, pushed the wine to him, assisted to dissipate the awkwardness of the first approach.

The exigencies of life are great sharpeners of the faculties. Never had Ralph's perceptive powers been so keenly set as now, when he scanned every line of his father's face. Surprised and pleased as he was at the absence of all severity,

there was a lurking pleasantry in the eyes that disconcerted him. Ralph was painfully sensitive to ridicule, now especially he was all *quick* and on the *qui vive*. He felt that the laugh was against him, as it must inevitably be against one who has incurred obligations without considering the means by which he is to meet them, and whose sole appeal lies to the party whom he has left quite out of the account. A stormy reception, followed by a frank forgiveness, Ralph had expected, and would have preferred to the sarcastic humour which, exaggerating the pleasures and privileges of the change he had made, showed him the price at which it had been bought, and the expense at which it must be held. At length, having sufficiently administered the lash, Mr. Clayton drew the rein, and a pause ensued. Silence, sadness, and suspense hung upon Ralph, for amid the flashes of his father's wit, he had been totally unable to see his way. Mr. Clayton was a fine florid man of five and fifty, with a peculiar shrewdness in his clear grey eyes, which were fixed upon his pale, sentimental-looking son, who sat gazing into the fire as if he there sought to solve the problem of his fate.

"Well, Ralph," at length resumed the merchant, "time wears, and I must not take you beyond your tether."

Ralph had looked up to reply, but his eyes sunk under the comic glance he met, as he murmured that he was entirely at his father's disposal.

"Nay, nay, that is now quite out of the question. However, I have something to tell you, which you must not go without hearing."

Again Ralph looked up, and the change he recognised detained his gaze.

"For your sake, Ralph," proceeded Mr. Clayton, with an unconscious pathos in his tone, "I have, since the death of your mother lived a lonely man. I regarded you as the prop of my house, as the staff of my age; both, in utter disregard of consequences, were suddenly withdrawn. Some tell me I should forgive more to my child than to any other. I think differently. None could owe to me what you do—hence, none could fail to me as you have done. My own practice has been to pay twenty shillings in the pound: I will be satisfied to receive no less. The position here which you knew not how to value, you have lost. You are only nominally my son, and no longer my heir. As long as you are diligent and efficient, you may remain my *employée*, but for partnership, it is now out of the question. I will not, however, close the door quite against you: much will depend upon the future conduct of yourself and your wife. You are now, perhaps, prepared to hear, that I shall marry again immediately."

After this interview, Ralph settled into a mood of most grave meditation. He stood between retrospection and anticipation: in the scales which judgment held, he on one side saw fortune and his father—on the other, his lovely little wife. How the balance was swayed at that moment, we will not inquire, because we fear Cupid was not at his post. Agnes meanwhile had sped very differently: her appeal lay to most indulgent parents; she was a favourite child, and had only to appear to be restored to favour. They fondly went to work, and the young pair were soon established in a graceful home; and, truants as they were, might have escaped any trial worth recording, had they not, with the perverse ingenuity common to mankind, set speedily to work to create misery for themselves.

That opposition of character which usually obtains in marriage, by which the prudent woman counteracts the lavish tendencies of the spendthrift husband, and the grave heavy man operates as a sedative on the too vivacious wife, was utterly absent in the present case. The children of two sisters, and inheriting the maternal character, they were organised singularly alike, and thus, when they set out, as they soon did. on the career of gaiety, instead of checking, they accelerated each other along their emulative course. The love of pleasure and admiration were the predominant elements of their nature. Keenly alive to the charms of novelty and variety, they were equally open to the assaults of sameness; and each discovered the latter sin to exist in the other, without suspecting its presence in their individual person. Such is the self-flattering power of the selfish principle. Continually does it attribute—not appropriate—blame, and *vice versâ* with desert.

Ralph (for awhile restrained—having the fear of his father before his eyes) gradually, in obedience to his own impulses, and the promptings of his beautiful wife, launched out. Mutually stimulated, they began to make arangements for the admission of company at home, and making visits abroad—with the consequent claims upon their time and funds but too little considered, if considered at all. While all was in progress, they were the gayest of the gay: alike in taste, the suggestion of the one was sure of the sanction of the other. Thus they began to dig the pit of pecuniary difficulty; but this was nothing in comparison to the gulf of moral disorganisation they were preparing.

There are such intense lovers of liberty, that they desire to keep her all to themselves, and this was precisely the case with Agnes and her husband. Society stimulated in her the lively coquetry, always graceful and never unguarded, which had first caught his fancy, which he imagined had fixed his heart, and which now at least tortured it, since he could not bear to behold her captivating influence extend beyond himself. In like manner, she saw with displeasure the fascinating gallantry which had won *her*, exerting its charm for others; and soon the sparkling *soirée* at home, or the brilliant assembly abroad, amid which they had moved like meteors, dazzling and delighting, terminated for themselves in annoying recriminations and angry disagreement. Fatal to affection, to mutual and to self-respect, were these habitually indulged asperities. In time, they no longer sought the veil of privacy, but under the vindictive influence of a spirit of retaliation, or the sudden access of jealousy, they would taunt and provoke each other in public. Here Agnes had the advantage which a quicker power of repartee and a less sensitive spirit afforded, but the canker, perhaps from that very cause, ate deeper into the nature of Ralph. "Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to *watch* the *success* of our enemy; its wages—to be *sure* of it."

In every path progression is the law; as in an elevated course, the good grow every day better, so in a downward course, the bad grow every day worse. Nor is this all. Neither our advantages or disadvantages are ever confined to ourselves: the bright example radiates, and its lustre penetrates many an unguessed recess, calling often the inert into activity. The malaria of mischief has also its circumference, in which it dispenses a poisonous influence, often striking down those most near and dear. Offspring are, immediately and remotely, the most certain sacrifice, their forming character and future provision becoming the spoil of parental imprudence.

Ralph's children and embarrassments increased annually; still he pursued a course in which adroit expedient was his resource, and ever-recurring misery and mortification the result.

An evening arrived when a double event hung upon the morrow. Agnes was preparing her spare room in expectation of a guest. Ralph was preparing expedients in expectation of an execution. In the respective moods which the current anxiety induced, they retired; the confidence which should subsist between the wedded, had long fallen into desuetude; neither knew the subject of the other's deepest thoughts, that like the secrets of the deep lay buried, while only the light spray of the passing humour, or the surging foam caused by conflict, were thrown forth, leaving the feelings and their source equally unrevealed and unrelieved. Agnes, instead of allowing the disturbed mind of her husband such repose as it might find, commenced one of those curtain lectures which, from their retrospective character, are peculiarly provoking, because they re-open avenues that had been deemed closed for ever, and from which no remedy could issue. She took a leaf out of Mrs. Caudle's book; but Ralph did not imitate the resignation of her celebrated husband. Seized with a sudden irritability, he adopted a most original proceeding: for a second time he carried Agnes off; but it was no further than the spare room, where, having deposited his beautiful burden, he returned to his own chamber, and locked himself in for the rest of the night. With the early morning he rose, and without waiting for breakfast, left the house.

Strange to say, Agnes had been so struck with the comic character of her husband's explosion of temper, that when left to herself, she yielded to irrepressible bursts of laughter, and in expectation of punishing him, resolved not to appear to breakfast till midday.

She too literally fulfilled her intention; for the activity of her mind, and the beauty of the summer's night, (for she had drawn the blinds to allow herself a view of the moon,) had kept her awake till just as Ralph was preparing to rise; and then, and for some hours after, sleep settled up her eyelids. When she awoke, she was more surprised and distressed to learn the time, than her husband's departure. She hurried into an elegant dishabille, and with one of her children, a boy about four years old, went to the morning room to take her breakfast; in the midst of which, Mr. Grantley, the expected guest arrived. His apology for his too early arrival, and the manner in which it was met, set them more agreeably forward on the road to acquaintanceship, than the more formal meeting which was to have taken place at dinner could have done. Agnes, with her habitual facility and desire to please, impressed him as a most captivating woman, and as he sufficiently evinced the impression she made, and had requisites of person and address himself, the extempore breakfast passed pleasantly, till turning to check her little son for some rudeness, she remarked to him—"You should *never* contradict any one."

"Why, *you* contradict papa!"

Agnes felt the unpremeditated reproof so strongly, that she rose and left the room. The visitor, amused, perhaps inquisitive, then turned to the child, and to elicit him still further, drew him into talk, and asked him if what he had stated were really the case?

"Yes!" said the little fellow, "and then papa '*says swear*,' and stamps his foot so, and tells mamma he won't bear it."

In the midst of this recital and its accompanying pantomime, Agnes returned; the mood she had tried to conquer recurred, an incidental circumstance had just moved her with a feeling of apprehension regarding her husband. Altogether, chords of her nature were touched that vibrated acutely, and the tears were in her eyes as she looked at her little son. A child of the quickest sensibility, he perceived it immediately, and, rushing to her, climbed into her lap, kissed her, and folding his arms about her head, pressed it upon his bosom. These rough, rash proceedings, for he was a fine, robust fellow, brought down her hair, and, with the mobility peculiar to her character, she passed from tears to laughter. A more beautiful picture was never perhaps presented to the eye than she and her boy exhibited, and sensations of pleasure and admiration held Grantley a mute spectator. Folding her child to her heart she called him her little monitor, and with a beautiful variety of expression and colour in her face, as pain and pleasure from a variety of feelings moved her, she for a moment forgot everything, but the sweet loving thing that clung to her, his father, and her own faults to both. An irruption of the rest of the children completed the scene. The spell that had fallen upon Grantley was broken, he was soon engaged in a general scrambling game of play, which secured him the spontaneous goodwill of the little group, and in the midst of the sweet confusion, Agnes made her escape.

She paused to look at Ralph's portrait as she passed the drawing-room to go to her own chamber. It had been taken immediately after their marriage, and was full of the fire and fondness that then characterised him; her heart, fresh from the presence of his children, and the emotions they inspired, sprung towards him; and she promised herself the moment he returned, to rush into his arms, avow her sense of her faults, and entreat him to join her, and strengthen her in a course of amended conduct.

The day wore on: she dressed for dinner: the hour for it arrived and passed, but no Ralph appeared. At length it was served, but so far as regarded her, went away untasted. In like manner came tea-time, and bed-time. The self-accusing spirit which had been present with Agnes in the morning, now changed to some feelings of resentment; but when the night began to wane, these again yielded to fear, and fear awakened love. Still, from hour to hour, hope whispered of Ralph; in every sound she anticipated his approaching step, and the noise died away in disappointment only for fancy to renew it the next minute. In intervals of tears and prayers the night passed. Mr. Grantley, when they met in the morning, felt new motives of interest and admiration in her pale cheek, her tearful eyes, and evident langour. He dispatched messengers in various directions, and went forth himself for the purpose of inquiry; but another day closed, and no tidings could be gained of Ralph. Day succeeded day, but he did not come. At length Mr. Grantley penned, from the dictation of Agnes, an advertisement, entreating R. C. to return to his distracted wife: it appeared in the *Times* again and again, without avail.

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune;

so is it also in affairs of mind. Had this period of suffering, during which Agnes endured suspense and remorse, instituted self-examination, reviewed the past, and made it bear upon the future, discerned the effects of various follies, and resolved

on many reformations—had her nature been taken then at "its flood"—had Ralph returned to her similarly impressed, or even with his heart merely open to receive her, in her tears, her truth, her contrition, her renovated love towards him, her awakened sense of her duty as a mother—it would have led to happiness; a new existence would have been born out of her convictions, for both. It was not so; and the rest of life to each was "bound in shallows and in miseries."

The execution, which had been delayed, was put in, but it fell feebly upon one who already succumbed to a severer blow. Agnes learned that Ralph was stained with the guilt of infidelity—had ruptured the tie which bound him to her, to yield himself to a vagrant connexion. The passion consequent on this event, swept away like a hurricane, all the softer, brighter emotions of her nature. Pride and resentment rose in array against her husband; but, like mercenary troops, they were fatal to her they appeared to serve, for they betrayed her to revenge and retaliation: these prompted the first steps of her descent from the moral altitude she had hitherto held. Grantley, from the first, the sympathising assiduous friend, changed almost imperceptibly to a more dangerous character; the very contrast he presented to her legal, but apostate, protector, had its power; and in time Agnes felt it—and fell.

Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting.

Ralph and Agnes had set out with the first and ended with the last. Thus they completed the sad circle of their lives and added another to the unhappy list of the, so called, love-matches.

## CROSSING THE DESERT.

By Index.

[Let me beg the earnest attention of all readers to the following paper. I have reason to believe it an under rather than over-coloured picture of what the writer has recently passed through, and which altogether forms but an indication of the ordinary state of millions of our fellow countrymen.—Ed.]

Sahara is not the only desert in the world. There are others as broad, and over which it is quite as dangerous to travel. This little island of ours is as much a desert to the unfortunate wretch who is under the necessity of travelling over it without money as the most dreary wastes of the African continent. Having become acquainted with these truths through the most impressive of all teachers—experience—I will just jot down a few of the incidents that occurred to me during a late journey that want of work compelled me to take over about four hundred miles of this moneyless man's desert.

When I say that I am a hand-loom weaver, it is scarcely necessary to add that I received no education but what the streets afforded; for as soon as my arms were long enough to reach the wheel I was set to wind bobbins, and when my day's work was done, if that was not very late, I *went to school in the streets.* To repeat any of my lessons would be merely to tell what thousands are are at this moment being taught, and would be uninteresting even to those who are most anxious to bring about a state of things in which education shall be universal. At fourteen I was put to the loom, and at sixteen was left to shift for myself as I best could. Time wore on, and as I mixed amongst my fellow workmen I often regretted that so few of us should be able to write. I determined that I would not long remain amongst the extremely ignorant, so I joined the Mechanics' Institution, and I almost invariably finished my day's work in its class or reading room. I soon found that books and periodicals were cheaper than beer and porter, and with the money that I had previously spent at the tavern I was enabled to wear a better coat, and put on a clean shirt oftener than some of my neighbours. This had the effect of exciting the jealousy of some of my shopmates so much that I was nicknamed the gentleman.

Such was my position when I was turned out of employment with several others to do the best we could for ourselves. If we could live without food all well and good; our master had no objection to that. We had been so industrious, and had supplied the wants of other people so abundantly, that we were considered worthy of being rewarded—perhaps in the best manner our master could reward us—with a period of leisure and—starvation. Of course we could not blame our master for not wanting us, nor for the misery consequent upon our forced idleness. It was our duty to be thankful for the promise that he would employ us again as soon as his customers wanted more goods; but I could not help reflecting on the strange social anomaly that the promise indicated. The people who did us the honour of wearing what we produced had got plenty, therefore we must be stinted in our food. If they were more economical than usual the longer would our destitution continue, and the more extravagant they were the sooner might we have the happiness of ministering to their folly or their pride.

Having waited patiently until I had disposed of my small stock of clothes, an article at a time, I determined upon seeking my fortune elsewhere; and after selling my books—the dearest treasure I had ever possessed—for about one-tenth of their cost, I started off with a sovereign in my pocket, which, with a change of linen, constituted my whole property. I thought I was secure from want until I could obtain employment; but alas! my sovereign did not last long. I was dressed too well for a tramp. The people wherever I stopped seemed to think I looked respectable enough to pay well for what I had, and they made their charges accordingly. The first night's lodging on the road cost me a shilling, while a fellow lodger in the same room told me, as we started together the next morning, that he had been charged fourpence. I began to envy the poor fellow his mean appearance, and almost wished I could change clothes with him. I found that if a workman in the country wishes to appear respectable and is under the necessity of travelling in search of work, he must not only pay for his clothes, but he must also pay a tax for wearing them. I thus travelled on, day after day, inquiring for work where I thought there was the most remote probability of obtaining any, until my sovereign was reduced to a few coppers, and I began to tremble for the consequences of being in a strange land with the appearance of respectability without having the proof in my pocket. Go on, however, I must; for to go back was to go where I knew I was not wanted. There was a vague hope of something before me, but how far distant that something was I had not the slightest shadow of an idea, and I trudged on with the injunction of the "Wandering Jew" ringing in my ears, "Go on! go on!" At dusk I found myself entering a large town, and, examining my pockets, the whole stock of cash I could muster amounted to threepence-halfpenny. I had not eaten since the morning, and I had

walked nearly forty miles during the day. To spend my few coppers for food would be to make the streets my lodging for the night—a worse punishment than going to bed with a craving stomach. I therefore sought a shelter, and was lucky enough to find one on the first inquiry. The price of my bed would be threepence, which I took the precaution to ascertain at first, lest my pocket should not reach the demand upon it. The place I had selected was a quiet-looking public-house, and I took my rest in the corner of the kitchen, almost ready to faint with hunger and fatigue. The landlord and landlady were at tea, and before I had been many minutes in the house, a young man came in for a pint of beer, and was invited to take a cup of tea. He excused himself, on the ground that he had just had tea; but, after considerable importunity, he sat down to the table. He ate his bread and butter as if he would much rather have been without. I was famishing. A bit of bread would have been to me a luxury. No matter, he was pressed to eat against his will, while I was ready to weep with hunger. I begged a little water—the only thing I had courage to ask for—and went to bed. In the morning I asked the landlady to let me have a bit of bread for my remaining halfpenny, and I started of with the bread in my hands to walk another forty miles. At that distance, I had reason to believe, an acquaintance was residing, and I managed to reach his abode at night, more dead than alive. He was also a weaver, working for about nine shillings a week; and when he handed out the best fare he could—some bread and a little water—I enjoyed it like a feast. He provided me with lodgings for the night, and I shared a scanty breakfast with him the next morning of bread and warm water coloured with a few grains of coffee; but I plainly perceived that every mouthful I ate was so much taken from an extremely scanty pittance, and that his wife and children (he had two children) would have to go short before the week's end. There was no chance of obtaining work there, so that I had no alternative but to go on again. I started, and, after a day of indescribable fatigue, arrived at a market town where a few of my own trade were employed. I knew no one; and when I came to visit one or two of the weavers, I found them so miserably poor, that asking them for assistance would have been something like insulting them. What was I to do? I had no money, I had no friends, I knew not where to turn for an act of kindness. I inquired for the relieving officer, having made up my mind to a night's lodging in the union workhouse. I was directed to the officer's house, but I walked past; I had not courage to enter. I returned and stopped at the door, but in another second I was walking as rapidly as my sore feet would enable me down the street. "No!" I thought, "I will not submit to such a degradation, I will beg rather;" and just as the thought crossed my mind I overheard a number of voices in a public-house I was passing. They seemed all joy and hilarity. "I will beg here," whispered I to myself, and I placed my foot upon the doorstep. The door opened and I walked down the street as if I had been detected in some dishonest action. "If I beg," thought I, as I hobbled down the street, "I shall be taken up and sent to prison as a vagrant." It then occurred to me that I could sing, and I walked on with a heavy heart practising a merry air that had often cheered me at the loom. I returned with the full determination to make my *debut* where I had heard so many merry voices. I arrived at the spot, but could not enter, and again passed the door. At least a dozen times did I walk backwards and forwards in the street before I could muster courage enough for my purpose. At length I entered, feeling (to use a simile of Byron's) as though a thousand wild horses were harnessed to every heart-string.

I sung with a trembling voice my first song, and was encouraged with a round of applause. I then collected the contributions of the company, and at their request sang another song before I departed. On getting into the street and counting my gains, I found I was master of the magnificent sum of fourpence; I was elated with my success, but was too much fatigued to follow it up, even if I had had the inclination. I therefore sought a lodging, as before, in a public-house, after spending a penny for a bit of bread, which I ate as I walked the streets. On going to bed, I begged the landlady to accept of twopence for my lodging: she looked at me as if she felt very much inclined to order me to be kicked into the street. She never took anyone in for less than threepence, and very cheap too. I told her my circumstances,—that I had only the amount she demanded, and that if she took the whole, I should have to start in the morning without a farthing in my pocket, and without a mouthful of bread. "Aye, aye," said she, "it's all very fine, we often hear tales like that, but it won't do here," and she drew back from the stairs up which she was about to light me, with the air of a woman upon whom a deception had been attempted to be practised, and she had proved quite competent to the task of detection. I hastily paid my threepence, and followed my kind landlady up stairs. She lighted me into a room with three beds in it; and as she closed the door upon me, I heard her mutter "they don't jew *me*." I went to bed wishing that I was in a real, recognised desert, instead of in one where everybody seemed to have plenty, and some much more than their necessities required, while I alone was in want of a bit of bread.

My reflections, however, did not prevent me from sleeping. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" was never more welcome, and I slept soundly until the morning dawned. I arose, and in a few minutes was again on the road, going at the rate of two miles an hour, and wishing I could lie down and die. I again thought of begging, and every time I passed a house I determined I would ask for a bit of bread at the next; but when I reached the next, my determination had invariably evaporated. I thus travelled on several miles with quite courage enough to beg while there was no one near to beg from: but the sight of a house was quite sufficient to damp my bravest determinations. I at length ventured up to the door of a neatly-furnished house by the road-side, and asked for a little water. While drinking the water, I had observed a large loaf on a table, and on returning the vessel, I asked for crust of bread. I was answered with "we've none to spare master, we hav'nt enough for ourselves." I turned away in complete despair, without even thanking the woman for the water.

I was by this time within twenty miles of London, and I decided upon making my way thither as speedily as I could. I reached the great city before dark; and having with me the address of a former fellow-workman, I inquired my way to his abode. Having found him, I was welcomed in the best manner his means afforded, but still no probability of employment. I will pursue my narrative no further! I have put down a few of the miseries I endured as a consequence of want

of employment. I could multiply them a hundred-fold without exceeding the truth, and even then, fall far, very far short of telling the amount of suffering endured by others. I have been one of the more fortunate of weavers, but I could not stand against a three months holiday. I saw my fellow-workmen who had families, following each other day after day to the workhouse; but what would the authorities there say to a single man who applied for relief? He would be quickly told to go and get work, notwithstanding the fact that nobody wanted him. And the workhouse is the last place that an independant spirit wll resort to; nay, there are those who would die of starvation rather than submit to such an alternative. In the course of my journies I have often asked why the punishment I was enduring should be the lot of those who had committed no crime? And I could not help concluding that there must be something wrong in the social system that at any time makes starvation the lot of the industrious.

## SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE OF DENMARK.

By Mrs. Percy Sinnett.

### No. IV.—The Ditmarshes.

Opposite to the islands of the Frisian Archipelago lie, as our readers know, the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, which the disagreements between the king of Denmark and his subjects of these Duchies, have occasioned to be so frequently mentioned of late—and the strip of land forming the western coast of Holstein, from the river Eider to the mouth of the Elbe—is the famous country of the Ditmarshes, concerning which history once had much to say, though she has now been silent for hundreds of years. It is defended from the sea by dykes—solid earthen walls of about five-and-twenty feet high, and a hundred feet broad, nearly perpendicular on the land side, but sloping down very gently to the sea.

The traveller, as the wheels of his carriage roll along the top of this wall, which forms the high road, looks down on one side on a rich plain lying sheltered behind it, and covered as far as the eye can reach, if it be the right season, with all kinds of corn growing thick and high:—yellow ears of wheat hanging down heavy with their rich freight; barley waving softly in the breeze, mingled with oats and beans, and stretches of bright green grass dotted all over with the rich browns, and yellows, and whites of the grazing cattle, and on the snug red brick farm houses of the owners of the soil scattered about amidst this scene of abundance, each on its elevated embankment, and peeping out from their green environment, little isles of verdure, bushes, and low shrubs and blossoms, amongst which crimson stocks, and pinks of all all sorts of gay colours and delicious fragrance, are especially conspicuous.

But let him look down on the other side, and he sees only a wide, grey, watery waste, in everlasting restless motion; and a long line of surf showing its white teeth, and dashing against the dyke as if in rage at the obstacle thus opposed to its destructive force. Here, seals and porpoises, and all the uncouth monsters of the deep—there, quiet grassy meadows and comely cows, and the abodes of man surrounded by all the signs of peace, and comfort, and prosperity.

But woe to these quiet, rural, homesteads, if their old insatiable foe, besieging their earthen fortifications, and ever seeking what he may devour, should find means to make a breach in the dyke, or succeed by uncommon exertion in throwing his waves over it.

A few minutes would suffice to change the fertile plain into a sea covered with the ruins of human dwellings and the corses of the unburied dead.

The inhabitants of these rich marshes are a remnant of the most ancient Saxon race; but not content with the unquestioned respectability of this descent, some of their own chroniclers have seen fit to trace it up to Alexander the Great. It does not appear that under this name, of Ditmarshians, at least, they were ever mentioned by any of the ancient British writers, though nothing is more probable than that from their country came many of the chiefs who followed the standard of Hengist and Horsa to our shores.

From the name of Charlemagne, which throws its beams so far around in the darkness of his age, is shed the first light that falls on the early history of these people. He, or some say his son Louis the Pious, founded a church in the village of Meldorf—which is now one of their two towns—and the Ditmarshians still revere his mighty shade, as that of the founder also of their many hundred years of freedom, since he bestowed—according to their account—many high privileges on their ancestors, in reward for their valour: but this may be considered to "want confirmation."

In the eleventh century we find the Ditmarshians nominally subject to the Archbishops of Bremen, as their feudal superior; but living, in fact, in almost perfect freedom. They had from time to time many severe contests to maintain, as well with the counts of Stade, as with those of Holstein, and the king of Denmark; but after an important victory gained in the beginning of the thirteenth century, they remained nearly three hundred years longer, subject to no other authority than that of the archbishop, whose yoke was as easy as that of the German emperors in the Imperial Free Cities, being almost limited to the levy of a certain small tribute. In all other matters they were left to govern themselves by means of popular assemblies, which ultimately obtained so much authority as to give to the Marshes the character of an independent republic. They concluded treaties with princes; sent embassies to the emperor and the Pope; and received them in return; raised troops, and even carried on war, without troubling the archbishop.

In the year 1447, in consequence of internal disputes among the great families or clans into which society in the little republic had become divided, it was agreed that forty-eight men, from the most distinguished races, should be chosen as the administrative and judicial authority of the country; but the legislative power still lay with the great assemblies of the people at large. In the town of Heide may still be seen one the of spots appointed for these meetings—a great open square planted with rows of trees.

The whole country was also divided into parishes, each parish constituting a little republic in itself, and managing its own affairs in the most independent manner, unless where the arrangements of any one might be thought to clash with those of the whole community; in which case the parish must submit to the necessities of the general welfare.

The "forty-eighters," or the forty-eight Regents, as they were called, gradually drew almost all

power into their own hands, and retained it till the fall of the republic of the Marshes, in 1559; though even up to that time, the people had the right of being present at the meetings of these "forty-eighters," and of signifying their approval or displeasure, and even occasionally of speaking.

A fragment of these old free institutions is still visible in the peasant tribunals which exist in the Eidermarsh and other places, where twelve peasants administer justice, under the presidency of a judge, and decide all cases of dispute; but they differ from a jury in being chosen for life; and as these tribunals now sit but once a year, they often occasion causes brought before them to be protracted to an immoderate length.

In one respect the condition of the country of the Ditmarshes has suffered no change; it is still wholly a land of peasant proprietors; and no noble, German or Dane, is to be found throughout its limits. The division of the land is into portions large enough not only for comfort, but even for opulence, though insufficient for the splendour and luxury of a class of hereditary nobility.

The landowners of the marshes, however, resemble, both in manners and habits of life, rather the class of gentry, than any whom we are accustomed to call peasants. Their houses exhibit mahogany furniture, sofas, pianos, and mirrors; the daughters go to balls in the cities which lie near enough; and the sons drink champagne and talk politics.

Among the relics of the grandeur of former days, are some of the houses built by the heads of families, or, as they might be called, the chiefs of clans. One of the most celebrated of these is situated near the town of Lunden, on the Eider; it was built by one Peter Swyn, and his successor, Marcus Swyn, both "forty-eighters," and contains magnificent state beds, bureaux, and presses; rich carving, painting, and gilding, in the style of the apartments of Mary of Medici, in the Palace of the Luxembourg, only still more laden with gilding and finery.

A Jew, it is said, a year or two ago, endeavoured to negotiate for the purchase of these curious relics, on which fashion sets a high value, with a view of carrying them off to London; but fortunately his offers were refused at present.

In the bureau of Marcus Swyn are also many good old books; mostly Latin, in leather bindings of prodigious strength, and the lofty windows of his hall are decorated with many coats of arms of friends of his house; for it was the custom for a long time for friends to have their arms painted on each other's windows.* There are also to be seen stately looking portraits of old Marcus Swyn and his wife, in costly attire; the lady wearing a head-dress that reminds the modern spectator of the occupants of jails and penitentiaries, being in one half of a very dark colour, and the other quite light—a taste that appears to have been national in Ditmarsh.

An old writer gives a chapter on the costume of the Ditmarshians, in which he traces the gradual progress of luxury in dress, and shows how the men wore first leaden buttons, then brass, then small silver ones, and finally, large silver and silver-gilt; how from simple hooks and eyes, they proceeded to silver clasps; and how the women, who had been at first content to clothe themselves in stuffs woven at home on their farms, afterwards required Flemish and English cloth, and silk, damask, and velvet; and even this ultimately embroidered with roses and acorns.

From all this it will be evident that the Ditmarshians can only be considered as peasants, inasmuch as they carry on agriculture for a subsistence, and live on the lands which they themselves cultivate.

In the recent disputes with the king, they have expressed the utmost determination to remain Germans, and to resist a more thorough incorporation with Denmark: and this, not as some people unacquainted with the country seem to imagine, from any scruples connected with the genealogy of the king, nor even from fantastic notions about the "German Fatherland"—though this of course answers very well for after dinner enthusiasm—but simply, or at all events, chiefly, that Hamburgh is in reality far more the capital of their country, than Copenhagen. To Hamburgh goes their beef and their butter and their corn, and all the other produce of their lands—and from Hamburgh comes their comfort and prosperity; while with Copenhagan they have scarcely any connection, but the political one: so that they have everything to lose, and nothing to gain by drawing closer the ties that connect them with the Danish metropolis.

* Some of the Frieslanders carried a picture of a gruel saucepan, as an armorial bearing. A more significant emblem certainly than most heraldic animals.

## THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

By Hepworth Dixon.

No. I.

THEIR PRESENT ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE CONDITION.

The epoch of the discovery of America was the genesis-time of modern history. It was an age of wonders: an age in which the world suddenly and permanently entered into a new stage of development—in which the old national system of isolation was definitely broken up—the policy and the political maxims of the past surrendered—and in which, for the first time in the annals of nations, history became truly universal in its sphere and character. Its advent was not unaccompanied by other phenomena equally important. The invention of gunpowder, and the adaptation of moveable types to the purpose of printing, slightly preceded the discovery of America, and the Reformation followed quickly upon it. These four events, which give character and specialty to that era, constitute a group of transactions unequalled in individual and corporate significance. Had they been single, or widely separated in point of time, each would have been regarded as a momentous revolution; but coming together, mutually acting and reacting upon each other, they constituted a circle of powers, material and intellectual, which, in moral and political importance, rendered their epoch superior to any age since that in which the Roman republic finally fell, and Christianity was introduced into the world.

The discoveries of Columbus were the starting point of a new order of things. They created a theatre on which a fresh series of social and political experiments might be made—in which original principles of government and national growth might be tested. Europe was already too crowded with her population, and too crippled by her traditional forms, and special rights, and historical privileges, for her children to work out their redemption on their own soil. The seeds of a new life, then beginning to germinate, required a younger soil, a larger space, and freer air, than the old world afforded for their full development.

They were transplanted thither to ripen, and, in process of time, return again to the regions whence they came. Half of this process is accomplished, and the second part is already commencing. American politics have begun to react powerfully upon Europe. The experiments have succeeded, but not equally and uniformly.

The colonisation of the new world was committed to those nations of Europe which were themselves most advanced in power and civilisation—to England, to Spain, to Portugal, to France, to Holland—and on a scale sufficiently large for each to develop its particular genius, laws, and language without hindrance. Spain occupied the finest portion; Portugal the next; England perhaps the third. Still there was free scope for each and all. The colonies of the different nations moved, if at unequal rates, in lines nearly parallel. For a long time, they followed the fortunes of the parent countries. They exerted no independent political influence. European revolutions continued to be world-revolutions; and the incipient states changed masters according as the distant tide of victory rose on one side or the other of the European belligerents.

The revolt of the English colonies, and the establishment of the first American republic, put an end to this subordination on the northern continent. The example was soon followed by the dependencies of Spain and Portugal. Those of the former adopted the republican form of government. those of the latter, the republican spirit, under imperial forms. It is only fair to add, that the Brazilian government is far more republican than most of those Hispano-American nations which profess to be thorough republics. A system of republics now occupies the sweep of the American continents, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Patagonia to Canada—in the same manner as a system of monarchies covers Europe. A brief indication of the present condition, the powers and the resources of each, will naturally preface our attempt to elucidate the principles which have controlled or contributed to their individual growth, and retarded or accelerated their advancement to power, freedom, and civilisation. Our review must necessarily be rapid.

The American republics naturally range themselves into two separate groups; which are distinguishable in their origin, progress, and present position as the result of the English and Spanish colonial systems. The greater portion of the northern continent is occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race; and there the language, laws, and political genius of the mother country flourish. Central and Southern America own the dominion of a Latin people, and the general political maxims which obtain in the European peninsula. Although the separate states in each of these systems or groups possess every imaginable difference in geographical position, social institutions, and commercial interests, each group retains a special completeness, and exhibits only its characteristic phenomena. Notwithstanding the incessant activity of all those elements of antagonism which liberty engenders, aided by particular differences of religion, of language, and even of political tendencies, the Anglo-American states preserve their integral unity. They continue a united, and consequently a prosperous and powerful nation. In that lies their salvation. The Hispano-American group or groups are the reverse of this. Although bound together by a common interest, a common origin, a common language, and a common religion, they are disunited, broken up into fragments—a series of hostile states, neither commercially prosperous nor politically seture.

The Anglo-Saxon group consists of the following states, with the respective populations as exhibited in the census of 1840, the capitals of each, and the area of territory in English square miles:—

| *Non-Slave-holding States.* | *Population.* | *Area in sq. miles.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Maine | 501,793 | 32,000 |
| 2. New Hampshire | 284,574 | 9,200 |
| 3. Vermont | 291,948 | 9,800 |
| 4. Massachusetts | 737,699 | 8,750 |
| 5. Rhode Island | 108,830 | 1,300 |
| 6. Connecticut | 309,978 | 5,100 |
| 7. New York | 2,428,921 | 49,000 |
| 8. New Jersey | 373,306 | 7,500 |
| 9. Pennsylvania | 1,724,033 | 47,500 |
| 10. Ohio | 1,519,467 | 39,750 |
| 11. Indiana | 685,866 | 36,500 |
| 12. Illinois | 479,183 | 57,900 |
| 13. Michigan | 212,267 | 59,700 |
| Wisconsin Territory | 30,945 | 95,000 |
| Iowa | 43,112 | 200,000 |
| Total from Non-Slave States | 9,728,922 | 659,000 |

| *Slave-holding States.* | *Population.* | *Area in sq. miles.* |
|---|---|---|
| 14. Delaware | 78,085 | 2,200 |
| 15. Maryland | 470,019 | 11,150 |
| 16. Virginia | 1,239,797 | 66,620 |
| 17. North Carolina | 753,419 | 49,500 |
| 18. South Carolina | 594,398 | 31,750 |
| 19. Georgia | 691,392 | 61,500 |
| 20. Louisiana | 352,411 | 49,300 |
| 21. Kentucky | 779,828 | 40,500 |
| 22. Mississippi | 375,651 | 47,680 |
| 23. Alabama | 590,756 | 52,000 |
| 24. Arkansas | 97,574 | 55,000 |
| 25. Tenessee | 829,210 | 40,200 |
| 26. Missouri | 383,702 | 65,500 |
| District of Columbia | 43,712 | 100 |
| Florida | 54,477 | 55,680 |
| Total from Slave States | 7,334,431 | 629,580 |

This was the raw material of political influence possessed by the United States in 1840. Since that period, she has made immense acquisitions of territory, and rapidly augmented her population. If the rate of increase prove the same during the ten years 1840 to 1850, as it was in the ten from 1830 to 1840, the population at the next census will be 22,500,000; and that in 1900 (that is half a century hence), 80,000,000. The actual territorial possessions of the Anglo-American republic may be thus stated:—

| From the Census of 1840:— | Square Miles. |
|---|---|
| Slave-holding States | 629,580 |
| Non-Slave-holding States | 659,000 |
| Annexed since:—Texas | 301,000 |
| Acquired since:—Oregon (estimated) | 700,000 |
| | 2,289,580 |

To this vast extent of territory, the Californias and probably New Mexico are about to be added—countries which are as yet so little known, as not to have been actually measured. It is probable that they cover an area of not less than a million of square miles: so that the territory of the United States is actually little less than that of the whole of Europe!

This great republic is the paramount state on the American continents, and the third, if not the second, power in the world. And it is rapidly preparing to contend for the first place. It is customary to speak of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, as "the five great powers;" and in diplomatic science to regard these as the only states which are competent to take the initiative in political matters. It is time for us to amend our classification. Nations take rank according to their powers of mischief—a strange standard for a

Christian people in the nineteenth century, but in the logic of accepted statesmanship the only true one. Yet even in this, the United States yield to no power in Europe. A war amongst the great powers is now necessarily a world-war: one that is, or can be, confined to land operations, can only be of secondary importance. The battles which shall in the future create new empires—if, indeed, there be any more such, as we fear there will, although we hope otherwise—must be fought upon the high seas. Nations may now be destroyed at a distance from their centres of government; and those who have command of the ocean are the masters of the world. In naval resources, America is second only to England. It has a territory larger and infinitely richer than that of Russia; more compact and defensible than that of France. It is active, wealthy, and progressive; has no fiscal difficulties to embarrass it, no public debt, no governmental taxation. To the red tapist, nurtured in the diplomatic life of Europe, the United States are a dark and inexplicable difficulty; for, according to all his notions, they ought to fall to pieces for lack of sustaining power—to resolve themselves into a political chaos: and, leaning from ill-considered premises to a false conclusion, he is prematurely disposed to construe any sign of political vitality in that country into an evidence of a tendency to disorganisation. All the more external elements and accessories of political existence in monarchical countries are unknown in Anglo-America—such as an expensive court, a national priesthood, an order of hereditary lawgivers, a vast and costly military organisation, a public debt pressing upon the means of existence, political incompetence in the great body of the nation, and so forth. The Anglo-Americans have none of these European elements to retard their progress; and their governments consequently pursue a different path, and rest upon another kind of foundation altogether to those of the great monarchies. In natural resources—fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, mineral wealth, fine harbours, means of inland navigation—the country of the United States is not inferior to any other equal extent of territory in the world. Her income exceeds her expenditure. With her immense possessions to protect—with her vast frontier line on the west, resting on an uncivilised country—with her large extent of sea and river coast, and commerce on all the oceans to cover, she only finds it necessary to keep a permanent military and naval establishment of 7,500 men each—a total for all purposes of defence of 15,000! or about one third the number of English commissioned officers. To one educated in the midst of the military system of Europe, this would seem to indicate paucity of resources and poverty of defence. Truly, it indicates just the contrary. The Anglo-American republic has no use for armies. In the old world, these costly appendages of power are kept up for *police* purposes—for internal coercion, rather than for foreign defence. Political equals need no standing armies to keep them in order. Free institutions are the best bulwarks. Men accustomed to the stagnation of European political life are startled by what they call the disorder of the States—the occasional violence of discussion on party questions: forgetting, or unable to perceive, that that high manifestation of interest and sympathy is the natural concomitant of freedom, the healthy expression of a national vitality. Ferment is the atmosphere in which the spirit of advancement lives and moves: agitation is the primary condition of its existence. There can be no movement without excitement. The *doctrinaires* of France have inoculated Europe with that false and dangerous maxim, that the first want of a people is *order*—meaning thereby immobility. Austria is the type of this undesirable order. The statesmen of France and Spain are trying to enforce it as the political system in those countries. It is the same thing, under a new form, which cost Charles X. his crown, and cast down the military rule of Espartero. It is a system against which all that is noblest in Europe wars. It is incompatible with popular rights or popular activity. There is happily but little of it in England, and in America still less. What Luther so profoundly remarked of the progress of religion in society, is equally true of politics—namely, that discussion and antagonism are incident to its very nature, course, and purpose.

Although ill-prepared, in consequence of the absence of a large standing army, for aggression, the United States are not left to the mercy of any marauding nation that chooses to take advantage of their pacific disposition. The regular force of 7,500 is but the nucleus of her defensive power. She has an armed and disciplined militia of 1,500,000 men. In the expectation of a foreign invasion, she could equip and bring into the field a force greater than any power in Europe. The naval resources are not inferior. Notwithstanding that her actual armament consists of only 7,500 men, her merchants' fleets are upon every sea, in every clime; yet who ever heard of an insult to the American flag? Many years ago, the Dey of Algiers presumed upon his power and their distance and weakness to injure and insult them, as he was in the habit of doing all the Mediterranean nations: but he was promptly punished for his audacity, and the seamen of the new world first taught the governments of Europe the practicability of exterminating that nest of pirates. France afterwards followed the example pointed out, and gained an African colony. The whole system of naval tactics has been changed since the last maritime war. Such a war would necessarily be carried on now by armed steam vessels, in which the victory would be as often to the swift as to the strong. Next to Great Britain, America has the largest disposible force of this kind. She has 140,000 to 160,000 seamen engaged in her service; and of these, not less than 20,000 are employed in the dangerous whale fisheries in the Pacific—the very best school in which to train hardy and intrepid sea-warriors. More than 600 vessels are engaged in this traffic, and the mere presence of such a fleet, so manned, is an element of no small importance in that distant ocean. With such resources, the young republic has little to fear; its strength combines with its political spirit to make it respected. It would be a rash act in any European country to provoke hostilities with the United States. Happily, this is not likely; the only European powers with which she could well have become embroiled, were England and Russia. All her differences with these, have however, been amicably adjusted; that with the latter country was arranged in the treaty of 1824; and those of the former—the question of the Maine boundary in 1842, and that of the Oregon in 1845. No territorial or other important dispute is now outlying between America and Europe, and it is to be hoped that nothing may arise to disturb the harmony which now so beneficially subsists between those countries, which, on either side of the Atlantic, take the lead in a progressive civilisation.

The parting legacy of Washington to his countrymen has been well respected. The policy of

the States has been one of peace and commerce. With a very trifling exception, she has maintained peace wiih all the world for more than seventy years—the whole of her independent life. No leading nation in Europe can say the same. She seeks commercial relations with the great powers of the old world: but she refuses to contract political engagements with them. With the affairs of Europe she professes to have no political concern; her policy is one of peace and non-interference: but she has never sacrificed a just right in order to avoid a war. Her example in this respect is of value, even in the tangled diplomacy of Europe. It proves that permanent armaments are not absolutely necessary to enforce the recognition of just claims. Without the support of an armed power —in some quarters thought absolutely necessary to successful negociation—her diplomacy has uniformly resulted favorably. Her treaties with Spain, Russia, France, and England, have all been highly honorable. On the whole, her constitution is an eminent success: her administration has been wise and prosperous: and every year consolidates her power, and adds to her young institutions the *prestige* of permanence.

Of the Hispano-American republics we cannot speak in the same high and certain terms. They are infinitely behind their generous rivals in all that ministers to the wants of society, whether it be of a social, moral, or political nature. With all the prime elements of unity about them they are separated into groups and systems, all of them weak, divided amongst themselves, and ready to fall a prey to the first military adventurer who with sufficient brains happens to arise up amongst them. Even the subordinate groups often consist of parts which hang very loosely together. The following table exhibits this chain of republics, with the nearest approximation that can be made to the area and population of each. Where the republics are only composed of a confederation of sovereign and independent states, the names of such states are given in italics.

| *Republics.* | *Population.* | *Area in sq. miles.* |
|---|---|---|
| California | 33,439 | 433,000 |
| Mexico | 6,401,122 | 1,117,000 |
| Central America—*Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua* | 2,000,000 | 186,000 |
| Yucatan | 580,948 | 50,000 |
| Hayti | 933,000 | 29,000 |
| Venezuela | 900,000 | 410,000 |
| New Granada | 1,931,684 | 380,000 |
| Ecuador | 680,000 | 320 000 |
| Peru | 1 700,000 | 480,000 |
| Bolivia | 1,500,000 | 440,000 |
| Chili | 1,500,000 | 155,000 |
| Paraguay | 300,000 | 80,000 |
| Uruguay (Monte Video) | 150,000 | 68,000 |
| The Argentine, or La Plata States —*Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, Corrientes, Missiones, Santa Fé, Cordova, San Luis de la Punta, Mendoza, San Juan de la Frontera, Rioja, Catamarca, Santiago del Estero, Tucuman, Sulta* | 1,700,000 | 890,000 |

In point of fact the Argentine States are all sovereign and independent republics: of these Buenos Ayres is the chief in importance. The government under Rosas is a purely military despotism.

Although all these fine provinces adopted the republican form of political rule on their emancipation from the imbecile tyranny of the mother country, the result has been uniformly unsatisfactory. There is hardly one of them at once free and prosperous. Successful soldiers have generally risen to the high places, and maintain their position there by force. If we run through the whole list, the same class of phenomena presents itself. The example of the Anglo-American republic has been apparently lost upon them. In California there is no regular government; the titular officers are only formidable to the honest settler or merchant. There is no law—no honesty of administration. Mexico—formerly a system of sovereign states, now a consolidated republic—has never been able to enforce any kind of equitable legislation: however blessed by the bounty of nature, it has not known how to take advantage of that bounty. Torn to pieces by internal factions; alternately the prey of its soldiers and government officials; oppressed by a powerful and wealthy priesthood; Mexico fell an easy victim to the first invading force that marched against her. Her future is full of gloom. Her rapid fall before the American army was expected by all who knew her. If, however, she have only the wisdom to imitate the usages of the conquerors, their temporary occupation of her territory may be the germ of her salvation. As soon as the Anglo-Americans capture a town or city, they introduce into it an intellectual police, the instruments of civilisation—printing presses and newspapers;—they repair the roads, make sanatary regulations, and show the inhabitants generally the advantages which result from these contrivances in their increased health, convenience, and information. It is to be hoped that they will not forget these lessons when they return to the responsibilities of self-government. Central America is hardly in a less deplorable situation than Mexico. The five states are in a position of continued hostility to each other. Power is in the hands of military adventnrers. Carrera, a native Indian of low extraction and sanguinary nature, dominates in Guatemala, the capital. Government there is none. The country is wasted with war. Revolutions follow each other every few months. Nothing is secure save insecurity—and the despotism of the temporary ascendants is the more outrageous on that account. The republics of La Plata have long been, and still continue, involved in the most barbarous of civil wars. The same may be said of Peru and New Granada. A formidable crisis approaches in the former. A war of *caste* is at work—always a war of extermination. The native Peruvians long for the re-establishment of their ancient form of government. An intellectual movement has long agitated them; and it is passing rapidly into the political type. They still regard the Spaniards as the despoilers of their country, and by the resuscitation of their old national songs, and the fervour of a new national poetry which has arisen amongst them, they incite each other to patriotic thoughts and hatred of the masters who have ever treated them as slaves. A day of terrible vengeance is probably nearer than most Europeans dream. The native Peruvians, of pure blood, are four times as numerous as the whites of all descriptions. The whites too, belong to the lowest ranks in the order of civilisation—being cruel, cowardly, and depraved, perhaps below the low level of Hispano-Americans. The full consciousness of their power is growing over the aborigines. Arms are being imported largely into the country, and secreted for future use. Europe will probably be thunderstruck with the intelligence of some dreadful catastrophe at Lima, when it little expects it; and perhaps before long.

Chili—devoted to commerce, is in part an exception to the general rule. Of Venezuela and Paraguay the same may be said; but even these

states have had their tranquility so frequently and violently disturbed that they inspire little confidence.

Vices of the same type prevail in each. While the United States of North America have pursued a career of rapid and peaceful prosperity—of internal good government and external security—the republics of Spanish America have been cursed with anarchy and perpetual disorganisation: while the first have developed their national resources, and increased their population so as to have become a leading power in the world,—the others have remained as imbecile as ever, and retrograded rather than advanced in the path of power and civilisation. The relative value of the raw material of political growth and influence, will not explain this striking difference of result—for the advantages in this respect were all in favour of the latter. The causes lie deeper, and yet fully within the reach of appreciation.

## A LETTER FROM FLORENCE.

I REFER you to the newspapers for the account of the *fêtes* at Pisa, Lucca, and Leghorn, because I was not myself present. I will only mention that the three towns agreed to keep them on three different days, the inhabitants of each city wishing to participate in the common joy.

Here, the whole week was spent in preparations of all kinds. Every one was employed in making banners, or cockades, or scarfs—in preparing lights—in preparing food for the 80,000 persons who were expected. They came hither from all the provinces, even from the mountain villages. The Romagnoli came in great numbers. On the Saturday, there began to arrive the Livornese, the Pisani, the Empolesi, the Aretini, &c. At all the gates, there was an incessant influx of bodies of men, entering to the sound of music, marching in platoons in the best order they could. The banners, besides the principal ones which each province had had made to present to the sovereign, were innumerable. On the morning of Sunday, at seven o'clock, in the piazzas of San Marco, of the Duomo, of the Granduca, and Santa Maria Novella, designated by the gonfaloniere for the purpose, the people assembled, to form the order of the march. The windows were already, at this early hour, decorated with carpets, hangings, flowers, banners. I caused seven to be hung out. In the middle, one quite white, with an inscription to Gioberti; on each side, two pontifical ones, then two Sardinian ones, and then two Tuscan ones; which made, I assure you, a grand appearance. At ten o'clock, wearing the cockade on my breast, I went to the Piazza Pitti. The vast galleries of the palace were open to all foreign ladies—that is, not Tuscan; but I would not avail myself of my privilege, because they are too high, and I considered that what might be gained as to the general *coup d'œil*, would be more than counterbalanced by not being able to see the expression of the different countenances, to me far more interesting. It was a fine sight, this gallery full of ladies only, dressed in the national colours, waving little banners, scarfs, handkerchiefs, and shouting as loud as their voices would permit. The piazza had been swept, a body of labourers formed a square, and next to them the artisans were ranged, in files two deep, along all the streets through which the procession was to pass. At equal distances, there were military bands, who played by turns. I found an excellent place at the grand guardhouse, on the corner leading to San Felice, by which one enters Via Maggio. At last, at noon, the ringing of the bells announced that the pontifical mass was concluded, and the procession begun. About half an hour after, the first banner appeared, a rich standard, on which was the inscription—"To the hereditary prince, the desired general of the civic guard," followed by the deputation; then the judges, in their gowns, the professors, the physicians, &c.—but I cannot remember the order in which they arrived. The journalists came with their banner; the Jews, the English, the French, Greeks, Prussians, all with their national flags. It is impossible for me to give you any idea of the exultation, which only ceased showing itself for a moment, to burst forth anew with redoubled force. The ladies threw down flowers, garlands of laurel, which were sought for alike by the roughest countryman, as by the most gallant gentleman. At the sight of the clergy, with their banner wrought by the friars of San Marco, there was one universal *evviva*, one united shout. Capuchins, friars, priests, all walked (they did not march), escorted on either side by a file of youths bearing small flags. All had a motto that made the heart beat quicker. The Grand Duke, with his family, was on the terrace, no longer in the Austrian uniform, but in a blue one. The piazza soon appeared a forest of banners. They had not finished arriving, when the first turned down Via Guicciardini. Among the banners, some were magnificent from richness of decoration, others beautiful from the sentiments they expressed. One, quite white, bore these words, written in black—"God will colour it" *(Dio la colorirà)*; on another was inscribed the words of Cardinal Feretti—"Let us show to Europe that we are sufficient to ourselves *(Mostriamo all' Europa che bastiamo a noi stessi)*; on another—"*Evviva* the Gospel and Gioberti;" on another—"To the victims for the Fatherland:" *that* was most touching. On many was expressed the wish for different reforms.

But I must shorten my tale. The *fête* continued till four o'clock in the morning, all day the streets were crowded—persons embracing, giving the hand of brotherhood. The Jews cleaned and whitened the Ghetto, and put up transparencies, with "*Evviva Pio IX.*" Groups of people never ceased going there to shout "*Evviva* our Israelitish brethren!" They embraced, wept, laughed: it was the most touching spectacle I ever saw. At night, the town was more splendidly illuminated than any one ever recollects to have seen it. But what rendered the *fête* most striking in the opinion of English, French, of all, was to see a population, more than doubled in twenty-four hours, conducting itself with a decorum as if the town had been converted into one vast saloon, and the inhabitants all so many gentlemen and ladies. Not one tipsy person, not one discourteous act, however slight, not a bayonet to be seen. Even the police were off duty. Soldiers, constables, spies—all were dispensed from service. I must leave off.

I just add that many ladies thought of joining together, and marching with a banner, but the idea was dropped. However, there were four Livornese amongst the ranks, strangely dressed in the national colours. Of Neapolitans and Sicilians, only one appeared, bearing a black banner, in token of mourning for the present distressed state of their own country. Many *cafés* have changed their name in order to take the name of Italian patriots, or of Italy, of Independence, &c.

### THE STAGE.

We feel called upon to record the marked improvement in theatrical affairs which now distinguishes the management of some of the metropolitan houses—an improvement which seemed long demanded, and which now promises to redeem the stage from much discredit. The influence of dramatic performances upon the mind and morals of the people is too important to be overlooked; hence, we greet the manifestations of good judgment displayed in the suppression of frivolous and licentious buffoonery, and the substitution of Shaksperian excellencies—the presentation of the beautiful and true in poetry and song.

At the Sadler's-Wells, Mr. Phelps has maintained the legitimate drama in more than usual purity. Adhering as closely as stage necessities permit, to the text of the author, Shakspere's tragedy of *Macbeth* has been presented according to the powerful conceptions of the immortal poet. It required no small degree of courage to at once dismiss the throng of witches and their enchanting choruses, yet this Mr. Phelps has dared to do, and the play loses nothing of its excellence from the arrangement. Three witches, with Hecate, are alone retained, and are sufficient to give the play its full effect. By superior stage contrivances, a supernaturalism is thrown around them which we never before saw excelled. After their predictions to Macbeth and Banquo upon the heath, they vanish from the foreground, and are dimly seen in the distance pursuing their aerial flight, their loose garments and dishevelled hair streaming from them as they recede from the boundaries of vision. When they have totally disappeared, the mists rise and display the first blush of morning in all its peculiar beauty. The scene where the witches stand, working their spells over the cauldron is equally well contrived, and the spectral appearances, as they pass before the view of phrenzied Macbeth, strike the beholder with uncontrollable emotion. The banquet scene is arranged with great effect, and exhibits many departures from the usual stage arrangements. The ghost of Banquo rises at opposite points, and affords to the audience a full view of the struggles of the conscience stricken tyrant, as he writhes under the horrors of a disordered brain. The excitement and dread among the guests, and the anxious struggles of the queen to repress their rising astonishment, was given with the stirring effect of reality. The murder of Lady Macduff and her child (a scene usually omitted), has been preserved, and adds to the enormities of the tyrant in the minds of the audience. In the battle scene, the din and bustle of war are preserved for some moments with surprising energy; and in the combat between Macduff and Macbeth, the latter, instead of being slain upon the stage, is wounded, and falls aside, and immediately the conquerors return, bearing his head upon a pole. These are the chief deviations from the usual stage presentation of this tragedy. Mr. Phelps played the part of Macbeth with great ability. Miss Laura Addison, as Lady Macbeth, laudably exerted herself to maintain a part of which she seemed to have a true conception, but to which her physical powers were barely adequate. Mr. Marston's Macduff displayed many points of excellence, particularly in the scene where he received intelligence of the slaughter of his wife and babes. On the whole, the play was never put upon the stage with better effect. The scenery and costume were altogether appropriate. A new play by the Rev. Mr White, author of *Feudal Times*, has been announced, and will be looked for with much interest.

At the Marylebone, Mrs. Warner, acting up to the same spirit, has been producing first-rate plays, subject to many unquestionable improvements. Shakspere's *Hamlet* was never acted with a greater regard to all its requirements, than at this theatre. In scenery, in costume, and in stage arrangement, nothing was left for the auditor to desire. The ghost-scene on the sea-shore—the magnificent effect of the moonlight upon the moving waters—the supernatural air and intonation of the ghost—was altogether complete, and might be witnessed frequently with increased approval. We might take exception to the acting of particular points in the delineation of Hamlet—but altogether it was a creditable performance. Not one of Shakspere's portraits imposes heavier responsibilities upon an actor, than that of the philosophical prince. Mrs. Warner's Gertrude was on a par with the usual excellence of her characters.

At the Princess's, Shakspere has also held the sway. *Macbeth*, with the usual stage accompaniments, *Henry the Eighth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, have formed the chief attractions. In these plays, the performance of Mr. Macready and the Misses Cushman have formed an unusual attraction.

Mr. Bunn, with the Drury Lane company, has taken to the Surrey, where he has offered the attractive combination of "an opera, a ballet, and a farce, in one night." *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The Devil to Pay*, have been brought out with full effect; and it has pleased us much to find crowded assemblies, admitted to a first-rate performance at a third-rate price, listening nightly to the music of Balfe with all the orderly attention significant of full appreciation.

Not the least matter for commendation, in the management of all these theatres, is the evident care bestowed upon the demeanour of the assembly—in each case we notice a determination to suppress even trifling acts against order and decency. In this resolve we warmly applaud the managers; by weeding the theatre of its abuses, they will contribute largely to the public good, and to their own fame and profit.

### ETHER IN INSANITY, HYDROPHOBIA, ETC.

In the New York Lunatic Asylum, experiments have been made to ascertain the effects of ether upon insane patients. It had been expected that the inhalation of this vapour, especially in cases marked by periodical paroxysms, might mitigate the severity of the attacks, and spare the system from the utter prostration which ensues, and thus restore a sounder mental state. Some have appeared better since they commenced taking it, been more active, cheerful, and sociable. One, who has taken it nine times, seems considerably improved. He was previously dull, inactive, and unsocial, and his pulse but forty-eight in a minute. Since the use of the ether, his pulse has increased to sixty-six in a minute. He is now cheerful and sociable, and works a little. He says he is better, and thinks the ether has benefitted him. A few were highly excited by it. One man, who was in a state of religious despair, after taking it, awoke as from a terrific dream, and in a most violent rage seized the person who administered the ether. He afterwards said that he had dreamed he was in hell, and that taking the ether had sent him there, and hence his rage and violence against the operator. When this excitement abated, he seemed ecstatic with delight on account of the visions he had seen, and the revelations that had been made to him. "I floated away," he exclaimed, "in infinity of space—I have seen a future world. What I have seen has proved the dogmas of religion; unless a man comes up to an iota, it is over with him." When fully recovered from the effects of the ether, he recollected the assault, and begged forgiveness. No injury seems to have occurred from its use.

The effects of ether in allaying the spasms of hydrophobia has also been tried upon an Indian boy, and the result communicated to the *Lancet* by R. Allan, Esq., Staff Surgeon. The boy died, but it was the opinion of all who witnessed the case, that the ether afforded great relief—a relief far beyond any resulting from various other plans adopted in thirteen cases of the same disease. It is satisfactory to learn from a work "On the Inhalation of ether in surgical operations," by John Snow, M.D., that out of a given number of cases, the mortality is *a little below the average after the amputation of diseased limbs.*

### LANCASHIRE PUBLIC SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

On October the 15th, a meeting was held in the Committee-rooms of the above association, to which a number of the friends of progress who were in the habit of communicating with the working classes, were invited. The plan proposed by the association is one which meets very completely the difficulties which have hitherto obstructed the adoption of a system of national education, and is calculated to meet with the warmest approval from all men of enlightened and liberal views in every sect and denomination. The views of the executive committee were explained by Mr. Samual Lucas, who took the chair. The object of the meeting assembled was, to consider in what way the plan proposed could be brought under the attention of the working classes—as the advantages which would arise from the adoption of a system of secular education by the government would be more important to them than to any other class. It was finally agreed that a popular abstract of the pamphlet which contained the views of the association should be prepared, and extensively circulated: and that upon every occasion, where any opportunity was afforded, the views of the association should be brought forward and explained. The greatest interest was manifested by those who attended the meeting, which afforded sufficient proof that the friends of progress in Lancashire, expected good results from the exertions of the Lancashire public school association. Some of the most active promoters of teetotalism in Manchester were present, and expressed their intention in all their addresses to unite the advocacy of education, with that of temperance.

J. B. Langley.

### CO-OPERATIVE EXCHANGES WITH AMERICA.

We have received a communication from the firm of Gilmore, Porter, and Moore, of Cincinnati (the parties referred to by Mr. John O'Wattles in the letter inserted in page 25 of the Annals), from which it appears that they are ready at once to open measures of co-operation with the people of this country. They express themselves ready to make a shipment of corn or flour as soon as they receive instructions that we are in a suitable position on this side the water; and if we purpose sending them manufactured goods, they will send information of the articles likely to be most in demand with them. A copy of the American tariff, and other documents bearing upon international transactions, accompany their letter. May we ask—what are the co-operative bodies in this country doing? are they preparing to reciprocate the friendly advances of the American Co-operators? What is the Co-operative League about? We feel that now some decided steps should be taken, and are prepared to place the communications we have received into the hands likely to make most faithful use of them.—Ed.

### STATISTICS OF THE CHOLERA.

The number of cases in England and Wales in 1831-2 were 61,051; of these 40,473 recovered, and 20,578 died;—thus one out of three cases proved fatal. In the metropolis there were 11,018 cases, of which only 5,745 recovered, the deaths being 5,273—one out of every two attacked. In Ireland, up to March, 1843, the cases amounted to 54,552; of these 33,381 recovered, 21,171 died.

HEALTH OF SHEFFIELD GRINDERS.

In a very able report on the Sanatory Condition of the Borough of Sheffield, by Jas. Haywood, professional chemist, and William Lee, civil engineer (London: Charles Knight), the health of the workpeople employed as grinders is very carefully considered. In the process of grinding, minute particles of metal and stone are thrown into the air, and are inhaled by the workmen, producing disease to a fearful amount—and especially the malady known as "grinder's asthma," of which, at one time, nearly 50 per cent. of the workpeople died under 40 years of age! But the mortality from this cause has been greatly reduced by the employment of the *ventilating fan*, which is placed in a round box, and turned by means of the drum which causes the grindstone to revolve; "a strong current of air is thus produced, drawing the particles of steel and grit-stone from its face, and conveying them away, either to the top of the building, through its sides, or into a vessel of water below." The report makes honourable mention of Dr. Holland, by whose recommendation, at a time when the subject was little understood, the importance of these fans was urged upon the workmen and their employers. In one large establishment, where the fans are employed, dry grinding has been carried on for twenty years without producing the least injurious effect. *The cost of the instrument complete is* FORTY-TWO SHILLINGS, and yet a great number of the dry grinders are without it, although the most ignorant of them acknowledge that if it were used as extensively as it ought to be, the fatal disease called grinder's asthma would be unknown to the next generation. If working men fully estimated the importance of these matters as affecting their best interests, they would all be earnest sanatory reformers.

MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The directors of the above institution, in compliance with the request of several of the artist contributors, have opened the exhibition to the public generally, from seven to half past nine in the evening, at the low charge of twopence for admission and twopence for catalogue. On Monday (October 18), the first night of opening, the room was crowded to excess by all classes, not excepting the factory operatives. Some of the remarks made by the working classes were very appropriate, though, it may be, not remarkable for good grammar. One that we overheard before a large and rather sorry painting was by a factory-boy, who, with two others, was perambulating the rooms, catalogue in hand. After reading the name, and examining it for a short time, the following rather judicious criticism was elicited —"Bigger than gooderer, I think, Bob!" Among the paintings and water-colours are landscapes by J. B. Pyne, Boddington, J. Absolon, Jutsum, Cox, and Maplestone, of great merit; a beautiful figure by Pickersgill; and Samson and Dalilah (a work of some pretensions, though it has its faults) by Etty. Lately have been added, Maclise's "Sleeping Beauty," and Cooper's "Cattle on the Halt." In the sculpture we must not forget two gems by the son of the late B. R. Haydon—"Ophelia Reading," and "Undine,"—worthy of Canova or Flaxman. Of native art we have but little in the present exhibition to boast of. There can be no doubt that such exhibitions have a good effect on the working classes, by the improvement of their taste. We hope, too, that the example may not be lost in the London exhibitions of the next season. In connection with the School of Design of the above institution, female classes have been established; thus adding another means of subsistence to the few now open to female competition. J. H. N.

REMEDY FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.

It is said that a remedy for this disease has been discovered by Eusebing Gris, a Brussels chemist. This gentleman has compared the disease of this vegetable to the chlorosis which attacks the human frame, and the idea suggested itself to him whether applying the very same remedies which improve the vitality of the blood, might not be advantageously resorted to in reanimating the vitality of the discoloured leaves. He accordingly had recourse to application of salts of iron. He watered the plants with a solution of sulphate of iron, containing from 10 to 20 grains of the salt of iron to 1 litre of water, and moistened the leaves with a lighter solution, containing only about 3 grains to a litre of water. A committee was appointed by the Royal Society to test the results of M. Gris's remedy. Experiments were made in various parts, some on an extended, some on a smaller scale. They were very successful. Mr. Gandry, of Paris, was induced to try the remedy on some young chlorotic peach trees, and a fortnight after, when the committee of the Horticultural Society inspected them, they had entirely recovered.

AN ENCOURAGING EXAMPLE.

At the recent annual meeting of the Macclesfield Society for Acquiring Useful Knowledge, Mr. Williams, M.P., stated that he, a short time before, had presided over a meeting having for its object the improvement of poor Welshmen in London, and at that meeting a gentleman came forward to move the first resolution, and spoke as follows:—"Like yourselves, I was in very humble circumstances in early life; my mother paid 2s. 6d. a quarter for my schooling; and as I grew up I went to work with my father at the quarry; and at seventeen years of age, I had saved as much money as to be able to give myself three months' more schooling. At twenty, I went where you yourselves have come—to London—to seek my fortune." At first (said Mr. Williams, continuing the narrative) he served in a mere menial capacity; but while there he availed himself of a little library, and became so clever as to be able to obtain a situation as usher in a school. He then turned his attention to mathematics, and to different modes of calculation, in which he became so expert, that he not only obtained a situation as clerk in one of the first insurance offices in London, but had been applied to from Russia, France, and India, to solve problems which no other man in Europe could solve. That gentleman was Griffith Davies, Esq., clerk to the Guardian Insurance Company. Mr. Williams mentioned this pleasing history to encourage the members of the Macclesfield society rightly to use the great privileges within their reach.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

A patent has been obtained for a process by which artificial stone, of various qualities may be produced. This invention is, from its cheapness, a great advantage for all the purposes of architectural decoration, and from its plastic nature before it becomes hard, of great service to sculptors in taking casts of statuettes, busts, &c., and even of figures of the size of life. The cost is in all cases where carving is repuired in stone, in which this composition is substituted, less by nine-tenths. The invention is founded on the chemical analysis of the natural varieties of stone, and the manufacture is capable of such modifications as are requisite to produce all the varieties. The artificial stone produced is less absorbent than natural stone, and is superior in compactness of texture, and will resist frost, damp, and the chemical acids. It is made of flints and siliceous grit, sand, &c., rendered fluid by heat, and poured into moulds as required till cool and hardened. Its strength and solidity enable it to resist more blows than real stone.

THE PROGRESS OF LIVERPOOL.

A Liverpool paper has published the following statistics of the growth of the commerce of Liverpool. The population in 1831 was 205,964; in 1846 it had nearly doubled, being 358,655. The revenue produced by the corporation property was 45 968*l.*; in 1847, it is 59,336*l.* The town dues were in 1831, 49,332*l.*; in 1847 they were nearly double, the amount being 97,219*l.* The dock revenue, in 1831, was 183,455*l.*, and, although the rates were reduced 38½ per cent. in 1836, they produced this year, 244,435*l.* In 1831 we had 111 acres of water space in our docks; we have 180 acres, with 14 miles of lineal quay space. The shipping of the port was, in 1831, 12,537 vessels; it is now, 20,889 vessels The tonnage of the port was, in 1831, 1,592 436 tons, and in 1847, 3,351,539 The cotton imported was, in 1831, 793,463 bales, and in 1846, 1,134,081 bales. Yet with all this wealth, the home of misery and disease—the most unhealthy town of the kingdom—its gentlemen only averaging 35 years of life, its trademen only 22, its artizans only 15! The average of mortality in all England being only 1 in 45—in Liverpool, 1 in 29; having thousands of cellars whose squalid inmates appear the victims of famine and pestilence. Truly, thou art rich in bank notes and cotton bales: but

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and *men* decay!"

PRIZE ESSAY ON HYDROPHOBIA.

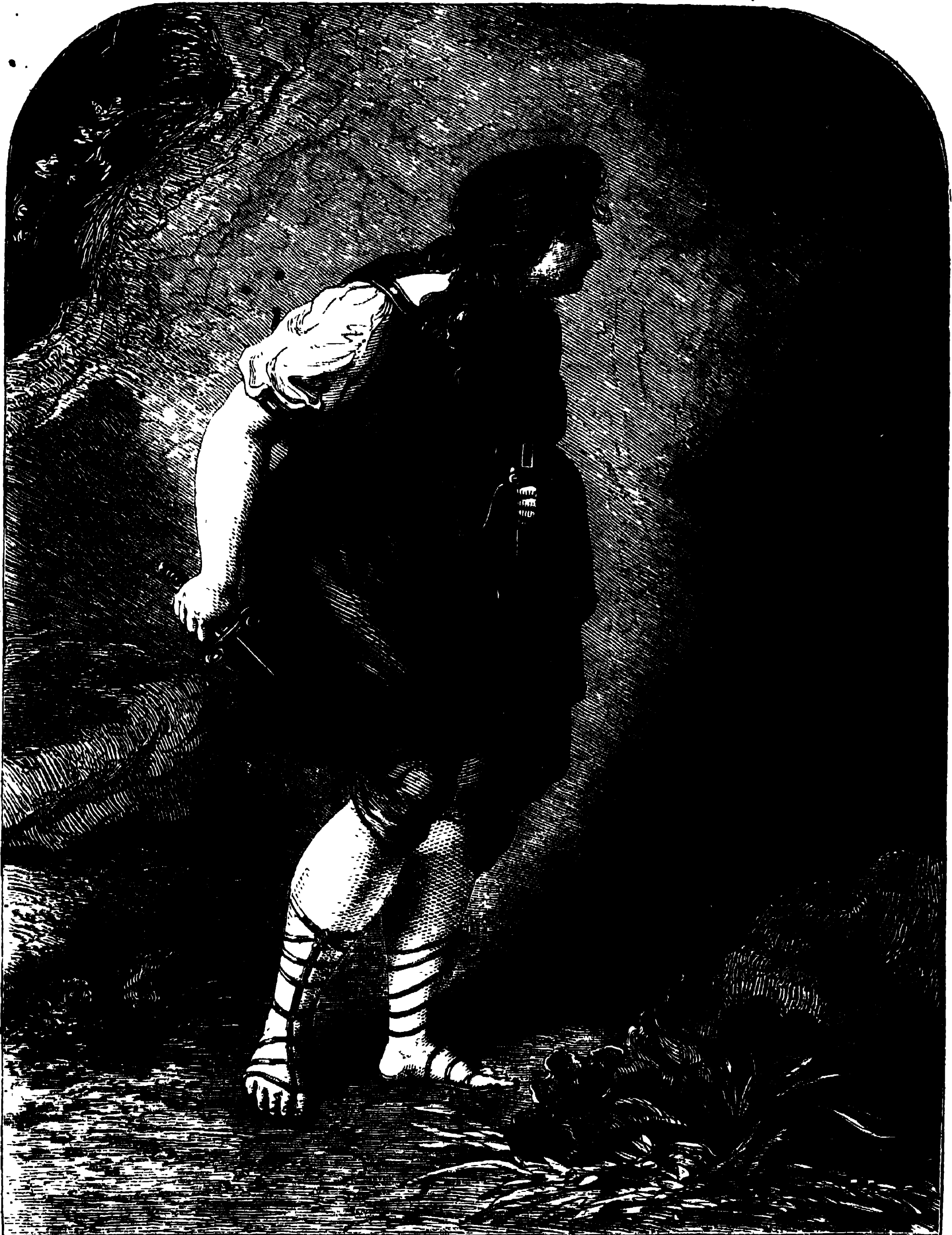
A non-professional gentleman has offered a fifty-pound prize for the best essay on hydrophobia, as it effects the human subject, its causes, pathology, prevention, and treatment. The competition open to all writers. The judges, Professors Christison, Simpson, and Miller, of the Edinburgh University. The essays to be lodged with Mr. Blair Wilson, Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, on or before the 1st of May, 1849. Considering the importance of this subject, and the difficulties attending its study, we suggest that the medical boards of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, should jointly contribute 150*l.* more, making the prize 200*l.* The subject might then receive the attention which its peculiar and serious nature merits.

POISONOUS CONFECTIONS.

Let us warn parents against permitting their children to use coloured confections, in making which poisonous substances are too commonly employed. Mr. Hetley, surgeon, has communicated to the *Pharmaceutical Journal* the particulars of a case in which nearly a whole family was poisoned by the cause referred to. One of the children had bought two pennyworth of some coloured confectionary ornament, of which they had all partaken. They were saved, though with difficulty. Let us also appeal (and surely we shall not do so in vain) to confectioners, not to employ as colouring matter, or for any other purpose, substances, of the properties of which they have not taken pains to acquire a knowledge. Any skilful chemist will at once answer the necessary questions. It is said that the substances employed to impart a *green* colour are peculiarly dangerous.

*** For New Books Received, and Notices, see the wrapper of the Monthly Part.

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IMOGEN ENTERING THE CAVE.

BY WESTALL.



## IMOGEN ENTERING THE CAVE.

We do not know that it is in our power to say anything new upon the character of Imogen, the sweetest perhaps of all Shakspere's sweet creations; but as "the incomparable lady" is the subject of our engraving this week, we may be excused a few words. Between the three most graceful and feminine characters (if we might dare to be so invidious) of the bard—Rosalind, Viola, and Imogen—there is a certain similarity, which always brings them together in our remembrance. For the sake of being near those they love, they all of them assume the costume of the other sex; and it has often struck us that Shakspere, in thus for a moment putting upon them the bolder habiliments, intended, by the contrast of their feminine carriage, to heighten our ideas of their gentleness. Much as this beautiful trio act alike, however, in the extremity of love, each character is drawn with that individuality ever to be found in nature; and of the three perhaps Imogen is our favourite.

Yet, as we say so, the ringing laugh of merry Rosalind echoes upon our ear, as she reads her lover's sighs stuck upon the rough barks of the forest trees of Arden, and our preference well nigh departs. Then the downcast look of love-burthened Viola, as she bears the duke's passion pledge to Olivia, well nigh wins the golden apple from our irresolute hand. Still, if choose we must, it shall be Imogen, the true woman. It is difficult, very difficult, so to embody the conception of a poet as to satisfy the ideal that exists in the general mind; but we think Mr. Westall has gone far towards doing so in this beautiful picture. There is infinite grace in her half fearful, half eager attitude, as she prepares to enter the cave in search of food. How convulsively, like a woman, she clutches the scabbard of the sword she has unsheathed, whilst fearfully she calls, "Ho! who 's there?" into the resounding hollow of the rock! Then comes her pretty playful words,

> Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
> But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
> Such a foe, good Heavens!

Oh drop the sword, fair Imogen. "Your gentleness shall force," more, indeed, than your force shall win to gentleness. Royal brothers, and no fearful beasts, await you in the recesses of the hospitable cave.

A. W.

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## Our Library.

JANE EYRE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. EDITED BY CURRER BELL. THREE VOLUMES.*

This is one of the most notable domestic novels which have issued from the press in this country for many years past. We have had so much waste paper sent into the world recently, under the false pretence of being the literature of fiction, that it is quite a relief to find a really good and striking production. English "fiction" is *not* entirely a "fraud," as we were really beginning to suspect. *Jane Eyre* is a very remarkable work. The style is bold, lucid, pungent; the incidents are varied, touching, romantic; the characterisation is ample, original, diversified; the moral sentiments are pure and healthy: and the whole work is, in its high and headlong course, calculated to rivet attention, to provoke sympathy, to make the heart bound, and the brain pause.

* Smith, Elder, & Co.

Mr. Currer Bell is already slightly, but rather favourably, known to the public, as one of the writers of a small volume of poems, which was published several months ago as the joint production of three brothers—Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. The contributions which bore the signature of Currer Bell in this collection, evidenced some power of thinking, and an uncommonplace turn of mind; but it is no disparagement of the author to say that they hardly afforded any sign of the vigorous intellect, shrewd observation, and great, if undisciplined, powers, unquestionably manifested in the story of *Jane Eyre*. Yet this novel is far more significant as a promise than it is as a performance. It implies still finer and stronger qualities than it produces—qualities as yet lying fallow in the author's mind; quickening into consciousness, but not yet developed into the fulness of life. *Jane Eyre* is a prophecy of greater things to come—the herald of loftier and more perfect creations which are to follow her: as such we accept and welcome it.

The writer is evidently young. While he has something to teach, he has also much to learn. Inspiration he possesses, but not art. His book, to some extent at least, wants symmetry, proportion, unity of purpose, harmony of parts—though it never lacks interest, never wants life. His materials are abundant, and he wields them with a strong, but not skilful hand. The reader never tires, never sleeps: the swell and tide of an affluent existence, an irresistible energy, bears him onward, from first to last. It is impossible to deny that the author possesses native power in an uncommon degree—showing itself now in rapid headlong recital—now in stern, fierce, daring dashes at portraiture—anon in subtle, startling mental anatomy—here in a grand allusion, there in an original metaphor—again in a wild gush of genuine poetry. Discipline and deeper study will enable him to turn these attributes to better account, will give him what he most needs, artistic skill, the capacity to construct and to co-ordinate.

The very selection of so homely a name for the heroine is an omen of good. It indicates a departure from the sickly models of the Della Cruscan schools. Jane Eyre is the daughter of a poor clergyman and a lady who had been disowned and cast off by her family for marrying beneath her rank. Both parents die while she is an infant, and she is taken into her maternal uncle's house, to be educated with his children. But he too dies, and leaves her in the charge of his wife; who, a haughty and ambitious woman, devoted to the interests of her own children, treats her as an exacting but unloving stepmother. Multiplied wrongs and sufferings at length force the child to rebel: she is then set off to a charity school, where she remains eight years—six as a pupil, two as a teacher. Here a better education, not only of the intellect, but of the feelings, commences. Thence she goes forth into the world, to see and to suffer, to love and to be loved, to act and to be rewarded for her courage and her constancy. It would be useless to present the skeleton of the story—the interest of which depends upon its entirety. We recommend our readers to the volumes themselves; and, by way of whetting the appetite for them, shall present an episode in the story, detailing part of the educational process upon Jane Eyre's mind at Lowood, the charity school. How many of us have met with beings like Helen Burns, in our upward course in life! Our extract is rather

**long, but it is full of a touching and solemn interest. It is the second day of Jane's sojourn at Lowood :—**

As yet I had spoken to no one, nor did anybody seem to take notice of me; I stood lonely enough : but to that feeling of isolation I was accustomed ; it did not oppress me much. I leant against a pillar of the verandah, drew my grey mantle close about me, and trying to forget the cold which nipped me without, and the unsatisfied hunger which gnawed me within, delivered myself up to the employment of watching and thinking. * * * I looked round the convent-like garden, and then up at the house ; a large building, half of which seemed gray and old, the other half quite new. The new part, containing the school-room and dormitory, was lit by mullioned and latticed windows, which gave it a church-like aspect ; a stone-tablet over the door, bore this inscription :

"Lowood Institution.—This portion was rebuilt A.D.——, by Naomi Brocklehurst, of Brocklehurst Hall, in this county." "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—St. Matt. v. 16.

I read these words over and over again I felt that an explanation belonged to them, and unable fully to penetrate their import, I was still pondering the signification of "Institution," and endeavouring to make out a connection between the first words and the verse of scripture, when the sound of a cough close behind me, made me turn my head. I saw a girl sitting on a stone bench near; she was bent over a book, on the perusal of which she seemed intent : from where I stood I could see the title—it was "Rasselas;" a name that struck me as strange, and consequently attractive In turning a leaf she happened to look up, and I said to her directly :—

"Is your book interesting ?" I had already formed the intention of asking her to lend it to me some day.

"I like it," she answered, after a pause of a second or two, during which she examined me.

"What is it about ?" I continued. I hardly know where I found the hardihood thus to open a conversation with a stranger; the step was contrary to my nature and habits : but I think her occupation touched a chord of sympathy somewhere ; for I too liked reading, though of a frivolous and childish kind ; I could not digest or comprehend the serious or substantial.

"You may look at it," replied the girl, offering me the book.

I did so : a brief examination convinced me that the contents were less taking than the title : "Rasselas" looked dull to my trifling taste ; I saw nothing about fairies, nothing about genii, no bright variety seemed spread over the closely printed pages. I returned it to her ; she received it quietly, and without saying anything, she was about to relapse into her former studious mood : again I ventured to disturb her :—

"Can you tell me what the writing on that stone over the door means ? What is Lowood Institution ?"

"This house where you are come to live."

"And why do they call it Institution ? Is it in any way different from other schools ?"

"It is partly a charity-school · you and I, and all the rest of us are charity-children. I suppose you are an orphan : are not either your father or your mother dead ?"

"Both died before I can remember "

"Well, all the girls here have lost either one or both parents, and this is called an institution for educating orphans."

"Do we pay no money ? Do they keep us for nothing ?"

"We pay, or our friends pay, fifteen pounds a year for each."

"Then why do they call us charity-children ?"

"Because fifteen pounds is not enough for board and teaching, and the deficiency is supplied by subscription."

"Who subscribes ?"

"Different benevolent-minded ladies and gentlemen in this neighbourhood and in London."

"Who was Naomi Brocklehurst ?"

"The lady who built the new part of this house as that tablet records, and whose son overlooks and directs everything here."

"Why ?"

"Because he is treasurer and manager of the establishment."

"Then this house does not belong to that tall lady who wears a watch, and who said we were to have some bread and cheese ?"

"To Miss Temple ? Oh no ! I wish it did. * * *

"Do you like the teachers ?"

"Well enough ?

"Do you like the little black one, and the Madame———?—I cannot pronounce her name as you do."

"Miss Scatcherd is hasty—you must take care not to offend her Madame Pierrot is not a bad sort of person."

"But Miss Temple is the best—isn't she ?"

"Miss Temple is very good, and very clever : she is above the rest, because she knows far more than they do."

"Have you been long here ?"

"Two years."

"Are you an orphan ?"

"My mother is dead."

"Are you happy here ?"

"You ask rather too many questions. I have given you answers enough for the present ; now I want to read."

But at that moment the summons sounded for dinner : all re-entered the house. * * *

After dinner we immediately adjourned to the school-room lessons recommenced, and were continued till five o'clock.

The only marked event of the afternoon was, that I saw the girl with whom I had conversed in the verandah, dismissed in disgrace, by Miss Scatcherd, from a history class, and sent to stand in the middle of the large school-room. The punishment seemed to me in a high degree ignominious, especially for so great a girl—she looked thirteen or upwards. I expected she would show signs of great distress and shame; but to my surprise, she neither wept nor blushed : composed, though grave, she stood, the central mark of all eyes. "How can she bear it so quietly—so firmly ?" I asked of myself. "Were I in her place, it seems to me that I should wish the earth to open and swallow me up. She looks as if she were thinking of something beyond her punishment—beyond her situation ; of something not round her nor before her. I have heard of day-dreams—is she in a day-dream now ? Her eyes are fixed on the floor, but I am sure they do not see it—her sight seems turned in, gone down into her heart ; she is looking at what she can remember, I believe ; not at what is really present. I wonder what sort of a girl she is—whether good or naughty,"

One class still stood round Miss Scatcherd's chair reading, and as all was quiet, the subject of their lessons could be heard, together with the manner in which each girl aquitted herself, and the animadversions or commendations of Miss Scatcherd on the performance. It was English history · among the readers, I observed my acquaintance of the verandah ; at the commencement of the lesson, her place had been at the top of the class, but for some error of pronunciation or some inattention to stops, she was suddenly sent to the very bottom. Even in that obscure position, Miss Scatcherd continued to make her an object of constant notice : she was continually addressing to her such phrases as the following :—

"Burns. (such it seems was her name the girls here were all called by their sur names, as boys are elsewhere) ; Burns, you are standing on the side of your shoe, turn your toes out immediately." "Burns, you poke your chin most unpleasantly, draw it in." "Burns, I insist on your holding your head up, I will not have you before me in that attitude," &c , &c

A chapter having been read through twice, the books were closed and the girls examined. The lesson had comprised part of the reign of Charles I., and there were sundry questions about tonnage and poundage, and ship-money, which most of them appeared unable to answer, still, every little difficulty was solved instantly when it reached Burns her memory seemed to have retained the substance of the whole lesson, and she was ready with answers on every point. I kept expecting that Miss Scatcherd would praise her attention ; but, instead of that, she suddenly cried out .

"You dirty, disagreeable girl ? you have never cleaned your nails this morning!"

Burns made no answer ; I wondered at her silence.

"Why," thought I, "does she not explain that she could neither clean her nails nor wash her face, as the water was frozen ?

My attention was now called off by Miss Smith, desiring me to hold a skein of thread : while she was winding it, she talked to me from time to time, asking, whether I had ever been at school before, whether I could mark, stitch, knit, &c till she dismissed me, I could not pursue my observations on Miss Scatcherd's movements. When I returned to my seat, that lady was just delivering an order, of which I did not catch the import ; but Burns immediately left the class, and going into the small inner room where the books were kept, returned in half a minute carrying in her hand a bundle of twigs tied together at one end This ominous tool she presented to Miss Scatcherd with a respectful courtesy ; then she quietly, and without being told, unloosed her pinafore, and the teacher instantly and sharply inflicted on her neck a dozen strokes with the bunch of twigs. Not a tear rose to Burns's eye ; and, while I paused from my sewing, because my fingers quivered at this spectacle with a sentiment of unavailing and impotent anger, not a feature of her pensive face altered its ordinary expression.

"Hardened girl !" exclaimed Miss Scatcherd, "nothing can correct you of your slatternly habits . carry the rod away."

Burns obeyed. I looked at her narrowly as she emerged from the book-closet ; she was just putting back her handkerchief into her pocket, and the trace of a tear glistened on her thin cheek.

**On the evening of the same day :—**

I made my way to one of the fire-places : there, kneeling by the high wire fender, I found Burns, absorbed, silent, abstracted from all round her by the companionship of a book, which she read by the dim glare of the embers.

"Is it still Rasselas ?" I asked, coming behind her.

"Yes ;" she said, "and I have just finished it."

And in five minutes more she shut it up. I was glad of this.

"Now," thought I, "I can perhaps get her to talk." I sat down by her on the floor.

"What is your name besides Burns ?"

"Helen,"

"Do you come a long way from here ?"

"I come from a place further north : quite on the borders of Scotland."

"Will you ever go back ?"

"I hope so ; but nobody can be sure of the future."

"You must wish to leave Lowood ?"

"No; why should I? I was sent to Lowood to get an education; and it would be of no use going away until I have attained that object."

"But that teacher, Miss Scatcherd, is so cruel to you?"

"Cruel? Not at all! She is severe: she dislikes my faults."

"And if I were in your place I should dislike her: I should resist her: if she struck me with that rod, I should get it from her hand; I should break it under her nose."

"Probably you would do nothing of the sort: but if you did, Mr. Brocklehurst would expel you from the school; that would be a great grief to your relations. It is far better to endure patiently a smart which nobody feels but yourself, than to commit a hasty action whose evil consequences will extend to all connected with you—and, besides, the Bible bids us return good for evil."

"But then it seems disgraceful to be flogged, and to be sent to stand in the middle of a room full of people; and you are such a great girl: I am far younger than you and I could not bear it."

"Yet it would be your duty to bear it, if you could not avoid it: it is weak and silly to say you *cannot bear* what it is your fate to be required to bear."

I heard her with wonder: I could not comprehend this doctrine of endurance; and still less could I understand or sympathise with the forbearance she expressed for her chastiser. Still I felt that Helen Burns considered things by a light invisible to my eyes. I suspected she might be right and I wrong: but I would not ponder the matter deeply: like Felix, I put it off to a more convenient season.

"You say you have faults, Helen; what are they? To me you seem very good."

"Then learn from me, not to judge by appearances: I am, as Miss Scatcherd said, slatternly; I seldom put, and never keep things in order; I am careless, I forget rules; I read when I should learn my lessons; I have no method, and sometimes I say, like you, I cannot *bear* to be subjected to systematic arrangements. This is all very provoking to Miss Scatcherd, who is naturally neat, punctual, and particular."

"And cross and cruel," I added; but Helen Burns would not admit my addition: she kept silence.

"Is Miss Temple as severe to you as Miss Scatcherd?"

At the utterance of Miss Temple's name, a soft smile flitted over her grave face.

"Miss Temple is full of goodness; it pains her to be severe to any one, even the worst in the school: she sees my errors, and tells me of them gently; and, if I do anything worthy of praise, she gives me my meed liberally. One strong proof of my wretchedly defective nature is, that even her expostulations, so mild, so rational, have not influence to cure me of my faults; and even her praise, though I value it most highly, cannot stimulate me to continued care and foresight."

"That is curious," said I: "it is so easy to be careful."

"For *you* I have no doubt it is. I observed you in your class this morning, and saw you were closely attentive; your thoughts never seemed to wander while Miss Miller explained the lesson and questioned you. Now, mine continually rove away; when I should be listening to Miss Scatcherd, and collecting all she says with assiduity, often I lose the very sound of her voice; I fall into a sort of dream. Sometimes I think I am in Northumberland, and that the noises I hear round me are the bubbling of a little brook which runs through Deepden, near our house,—then, when it comes to my turn to reply, I have to be wakened; and, having heard nothing of what was read for listening to the visionary brook, I have no answer ready."

"Yet how well you replied this afternoon!"

"It was mere chance: the subject on which we had been reading had interested me. This afternoon, instead of dreaming of Deepden, I was wondering how a man who wished to do right could act so unjustly and unwisely as Charles the First sometimes did, and I thought what a pity it was that, with his integrity and conscientiousness, he could see no farther than the prerogatives of the crown. If he had but been able to look to a distance, and see how what they call the spirit of the age was tending! Still, I like Charles—I respect him—I pity him, poor murdered king! Yes, his enemies were the worst: they shed blood they had no right to shed. How dared they kill him?"

Helen was talking to herself now: she had forgotten I could not very well understand her—that I was ignorant, or nearly so, of the subject she discussed. I recalled her to my level.

"And when Miss Temple teaches you, do your thoughts wander then?"

"No, certainly, not often; because Miss Temple has generally something to say which is newer than my own reflections; her language is to me is singularly agreeable, and the information she communicates is often just what I wished to gain."

"Well, then, with Miss Temple you are good?"

"Yes, in a passive way: I make no effort; I follow as inclination guides me. There is no merit in such goodness."

"A great deal: you are good to those who are good to you. It is all I ever desire to be. If people were always kind and obedient to those who are cruel and unjust, the wicked people would have it all their own way: they would never feel afraid, and so they would never alter, but would grow worse and worse. When we are struck at without reason, we should strike back again very hard; I am sure we should—so hard as to teach the person who struck us never to do it again."

"You will change your mind, I hope, when you grow older: as yet you are but a little untaught girl."

"But I feel this, Helen: I must dislike those who, whatever I do to please them, persist in disliking me; I must resist those who punish me unjustly. It is as natural as that I should love those who show me affection, or submit to punishment when I feel it is deserved."

"Heathens and savage tribes hold that doctrine, but Christians and civilised nations disown it."

"How? I don't understand."

"It is not violence that best overcomes hate—nor vengeance that most certainly heals injury."

"What then?"

"Read the New Testament, and observe what Christ says, and how he acts—make his word your rule, and His conduct your example."

"What does he say?"

"Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you."

"Then I should love Mrs. Reed, which I cannot do; I should bless her son John, which is impossible."

In her turn, Helen Burns asked me to explain; and I proceeded forthwith to pour out in my own way, the tale of my sufferings and resentments. Bitter and truculent when excited, I spoke as I felt, without reserve or softening.

Helen heard me patiently to the end. I expected she would then make a remark, but she said nothing.

"Well," I asked impatiently, "is not Mrs. Reed a hard-hearted, bad woman?"

"She has been unkind to you, no doubt; because, you see, she dislikes your cast of character, as Miss Scatcherd does mine: but how minutely you remember all she has done and said to you! What a singularly deep impression her injustice seems to have made on your heart! No ill usage so brands its record on my feelings. Would you not be happier if you tried to forget her severity, together with the passionate emotions it excited? Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity, or registering wrongs. We are and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world: but the time will soon come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark of the spirit will remain,—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return; perhaps again to be communicated to some being higher than man—perhaps to pass though gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph! Surely it will never, on the contrary, be suffered to degenerate from man to fiend? No, I cannot believe that: I hold another creed: which no one ever taught me, and which I seldom mention, but in which I delight, and to which I cling; for it extends hope to all. It makes Eternity a rest—a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed, I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime; I can so sincerely forgive the first while I abhor the last: with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end."

Helen's head, always drooping, sank a little lower as she finished this sentence. I saw by her look she wished no longer to talk to me, but rather to converse with her own thoughts. She was not allowed much time for meditation: a monitor, a great rough girl, presently came up exclaiming in a strong Cumberland accent:—

"Helen Burns, if you don't go and put your drawer in order, and fold up your work this minute, I'll tell Miss Scatcherd to come and look at it!"

Helen sighed as her reverie fled, and getting up, obeyed the monitor without reply as without delay.

But fever visits the school, and the ill-fed and ill-clothed unfortunates die off in numbers. The beautiful fiend, Consumption, had seized upon Helen Burns, and is fast hurrying her away. The school is disorganised—the children allowed to ramble out in the open air as much as they pleased. Of this privilege, Jane Eyre avails herself. Returning one night from one of these rambles, after her companion had entered the house, she says:—

I lingered yet a little longer: the flowers smelt so sweet as the dew fell; it was such a pleasant evening, so serene, so warm; the still glowing west promised so fairly another fine day on the morrow; the moon rose with such majesty in the grave east. I was noting these things and enjoying them as a child might, when it entered my mind, as it had never done before:—

"How sad to be lying now on a sick bed, and to be in danger of dying! This world is pleasant—it would be dreary to be called from it, and to have to go who knows where?"

* * * * *

While pondering this new idea, I heard the front door open; Mr. Bates came out, and with him was a nurse. After she had seen

him mount his horse and depart, she was about to close the door, but I ran up to her.

"How is Helen Burns?"

"Very poorly," was the answer.

"Is it her Mr. Bates has been to see?"

"Yes."

"And what does he say about her?"

"He says she'll not be here long."

This phrase, uttered in my hearing yesterday, would have only conveyed the notion that she was about to be removed to Northumberland, to her own home. I should not have suspected that it meant she was dying; but I knew instantly now: it opened clear on my comprehension that Helen Burns was numbering her last days in this world, and that she was going to be taken to the region of spirits, if such region there were. I experienced a shock of horror, then a strong thrill of grief; then a desire—a necessity to see her; and I asked in what room she lay.

"She is in Miss Temple's room," said the nurse.

"May I go up and speak to her?"

"Oh, no, child! It is not likely: and now it is time for you to come in; you'll catch the fever if you stop out when the dew is falling."

The nurse closed the front door; I went in by the side entrance which led to the school-room; I was just in time; it was nine o'clock, and Miss Miller was calling the pupils to go to bed.

It might be two hours later, probably near eleven, when I—not having been able to fall asleep, and deeming, from the perfect silence of the dormitory, that my companions were all wrapt in profound repose—rose softly, put on my frock over my night-dress, and, without shoes, crept from the apartment, and set off in quest of Miss Temple's room. It was quite at the other end of the house; but I knew my way; and the light of the unclouded summer moon, entering here and there at passage windows, enabled me to find it without difficulty. An odour of camphor and burnt vinegar warned me when I came near the fever room; and I passed its door quickly, fearful lest the nurse who sat up all night should hear me. I dreaded being discovered and sent back, for I *must* see Helen,—I must embrace her before she died,—I must give her one last kiss, exchange with her one last word.

Having descended a staircase, traversed a portion of the house below, and succeeded in opening and shutting without noise, two doors, I reached another flight of steps; these I mounted, and then just opposite to me was Miss Temple's room. A light shone through the key-hole, and from under the door: a profound stillness pervaded the vicinity. Coming near, I found the door slightly ajar; probably to admit some fresh air into the close abode of sickness. Indisposed to hesitate, and full of impatient impulses—soul and senses quivering with keen throes—I put it back and looked in. My eye sought Helen, and feared to find death.

Close by Miss Temple's bed, and half covered with its white curtains, there stood a little crib. I saw the outline of a form under the clothes, but the face was hid by the hangings: the nurse I had spoken to in the garden sat in an easy chair, asleep; an unsnuffed candle burnt dimly on the table. Miss Temple was not to be seen: I knew afterwards that she had been called to a delirious patient in the fever-room. I advanced: then paused by the crib side; my hand was on the curtain, but I preferred speaking before I withdrew it. I still recoiled at the dread of seeing a corpse.

"Helen!" I whispered softly; "are you awake?"

She stirred herself, put back the curtain, and I saw her face, pale, wasted, but quite composed: she looked so little changed that my fear was instantly dissipated.

"Can it be you, Jane?" she asked in her own gentle voice.

"Oh!" I thought, "she is not going to die; they are mistaken, she could not speak and look so calmly if she were."

I got on to her crib and kissed her; her forehead was cold, and her cheek both cold and thin, and so were her hand and wrist; but she smiled as of old.

"Why are you come here, Jane? It is past eleven o'clock: I heard it strike some minutes since."

"I came to see you, Helen: I heard you were very ill, and I could not sleep till I had spoken to you."

"You came to bid me good-bye, then: you are just in time probably."

"Are you going somewhere, Helen? Are you going home?"

"Yes; to my long home—my last home."

"No, no, Helen;" I stopped, distressed. While I tried to devour my tears, a fit of coughing seized Helen; it did not, however, wake the nurse: when it was over, she lay some minutes exhausted; then she whispered:—

"Jane, your little feet are bare; lie down and cover yourself with my quilt."

I did so: she put her arm over me, and I nestled close to her. After a long silence, she resumed; still whispering:

"I am very happy, Jane; and when you hear that I am dead you must be sure and not grieve: there is nothing to grieve about. We all must die one day, and the illness which is removing me is not painful; it is gentle and gradual: my mind is at rest. I leave no one to regret me much: I have only a father; and he is lately married, and will not miss me. By dying young I shall escape great sufferings. I had not qualities or talents to make my way very well in the world: I should have been continually at fault."

"But where are you going to, Helen? Can you see? Do you know?"

"I believe; I have faith: I am going to God."

"Where is God? What is God?"

"My Maker and yours; who will never destroy what he created. I rely implicitly on His power, and confide wholly in his goodness: I count the hours till that eventful one arrives which shall restore me to him, reveal him to me."

"You are sure, then, Helen, that there is such a place as heaven: and that our souls can get to it when we die?"

"I am sure there is a future state; I believe God is good: I can resign my immortal part to him without any misgiving. God is my father: God is my friend: I love him; I believe he loves me."

"And shall I see you again, Helen, when I die?"

"You will come to the same region of happiness: be received by the same mighty, universal Parent, no doubt, dear Jane."

Again I questioned; but this time only in thought. "Where is that region? Does it exist?" And I clasped my arms closer round Helen: she seemed dearer to me than ever; I felt as if I could not let her go; I lay with my face hidden on her neck. Presently she said in the sweetest tone:—

"How comfortable I am! That last fit of coughing has tired me a little; I feel as if I could sleep: but don't leave me, Jane; I like to have you near me."

"I'll stay with you, *dear* Helen: no one shall take me away."

"Are you warm, darling?"

"Yes."

"Good night, Jane."

"Good night, Helen."

She kissed me, and I her; and we both soon slumbered.

When I awoke it was day: an unusual movement roused me. I looked up; I was in somebody's arms; the nurse held me; she was carrying me through the passage back to the dormitory. I was not reprimanded for leaving my bed; people had something else to think about: no explanation was afforded then to my many questions; but a day or two afterwards I learned that Miss Temple, on returning to her own room at dawn, had found me laid in the little crib; my face against Helen Burns's shoulder, my arms round her neck. I was asleep, and Helen was—dead.

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## SOME WORDS ON THE LATE MOVEMENT IN ITALY, AND ON POPE PIUS IX.

A FEW years ago, any feeling of sympathy or interest for the Italy of to-day was almost unknown: her lot, whether of joy or sorrow, seemed altogether unheeded; and her condition, present or future, deemed unworthy any serious consideration. In the general consent of Europe, she was made, as a dead man, out of mind; already, as it were, cast into her tomb, to be remembered no more for ever. For at the Congress of Vienna, in solemn treaty, by the will of four great Potentates, the death of Italy had been decreed; and who should presume to question a proposition which was guaranteed by the edge of bayonets and the faith of kings. This act of iniquity was not palliated only, but written of in words of approval; it forced itself as a belief among the mass; and the support and continuance of it became to the minds of many as a positive duty. Thousands of tourists, it is true, poured annually their flood over that beautiful land; and innumerable volumes issued from their hands, setting forth their various prejudices, and pompously expressing the dictums of their wisdom; but of all the burden was the same. "The national life of Italy," said they, "is extinct; her mission is accomplished; henceforth she can have no lot or part in the proud future of progress and freedom which Providence has portioned out to us: it is impossible; we have said it." Much, indeed, was there to assist this conclusion. Silence, that might well be deemed the silence of death, hung an impenetrable veil over every Italian proceeding: terror and suspicion in the people—the basest espionage, the darkest tyranny, in the government—were sufficient to maintain it. Little likely was it that the pleasure-seeking traveller should care to pierce

its darkness. A sky of gorgeous sunshine, a land fair as Eden, spread around him their dream of beauty; the ruins of a dead world, the monuments of mediæval ages, reared on every side their solemn chronicles: how could he stay to observe that the earth was wet with the blood of martyrs, or the softness of the voluptuous air broken with the groans of slaves? And yet, amid all this indifference, all this silence, there was a visible stirring in this entombed body. From time to time, a wild struggle, crushed indeed, but not extinguished—an impulse strengthening daily, spite of ceaseless opposition—seemed in Italy, unaccountably, to protest against the destiny of death awarded her by her brethren. Year by year were there led—not by units, but in scores—from among the people, noble-hearted men, to the dungeon and the scaffold; year by year increased, with wondrous rapidity, the troops of exiles who flocked from the borders of Italy into those of surrounding nations. These were not the vulgar, the ignorant, the criminal; they were invariably the most learned, the purest, the most excellent of the nation, whom their enemies could brand with no crime, but that they loved their country, and dared to show that love. They suffered and died, indeed, with marvellous secrecy: the names and stories of numbers were never heard, and yet enough was seen and known, had any heeded it, to give forth a fearful witness. All, however, failed to dispel our strange apathy, or arouse any to a conviction of the real state under which the country was groaning. The patriots of Italy were pronounced, generally, mad enthusiasts, wickedly striving to stir up commotion and bloodshed in a peaceful land, dreaming chimeras of freedom and independence, long ago ended for ever. The press, too, that great voice of the people, remembering doubtless that England assisted to decree the spiritual death of Italy, declared it a crime worthy of the vilest names, that any of her sons should dare to resist that mandate. None could or would see, that these struggles, so far from emanating from a handful of designing conspirators, were rather the expression of a vast thought, deepening, year by year, day by day, through the whole soul of the people.

Sudden, wonderful, is the change, then, that we now see in public opinion as regards Italy: we might, indeed, use the words of a well-known sentence—"*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Everywhere, in England, in America, through Europe, are all eyes fixed on Italy, everywhere all hearts wish her success. The public papers pour out article after article on the subject. The independence of Italy is no longer counted a wild dream, but a certainty, and near at hand. Where are we to look for the spring of this marvellous revulsion? Is it, that the gradual growth of philanthropic enlightenment, or the sudden development of a wider love, and a purer faith, has thus awakened the mind of mankind? This change has been worked in the space of a few months by a single individual, Pope Pius IX. The respect of Europe, the sympathy of all noble hearts, the love of his people, intense even to idolatry—these are already the possession of the new pontiff; and justly are they so. 'Spite of all the prejudices natural to his education and position, Pius has comprehended the call of his time, and dared to respond to it, undaunted by the menaces of Austria, or the fears of bigoted advisers. High-minded, full of moral courage, mild and winning in manners, pure as an angel in his course of life, he seems especially fitted to stand forth, as he now does, the head and representative of Italian freedom, purest and noblest among the projects that agitate humanity. The spirit of the Pope has been felt through all Italy, and imitated by the most judicious among her princes. For a detail of the various spirited acts in which his policy has displayed itself, we have only to read the interesting intelligence which appears in the daily papers. There are, however, certain important conclusions which deduce themselves from these actions, and yet perhaps scarcely come within their province to recognise. That the emancipation and independence of Italy is not the dream of enthusiasts, or the wild scheme of blood-thirsty conspirators, but an absolute necessity arising out of the national will and state of the people. That that people, so far from being, as they have been pronounced, dead to all national and spiritual existence, are, in fact, already prepared to pour out all the fulness of a new and glowing life—united, calm, leaning on nothing but an inward and holy faith in God and their right. These are now two truths, which the late events in that country render it impossible to deny, and must be apparent to every unbiassed mind. It is, blessed be God! no longer possible to set down the movements now agitating Italy as the wicked plots of a few designing individuals; it is no longer possible to stifle or deny the thrilling cry for unity, for Italian freedom, which has arisen from every corner of that peninsula. At last, opportunity has been afforded, and the whole people of Italy, the whole mighty soul of that glorious nation, has spoken before the world; has made a solemn record of their faith and of their will, and unfurled that proud standard of national freedom that shall be put down no more. The stamp of reality, the vivid outline of truth round all that was dim or dark, has now, for the first time, been placed on the idea of Italian Emancipation among neighbouring nations—for the first time we are arriving at just conclusions on Italian affairs.

But from the two truths mentioned before, a third naturally appears, unconsciously already appreciated by the people of other nations, and accounting, no doubt, for the enthusiasm with which Pius has been regarded. The acts of the Pope, then, are in fact, but the echo of his people's will: he is not leading them to the desire of liberty, or to appreciate the value of moral reforms; he is rather carried on to make these reforms by a tide which he could not, happily does not desire, to resist. He has not, let it be well remembered, changed facts, but only the aspect in which they are regarded, and especially to England has that aspect been captivating. A reverence for the powers that be, a love for things of high estate, is peculiarly the characteristic of the English mind; and though we saw, with cold indifference, thousands pouring out their guiltless blood in almost hopeless struggles for the cause of a just freedom, this same cause of liberty seems now a thing to be much commended, when hallowed by the touch of a sovereign and a Pope. I do not underrate Pius IX.—on the contrary, this identifying him with his people—this considering his reforms but, as it were, a phase in the great progression of Italian freedom, which generations have been working, and have yet to work out—such a view does but give additional glory, additional value to himself and the part he acts. What, then, but a wilful perversion, or a shallowness of thought almost ridiculous, are the words of those who, writing in commendation of Pope Pius, set down such an opinion as this—"We commend," say

they, "we rejoice, at the liberal acts of this Pope, and the principles he advocates; but, on the other hand, our whole soul shrinks with horror from the deeds of those patriots who, with less success indeed, but like spirit, preceded him in these labours." Not in these words, doubtless, but such is the *sense* of their observations. And how palpable a contradiction do they involve. For what but the sufferings and long struggles of such men as Confaloneri, as Ruffini, Maroncelli, the Bandiera (and many living names might be added to the list), have produced, in truth, this spirit, this desire in Italy for a national life, to which Pius only responds. He is indeed a ruler comprehending the needs of his age, and ready to sow the holy seeds of liberty in a fertile soil; but let it not be forgotten how that soil has been ploughed with groans and struggles even to death, and watered with the tears and the blood of men. Without those patriots, without their long witness of single-hearted sufferings, the Italy of to-day, and even Pius himself, would never have been. Neither can these reforms of a Pope, were they ever so judicious, be looked upon as the ultimatum of their labours. An Italy, free, One, emancipated alike from foreign thrall and tottering despotisms, knowing no limitations but those natural boundaries which the finger of God has drawn around her, using freely, and rejoicing in, all the wondrous resources which belong to her: such an Italy it is, so glorious, so united, to which her destinies inevitably point. This great scheme of her future has been shaped out through ages of carnage and blood; the violence of a foreign sword has reduced at last her divided states in one whole, and in the hatred of one common enemy every internal animosity has been swallowed up. And of that Italy, so free, so united, whose pure brightness already shines over the far horizon of the future, who shall tell the glory? A country in which, as in a garden, are collected all the beauties and the riches of God's earth—a people gifted with superior genius, refined, imaginative, filled with a peculiar comprehension of, and yearning for, the Beautiful and the True—who shall say for what great destiny they are not reserved?

M. G.

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## SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE OF DENMARK.

By Mrs. Percy Sinnett.

### No. V.—Old England on the Baltic.

Reader, did it ever happen to you to be returning from the Baltic, or the north of Germany, in a steamer whose decks were grievously encumbered by a phalanx of tubs of butter, on the tops of which your weary sea-sick eyes read and re-read perpetually the words "Flensburg," "Rendsburg," or peradventure, "Prime Randers?" Perhaps your soul was vexed at these butter-tubs, interrupting your perambulations, and mocking with their perfect tranquillity, your own state of qualmish restlessness. But did you take into consideration that they came from a land which whilom sent us, not comfortable tubs of butter—but fierce, armed pirates and invaders—those Angles, namely, who, with their neighbours the Saxons, passed over in the fifth century to our island, and became the progenitors of the Angles or English, now pretty widely diffused over the earth, contributing, perhaps, the best and soundest portion of our complex national character!

In a small tract of land on the eastern coast of the Duchy of Schleswig, their name and their race still lingers; and this Danish province of Angeln, bears also in its aspect a striking resemblance to the most peculiarly English of all English counties, that of Kent. One feature creating this resemblance —the high steep banks, and hedgerows thickly lined with beech, elm, and ash, and between which the roads run as in a hollow way—is seen, I believe, nowhere else on the continent. These hedgerows have been and still are made the subject of much controversy, on account of the space they occupy; but, as it appears they supply the people with a considerable amount of fuel, which would otherwise be scarce, as the woods are the property of the crown, they can hardly be regarded as destitute even of this lowkind of utility, without taking into consideration the noble purpose served by all genuine beauty.

The roads between these enclosures are mostly good, though narrow, leading up and down through fruitful corn-fields, and numerous herds lying in the fresh grass under the shade of trees, and sometimes along the edge of cool woods, and through beds of shallow brooks murmuring along over flinty sands, and every now and then, from the summit of a gentle hill, where stands a mill, or an old farm-house nestling beneath the sheltering boughs, we obtain a glimpse in the distance to where the clear blue Baltic, spotted with white sails, bounds the horizon.

The country is so green and rich, so full of abodes that are the very pictures of comfort, so remote from the busy world, so lovely in its dreamy tranquillity, that it seems wonderful it has not been more frequently sought out by travellers "in search of the picturesque," independently of the interest it awakens, as being the true *Old* England. The occupation of the people, too, is chiefly that of dairy-farming—the most beautiful of rural employments.

The fine herds that diversify the surface of the fertile marshes of the west of the peninsula, are obviously fattening for the market, and carry the thoughts into painful association with the slaughter-house. Those which adorn the landscape on this eastern side, bring only the pretty images connected with the dairy. The fabrication of butter is the most important branch of industry carried on in this country, and it has of late years advanced with great rapidity, forming one-half of the total exports, and having more than doubled within twelve years. The greater part of this butter goes to England, and the trade is carried on with a spirit, and to an extent, heretofore unknown in Denmark. The dairy farms of Schleswig Holstein have now extended northward quite to Jutland, as well as to the Danish islands. The newspapers are occupied with discussion of various questions connected with their management; prizes have been offered for the best essays on proposed improvements in many departments of the dairy; and the whole land may be said to be flowing with milk and butter—if not honey. In the Danish Wold, south of Angeln, there is a farm which uses the milk of three hundred cows, and great numbers of people are employed as well in making the butter, as in the packing, warehousing, or sending off large quantities of this article, which carelessness or bad management may so easily injure or destroy.

For the first process of collecting and carrying home the milk, either asses are used or milk carts,

consisting of two long poles set on four wheels, with a row of large milk-pails hanging on either side, into which the milkmaids on the meadows empty their smaller ones. The milk must be kept as much as possible from shaking, must be protected from the rays of the sun, and the cows also must be guarded from any fright, or ill usage, as any violent emotion of the animal would injure the milk. The dairies in which the milk is set, lie always towards the north, a few feet below the surface of the ground, and have thatched roofs, and are mostly surrounded by bushes and shady trees. They have also large windows, through which a constant supply of cool air is admitted to pass over the surface of the milk-pans. The air must be kept fresh, cool, and perfectly dry, as the least dampness is found to be injurious; and though the vessels in which the milk is poured are only a few feet deep, the dairy is required to be from fifteen to twenty feet high. Walls, floor, and ceiling must be perfectly clean. The smallest quantity of milk spilled is immediately wiped up lest any of it should get into the cracks between the boards, and generate an impurity in the atmosphere. The excellent virtue of cleanliness is therefore nowhere more carefully cultivated, and the washing and scouring and rubbing is carried to an excess that would in any other place appear fanatical.

This is one advantage which dairy work has over every other kind of rustic occupation. The cows in Angeln afford such an abundance of milk, that in the good time of year they may often be milked three times a day; and in this country, this function is still performed by milkmaids, who look very pretty tripping along at the appointed hours with their little straw hats, like bird's nests, on their heads, and the yoke across their shoulders, with its pendant pails painted bright red inside, and green out—colours which contrast so well with the white milk.

Three-fourths of the land in Angeln is in the hands of peasant proprietors; but, as the farms are indivisible, and must descend in their integrity to the eldest son;* these peasants form a sort of landed aristocracy on a small scale, and with the too frequent accompaniment of a landed aristocracy—a labouring class whose daily toil will barely supply them with daily bread. It is not uncommon, however, for the advocates of this system to attribute to it the fine cultivation of the country.

"Property," they say, "is by this means prevented from being broken up into minute fractions, which only serve to call forth a class of needy misserable cotters. The wealthy and intelligent peasantry of these duchies, could without such a law, never have risen to the position in which they stand."

It is to be observed, however, that on the opposite side of this little peninsula, among the Ditmarshians, this law does not exist, yet there is equal prosperity, and equal, if not superior cultivation.

Among ourselves it is not very uncommon to hear arguments against the division of land into small portions, illustrated by reference to the condition of the Irish peasantry; as if there were no difference between a proprietorship, and a tenancy at an enormously high rent. Without pursuing the inquiry further, however, the orderly and industrious habits of the people both of the Ditsmarhes and of Angeln, may be assumed to be the immediate cause of their prosperity.

* Lands acquired by purchase—or not belonging to the original hereditary farm may be divided, though even then not into portions of less than seven acres and a half.

How they come to be industrious and orderly, and the Irish, unhappily, so much the reverse, is a question, which our readers have probably little inclination to enter upon here.

The peasantry of Angeln is divided into two classes; the first called Bohlmanner, or Bohlsmen, are the proprietors of extensive farms, and altogether men of substance; the second, poorer class, the Kathner, have nothing more than a little house and garden, and are so much looked down upon by the aforesaid Bohlsmen, that a *mésalliance* between families belonging to these separate castes is often quite a tragic affair, and leads to all sorts of romantic distresses. On all occasions when they meet, the chief place must be yield to the Bohlsman: and should he or his wife, in crossing a field, come to a stile at the same time as one of the Kathner class, it would be a piece of unpardonable presumption in the latter not to draw back and make way for his "betters." Even at the Lord's Supper, this distinction, so unseemly in such a place, is preserved; and though some of the clergy, much to their credit, have exerted themselves to do away with this foolish pride, they do not seem yet to have met with much success.

As the prejudice appears however to be a relic of a former time, when the Kathner was the serf of the Bohlsman, it is likely that time may effect a cure. In some measure of course it is merely the effect of the ordinary feeling between the rich and the poor.

The little river Schlei separates the country of the Angles, from a district which, though resembling it in physical characteristics, is obviously the abode of a different race. Hutten is still occupied by genuine Saxons, and long as it has been under the dominion of Denmark, the Danish language has never yet obtained a footing there; many of the people, indeed, do not understand a word of it. The houses are built in the oldest Saxon style, with the long range of buildings, and the horse's head at the gable. The entrance on the broad side of the house gives admittance to a large barn or hall, where there is a hearth, with a great kettle suspended over the fire but no chimney, and the smoke draws through the house, and finds it way out as it best can. Smoking, by the way, a rich drapery of hams, bacon, and sausages, suspended from the roofs, and for the sake of which the people resist, even angrily, the introduction of chimneys attempted by some zealous reformers. Granaries, stables, and cow-houses, are all under the same roof as the dwelling-house; the spacious floor serves as a playground for the children, and for all kinds of household work; and a row of small chambers runs along one side, in one of which stand often great chests of snow-white linen, the pride of the housewife's heart.

The beds are let into the wall in the nautical fashion, that seems to find so much favour in this country.

The farms of the peasant proprietors in Hutten are seldom large, from 80 to 120 acres being considered as a good property. The owner will usually keep ten or twelve cows, and cannot of course command all the advantages of the dairies on larger estates; but as each cow on an average gives a pound of butter a day, and this is sold for eightpence or ninepence a pound, he can make a fair profit; his sheep also furnish him with wool, more than enough for his family consumption; though as little attention is paid to the breeding of sheep, the remainder is not worth much. The cheese is generally of a rather poor quality, but finds purchasers in Norway and Sweden.

At the back of the house is seen generally the orchard and vegetable garden, which does not, however, display the wealth of rich blooming flowers to be seen in those of the Ditmarshes; and at a little distance lies what may be called a withdrawing house, or patriarchal seat, whither, according to a custom prevalent in the country, the old people often retire and give up the active management of the land to their sons, instead of compelling them to wait for the parent's death to give them possession of their inheritance.

These retreats are often very neat and pretty little dwellings. Some of the newer ones are built in a style that is both solid and convenient, and contain several apartments; and a son to whom the farm has been given up is required to devote a very considerable portion of its income to the use of the old people who have retired thus to enjoy the evening of their lives in "dignified leisure."

In a case mentioned by Theodore Mugge, the widow received of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and buckwheat, as much as is considered sufficient for the consumption of six people; fodder for two cows; eggs, butter, sheep, wool, &c.: and every particular of the son's conduct in his management of the property is very rigidly laid down for him in the agreement always made on these occasions.

Among the features which contribute much to the peculiar character as well as to the natural beauty of these provinces, we should not omit the deep bays or fiords, which cut the eastern coast into a series of little peninsulas. The most southerly is called the Danish Wold; then comes the peninsula of Schwansen; then the Land of the Angles; then that of Sundewit, &c.: a series of lovely little districts, all fruitful, hilly, thickly peopled, and adorned with beech woods, with handsome villages and pleasant farms, and with a few ancient castles of the Danish nobility. You go up hill and down hill, past smiling corn-fields, shady groves, and rustic hamlets, then come to a beautiful fiord as clear as crystal, cross it and enter on another peninsula to an equally rich and varied landscape. If the traveller admires the picturesque view of the fiord, he is generally told, "It is much finer farther on;" and thus he may proceed for a hundred and twenty miles. Shady walks extend down to the very margin of the sea; and in some places, where the waves have worn away the shore to a steep cliff, the beeches, for which this country is celebrated, hang their leafy crowns over its summit, or their rich foliage overshadows a gigantic mass of moss-grown stone, and points out the burial place of some Scandinavian hero, or the spot dedicated in ancient days to the meetings of a "*Thing*," or national assembly. Sometimes you may step out from a beech grove suddenly to look upon a glittering fiord, with ships sailing past its narrow opening, as if they were passing from one grove to another; or, standing on a projecting headland, see that clear blue sea spread out to a majestic extent.

The bright colour of the sea on this coast is explained from its not being disturbed by the mud and slime brought down by rivers; for the small rivers of the country all reach the sea on the western side of the peninsula.

Few countries, in short, possess better claims to the attention of the Nomadic class of our countrymen than these seldom visited duchies; from the wide-watered shore of the west across the central ridge of high heath-land, inhabited by a singular wandering race of shepherds and their black-faced flocks, to the pleasant home of our rude forefathers, —Old England on the Baltic.

## ON HEARING MRS. S***** PLAYING SWEET MUSIC.

BY THOMAS WADE.

Methinks it seems I am in Fairyland:
The clear notes drop like diamonds from her hand,
Melt as they fall, and, in hush'd harmonies,
Alight somewhere in viewless paradise.

The sighing soul of many a country lingers
Within the touch of her melodious fingers:
Of mountain freedom and of pastoral glee
They write, in music's more than poetry;
Which stirs the pulse of thousands with its art,
Till a whole nation seems one human heart!

Of Nature redolent her touches all:
Soft zephyrs rise; down plays the waterfall;
The lark sings greeting to the morning grey;
The shadow'd bird warbles the night away;
The insects murmur; trees i' the wind are waving;
Crystalline streams their fragrant banks are laving;
And every flower's dew'd breath and shining eye
Doth pant, doth gleam, in that sweet melody!

## THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEER;

### A TALE OF THE CARLIST WAR.

During the late civil war in Spain, the highroad from Vittoria to Bilbao was the scene of many a sharp and bloody encounter between the Queen's troops and the Carlists, or *facciosos*, as they were styled. The two cities were occupied by the Christino forces, while the intervening country was mostly under the control of the insurgent guerrillas, who made it their especial business to attack and cut off all convoys of arms and stores, and all small bodies of Christinos, passing from one town to the other.

About a year after the commencement of the war—or, in the autumn of 1834—a column of Christino troops set out from Vittoria to the northward. They were a fine body of men, so far as regarded their personal appearance and equipment; but they marched in a manner calculated to give but a poor idea of their state of discipline. Little or no order was maintained—the men moving along in squads, laughing, singing, and jesting, with perfect freedom, while their officers, in like manner, kept together in small parties, conversing gaily about their past adventures, and the future prospects of the war. The general opinion among them was that it could not possibly last much longer. This conclusion was natural enough under the circumstances. The column in question belonged to a large force that had just arrived at the seat of war, under the command of General Rodil. This reinforcement increased the strength of the Christino army to nearly four times that of the insurgents. Moreover, in the preceding week, the division to which the column belonged had encountered, on its way to Vittoria, a considerable body of Carlists, and defeated them with very little trouble. It was not surprising, therefore, that they should have imbibed a great contempt for their adversaries; and this circumstance will serve to account for the unmilitary carelessness of their march, and the neglect of every customary pre-

caution,—a remissness for which they were doomed to pay dearly.

The road, which had hitherto led in nearly a straight line across the great plain of Alava, now began to ascend the mountain range which bounds that province on the north. At length the column entered the mouth of a pass, or deep gorge, bordered by huge rocks, and shadowed by sombre pine-trees. A young officer, who had before spoken but little, now looked about him with some uneasiness, and said :—

"This is an ugly pass. Would it not be worth while to send a scouting party ahead to reconnoitre? It seems to me just the place for a guerrilla ambush."

The accent of the speaker, not less than his fair hair, ruddy complexion, and blue eyes, showed him to be a foreigner. Several of his companions laughed, but in a good-humoured manner, at his question.

"You have too much respect for the rascals, Don Arturo," replied one. "For a brave man, such as we know you to be, and as you showed yourself, last week, at Portilla, you think too highly of the skill and courage of these banditti."

"All the *facciosos* in Alava would not venture to attack a column like this," observed another. "In truth, they are as cowardly as they are savage. Now and then, indeed, there may be found among them a man of some courage, like the young officer whose life Don Arturo saved at Portilla, by knocking up Diego's rifle just as he had covered the fellow, and for which act of humanity Don Arturo may chance, one of these days, to be shot in cold blood, as a prisoner, by order of that very rebel."

"I thought it a pity to single out the brave fellow who exposed his life so gallantly to secure the retreat of his companions," replied the officer who was called Don Arturo; "I dare say it was a foolish impulse on my part. However, if the Carlists let us pass here without molestation, I shall think them not worthy the respect of a soldier."

"*Caramba!*" returned the first officer, "only let the *facciosos* show themselves, here or anywhere. It is all we want."

Probably he was overheard, for a deep voice, apparently close to their ears, exclaimed, in a tone which resounded through the pass,—

"Fire!"

A volley of musketry was poured in upon the Christino column, from both sides of the road. At such close quarters, the effect was terrible. Before the Christinos could recover from their confusion, their enemies, upspringing, like the warriors of Roderick Dhu, from behind every tree, bush, and rock, rushed forward and charged them with the bayonet. The Christino officers vainly endeavoured to form their men; some of them were cut down, and others hurried away in the headlong flight of the fugitives. A few sold their lives dearly, fighting to the last.

"Englishman! Don Arturo! Surrender! There is quarter for you!"

Astonished at these words, the English officer lowered his sword point, and looked round, while the two assailants, against whom he had been defending himself, drew back at the same time.

"Are you Don Arturo, the Englishman?" asked a young man, who came hastily towards him. He was dressed in the same rude and simple garb as the rest of the Carlists, and was only distinguished as an officer by the colour of his beret, or round flat cap,—which was red; while those of the common soldiers were blue,—and by the long straight sword which he held in his hand.

"I am Arthur Freeling," replied the Englishman. "How have I the good fortune to be known to you, senor?"

"Did you not spare the life of a Carlist officer the other day, at Portilla?" asked the young *faccioso*. "A sergeant, who deserted to us, told us that you struck up the piece of the famous rifleman, Diego Rey, just as he was about to fire at the officer who covered the retreat."

"It is true enough," answered the Englishman, much surprised by the singular turn which the affair had taken. "Was he a friend of yours?"

"I cannot say that," returned the Carlist, with a smile. "Some will tell you that I am my own worst enemy. But you are hurt, Don Arturo?"

"It is nothing of consequence," replied Arthur, sinking down upon a stone by the roadside, and endeavouring with his handkerchief to staunch a bayonet-wound in his side. "Your men are not the most considerate of blood-letters."

"Perez! Gil!" exclaimed the Carlist; "run for a surgeon instantly, before he bleeds to death."

These were the last words that Arthur heard. When he recovered his senses, he was extended on a couch, in a small mountain hut, with a single figure watching by his side. He recognised his preserver, and would have spoken, but the other immediately laid his hand upon his lips, and enjoined a rigid silence, as the price of his life. The cabin to which he had been brought belonged to a family of Carlist peasants. The two grown-up sons of the proprietor were with the insurgent forces; but the old people and their younger children received and tended the wounded Englishman with as much kindness as though he had been a friend and partisan, instead of a foreigner and an enemy. This good treatment, however, he soon found to be wholly due to the affection which they bore for the young Carlist, Don Bernardo Aldecoa, to whose gratitude he owed his life. Bernardo, he learned, was a scion of one of the most distinguished and influential families of Biscay. He had been intended for the profession of the law, but had renounced all the advantages of a brilliant career which was opening before him, to devote his life and fortune to the defence of what he considered the rights and liberties of the Basque Provinces. As the other branches of the Aldecoa family (which is a very numerous one in Biscay and Alava) had, from peculiar reasons, mostly adopted the Christino side in politics, this conduct of the young Bernardo had naturally endeared him to all classes of the insurgents, among whom he possessed great influence.

About a month from the day on which Arthur was wounded, Bernardo returned to the cottage, and found the young Englishman seated on the bench under the porch. After the first cordial greeting, the Carlist officer said—

"Tell me, Don Arturo, do you feel strong enough to mount a horse? I dare not let you remain here any longer unguarded. My house is some eight leagues from this place, and if you can manage that distance, I should have the satisfaction of leaving you under the care of my sister and our servants. Our hamlet has escaped all harm thus far, and there is little likelihood that it will be molested by either party."

"Nothing would please me better than a ride," answered Lieut. Freeling. "I believe that the mere touch of the saddle will restore me to strength at once."

"*Vamos!*" exclaimed Don Bernardo. "I am delighted to hear it. We will start to-morrow morning."

The next day found the two young men well

mounted on small but sure-footed steeds, threading the bypaths which led across the mountains of Biscay towards the north-east. They journeyed slowly, conversing, as they rode along, on indifferent matters. At length, after a short silence, the Carlist officer said, in a grave but courteous manner,—"Tell me, Don Arturo, what could have induced you to leave your free country, your parents and sisters, of whom you speak with such affection, and come to Biscay, for the sole purpose of aiding our enemies in crushing the liberties, and carrying fire and sword through the villages, of us poor mountaineers, who never injured you in any manner."

The pale cheek of the Englishman flushed at this natural but unexpected question, and after a moment's hesitation, he answered :—

"I have told you that my father was an officer in the Peninsular War, as we call it. He was in the disastrous but glorious expedition of Moore, and afterwards served two campaigns under Wellington before he was wounded and invalided. He was and is a sincere liberal, and fought then, as he considered, in defence of the freedom of the Spanish people. I have inherited his sentiments, and it was with such feelings that I left England and came to offer my services, as a volunteer, to the Spanish government, to oppose what I considered the cause of absolutism and tyranny. I may have been in error, but I had no motives except those of goodwill to the Spanish people and hatred of oppression; and I am still surprised that a population like that of the Basque Provinces, who seem to me superior in every respect—in intelligence, morality, and industry—to the people of every other part of Spain, should uphold the doubtful claim of Don Carlos; for even should he succeed in reaching the throne, and prove one of the best of kings, he would only be, after all, what Alexander of Russia called "A lucky accident."

"Is it possible, senor," added Bernardo, that you have come so far to fight against the Biscayans, and do not know that there has never yet been a king in Biscay?"

"I know," replied Lieut. Freeling, "that the king of Spain is styled Lord, only, of Biscay. But I supposed it to be a distinction merely of words.

"Not so," answered Don Bernardo. "The first lords of Biscay were elected by the people. Afterwards the lordship became hereditary, but every chieftain in succession, before he was acknowledged as such, was required to swear that he would maintain inviolate the ancient constitution and laws of the land. A prince of Castile married the last heiress of Biscay, and thus the two seignories were united in one person. But the king of Castile was and is only acknowledged as lord of Biscay by virtue of the same oath and under the same restrictions as those which bound his predecessors. Your King William, of Great Britain, is also king of Hanover. But what would be the opinion of all honest men in Europe, if the English parliament should attempt to extend its authority over Hanover, should annihilate, by an arbitrary vote, the ancient laws and independent rights of that kingdom, and incorporate it with the empire of Great Britain?"

"Certainly such an act would never be thought of," returned Arthur Freeling. "But, surely, the Basque Provinces are not so distinct from the rest of Spain, as Hanover is from Great Britain.

"Yes, in political rights," answered the Carlist. "You would, no doubt, consider Spain, under the government of Ferdinand, to have been one of the most absolute monarchies of Europe. What political community, then, could there be between such a country, and the oldest and freest republic in the world?"

"A republic!" exclaimed Arthur. "Do you call Biscay a republic?"

"Wait an hour or so, senor, and I will answer you," replied Don Bernardo. They rode on for about two leagues in silence. At length they entered a village, or small town, of some two or three hundred houses. At the southern extremity stood a large and handsome building, and near it a single oak tree, at the foot of which was placed a stone seat, of rude and antique shape. Aldecoa here reined up, and pointing to the tree, said,

"Don Arturo, do you see yonder oak?"

"Arthur looked at it attentively, and, as if struck by a sudden thought, exclaimed, "What! is that the famous oak of Guernica? If so, it is smaller and less remarkable than I expected to see it."

"You have heard, then," returned his companion, "of the ancient oak of Guernica, beneath which every sovereign of Spain, before he can become Lord of Biscay, must bind himself by a solemn oath, either in person or by proxy, to preserve the established privileges and liberties of the province. Here, once in two years, assembles the parliament of Biscay, presided over by the corregidor, the king's representative, and the only Spanish officer who can hold authority in the province. Here, in yonder church, are enacted all the laws which are acknowledged by the people of Biscay; nor has any decree of the king of Spain, the slightest force in Biscay, until sanctioned by what we call our House of Good Men."

"And how is your parliament elected?" asked the Englishman.

"By universal suffrage," replied the Biscayan. "Every vicino—that is, every head of a family, rich or poor, in town or country, has a vote in the election of the deputies. The freest and most popular assembly in the world is that which meets under this old oak of Guernica. I call it old, for though the parent trunk was cut down by the French, in 1808, yet the tree which you behold has sprung from its root, and is thus a true emblem of the liberty of Biscay,—drawing its vitality from the very soil of our mountains, and indestructible by steel or fire."

This rather magniloquent speech had not, in the stately and sonorous Spanish tongue, the same stilted and rhetorical cast as in English. It seemed the natural utterance of a youthful and patriotic spirit, kindled into fervour by the early study of classic eloquence. The Spaniards, in general, are good speakers, and there are, probably, no deliberative assemblies in the world which, for really good oratory—apart from all other qualifications—can match the peninsular cortes, or the congresses of some of the Spanish American states.

"And when did your liberties take their rise?" asked Arthur.

"Who can tell?" returned his companion. "History does not record the time when the Basques were other than a free people. As I said before, ours is the oldest republic in the world. The rights and liberties of the Basque people, Don Arturo—those privileges which you have come to destroy—were ancient before your Magna Charta was signed."

"And yet," returned Arthur, "you seek to put down the constitution which your less fortunate brethren of the other Spanish provinces are endeavouring to establish. You grudge them the freedom which you yourselves prize so highly."

"God forbid!" answered the Carlist. "Let them have their constitution, and welcome, if they will keep it to themselves. But that they will not do. We have had painful experience twice before. Twice they have annihilated, by a mere vote of their junta, our own provincial parliaments, and subjected us to the control of a central body, sitting a hundred leagues away, and having no other care for our poor mountain districts than to squeeze as much out of them as possible. And supposing it were otherwise,—supposing the constitution were as desirable a form of government for us as our own ancient method—who will ensure its preservation? Who will assure us that in ten years —ay, or in five—the constitution itself will not be again put down, and we, with all the rest of Spain, subjected to the arbitrary rule of some unscrupulous and tyrannical dictator?"

This was an unanswerable argument, and Arthur felt it to be such. "In truth," he said, "I never looked at the matter in this light. Had I known before all that you have now told me, Don Bernardo, I certainly should not have been found fighting against you. I begin to see the folly and injustice of interfering in the domestic dissensions of foreign states, where our knowledge of motives and circumstances must necessarily be so imperfect. It is mortifying enough to think that, in my zeal for freedom, I have been endeavouring to subvert the liberties of a people freer than my own."

Shrewd writers of apothegms have said, that the best method of winning another's favour is to prevail on him to do you a kindness; and that the surest way to convince him of your ability is to let him vanquish you in argument. These directions had been followed very exactly, though quite unintentionally, by Arthur Freeling in the present instance, and it is therefore not wonderful that a warm feeling of mutual regard and esteem quickly sprung up between the two young men who had so lately stood opposed to one another in deadly strife.

Three leagues farther brought them to Aldecoa's residence, a castellated mansion of considerable size, with several cottages of his tenants clustered about it. During Bernardo's absence, the house and estate had been left in the charge of his sister, to whose care he now confided his convalescent friend, while he himself returned to the insurgent army. Eufemia Aldecoa was a handsome maiden of seventeen, resembling greatly her brother, both in features and in character. She had the same frank, warm, impressible temperament, the same ardent imagination, and the same kind and affectionate disposition. The excellent judgment and quiet dignity with which she directed the management of a large establishment, struck her guest the more from their contrast to the extreme simplicity and entire ignorance of the world which was apparent in her conversation. She listened with untiring curiosity to the descriptions of foreign lands and customs, and the stories of remarkable adventures, with which Arthur sought to amuse her,—deriving himself, meanwhile, no little amusement from her *naive* and often very apt comments on what she heard. In this daily intercourse, neither of them, perhaps, was exactly aware when their first feelings of admiration and goodwill ripened into a tenderer sentiment. However, when Bernardo, at the end of three months, returned, according to his promise, to conduct his English friend to Bilbao, he found, to his great surprise and embarrassment, that his sister and their guest were only awaiting his approval to exchange a formal promise of engagement. But the Carlist officer, who, with all the ardour and vivacity of his disposition, possessed, like most Biscayans, a good stock of discretion, was extremely reluctant to sanction any such proceeding. With a real regard for Arthur, he could not believe that a marriage, which must take his sister from her native land, and from all her relations and early friends, would be likely to prove a happy one. The difference of religion, of habits, of education, offered, in his opinion, additional reasons for serious apprehension. At length, however, he modified his opposition so far as merely to require that no definitive arrangement should be made until the war was concluded (which, in his opinion, would be within a few months), and until the consent of Arthur's father had been obtained.

There was so much both of sound sense and of brotherly forethought in these conditions, that Arthur felt compelled, however unwillingly, to accede to them. The lovers parted with half-suppressed assurances of mutual affection, and two days afterwards Arthur found himself once more among his Christino friends in Bilbao. A small Spanish vessel was on the point of sailing for England, and he instantly took passage in it. They had hardly left the harbour of Portagalete when a violent gale came on, of the kind for which the Bay of Biscay has a disastrous celebrity. It drove them far out of their course, split most of their sails, carried away their maintopmast, and left the brig half full of water. They were compelled to put into the port of Ferrol, in Galicia. Here the brig was condemned, as unseaworthy, and as there was no other vessel in the harbour bound to England, Lieut. Freeling and his companions determined to cross the province into Portugal, and take passage from Oporto. Several misadventures occurred on the way, to protract their journey, and, altogether, it was nearly three months after Arthur left Bilbao before he arrived in England.

He landed at Southampton, and hastened at once to his house in Devonshire. His safe return, after all the dangers which he had undergone, caused, as may be supposed, the greatest joy in his family. For the first day or two, Arthur was so much engrossed by the conversation of his parents and sisters, that he paid little regard to a young lady visitor, a school friend of the latter, who formed one of the circle, but rarely made her presence remarked by any observation. She answered briefly and somewhat shyly to the civil speeches which he occasionally addressed to her, and seemed rather desirous of escaping than of attracting notice.

"Tell me, Mary," he said one day to his elder sister, "is your friend, Miss Ewart only a handsome dummy, or can she talk on occasion? I suppose you think a dull companion will set off your liveliness to advantage. Is that the truth, my bright little sister?"

"Anne Ewart dull!" exclaimed Mary. "What could put such a strange idea into your head? You are thinking of your flighty, forward Spanish coquettes, of whom you talk so much, and forget what the manners of a well-bred English young lady are. Now, don't take offence, King Arthur, because I defend my friend. Anne Ewart is a very superior girl, let me tell you. She is one of a thousand, and as good-hearted as she is intelligent."

"But why is she so silent, so reserved?" persisted Arthur.

"Because she is frightened by you, my valiant hero," answered Mary. "You are such a formidable personage, with your stories of Carlists and

*facciosos*, and ambushments and mountain passes, that she does not know how to address you. Wait till she is more accustomed to you, and finds that your bluster is all pretence—as I have told her a dozen times—and then you will discover what an amiable and accomplished girl she is. If you do not admire her then, you will be very ungrateful. She has written a poem—though I was not to tell you—a ballad, Arthur, all about you and your adventures. I assure you she has been exceedingly interested in all that you have related, though you would not suppose it from her manner."

"A poem, and about me!" said Arthur, greatly surprised and flattered. "Does Miss Ewart write poetry?"

"Yes, and very beautiful poetry, too," answered Mary. "She draws, too, very prettily, and sings—oh! you will be delighted with her singing. Louisa and I have no voice or execution compared with her. That you should think we had chosen Anne Ewart for a foil! How Louisa would be amused at the idea."

"Really, I must try to be better acquainted with your accomplished friend," said Arthur. "I hope I shall not fall in her opinion, when she finds what a poor, commonplace sort of character I am. Certainly, I never expected to be the hero of a lady's poem."

A few days sufficed to convince Arthur that his sister had not exaggerated in her praises of her friend. He found that she possessed a richly cultivated mind, a quick intelligence, a lively wit, and, with all this, that delicate refinement of feelings which, to men of bold and energetic characters, is the most attractive of all feminine qualities. The acquaintance, once commenced, improved with wonderful rapidity. Arthur was so much delighted with Miss Ewart's conversation, that he never reflected upon his feelings with regard to her, until a sly allusion from his sister Louisa one day startled him to self-consciousness. He then became suddenly aware of the exceeding folly of which he had been guilty in his Spanish engagement—for such, in fact, he considered the mutual understanding between Eufemia and himself. With all the good qualities of the Biscayan maiden, he felt how entirely she would be unfitted, by habits and character, for the peculiar duties and enjoyments of an English home. The force of her brother's prudent objections was now only too clear to his mind. But, with this conviction, came the instant resolution that the single course which honour dictated should be followed. He had been much perplexed and alarmed by the circumstance that no letter, either from Bernardo or his sister, had reached him since his departure from Spain. He determined now to return immediately to Biscay, learn their present situation, and their feelings with respect to the engagement, and to act as the principles of justice and gratitude should then require. When he bade farewell to his favourite sister, Mary, she said to him—"You keep very close, Arthur, about your plans. You let no one but my father into your secrets. But I think I can guess them. You have committed a great folly, and now you are going to repair it by another. Will nothing do but this?"

"Nothing, Mary," replied her brother, gravely. "My father agrees with me that it is the only honourable course."

"Then I suppose you must go," replied Mary, in a pettish tone, and with tearful eyes. "But you have made us all very unhappy. You have quite spoiled all my plans by this ridiculous folly."

Arthur did not stay to learn the nature of those plans, but took leave of his family, and proceeded on his journey in no very agreeable temper of mind. On arriving in town, his first act was to visit the Docks, in order to learn if any vessel was about to sail for Bilbao or San Sebastian. Just as he reached the entrance of St. Katherine's Docks, he observed a gentleman coming out, whom he instantly recognised as an English officer with whom he had served in Spain.

"Bless me!" said Captain Morris, hurrying up, and shaking him heartily by the hand. "Can this be you, Freeling. My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you alive and well. I heard that you had been drowned."

"Drowned! Where?—when?" said Arthur.

"Gone to the bottom in the *Dos Hermanas*," answered the captain. "At least, that was the story which I heard a month ago, from a person of your acquaintance—a very pretty girl, too—the sister of that Aldecoa who was shot by Mina a few months ago: a rascally act, by the bye."

"Bernardo Aldecoa shot!" exclaimed Arthur, horror struck at the intelligence.

"Yes," answered Captain Morris—"had you not heard of it? It was only a fortnight after you sailed. He was taken prisoner in a skirmish near Estella, and shot the next day. You know what a sanguinary old ruffian that Mina is."

"And his sister?" asked Arthur, with excessive anxiety.

"Oh! she took refuge with some relations—the same family, but Christinos—living at Vittoria. I was present at her marriage about three weeks ago. Her husband is a fine young fellow—perhaps you knew him—Geronimo Aldecoa, a tenth or twentieth cousin of hers. It was she who told me of the *Dos Hermanas* being sunk in a storm, and all on board lost. She spoke of you as a dear friend—said that you were some time at their house, when you were a prisoner, after that unlucky affair at Olaeta."

* * * * *

It is needless to describe the strangely mingled feelings which these tidings excited in Arthur's mind. The voyage was, of course, no longer thought of. He returned immediately home, to the great delight of his family, and particularly of his sister Mary, who whispered to him, as he greeted her with a kiss—"You are just in time. She goes next week."

Whether this announcement had any particular influence upon his subsequent proceedings, we are unable to say. We only know that, about three months afterwards, Mary had the pleasure of officiating as bridesmaid to her friend, Anne Ewart, on the occasion of her brother's marriage. After the ceremony, when the assembled party were expecting the carriage which was to bear the young couple on their wedding tour, Captain Morris observed, "I say, Freeling, there is glorious news for our Spanish friends. The quadruple alliance will soon put an end to the rebellion."

"You must know, Captain Morris," interrupted Mary, archly, "that my brother has received a new light on that subject. He has *pronounced*, as you say in Spain, against all intermeddling with the affairs of foreigners. He says that *foreign alliances* in particular are extremely injudicious, and ought by all means to be avoided: they generally begin in selfish folly, and always end in mischief. Did you not make some sage observation of the kind, Arthur."

"I am not certain," replied Arthur, with a smile. "But, at any rate, I have had good reason to think so."

### THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Professor Forbes and Dr. Carpenter have addressed themselves to the temperance question, and conceded the principle of total abstinence to be in accordance with the laws of life. The temperance periodicals give currency to their views, and treat their manifestoes as some new discovery in support of the temperance cause. Both of these gentlemen, however, have followed very tardily in the wake of other professional men, who, years ago, when they had to battle against deep-rooted prejudices, stood abreast against a tide of persecution, and stemmed its almost resistless current. To *them*, therefore, belongs the honour of having broken a spell which bound millions in slavery to insatiate appetite, and our motto must in duty be "honour to whom honour is due."

The truth which Dr. Carpenter has enforced in the "Dependence of Life upon Liquid" had long ago been proclaimed, when such a doctrine subjected its advocate to the sneers of the profession, and to the distrust of the public. Years ago, the few fessional advocates of abstinence gave due prominence to the truth—"that *water* is the only liquid existing in, and essential to, animal bodies." Doctors Johnson, Grindrod, Mudge, Beaumont, Fothergill, Thompson, Lanyon, Gordon, and others, became the early pioneers of this important truth, and they sacrificed time and money in its propagation. Liebig, perhaps the greatest living physiologial chemist, had stamped his approval upon their views by declaring that wine, beer, and spirits contribute nothing to the repair of the wasted tissues of the body; and the whole physiological question was well established—upwards of fifteen hundred of the faculty had signed a declaration of its correctness—before either Professor Forbes or Doctor Carpenter moved to a public avowal of the principle now acknowledged. *Therefore*, we say, while we rejoice that a tribute is paid to our cause by men acknowledged as authorities in their profession, let us not overlook the wisdom, the benevolence, and the moral courage of those who, in less favourable times, became the champions of a great measure of reform. The important fact that water is the only fluid essential to the life of animals is one which cannot be too clearly understood, or too emphatically argued by temperance advocates. The following table, prepared with much care from the works of Magendie, Lavoisier, and others, will exhibit the importance of the subject in a strong light:—

*Proportion of water in 100 parts of the following components of the human body.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brain . . . About | 80 | Substance of liver . . | 78 |
| Blood . . . . . . | 80 | ,, spleen . | 81 |
| Bile . . . . . . . . | 90 | ,, kidney . | 81 |
| Bone (spongy) . . . | 43 | ,, lung . . | 78 |
| Bone (dense) . . . . | 11 | ,, pancreas . | 78 |
| Cartilage . . . . . | 65 | ,, stomach . | 81 |
| Chyle . . . . . | 90 | ,, intestines | 82 |
| Gastric juice . . . . | 98 | Skin (of foot) . . . . | 49 |
| Lymph . . . . . . . | 95 | Skin (shoulder) . . . | 68 |
| Muscle . . . . . . . | 71 | Saliva . . . . . . . | 99 |
| Pancreatic juice . . . | 98 | Tendon . . . . . . . | 68 |

A glance at this table shows that water is a prime element of life, and that it is the only beverage required for dietetic use.

*The threatened approach of cholera* suggests the duty of warning drinkers against the ravages of that destroying plague upon those who debilitate their vital powers by the use of spirituous drinks. In the former visitation, people, with blind infatuation, took to the brandy bottle as a preventive, and no doubt the pestilence was much aggravated by such an evil policy. At that time I was living in a seaport town where, from the extensive traffic carried on in contraband spirits, brandy was more than commonly accessible. And it was regarded by the inhabitants as a matter of duty, to take at least two or three drams daily as a protection from the scourge! Dr. Grindrod, in his *Bacchus*, has preserved a multitude of facts and opinions showing the great evils of such a reckless course. Mr. Huber, who saw 2,160 perish in twenty-five days, in one town in Russia, says—"It is a most remarkable circumstance, that persons given to drinking have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen: all are dead—not one remains!" Professor Macintosh, of Edinburgh, physician to an extensive cholera hospital, states that "drunkards were the persons generally attacked." And in pointing out the causes predisposing to the disease, he says—"Above all, the dissipated, particularly those addicted to the habitual use of ardent spirits." From Montreal, Dr. Bromson wrote that—"Cholera has stood up here, as it has done everywhere, the advocate of temperance. The disease has searched out the home of the drunkard, and has seldom left it without bearing away its victim. Even *moderate drinkers have been little better off.* Ardent spirits, in any shape, and *in all quantities*, have been highly detrimental. Some temperate men resorted to them as a preventive, *but they did it at their peril.*" Dr. Elliotson states that the disease was very fatal among spirit drinkers; and at the present time it is more fatal with the Russians than the Mahommedans or Kalmucks, which is attributed to the greater cleanliness and sobriety of the two latter. These are but a few of the facts we might give as warnings, founded upon the history of the past, against the evil which is expected to come. They are in perfect accordance with the law which all should know, that he who abuses himself invites disease to prey upon him.

R. Kemp Philp.

### CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD.

A society under this name has been formed, for the purpose of improving the condition of society, and of aiding the working classes in particular, by co-operative measures. Its leading objects are:—

1. The purchase and interchange of home and foreign produce, provisions, and manufactures, for absorption of the surplus labour, and more constant and lucrative employment of its members.

2. The international distribution of the produce of industry, at a nominal price, to the consumer, above the rightful costs of production and transit, with the view of more adequately remunerating the labourer, and placing within his reach a just proportion of the useful and necessary articles of life.

3. The purchase or rental of land, for general culture, the erection of buildings for industrial, intellectual, and domestic purposes; for the frugal investment of the savings of the members, the more full enjoyment of rational recreations, and the further development of the useful arts and sciences.

4. To assure, by small contributions, according to age at entrance, sums of money per week, in sickness, with medical attendance; and generally to provide against the vicissitudes of life, old age, and death; upon the principles of mutual and reciprocal assistance.

5. To provide intellectual and industrial education for amateur and professional operatives, their children, or kindred; to enable the industriously disposed non-producers to acquire a practical and proficient knowledge of the arts generally, and thereby decrease their dependence upon the labour of the producing classes.

6. To enable operatives to heighten their proficiency by mutual instruction; to make them more and more worthy a higher place in society, as well as more likely to attain that position by quickening their moral and intellectual cultivation, and uniting their detached and desultory efforts to ameliorate their social condition into one continuous impulse.

7. To disseminate the beneficial principles of co-operation, &c.

Other particulars may be obtained by enclosing a postage stamp to R. L. Packer, Secretary, *pro tem.*, 23, Albion-place, St. John's-place, West Smithfield.

The society contemplates taking active steps with reference to the fraternal intercourse with America.

### SAFETY STEAM GAUGE.

Mr. Smith, of Nottingham, has patented a new steam gauge, which is intended to indicate the pressure of steam in engine-boilers. It is adapted for steam-ships, or manufactories, and may be placed far away from the engine, and out of the control of the engineer, so that any person may at once see whether the pressure employed is dangerous to the persons near. Mr George Stephenson, of Tapton House, Chesterfield, says;—"I am so much pleased with it that I have put one up at one of my collieries. It is some distance from the boiler, and in another house, and works most beautifully, showing the rise and fall of the steam in the most delicate manner. The indicator is like the face of a clock, with a pointer, making one revolution in measuring from 1lb to 100 lbs. Its indications may be relied upon, and it is so simple, that it is scarcely possible for it to get out of order."

### PUBLIC CAUTIONS.

It would be well, were persons who exhibit cautions to the public so to modify their character, that they may neither offend the sentiments of the humane, nor become ineffective by exciting in those to whom they are addressed a doubt of their truthfulness. "Beware of man traps" is an old warning, which bears a savage aspect on its front, but which few reckless trespassers would heed for a moment. "Beware of spring guns" is another common menace, which shows one of two things—that its author is either a person of very vicious nature, or a deceiver. For he who would set a spring gun to shoot a fellow-creature who might, in a harmless pursuit, just jump across his hedge, must have a flinty heart; or, if he practises a deception, he violates a moral law, to warn another against a legal infraction! A shopkeeper in Kingsgate-street, Holborn, exhibits in his window the notice—"*Boys playing about this shop will be shot!*" The exhibition of such a merciless decree is a violation of propriety. If a false pretence, it says nothing to the shopkeeper's credit; if true (!), woe to the diminutive customer who steps forward to expend a sixpence at the risk of a charge of grape. Certainly, some more becoming terms of caution may be found. —W.

### MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.

The following is the number of visitors during the two weeks this exhibition of paintings was open at the admission charge of twopence (see page 36.):—First week—3,100: an average of nearly 800 a-night. Second week—7,860: an average of nearly 1,300 a-night. Total, two weeks, 10,960. Who will, after this, say that the middle and working classes feel no interest in the Fine Arts, when the opportunity of showing that interest is presented to them?—I. H. N. [The Royal Academy will, we hope, follow the example.]

### AN ARTIFICIAL LARYNX.

There is, in the Royal College, London, a larynx of caoutchouc, modelled upon a human larynx, to the different parts of which are attached threads, by which the walls may be rendered more or less tense, and the capacity of the tube varied. By passing a current of air through this apparatus, various sounds closely resembling those of the human voice may be obtained.

"THE LITERATURE OF THE LOWER ORDERS."

Under this title, the *Daily News* has lately published several articles, commenting strongly upon the numerous cheap papers now issuing from the press. The strictures of the *News* are in a great measure just, and necessary. There are many cheap papers of a decidedly immoral and corrupt character, but there are others as cheap, whose high moral aims are certainly not beneath the very highest in point of price. It is a lamentable fact, that some of the worst papers have the greatest circulation, while really useful ones have rarely obtained that extensive support from the morally disposed portion of the community that they deserved. The vicious trash that is continually being thrust before the public at the lowest possible price, has, no doubt, contributed much towards raising a prejudice against cheapness; but low price and low character are very far from being indications of each other. The most severe of the remarks in the *News* are as applicable to some of the papers which, from their price, can only circulate amongst those whom Sir Robert Peel designated "the vulgar rich," as to the most immoral pennyworth that even Salisbury-square can boast. We hope to see the *News* follow up its praiseworthy attack upon cheap trash by an equally severe and equally pointed denunciation of high-priced and therefore "respectable" immorality. It might also promote the object for which it has laboured with such assiduity and success—that of making cheapness really respectable and trustworthy—by occasionally drawing attention to its more humble coadjutors in the good work. If those who are conscious of the mischief done to society by the emanations of a depraved press, will endeavour to counteract that mischief by assisting in the circulation of such literature as tends to elevate, enlighten and improve, we shall gradually have less cause of complaint than at present. There are various means by which this may be done. Let us mention one upon which we have ourselves acted. Wherever we have found a disposition to read, we have taken the opportunity of presenting a copy of the *People's Journal* or other useful publication (provided we have considered the previous reading misdirected), and in many instances have succeeded in substituting it for others of more than questionable tendency; thus proving that it is not a mere love of the prurient and indelicate, that makes readers for the class of publications denounced by the *News*, but very often an ignorance as to the existence of better. Let the readers of the *Journal* take the hint. No doubt many of them have spare copies lying unused in their drawers and desks, that might thus be made the means of fanning into a flame many a latent spark of goodness and truth, that may otherwise remain for ever obscured. This plan universally adopted would be far preferable to the one proposed by the *Examiner*, of sending government missionaries amongst the people, for the purpose of guiding them in the choice of their intellectual aliment. The better portion of the middle and working classes might exercise an immense amount of beneficial influence over their less favoured neighbours by adopting the hint above thrown out. The *Daily News*, too, might possibly occupy half a column to worse purpose than recommending its readers to go and do likewise.—H. ROCHE.

VEGETARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Utopia of Shelley's day is becoming the Reality of our own. The poet felt, and therefore taught, what physiologists have since sought to prove, that the practice of eating the flesh of animals, is one of the gravest errors of modern times. There are few who do not admit that a train of evils is inseparably connected with the rearing, the slaughtering, and the eating of animals; and many there are who maintain that man's physical and mental health may be maintained, his life prolonged, and his happiness rendered more pure and satisfactory by a diet of which the flesh of animals forms no part; yet so thoroughly are the majority of mankind enslaved by the authority of custom and fashion, that few have either the will or the power to emancipate themselves from habits, even though they are admitted and felt to be injurious. For the purpose, therefore, of disseminating vegetarian views in reference to man's proper food, and to encourage the timid and irresolute to bravely battle with the temptations and difficulties that stand in the way of a consistent and virtuous resolve, a series of meetings of a strictly social character are being held, at which a concurrence of opinion on the advantages of a vegetarian diet is put forth by those, who, from long abstinence, are enabled to speak with confidence.

A third meeting of this character was held at Alcott House, Ham Common, on Thursday, the 28th inst., at which about sixty ladies and gentlemen, were present the majority of whom were abstainers from animal food. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Palmer, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Charles Lane, Mr. Oldham, Mr. George Dornbusch, Mr. Charles Neesom, and other gentlemen, by all of whom a variety of arguments were advanced to show that the varied products of the vegetable kingdom were man's proper and best food.

The opinion of the meeting was embodied in the following resolutions:—

1. "That reason, sympathy, and common observation, prove that abstinence from the flesh of animals as food, is in accordance with every right principle; is in accordance with justice, mercy, and temperance; is favourable to health, humanity, and beauty, and conducive to the highest state of morality and true devotion."

2. "That the allotment, or any other system which would reunite the people and the land, would gradually promote the best interests of humanity, by rendering a wholesome vegetable diet of easy attainment; and in the opinion of this meeting no reformatory measure could be established, so healthful to individual and social progress, as the adoption of a diet unstained by the flesh, blood of animals."

3. "That the persons now assembled, determine to promote to the best of their ability, in their several circles, the adoption of the vegetable diet, by the diffusion of information and advice, by precept, and above all, by the example of a pure table, and amiable conduct."—I.

FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART.

The institution for the free exhibition of modern art, has taken the building lately occupied by the Chinese exhibition at Hyde Park Corner, where it is intended to hold the next annual exhibiton. This building being more capacious than the Egyptian Hall, will greatly facilitate the future exhibition of works of art.

THE PRISON VAN.

Who has not seen the prison van perambulating our London streets—a gloomy hearse-like thing, conveying living bodies with almost lifeless souls, to their sepulchrous prison-cells? Two sturdy horses, whose unflinching limbs seem like emblems of unbending justice, draw their load along—whilst a frowning policeman tugs at the reins, and another sits perched as a guard at the locked door behind. What a gloomy object to be thus perambulating the streets of our great city, obstructing the progress of our chariot aristocracy, and mocking the fruits of civilisation, which seem ripening prematurely, and therefore susceptible of decay! But even here care is had for the health of the unhappy passengers: large sheets of perforated zinc or iron are placed upon the top, and bars across the bottom, admit fresh air, to keep the lamp of life in flame. Not so our omnibuses: in these you must either sit smothered by the foul breaths of your fellow passengers, or, if you open a window at your back, you must suffer the dangerous inconvenience of a cold draught across your neck—just the part most liable to disturbance from such a cause. A half-hour's ride in the stifled air of an omnibus is sufficient, in persons predisposed to pulmonary complaint, to prove the turning point, and excite the latent power of disease. When our omnibus proprietors shall care for the public as do the police authorities for their prisoners' health, they will have done their duty—but not till then.—O.

MORAL CULTURE.

One day, I was walking through Moorgate-street, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a wretched looking man, of dirty and ragged exterior, who dropped suddenly upon the pavement in a recumbent posture. Thinking he had fallen in a fit, I hastened towards him, and, to my surprise, found him writing with chalk the following words:—"I will steal, I must not beg, and work I cannot get!" He wrote readily and in a bold hand, better than I myself could write. While thus engaged, he endeavoured, as far as possible, to cover the writing with his body, to conceal it from view, but no sooner had he finished, than he curled himself up in a corner close by, and assumed an exhibition of intense suffering. The whole was so adroitly done, that I could not doubt an imposture. Standing by, and also looking on, was a clean labourer, dressed in fustian, who said to me—"Ah, sir, he's had a better eddication than many on us!" "True," said I, "but he's a bad fellow: you see what he has written." "No, sir," was the answer—"I can't read writing." The circumstance struck me as peculiarly illustrating the truth that a knowledge of letters is unavailing without moral culture, and that of the two, the latter is of supreme importance. Here was a man possessed of some education, yet a vagabond, and before him another altogether unlearned, yet an orderly and industrious workman.—H.

HEALTH OF TOWNS ASSOCIATION.

This association has issued an earnest appeal to the public for support. Funds are needed to carry on the operations contemplated, and which will be essential to the success of the movement. The association complains of the hostility of "local boards, select vestries, and close corporations," and, most of all, "the apathy of the public." In their appeal, they employ the words of Lord Morpeth. "Let my countrymen condemn me as they may, only do not let them hold me—do not let them hold the new parliament—do not let them hold themselves absolved—if they do not, either in their places as members of parliament, or as constituents keeping their representatives to their duty, insist upon an early and efficient legislation upon this subject." Surely this appeal will not be made in vain. It is everybody's question—and no one among the people should fail to do a part in support of a cause which unquestionably embraces the good of all. The sanatory movement, heartily supported, will yet effect reforms which even its most sanguine advocates dream not of.

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